

Notches on The Stick

Polychrome journalism seems to be not enough, but the rainbow mania must extend itself to pure literature, and just now has seized upon "the Book of Books; so that we have a Bible whose type is many-hued as the chameleon. The colors are intended to illustrate the various critical suppositions—for you cannot call them anything better—with reference to the text. It would appear, however, that the public are not so clamorous for the gaudy affair as the publishers supposed they must be; and as considerable expense is involved in its production, that it must lie on their hands as a serious consideration for them. Moreover the critics, cleric and laic, are puncturing the prismatic balloon, and letting out the gas therefrom; and it may finally appear among the vaulted desiderata, not so badly wanted after all.

Dr. Wm. Kelley, of the Methodist Review, stigmatizes it as "The Harlequin Bible," and thinks it resembles nothing so much as the patchwork of a crazy quilt. He says: "Molly was the dress of the Professional Jester. It has recently been put on the Holy scriptures, in a way which would be droll were the subject less serious, by costumers whose passion for colors seems as aboriginal and fantastic as the garb of the buffoon in early Italian comedy." That clever metaphysician, Prof. Borden, P. Bowne, of Boston, has not gone into raptures over it. He says: "The examples of Polychrome work exhibited thus far do not inspire high hopes. To see on one page of the book we have been accustomed to call the Bible print in five, eight, ten, and sometimes fourteen different colors is bewildering. To turn page after page and behold these iridescent and curiously intermingled shades of the rainbow, is to have an over-powering sense of the inextricable confusion of the text as deciphered by the critics. If we may judge the effect on the minds of nonprofessional Bible readers by its effect on our own we are warranted in saying that the polychrome edition will not increase a better knowledge of the book or reverence for it among the people."

But the light irreverent touch of Criticism is laid by that calm master of style and scholarship, Andrew Lang, of Merton College, Oxford. He has a poke at the Americanism of the thing; "We are to have a new Bible, the 'Polychrome Bible.' If the people are to get the most possible from the Bible they must have it in modern idiomatic English, say newspaper English. The type will be in lots of colors. 'In answer to the cry of the people for more light upon the literary history of the Bible the distinctive polychrome feature was advised. . . . The people have a right to know, but the people can only in one way, and that is by reading a great many books of a tedious character, full of arguments which for the most part, the people, not being oriental scholars or logically minded cannot possibly estimate at their true value. There is no more a people's path than there is a royal road to learning. The translators are men of learning, I gladly admit, and the Joseph's coat of many colors and the bright up-to-date English may attract the people. The people may buy a Polychrome Bible in twenty parts, at from five to ten shillings a part—and I hope the spelling is not to be American. But if the people, or anyone, thinks that the riddle of biblical criticism is mastered, I congratulate them on their inexperience of misfortune. It hath been my lot lately to read a good deal of biblical criticism made in Germany. The method is simple and Teutonic. You have a theory, you accept the evidence of the sacred writers as far as it suits your theory, and when it does not suit you, say that the inconvenient passage is an 'interpolation.' It must be, for, if not, what becomes of your theory? So you print the inconvenient passage in green, I suppose, or what not, and then the people know all about it. . . . I know this game well. The Germans have played it with Homer till it would be difficult to find a passage in the 'Iliad' which has not been denounced as an 'interpolation,' because it does not fit somebody's theory. This may be 'criticism,' but it is not business—no, not if it is printed in all the colors of the rainbow. If the people really want to know, if the cry of the people is for more light, let the people begin by reading Professor Robertson's book, where they will find common sense, regard for logic, and a disconcerting sense of humor.

Then they can go on to Stade, and I hope they will find him as comic a logician as I do.

"A reader who is not an oriental scholar (as I am none) has no locus standi as a critic of biblical critics where questions of language arise. But when the Teutonic judges of the Old Testament wander into anthropology, as they often do, then no one knows where to have them. The people of course do not know where to have them, and are likely to swallow their statements about 'animism' and 'fetichism,' and so on. For instance they dispute as to Jehovah's name being Indo-Germanic, Assyrian-Babylonian, Egyptian, Kenite, Canaanite . . . or, is the name of Hebrew origin? 'The people have a right to know? But nobody knows. This pastime has long been played with names like Athene or Ar'émis. 'The people have a right to know the results of these studies.' There are no results. Nobody is one whit the wiser. Of course we do not mean that there should be no biblical criticism. But if the people think it safe to swallow the variegated theories made in Germany, France, England, or America, the people are wrong. . . . What can we make of criticism when one leader (Stade) says that Israel was never in Egypt, and another leader (Wellhausen) says that Israel was in Egypt? . . . The Egyptian bondage was the corner stone of Hebrew history. One famous critic takes it away, and another leaves it standing, and the people may toss up for it. These are the results for which the people are supposed to be yelling. . . .

"This is not written in the interests of orthodoxy but in the interests of ordinary common sense. It is just as provoking to see Homer or Herodotus pulled about by German 'ingenuity' as to see the Bible treated in the same way. But the people are not 'a-hollering and a-bellering for a Polychrome Iliad. They let the criticism of Homer go by; they do not care for Homer. For the Bible they do care, and one can only repeat, 'Do not swallow theories because they are German, Polychrome print is no argument.

If my neighbor has a Polychrome Bible I would like to look curiously into it. I fancy I should not care to invest.

The Muses in Vill's Marie.
(To Wilfred Chateaucclair.)
Dear Chateaucclair, it seems to me
The Muses live in Vill's Marie;
For there a rarely-gifted three—
To name nae mair—
Know love's supreme felicity,
And breathe its air.
Lives he not there, who sang see sweet
The woes of gentle Marguerite?
And Meriin's kindly laureate
Is surely there;—
And one they all delight to greet—
Our Chateaucclair!
There Murray sings; and there is he
Whose herald-blazon was "Fleurs-de-l'ys;
There quaint M'Leilan d intilly
Turns the said lady;—
Rob Wanlock and John Arbory
Still with you stay.
With you in many a forest strain
Trapper and voyager live again;
S. Lawrence swells the wild refrain
And choral chant;
While Drummond makes us see his plain—
The habitant!
When you a feast shall make, my wish
Shall be for neither flesh nor fish,
Save blackbird pie—whence wings go—whish!
And thrushes all sing;—
Ah, set that old-time dainty dish
Before the king!
Home's cheeriest Light illumine your Hall,
When long November evenings fall;
Glaunce the glad fire-gleam on the wall,
When down ye sit,
While oft the friendly Muses call,
To chat a bit.
Long live ye 'neath Laurentian skies,
Securely good, serenely wise;
Lead to new lights and victories
Your Vill's Marie,—
Till monumental marbles rise
At last for thee.
My dream is oft of Vill's Marie,
Its very name is dear to me;
For there a rarely-gifted three—
To name nae mair—
Know love's supreme felicity,
And breathe its air.

While pursuing, the evasive personality of Goethe through all the nooks and crannies of a small library we recently came upon a presentment of him a little startling. The Professor we last encountered, who assumed to be a guide of the unwary and uninitiated in the preserve of German literature, kept saying to us, as soon as we had entered Goethe's domain,—"Peware the dog!" "See! yonder goes Dr. Diabolus! This is indeed an unholy region and a suspicious character whom we are here liable to encounter!" Before we have reached the back gate of the park, and have taken our backward glance at the world's greatest egoist, we have been pulled violently by the coat-sleeve toward, if not to, the conclusion that Goethe is not Faust but Mephistophiles. That is to say, the Professor's critique is as unlike as possible to what we should expect a sane and scholarly article to be—such as "Edward Dowden or Oscar Browning might have

written. Not that our Professor is poorly furnished, or lacking in style or scholarship; but he is at the pole of repulsion and antagonism from his subject. His sentences attract and pique the writer; he can be vivacious, eloquent, even poetic. Yet his work is a critical failure, because he sets out with a deliberate prepossession, and as he proceeds everything in relation to his subject appears in distortion and through a mist of Prejudice. The sum and substance of it all, is that of the ultra-purist: Goethe is an ill man, confirmed in his evil, who can give us nothing really good. One of the minor criticisms of Faust is on a passage in the famous "Prologue in Heaven":

The sun in ancient wise, is sounding,
With brother-sphere in rival song;
And his appointed journey rounding.
With thunder movement rolls along.
His look, new strength to angels lending,
No creature fathom can for aye;
The lofty works, past comprehending,
Stand lordly, as on time's first day.
Brooks' Trans.

This piece has as yet been feebly rendered into English. With reference to the fourth line our Professor writes: "Klopstock was before Goethe in conceiving the course of the sun as accomplished with 'thunder-sound.' To us the accompaniment of noise seems to degrade, instead of elevating the idea of the motion of celestial bodies. It is, however, perhaps the pagan notion of a sun-chariot driven with whirl and rumble of wheels, that Goethe inconspicuously mixes with the Christian representation of God and arch-angels." But sublimity, as well as pathos, may subsist in opposite conceptions. Goethe, as well as Addison, celebrates the silence of the stars:—

"Stars silent over us,
Graves under us silent.
What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice or sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found?

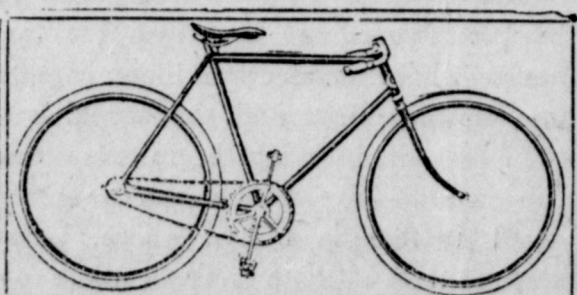
But if the conception of universal silence and the quiet, orderly procession of the universe,—which are relative only to our apprehension of universal phenomena,—is sublime so is the conception of universal combustion which cannot be accompanied by active silence. The beating of gongs the chirping of the critic [I mean crickets] are not sublime; but surely the tropical thunderstorm and the convulsions of Etna or Krakatoa are. Prof. W.—'s taste may or may not be off ended, but the Goethe may be nearer to nature and truth than himself. Who can imagine that colossal blast-furnace of our system, with the opening of its awful doors of flame, rolling its round in silence; and who will refuse to call those inconceivable thunders, no mortal could endure, sublime? The poet, who does not desert realism even in his flights of fancy, implies the scientific relation of sound to finer or coarser organs of sound, in the opening of the Second part of Faust, where the fairies disperse in the twilight of morning:

(A tremendous tumult announces the uprising of the Sun.)

Ariel.
Bark! the horrid tempest nears!
Sounding but for spirit ears,
Lo! the new-born day appears;
Clang the rocky portals, climb
Phoebus' wheels with thunderous chime;
Breaks with tuneful noise the light!
Blare of trumpet, clarion sounding,
B-e-e-sight dazing, ear astounding!
Hear not the unheard; take flight!
Into petaled blossoms glide
Deeper, deeper, still to bide,
In the clefs, 'neath thickets! ye
If it strike you, deaf will be.
Swanwick Trans.

We expect, though Prof W— does not mention it, that he would be even more emphatic against the second passage than the first; but it all goes to show how a rooted prejudice may vitiate our criticism of an author, even in the smaller details.

"Follow the Glean."
Why should we follow every wandering fire?
The star that led the Sages through the night,
And brought them safely to their Soul's Desire,
Will lead our wayward feet its certain light.
No marsh-born gleam towards which we vainly grop,
group.



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No midnight meteor falling from afar—
It usive marker of adventurous hope—
Can light us like that well-appointed Star!
For how shall travellers the desert dread,
Falter for doubt, or haste for fear their flight,
Who watch that azure palace overhead
Where million-lit, stands Stella, beaming bright,
Saying to those whose eyes with tears are dim,—
"He cometh: let the Earth be glad for Him!"

More than twenty years after his death, by his own hand, a small volume of the poetry of Richard Realf appears, with a memoir by his friend Colonel Hinton. It is the record of a melancholy life—the life of one of the children of despair; and the poetry, sweetly musical as it is, is the poetry of regret and sorrow. To live obscurely, to die and be forgotten, is the bane of melodious spirits; and here is one more attempt to revive the frost-bitten hopes of one who began with brightness and ardency, but ended in profoundest depression and gloom. Tears may come to sympathetic eyes to read such lines as these:

There is no little child within me now,
To sing back to the thrushes, to leap up
When June winds kiss me, when an apple bough
Laughs into blossom, or a buttercup
Plays with the sunshine, or a violet
Dances in the glad dew—alas! alas!
The meaning of the daisies in the grass
I have forgot, or if my cheeks are wet,
It is not with the blithesome of a child,
But with the bitter sorrow of past years.
PASTOR FELIX.

GOLDEN PRIZES FOR WRITERS.

Literature is the Worst Paid of all Professions.

In spite of the golden prizes which occasionally fall to the lot of a popular writer, the truth remains that literature in all its grades, is the worst paid of all the professions, with the exception of the Church.

The life-earnings of the most successful writer seem quite pitifully small, for it is doubtful whether any living writer has actually made £100,000 by his books alone apart from their dramatization.

It is one of 'life's little ironies' that one of the largest fortunes made in our time by a writer is credited to Harlan P. Halsey, whose blood-curdling tales have been the delight and blame of American errand-boys for years. 'Old Sleuth,' as he was familiarly known, wrote no fewer than 600 stories recounting the adventures of 'Fly-away Ned,' 'Firebomb Jack,' 'Magic Dick,' the Boy Detective, and similar heroes of highway.

The author of this 'pernicious literature' lived in regal style in one of the handsomest of New York houses, surrounded with rare paintings and tapestries, curios and statuary, and every costly evidence of wealth. It is instructive to contrast with Halsey's £100,000 the £5 for which Milton sold his immortal 'Paradise Lost,' and the £200 a year which Sir Walter Scott was glad to earn in his early writing days.

Mr. George Meredith was probably twenty years in earning a single year's income of 'Old Sleuth'; and Mr. Herbert Spencer worked a dozen years without earning more than would pay his stationery bill.

But literature has its dazzling prizes, which, however, few may earn, and only one or two of which fall to any author's lot in a lifetime. The largest sum ever paid for a simple book brought no gold to its writer. It was the £70,000 paid to his widow for President Grant's autobiography, published after his death, the writing of which occupied many years of its author's life. But there is a great gulf between this golden bait and any others which have been held out to writers.

Many living authors, however, have made £10,000 by a single book, and in some cases these books have incidentally brought them a still larger reward. It is said that Mrs. Humphry Ward received £14,000 for her latest novel, 'Helbeck of Bannisdale'; and her first epoch-making book, 'Robert Elsmere,' brought £10,000 to her exchequer. It is estimated that Mrs. Ward's publishers have paid her over £60,000 within her writing life of seventeen years, or the gratifying average of over £3,500 a year.

Prince Bismarck's memoirs may be assessed at over £20,000, half of which has been paid for publishing rights in Great Britain and America alone. Messrs Constable paid Nansen £10,000 for his 'Farthest North,' a sum which was at least doubled by publishing rights in other countries. Mr. Savage Landor has received £5,000 from Mr. Heimann for the story of his adventures in Tibet.

Mr. Stanley's 'In Darkest Africa' also reached five figures, a feat which Lord Beaconsfield's 'Endymion' was among the first to achieve in recent years. Probably none but Mr. Barry and his publishers know the fortune which 'The Little Minister' has brought its lucky author. It is estimated that, in its book and acting form together, it has enriched him already to the extent of £50,000.—Tit-Bits.

Extraordinary Sequel to a Suicide.

An extraordinary suicide has been committed by a young married woman at Elmstead, Essex. The woman was the wife of an insurance agent named Watsam, and



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fourteen weeks ago gave birth to her first child, since which time she had been mentally deranged, and told both the doctor and her husband that she should make way with herself. One day she set fire to herself in her room, and succumbed to the injuries a few hours later. The jury returned a verdict of suicide whilst insane. Her mother, who has been quite dumb for twenty-three years, as the result of the shock recovered her speech, and can now talk quite clearly and fluently. Medical men had often told her that only a sudden shock would restore the lost faculty, and this has been accomplished by the tragic death of her daughter.

HOW TO GET STRONG.

Nature Should be Assisted to Throw off the Poisons that Accumulate in the System During the Winter Months.

Thousands of people not really ill require a tonic at this season. Close confinement in badly ventilated houses shops and school rooms during the winter months makes people feel depressed, languid, and 'out of sorts.'

Nature must be assisted in throwing off the poison that has accumulated in the system during these months, else people fall an easy prey to disease. A tonic is needed and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is the greatest tonic medicine in the world. These Pills make rich, red blood; strengthen tired nerves, and make dull, listless men and women, and children feel bright, active and strong.

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But you must get the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Imitations never cured anyone, and there are numerous pink colored imitations against the public is cautioned. The genuine are sold only in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full name 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.' If your dealer does not keep them send to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

Wibble: 'I hear that young Jinx has broken his engagement with Miss Fyler.' Wabble: 'Yes; and it's odd the way it happened, too. You see, he left a photograph at the house, so she could whisper a 'good night' into it just before she turned out the gas, and send it to him through the post. Quite romantic, you see. Well, now, in the excitement of the affair, she forgot to shut the machine off, and he not only received her words, but a large and varied assortment of snores that had accumulated while she was asleep.

'I wonder why he is called the best man—I mean the man at the wedding who is not getting married?' Savage Bachelors: Because he is the best off.'

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