

oil—than their water-colour—Professor Herkomer and Sir Edward Burne Jones. No. 10, by the former, is a most exquisite piece of work, showing to the full what this versatile genius can do when he chooses, in the way of delicacy and perfect finish. It is the figure of a young girl, in a gown of unrelieved black, standing in a garden, with the full light of summer and of youth on her pale face. It is the very poetry of pallor! The contour of the cheek is round and full, and the dead black ruffle which rounds the throat sets off the illumination of the complexion to the utmost; it is quite a gem.

As a set-off to this almost miniature-like piece of work, the Professor has a very clever study of a girl, called simply "A Study," No. 272, done evidently in an hour or so, and perfectly conveying the whole idea of a street girl.

Sir Edward sends three studies of heads in chalk; beautiful, one and all, with the unflinching beauty of his pencil: if his sitter has a soul of any sort or kind, he is certain to discover and record the fact.

Mr. Lionel Smythe is an artist whom I do not remember, but he sends quite one of the cleverest pictures of the Exhibition; it is very French in style, and, to judge from the address he gives in the catalogue, was probably painted in France. It is called "Burning Weeds," No. 110. The leading idea is the conflict between the light of a low, golden moon, just appearing over the horizon, and the flicker of the flame of the burning weeds in the foreground. The natural effect is to throw a strange purple glow over the distance and the figures—very ambitious, but certainly successful.

Mr. Gillard Glindoni, at his best, is very clever; he is not at his best in this show, but only just misses. His large picture, "Exercise of the Fan," No. 222, is full of humour and detail. It is a young ladies' seminary, of the first decade of this century, and the dancing-master is putting his scantily clad and be-ringed damsels through the fan drill, then considered necessary to grace and ease in society. It carries us back to "Emma" and good Mrs. Goddard, and the "twenty young couple who followed her to church!" Only one of the class has any real claim to be called graceful; and the artist has very cleverly managed to make the rest clumsy without making them ugly.

Mr. Rooke has been painting in Normandy, and contributes some very charming bits—notably the "Old Staircase at Chartres," No. 51.

Mrs. Allingham is as busy as ever, and one in particular of her exhibits attains a high degree of charm. It is "A Village Street in Kent," No. 182, and is in the tenderest possible key of browns and greens, with a dream of beauty in the shape of an almond tree in bloom in the foreground.

Tom Lloyd has two or three things—very much in his own style, but very nice. The best is, perhaps, No. 134, "And we had Tea on the Bank." But the "Music of the Wind" is also very attractive—in it appears that pair of gate-posts which he loves so well, and which has done duty so many times in his work.

G. M. R.

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A Book of the Week.

"THE SORROWS OF SATAN."*

ON the first page of Miss Marie Corelli's (*alias* Miss Mackay) last publication there is printed the following special notice: "No copies of this book are sent out for review. Members of the press will therefore obtain it—should they wish to do so—in the usual way with the rest of the public, *i.e.*, through the book-sellers and libraries." This is an innovation in the history of book-publishing, and I think one that is worthy of imitation, for, if a book is worth reviewing at all, editors of newspapers and reviewers will be sure to get hold of it sooner or later. The number of review copies sent out is a considerable addition to the expenses of publication. I have always thought it was a great pity that so many paltry books were reviewed in England, in consequence of which better books can only have such a very short space devoted to their criticism.

Though, doubtless, such a change as this would be very bad for the minor authors and novelists, it would undoubtedly be far better for literature in England if we adopted the French plan of reviewing the good books at considerable length and leaving trash severely alone.

It is, however, a matter for argument as to whether Miss Corelli's flaunted new book is worthy of serious criticism at all. The title and the binding are attractive, and the authoress possesses a certain versatile fancy which causes her books to be appreciated by some people. Fancy, but not imagination, characterises "The Sorrows of Satan."

The initial idea of the story is a very fine one; the conception of Satan, condemned to tempt man upon this planet, yet mourning inwardly every time that he yields to his temptation, and rejoicing whenever he is rejected by a righteous soul, is lofty and noble. But the representation of the devil as God's schoolmaster, employed by Divine Will as the educator of souls during their pilgrimage through this world, is not, however, original to Miss Marie Corelli; the germs of it are to be found in the Book of Job. Goethe, in his prologue to "Faust," and, indeed, all through that sublime poem, forces the same idea most subtly upon the reader's imagination. How keenly the great German felt this may be seen in a conversation which is recorded between himself and Madame de Stäel, which is so interesting that I cannot refrain from quoting it:—"Even Madame de Stäel was shocked that I kept the devil in such good humour. 'In the presence of God the Father he ought to be more grim and spiteful.' What will she say if she sees him a step higher, nay, perhaps, meets him in Heaven?"

Though not entirely original, I think that credit is due to Miss Corelli for re-insisting on this most religious conception of the wise use the Deity makes of the powers of Evil, which are as much under His control as the powers of Good, and are used for the same wise purpose.

Unfortunately, the grandeur of this idea is almost spoilt in the book by the exceedingly vulgar and *parvenu* behaviour of the "Prince of Darkness" in

* "The Sorrows of Satan," by Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen & Co., 1895.)

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