

Question Drawer.

QUESTIONS.

I am a regular subscriber to your valuable paper and find it indispensable. If you will kindly furnish me with the solution of the following exercise, found on page 101 of Hamblin Smith's Arithmetic, you will confer a great favor on,

Respectfully yours,
PEARL, Wallace, N.S.

$$\text{Simply } 16 \left\{ \begin{array}{l} 1 \quad 11 \quad 11 \quad 11 \\ 5 \quad 35 \quad 55 \quad 75 \end{array} \right\} \times \dots \left\{ \begin{array}{l} 4 \\ 239 \end{array} \right.$$

[Now that our readers have resumed their labors we hope some one will render the service "Pearl" asks for. There are several questions still unanswered, given in previous numbers, to which we would draw attention.—Ed. C. S. J.]

Literary Chit-Chat.

The publishers of *Mind in Nature* announce that they will issue a limited edition of the first volume, handsomely bound in dark green, fine English muslin, with yellow edges, which will be sold at the extremely low price of One Dollar and Twenty-Five Cents. Unique in aim and purpose—*Mind in Nature* claims to be following a trail which it is "blazing" for itself along the borderland of the unknown—or if you prefer the "uncanny"—it evinces a purpose to leave a track along which none need fear to venture.

The *New York Sun* calls attention to the curious fact that Mark Twain's article, in the *December Century*, entitled, "The Private History of a Campaign that Failed," by an odd coincidence, a contemporaneous supplement to chapter 18 in the first volume, just printed, of General Grant's memoirs. It appears that the only time that General Grant was really scared when he had to meet the little army in which the future publisher was a private. At Palmyra, Grant, then a colonel, was ordered to move against Col. Thomas Harris, who was said to be encamped at the little town of Florida, some twenty-five miles away. In his memoirs General Grant tells how his heart kept getting higher and higher as he approached the enemy, until he felt it in his throat, but when he reached a point where he expected to see them and found they had fled, his heart resumed its place. Mark Twain was one of the "enemy," and that he and his fellow-soldiers were equally frightened appears in his frank confession in the *December Century*. The difference between the two soldiers was that Mark Twain was thrown into such trepidation that he then and there abandoned forever the profession of arms, whereas General Grant made on that occasion the discovery that the enemy was as much afraid of him as he had been of them. "Thus," says General Grant, "was a view of the question I had never taken before, but it was one I never forgot afterward. From that event to the close of the war, I never experienced trepidation upon confronting an enemy, though I always felt more or less anxiety."

At a recent sale in London several of Keats' love letters sold for \$100, \$150, and \$200; one beginning "Sweet Fannie," brought \$275.

Goethe's journal and other important manuscripts are shortly to be published. The collection will include poetical and epigrammatical fragments, Homeric studies and notes upon Faust and Egmont.

S. E. Cassino & Co. (Boston) have just issued what they call "The Insuppressible Book." It contains the controversy between Frederic Harrison and Herbert Spencer, of which Mr. Spencer ordered the suppression in this country. Additional fuel is added to the flame in this case by the comments of Gail Hamilton.—*Christian Union*.

The interesting symposium discussion of the question, "Is Boston losing its Literary Prestige?" in the *Brooklyn Magazine* for December seems, on the whole, to decide that Boston not only is losing its literary pre-eminence, but has lost it. Boston still possesses the best libraries in the country and Harvard University, the most fully equipped of all our great schools of learning, and these will always present so many advantages to the author and scholar, that there will ever be a large literary class in and around Boston. But that lofty literary pre-eminence that Boston once

held, when Hawthorne, Emerson, and Longfellow were living and were showing their greatest literary activity, is lost. To be sure Holmes and Lowell still survive, and neither have lost their literary powers, but they belong to yesterday rather than to to-day.—*The University*.

"*The Thought of God*" is the suggestive title of a little book of hymns and poems which is very favorably criticised. It is by Frederick L. Hosmer and William G. Garnett and is published by Roberts Brothers, Boston. The *University* says: "Here is no cathedral dim with memories of the past, no church of stone with its hour of suspended animation between the weariness of Saturday and the hurry of Monday; but a temple of the fields and woods, with a Sabbath calm resting on the air and the anthem of living waters filling the hush wherein the soul thrills with a sense of silent communion with the oversoul."

Mr. Grant Allen's little book, in a very condensed form, renders a great service even to scientific, and much more to general readers, in showing precisely how Darwin stands to the discovery with which his name is associated. Darwinism, and the entire theory of organic development to which it belongs, must be carefully discriminated from evolution at large as a universal and all-embracing cosmical system. It is simply a part or a factor of a great whole that has been growing up in the minds of men for the past two centuries. Mr. Allen understands this, and his work, beside giving what one most desires to know about Darwin, is especially valuable because it properly relates him to the greater movement, in which he holds a distinguished place.—*Boston Herald*.

For Friday Afternoon.

"ROBERT OF LINCOLN,"

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Suag and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him calling in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One weak chirp is her only note,
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.