

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

## CRICKET FOR THE BLIND.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Standard* publishes an account of some cricket matches which has in it something of the pathetic, as well as curious. The matches are played by students of the College for the Blind at Worcester, who use a wicker ball with a bell in it, and are guided entirely by ear. Behind the stumps a wicket-keeper claps his hands, and the bowlers, guided by ear only, sometimes hit the wicket three times out of six. The batting is usually inferior, the ball being heard only when it touches the grouse; but one lad often makes seventy runs off his own bat. An experiment was tried of a match after dark between the blind cricketers and some friends who could see, and, of course, the latter were nowhere. One realises the perpetual darkness of the blind from that little incident in a most painful way; it is so unbroken, that new powers develop themselves in the remaining senses.

ALL day I could not work for woe,  
I could not work nor rest;  
The trouble drove me to and fro,  
Like a leaf on the storm's breast.

Night came, and saw my sorrow cease;  
Sleep to the chamber stole;  
Peace crept about my limbs, and peace  
Fell on my stormy soul.

And now I think of only this—  
How I again may woo  
The gentle Sleep, who promises  
That Death is gentle too.

—Amy Levy.

## THE GOOD GRAY POET.

AMONG the ever-widening circle of Walt Whitman's friends and advocates it was known a year or more ago that a notable French writer on English poetry, M. Gabriel Sarrazin, had published an essay on the Good Gray Poet, in which he gave some sympathetic and penetrating opinions upon "Leaves of Grass" and its author. A slip containing extracts from the essay was handed about, and it was evident even from the few paragraphs there printed, that the writer had read and understood deeply the purport of Whitman's message. Word was sent forth that the poet himself endorsed M. Sarrazin's exposition of his ideas, and a translation of the complete article was eagerly looked for.

M. Sarrazin's volume is entitled "La Renaissance de la Poésie Anglaise 1798-1889;" and the article on Walt Whitman is divided into four parts, under headings of "Pantheism," "The New World," "Leaves of Grass," and "Walt Whitman." An introductory chapter precedes the first of these and opens with a fearless statement of the author's faith in the American seer. "At the moment," he says, "when in Western Europe, the educated and literary classes are allowing themselves to become inoculated with the subtle poison of pessimism, at the moment when, in Russia, the Slav spirit gropes in the midst of Utopias and contradictions, and mingles tendencies toward conquest and supremacy with the idea of a mission at once humanitarian and mystical—at the self-same moment a triumphant voice cries out on the other side of the Atlantic. In this chant of a lasting and almost blinding luminary, no hesitations, no despairs; the present and the past, the universe and man, free from all concealment, confront with a serene superiority the bitter smile of the analyst. There is no need for us any longer to search for ourselves because we have found ourselves." Here follows a resumé of the topics to be treated of in the essay, and the first section entitled "Pantheism," opens thus:

"The poetry of Walt Whitman proclaims at the outset complete pantheism with no extenuation and with all its consequences. At first there was an outcry. Shelley had dreamed of sanctifying evil, of declaring it the necessary brother of good and its equal. But should one be permitted to say that evil encloses good as the seed encloses and makes burgeon the germ of the flower? As well place the pedestal of Satan next that of the Divine. What spirit, escaped from the nether regions, had committed that audacity? And worst of all, most incomprehensible of all, the heart of the miscreant whence sprung this blasphemy seemed to have wings, joyous, light, which palpitated in ecstasy.

Here is sufficiently clear insight, and for a foreigner a remarkable knowledge of our attitude toward Walt Whitman; but the next quotation exhibits a still more surprising stretch of liberality for one reared in a nation where religion is confounded with ceremony and ecclesiastical formula. M. Sarrazin has found the core of Whitman's philosophy, and in spite of conventions and barriers of birth, adopts his teachings with a wisely tempered enthusiasm.

"Neither in the dawn of civilization in the Orient, that region elect of mysticism, nor amongst the most exalted Catholics of Spain and Italy, has a spirit more profoundly lost itself in God than has Walt Whitman's. Because, for him nature and God are one; God is the universe, or to speak more exactly, the mystery at once visible and hidden in the universe." "And then in effect," he continues, "Whitman says: 'God being in all things and everywhere how can we help loving Him in all things and everywhere? . . . Jacob Boehme held evil to be the promoter of good—the good of strife and victory. But this position is always open to dispute, and Walt Whitman never disputes.'"—*The American*.

CHILD, my child, how sound you sleep!  
Though your mother's care is deep,  
You can lie with heart at rest,  
In the narrow, brass-bound chest;  
In the starless night and drear  
You can sleep, and never hear  
Billows breaking, and the cry  
Of the night-wind wandering by;  
In soft purple mantle sleeping  
With your little face on mine,  
Hearing not your mother weeping,  
And the breaking of the brine.

—Andrew Lang.

## ONE ASPECT OF A WEDDING.

It is impossible that such a scene as the marriage of the heir to the Greek throne with a Princess partly of German and partly of English blood should not bring many strange contrasts and coincidences before the minds of men. The very name and title of the bridegroom call up memories the most remote from the traditions of that Athenian greatness, without which, nevertheless, it is doubtful whether there would have been an independent Greece at all, and quite certain that Athens would never have become a Royal capital. Constantinos, Duke of Sparta, takes his name from the first Christian Emperor, the founder of the "New Rome," on the Byzantine waters, and his title from the severe aristocratic commonwealth which was the very antithesis to the Athenian genius. His bride represents two kindred peoples, separated by a wide gulf of national character from the lively and versatile Hellenic nature, but both profoundly influenced in their intellectual development by the priceless gifts which Greece—and, in this respect, Greece almost means Athens—has bequeathed to mankind. The marriage ceremony was, in some sense, typical of the union of those two great currents of thought, art, and policy, which have joined together to swell the mighty river of modern civilization. Certain incongruities there must be, where names and things hallowed by ancient recollections suddenly come across us in the bustle of everyday life. It is not without a sort of pang that we hear, among the honours rendered to the bridal pair and the illustrious guests at Athens, that "the Acropolis was illuminated," just as if it were the Crystal Palace or the Eiffel Tower! But how are such shocks to be avoided in a country where we are told, as a matter of course, that the King took the train to Eleusis, not to do honour to Demeter, but welcome the Royal family of Denmark? The pouring of new wine into old bottles is an inevitable incident of progress in a country with such an historic record as Greece. That Greece is progressive will not be denied, though it may be thought that she would do better to turn some of the attention she bestows on "advanced politics," both at home and abroad, to the improvement of her natural resources, which have not yet been brought up nearly to the level at which they stood before the waves of conquest and spoliation swept over her. All the civilized world is interested in the revival of Greece, as was once more proved by the gathering at the Duke of Sparta's marriage. The guests met, indeed, to discharge a pleasant family duty, but it may be doubted if some of them would have gone so far for such a purpose had the little kingdom been a mere Serbia or Montenegro instead of the land that was, long before the rest of Europe emerged out of the darkness of prehistoric times, the cradle of artistic power, intellectual effort, and political capacity.—*London Mail*.

## WARNING.

A PROMINENT MONTREAL MANUFACTURER SUFFERS FOR  
TWENTY YEARS.—PROFIT BY HIS WONDERFUL STORY  
OF DELIVERANCE.

Of all the quick-sands that draw men and women down to death and destruction, none is more fatal and seductive to ambitious people than extra work. "I'll finish it this evening," says the business man, and his poor sleep and aching head testify to the fact that it was finished at the expense of his health.

Some twenty years ago, Mr. H. Goodrick, of 205 Fortification Lane, the well-known manufacturer of lasts, over-worked and took too little rest. The result was a complete prostration of the nervous system, so that the least excitement completely upset his nerves and unfitted him for business.

Physicians did not do him much good, and he spent hundreds of dollars for medicine without benefit. In fact, his wife told him that he was a "walking apothecary shop."

At the darkest hour, when completely discouraged by his useless efforts to regain health, he was induced to try a new medicine. Let him tell the rest of the story in his own words.

"I have now taken eight bottles of Paine's Celery Compound, and have not felt so well for years, and never so stout as I am now. I am over sixty years old and I have not a man in my factory who will get through more work or stand more fatigue than I do. If I feel a little over-done or too-fatigued, I take some Paine's Celery Compound, and in the morning I am fit for my business."

There is an impressive moral to this. Do not ruin your health with over-work. But if the evil is already done, and sleepless nights and shattered nerves forbid paralysis of brain and body, use Paine's Celery Compound at once. It is the only known remedy for nervous diseases. It clears the mind and strengthens the body.

## XMAS BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

## THE RED MOUNTAIN OF ALASKA.

By WILLIS BOYD ALLEN. An exciting narrative of a trip through this most interesting but little known country, with accurate description of the same. Full of adventures vividly portrayed by original illustrations by F. T. Merrill and others. 1 vol., cloth, gilt, \$2.50.

## QUEEN HILDEGARDE.

By LAURA E. RICHARDS, author of "Five Mice," etc. A new book for girls of the best class. Beautifully illustrated with original designs by Garrett. A second "Little Women." 1 vol., 12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

## ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN BRITISH ISLES.

By H. BUTTERWORTH. With excursions among the lakes of Ireland and the hills of Scotland. Full of stories of history and romance. Over 100 illustrations. Illuminated covers, \$1.75; cloth, \$2.25. Over 300,000 volumes of this series have been already sold. The other volumes are Zigzag Journeys in the Antipodes, India, Sunny South, Levant, Acadia and New France, Northern Lands, Occident, Orient, in Classic Lands, and in Europe.

## THREE VASSAR GIRLS IN RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

During the exciting scenes and events of the late Turko-Russian war, with many adventures both serious and comic, by ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY. Fully illustrated by "Champ." 1 vol., illuminated covers, \$1.50; cloth, \$2.00.

Other volumes of the series are Three Vassar Girls in France, at Home, on the Rhine, in Italy, in South America, in England, and Abroad.

## FEATHERS, FURS, AND FINS.

By EMMA CHENEY, KATE TANNANT WOODS, MRS. D. P. SANFORD, and others. A collection of most fascinating stories about birds, fishes, and animals, both wild and domestic, with illustrations drawn by the best artists and engraved in the finest possible style by Andrew. 1 vol., cloth, gilt, \$2.50.

For sale by all booksellers, or sent, prepaid.

ESTES &amp; LAURIAT, Publishers, Boston.

## THE STUDIO.

CLARENCE COOK, MANAGING EDITOR.

## CONTENTS.

Leaders on Current Art Topics—Reviews of Art Exhibitions—Notices of New Statues, Paintings, Important New Buildings and New Art Books—Notes on Art Matters and Archeology at Home and Abroad—Announcements of Art Exhibitions, Meetings of Art Schools, etc., etc.—Reproductions of Important Paintings by the Azuline and Orthochromatic Methods, giving full colour values—And in general whatever can be of interest and invaluable to Artists, Amateurs, Teachers, Instructors, Connoisseurs, Patrons and Lovers of Art, Architects, Builders, Sculptors, Decorators and Furnishers, Collectors of Antiquities, Vases, Coins and Medals, Art Classes, Clubs, Schools, Colleges, Libraries and Museums, and to every one interested in the Fine Arts.

## Announcement Extraordinary.

Our having commissioned so distinguished an etcher as Rajon to etch a plate expressly for THE STUDIO, has created considerable comment and speculation as to the nature of the subject. The inquiries for information continue to pour in from all over the country and abroad. The interest shown in this distinguished artist's etching has been so widespread, and as the subject will be of such great importance, to create a sensation in this country and abroad when published, we have decided to print 500 India Proofs, before lettering, to be sold by subscription at \$5.00 each up to the day of publication, when the price will be increased. A magnificent work of art is promised. Copies of THE STUDIO, complete, with Rajon etching 50 cents each. Books are now open to receive advance orders. Order now to secure one.

The price for single numbers of THE STUDIO complete, with all etchings, is 20 cents a copy, and can be supplied by all art, book, and newsdealers. Ask to see copy. Address all communications to

THE STUDIO PUBLISHING CO.

3 EAST 14TH ST., NEW YORK.

## TO MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

If you are going west bear in mind the following facts: The Northern Pacific Railroad owns and operates 987 miles, or 57 per cent. of the entire railroad mileage of Montana; spans the territory with its main line from east to west; is the short line to Helena; the only Pullman and dining car line to Butte, and is the only line that reaches Miles City, Billings, Bozeman, Missoula, the Yellowstone National Park, and, in fact, nine-tenths of the cities and points of interest in the Territory.

The Northern Pacific owns and operates 621 miles, or 56 per cent. of the railroad mileage of Washington, its main line extending from the Idaho line via Spokane Falls, Cheney, Sprague, Yakima and Ellensburg, through the centre of the Territory to Tacoma and Seattle, and from Tacoma to Portland. No other trans-continental through rail line reaches any portion of Washington Territory. Ten days' stop over privileges are given on Northern Pacific second-class tickets at Spokane Falls and all points west, thus affording intending settlers an excellent opportunity to see the entire Territory without incurring the expense of paying local fares from point to point.

The Northern Pacific is the shortest route from St. Paul to Tacoma by 207 miles; to Seattle by 177 miles, and to Portland by 324 miles—time correspondingly shorter, varying from one to two days, according to destination. No other line from St. Paul or Minneapolis runs through passenger cars of any kind into Idaho, Oregon or Washington.

In addition to being the only rail line to Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle, the Northern Pacific reaches all the principal points in Northern Minnesota and Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Bear in mind that the Northern Pacific and Shasta line is the famous scenic route to all points in California.

Send for illustrated pamphlets, maps and books giving you valuable information in reference to the country traversed by this great line from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Ashland to Portland, Oregon, and Tacoma and Seattle, Washington Territory, and enclose stamps for the new 1889 Rand McNally County Map of Washington Territory, printed in colours.

Address your nearest ticket agent, or Charles S. Fee, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.