

throwing a *sembong* over one shoulder to go to the *Kampong*." This tendency of the author becomes monotonous after a while; though exceedingly thankful for all the information conveyed—it must not be supposed that these terms have not been carefully explained—we are somewhat inclined to skip these purely Javanese details, and read the story alone, which however is charming reading in itself, and useful as indicating much that is interesting about Java.

**THE HIGH SCHOOL ENGLISH WORD-BOOK.** A Manual of Orthoepey, Synonymy, and Derivation. By James W. Connor, B.A., and G. Mercer Adam. Toronto: The Copp-Clark Company.

The latest addition to Canadian educational publications, and one calculated to prove of much use to the younger students. In all three sections the best authorities have, we believe, been conscientiously followed—a fact which must steadily recommend the book, as in a matter of this kind what is mostly to be avoided is individual caprice or personal preference. In pronunciation, the English lead in preference to the American has been followed, the soft *a* being inculcated wherever it is possible, and other partial innovations of a similar kind denoting appreciation of pure and correct English. In passing, it may be well to remark that the pronunciation of our Canadian boys and girls as at present shown by the pupils of the public and collegiate schools, and in fact almost all our educational institutions, is of a nature calculated to raise very wonderful emotions in the breasts of those who listen to it. It is, in some cases, so atrocious even in after life, say from fifteen to twenty and twenty-five, that there are teachers of singing who declare it is almost impossible to turn out good singers from the fact that the words of the songs are invariably badly pronounced. Nothing but close attention, good models, and an entire overhauling of orthoepey and elocution departments will mend this painful matter.

**THE GATES BETWEEN.** By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

It is often a delicate task to give an opinion of one of Miss Phelps' peculiar books, since her rare and somewhat contradictory genius finds as many detractors as admirers; the hostile camps are so easily formed, the spirit of opposition is so easily aroused, when a new book by the author of *The Gates Ajar* appears. This is because her genius is of that semi-mystical kind which is so foreign to the habits of thought of many really intellectual people. Men are perhaps ashamed to admire such stuff; women are ashamed to tell how much they do admire it and cry over it in secret. Some one will call it gush, another transcendentalism, a third, poetry. Few will call it true, vigorous, inspired; yet her work is all that these three adjectives imply. She is never so mystical that she cannot in the next page be matter-of-fact as well. She is never so sentimental that she cannot again on the next page furnish forth an amount of common-sense which betrays the American woman behind the philosopher and the poet. In some respects *The Gates Between* is one of her best books. It is less emotional, less sentimental, less poetic than the previous and there is nothing mystical at all about it. Still, it is an uncommon subject, and a mystical one at that. But the author has not read the myriad contributions of the last ten years for nothing that treat of similar subjects, such as *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *Archibald Malmaison*, and the whole tribe of Conway-Stevenson-Anstey novels. Miss Phelps treats her subject with as much terse manly force and colloquial naturalness as any of these writers, and so will gain the ear of many who before may not have cared for her manner. Written in the plain narrative or autobiographical style, it recommends itself chiefly on these grounds; while the emotions of Dr. Esmerald Thorne in the world that follows death are sketched with rare truth and restraint. In fact, Miss Phelps' conception of a life after death as evinced in this story is as probable and as consistent as any similar scheme yet given to literature. It is a conception free from any suspicion of "eternal simper," and fraught with abundant justice, pathos, and common-sense. We predict an increase in the already large circle of readers which the gifted authoress has long held as her own.

**THE MENO OF PLATO**, with Introduction and Notes. By St. George Stock, M.A., Pembroke College. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. Toronto: Williamson and Co.

Mr. Stock claims in his preface to this very concise compendium of notes to an important classic that his work can need no apology, since the Oxford course prescribes the *Meno*, and there exists no English edition of it. His obligations to the patient and laborious Germans, who seem to have forestalled their English cousins in every department of critical analysis, are acknowledged in fitting terms, and a masterly introduction or rather treatise on the philosophy known as Platonic furnishes all the information necessary to the student, while the somewhat vexed and abstruse questions of order, date, and authenticity are considerably relegated in favour of more purely technical points. "Out of Plato," says Emerson, "come all things that are still written and debated among men of thought."

We have received also the following publications:

**THE FORUM.** October. New York: 97 Fifth Avenue.  
**MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.** October. New York: 743 Broadway.  
**NINETEENTH CENTURY.** September.  
**CENTURY.** October. New York: Century Company.  
**POLITICAL SCIENCE QUARTERLY.** September. New York: Ginn and Company.  
**ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.** October. New York: E. R. Pelton.  
**CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.** September. Philadelphia: Leonard-Scott Publication Company.

## THE ARTS AND THE STAGE.

FROM the *Magazine of Art* we learn that the idea of reproducing in *fac-simile* the world-renowned Bayeux Tapestry has been undertaken and carried out by the Silk Embroidery Society in a manner worthy of the highest praise. The number of people who stop at Bayeux to see the original, still treasured in its cathedral, is few; and to the majority, although familiar in name, its actual appearance is unknown, and its very name is misleading, for in these days we have come to think of tapestry as a work of the loom only, whereas the roll of historic drawings which records the story of the Conquest of England by the Normans is a rude kind of needlework, executed in worsted upon a strip of linen cloth. It was originally in one piece, measuring two hundred and twenty-seven feet in length by about twenty inches—probably the width of the cloth. The story is wrought out in quaint picture-panels occupying the centre of the cloth, and at the top and bottom are two borders, in which the artist seems to have given his fancy full play; for, though in most cases the figures in the border have some reference to the central picture, we find in others figures of fabulous creatures and animals, such as the camel and the lion, which must have been hardly less creatures of imagination to the people of that time. In the lower border, near the beginning, are representations of *Æsop's* fables, and we observe also many of the operations of husbandry, such as ploughing, sowing, and harrowing.

At the Gallery of the Fine Art Society in New Bond Street, where there was recently on view an important exhibition of Mr. Du Maurier's works, to which we have already referred, there are now to be seen nearly a hundred drawings of Mr. Hugh Thompson's, who also illustrates life in its more humorous phases. Mr. Thompson trusts more to the power of his pencil than Mr. Du Maurier, and is excellent as a line draughtsman, his figures usually telling their own tale. The present series illustrate *Days with Sir Roger De Coverley*, *Sir Dilberry Diddle*, *A Journey to Exeter*, *A Morning in London*. They have all appeared in the pages of *The English Illustrated Magazine*, and are doubtless familiar to Canadian readers. Upon Mr. Thompson has fallen to a great extent the mantle of the late Mr. Randolph Caldecott, who contributed to the same periodical, though we do not consider him equal to that talented artist, whose early death in the Southern States, whither he had gone in pursuit of health and materials for American subjects for his fertile talent, has left a blank it is hard to fill. We are glad to see that his last illustrations for the *Graphic* are to be published in book form by the Messrs. Routledge, under the title of *Last "Graphic" Pictures*.

EX-JUDGE HENRY HILTON, of New York, has received flattering letters from Meissonier and Detaille on the subject of his recent presentation of valuable works by these artists to the Metropolitan Museum of New York. Meissonier speaks of it as a "royal gift," and considers that the American capital should be proud to claim Mr. Hilton as one of its citizens. Detaille remarks "It is the highest testimonial to the excellent and very flattering reception that I have always received from America; and you were not able to confer on me a greater honour than you have done in placing my painting permanently in a museum, and in joining me in your generous gift with my master, whom I love and venerate, and to whom I am indebted for the precious artistic education he has given me."

MR. JAMES CARROLL BECKWITH, the well-known New York artist, has received honourable mention at the Paris Salon for his portrait of Mr. William Walton, the clever American art writer and painter, who has worthily succeeded to the position in the world of art criticism left vacant by the death of Earl Shinn.

It behooves art censors to beware how they invoke the power of the law. George P. Kimball, President of a Law and Order Society, recently undertook to prosecute Mr. Stubbs, an art dealer, for exhibiting immoral pictures in his window. Some twenty of the libelled works, and reproductions of Mr. Stubbs's stock-in-trade, were brought into court, and examined by Judge Gould, of Portland, Maine, who decided that there was no ground for the action, and dismissed the case, after complimenting the dealer upon his excellent judgment in art.

THE production at the Olympic Theatre of Messrs. R. C. Carter and Cecil Raleigh's new play, *The Pointsman*, was greeted with unstinted applause. Not one dissentient voice was raised when the curtain fell, and from beginning to end the audience were kept at the highest pitch of excitement. Indeed the piece seemed carried through by sheer force of its sensational effects which commenced at the very rise of the curtain on the prologue, and at once communicated itself to the spectators. No attempt whatever has been made to render *The Pointsman* an artistic piece of work. It is a rough and vigorous mixture put together without any method; its story is diffuse, and its climaxes thoroughly unconventional, but it has been written solely to please a certain class of play-goers, and having thoroughly succeeded in fulfilling this purpose, it can afford to dispense with the ordinary essentials of other melodrama.

THE dramatic season commences early this year, and has been started at the Opera Comique by a play as contrary to the laws of human nature as *The Pointsman*, but not nearly so effective. Mr. John A. Stevens, the American actor, can hope to make very little headway with *A Secret Foe*, a work altogether below the average of what is expected in London. Probability is shocked at every turn, and there are no scenes of stirring merit or interest to compensate for much that is silly and more that is distasteful.

THE weeks ahead of us are full of promise and interest. The Drury Lane drama of *Pleasure*, which is to contain more comedy than serious interest, the return of Miss Mary Anderson to the Lyceum as *Perdita*