

vexed question of *u* versus *oo*, and other sounds, is settled in the only accurate manner, and words which are sometimes wrongly accented are also included. Altogether, the book is a useful and comprehensive one.

GREAT WORDS FROM GREAT AMERICANS. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson and Co.

This little volume consists of Washington's famous Circular Letter of Condolence and advice to the Governors of the thirteen States, his first and second Inaugural Addresses, three of Lincoln's Inaugural Speeches, and the Declaration of Independence. The Constitution of the United States, 1789, is also included, and an Appendix and Index close the book. Thus, in small bulk are contained the main features of the history of the great Republic. The type and binding are excellent, and the insertion of the Declaration of Independence alone would entitle the little book to popularity as an historical curiosity worthy of being in every one's possession.

A DAUGHTER OF ST. PETER'S. By Janet C. Conger. Montreal: John Lovell and Son; Toronto: Williamson and Co.

Miss or Mrs. Conger's picture of life in modern Rome presents but little that is new, though what is old is told in a sprightly and entertaining manner—a manner fully equal to that employed by many better known novelists. Her work, without revealing startling originality, is pleasant reading, but marred by a constant effort to imitate the smartness of accepted society writers. The ignorant American chattering away unconcernedly in the presence of the "Fattykin"—by which is meant the *Vatican*—has been offered once too often to the public. But the story proper—which is, in few words, a mystery surrounding the birth of a beautiful girl, beloved by a young American; the girl, Merlina, finally proving to be the daughter of a cardinal—is picturesque and full of incident, and will certainly repay perusal. Whether the work, as a contribution to the "young literature of this country," is one that contains great promise for the future, may remain a matter of doubt, but we may still congratulate the author upon having given us something quite as good as much of the current fiction of the day.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. SWINBURNE has in press a collection of critical essays on Ben Jonson.

MRS. L. B. WALFORD is the wife of Mr. Walford, a partner in a large paper-making firm in London.

MR. GRANT ALLEN is collecting for republication a number of his popular scientific articles which have appeared during the past few years in *The Cornhill*.

AMY LEVY, the young English writer whose work has recently attracted much favourable attention, died a few days ago at the age of twenty-three. She had published a volume of poems and two novels.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT has bought a home in Surrey, England, and is likely to spend most of her time there when not in this country. Mrs. Burnett will probably return to America in November.

MISS KATE FIELD, the authoress and lecturer, contemplates starting a journal. Her idea of the real journalist's duty is that he shape the thoughts of his generation, not to submit his own to be shaped by it.

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH AND COMPANY will publish immediately, as vol. v. of the author's *Collected Works*, a new edition of Mr. Lewis Morris' "Songs of Britain," enlarged by various odes and poems written since 1887, when that work appeared.

UNDER the title of "The Roots of the Mountains," Mr. William Morris will issue during the present autumn a new romance. It is principally in prose, has no historical foundation or didactic purpose, is longer than "The House of the Wolfings," and will include some songs.

MR. JOHN EDWARD LOGAN, well-known to our readers as "Barry Dane," was recently married in New York to Miss Annie Robertson Macfarlane, at the Church of the Transfiguration. Mr. Logan continues however to live in Montreal at 102 University St., Mrs. Logan being a native of that city.

AT the close of the recent Congress of Orientalists at Stockholm, Miss Amelia B. Edwards, Ph.D., LL.D., was to return to England; on Oct. 23 she sails for New York, and on Nov. 7 occurs her initial lecture in America at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, when Rev. Dr. Storrs is to preside.

A WHOLE colony of Scotch Canadians—that is, seventy families—has been established for the last three years in the heart of Galicia, working at the petroleum springs of Gorlice. They have, the Governor of Galicia declares, set a most valuable example of industry, sobriety, and discipline to the Poles among whom they live.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW have in preparation a new series of short biographies, "The Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria," under the general editorship of Mr. Stuart J. Reid, author of "The Life and Times of Sidney Smith." Among those who have promised to contribute are Mr. J. A. Froude, the Marquis of Lorne, Mr. Henry Dunckley, and Mr. G. W. E. Russell.

LONGMANS, GREEN AND COMPANY will publish this month a volume on "France and Her Republic—a record of things seen and heard in the Centennial year, 1889," by W. H. Hurlburt, formerly editor of the *N. Y. World*. Mr. Hurlburt is a keen and well-informed student of men and movements, and, therefore, his impressions of French affairs ought to prove interesting, especially at the present crisis.

THE *English Illustrated Magazine* enters upon a new year with the October number, and we are glad to welcome among the features of the new volume a series of articles on the great routes which connect the component parts of Her Majesty's empire. Among these articles is to be one on "The Canadian Pacific Railway, and the New Ocean Route to Australia," by Sir George Baden Powell, M.P., K.C.M.G.

PROBABLY the youngest editor in the country is Edward Bok, of Dutch extraction, who is only twenty-five years of age, and receives, or is said to receive \$10,000 per year for conducting *The Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia. Mr. Bok has recently resigned a position with *Scribner's*; his editorial duties taking all his time. But is it quite true that the circulation of his paper is the largest in the world, as an advertising sheet tells us?

CANADIAN writers are treated to more or less discriminating notices in Sir Edwin Arnold's paper, the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Athenæum*. There is a tone of unmistakable surprise on the part of the compilers of these notices, who had probably never for a moment associated poetry with Canada—the land of the ice-palace, bears, squaws and toboggans. The question "Who reads an American book?" has long since found its answer. May it not be that before long a similar question "Who reads a Canadian book?" will also find its answer, and that Canadian poetry and *belles lettres* shall have their own circle of readers in England as well as here? Such at least must be the case when in the fulness of time our authors join perfection of technique to the inspiration offered them by nature, and when the growth of the human sentiment concurs with all that is large and noble in our landscapes.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

I REALLY am obliged to you for bringing back my book, It moves me much to look whereon I thought no more to look;

It minds me of the early time wherein 'twas lent to you, When life was young and hope was fair, and this old book was new.

How well does memory recall the gilt this volume wore, The day it first attracted me—at—'s store; And vividly I recollect you called around that day, Admired it, and borrowed it, and carried it away.

And now it comes to me again across the lapse of time, Wearing the somewhat battered look of those beyond their prime; Old book, you need a rest—but ere you're laid upon the shelf, Just try and hang together till I read you through myself.

THE SENSE OF FITNESS.

PALE green, the colour of absinthe, is to be kept exclusively for Mr. Edgar Saltus's books, and "no other author is to have the privilege of using it," though how this is to be secured *The Brooklyn Eagle*, from which we get the information, does not clearly explain. It suggests, however, that "this is going to set a fashion in bindings, and the probabilities are, that we shall some day be able to tell an author's books on sight by the tint on the outside. Stevenson, perhaps, will be bound in Highland plaid; Rider Haggard will have something lurid, with lions and savages on it. Howells will be in virgin white, as suggestive of how perfectly harmless and milk-and-water the contents are, and how well suited to the eye of the young person."

THE ENDOWMENT OF DAUGHTERS.

THE hard case of women who are left in middle life to provide for themselves without the previous training which would fit them for any remunerative work was recently the subject of an animated but short-lived public interest. Mr. Walter Besant, it may be remembered, warmly advocated what he called "the endowment of the daughter," and called on all parents whose means would admit of the sacrifice to take such measures betimes as should secure at least a small provision for each unmarried daughter. The discussion which then took place had the effect of drawing attention to the question of insurance and benefit societies for women. Such societies as exist have not yet grown to any large proportions, and for the most part their benefits are confined to working women. The "United Sisters' Friendly Society" has recently opened a branch for members of the teaching profession, but this is a solitary example. Recently, however, a society has been constructed with special reference to the needs of women of the educated classes, unmarried or widows. The "Home-for-Life Society" derives its name from the fact that the annuities acquired by its members, if amounting to an annual value of £30, can be exchanged for residence and board in one of the Homes to be established for this purpose. The idea is novel in this country, but societies similarly constituted exist in Germany and Denmark, and the arrangements respecting the Homes are said to work well.—*Manchester Guardian*.

PROHIBITION.

I THINK the doctrine of prohibition is at war with all the ideas and teachings of the English-speaking race. We never can tolerate the idea that because one man does not want to use a certain thing, no one else is to be allowed to use it—provided, of course, that it is not wrong in itself. If you take the ground that the use of anything containing alcohol is sinful and criminal, then the doctrine of prohibition might be considered. But even then the question might arise whether the State could interfere with the individual conscience. The great majority of the good and wise men the world over, men whose characters are respected and whose opinions are likewise respected, do not consider the use of alcoholic drink in itself either sinful or criminal. There can be no question about the side on which the wisdom and intelligence of the world's greatest and best men is enlisted in this matter. Here and there a wise man may be found who is in favour of prohibition, but these are the exceptions and are very few. The conscience of the world goes against this new doctrine. As to the expedients which may be used to promote the cause of Temperance and break up the mischief of the saloon, that is another question.—*Rev. Dr. Harwood, of Trinity (Episcopal) Church, New Haven, Conn.*

TECHNICAL TRAINING.

SPEAKING lately at the meeting of the British Association Sir Lowthian Bell said: "If technical education means, as is sometimes alleged, a system by which, along with scientific instruction, manual dexterity in the use of tools, or a practical knowledge of various manufacturing processes, has to be acquired, I confess I am not sanguine as to the results. Certain I am, that if foreign workmen are more skilful in their trade, which as a rule I doubt, and which in the iron trade I deny, this superiority is not due to scientific training in the manner proposed; for in this they possess, so far as I have seen, no advantage over our own workmen. My objection to the whole system is the impossibility of anything approaching a general application being practicable. I have not a word to say against the rudiments of science being taught wherever this is possible. The knowledge so obtained may often give the future workman a more intelligent interest in the employment than he at present possesses; but I think they who expect much good to attend such a thin veneer of chemistry or physics do not take sufficient account of the extent of the knowledge already possessed by more highly educated men, who are now directing the great workshops of the world. It is by extending and enlarging this that substantial aid has to be afforded to industry and science, and not by teaching a mere smattering in our primary or any other schools.

COLOUR-BLINDNESS.

AT the recent meeting of the British Association, a paper by Mr. J. Spiller, on "An Experiment on Colour-Blindness," was read. Mr. Spiller has had so much experience in comparing coal-tar colours and testing for colour-blindness, that he thought there could be no question as to his own sight being normal. He made himself colour-blind on purpose by taking, on August 29, a dose of a grain and a half of *santonine*, the acting principle of the flowers of *Artemisia santonina*. Within less than five minutes afterwards the white tablecloth appeared of a delicate pale bluish tint, and every thing else as if regarded by spectacles of that colour; ultramarine looked normal; violet and pink were good; green turned slate-colour. The spectrum was visible, unbroken, but with hardly any variations. There was nothing particular in the green, which appeared fine and normal; and he could not discover the neutral grey band in the green, for which he was particularly searching. Mr. Spiller warned his audience against any repetition of this experiment, which, after all, did not reduce him to ordinary colour-blindness, and the results are extremely disagreeable.

APROPOS OF SAMUEL ROGERS.

ROGERS's personal appearance at once challenged attention. Carlyle tells us of his pale head, white, bare and cold as snow, of his large blue eyes, cruel, sorrowful, and of his sardonic shelf chin. When such an one added a look of scorn and emitted a bitter jest, Diogenes seems revived for our contemplation. He appears to us at a distance as a passionless man, with an unpleasing superiority of a certain sort over more impulsive natures. Not a man that excites the slightest approach to hero-worship or a desire to imitate him. "His God was harmony, sitting on a lukewarm cloud," said witty Mrs. Norton. "I never could *lash myself* into a feeling of affection or admiration for him," says Lady Dufferin in a letter to Mr. Hayward, and then she continues: "To tell the truth, there was a certain *unreality* in him which repelled me. I have heard him say many graceful things, but few kind ones, and he never seemed to me thoroughly in earnest save in expressing contempt or dislike." Mrs. Norton considered that his tastes preponderated over his passions. She adds, he "defrayed the expenses of his tastes as other men make outlay for the gratification of their passions," and continues: "All within limit of reason, he did not squander more than won the affection of his Seraglio, the Nine Muses, nor bet upon Pegasus. . . . he did nothing rash. I am sure Rogers, as a baby, never fell down *unless he was pushed*."—*Temple Bar*.