

WE have received with pleasure a specimen copy of the "Canadian Almanac" for 1892. We consider that it is well got up and suitable for every purpose in view.

THE *Daily Free Press*, London, has issued a very attractive "Holiday Number." In this issue "The Rise and Progress of London" will be read with much gratification by all who have any interest in the Forest City.

CHRISTMAS *Ladies' Home Journal* is a particularly good issue of this popular journal. Mamie Dickens, daughter of the celebrated novelist, contributes as also does no less a personage than Mme. Adelina Patti; Mrs. Kendall and the author of "We Two," are also on the *tapis*. The issue in fact contains so many well-known names that comment becomes unnecessary and we can only exclaim, "Read, read!"

THE *Magazine of Art* for December, 1891, is a number replete with interest. "Where to Draw the Line: a Word to Students" should find its way into our universities. "The Mystery of Holbein's 'Ambassadors': A Solution," by W. Fred Dickes, is well illustrated and contains some close reasoning. There are many more good papers, amongst which may be mentioned "The Collection of Mr. Alexander Henderson"; W. H. Y. Titcomb's "Primitive Methodists," a painting which received a third medal in last year's *Salon* is reproduced. The number is on the whole a good one.

THE Christmas *Wide Awake* is calculated to drive Morpheus away from the dullest and sleepest of boys and girls. In it Mrs. Jessie Benton tells a charming little story entitled "The Fairy 'Content.'" "Such Stuff as Dreams are Made of," by John Mead Howells, is a clear case of *tel père tel fils*. "The War of the Schools" is a capital story for boys; Helen Keene's "Captain Joe" is full of vivacity and free from affectation. A pretty ballad entitled, "The Fourth Little Boy," does Mary E. Wilkins credit. The illustrated papers are well worthy of perusal: "A Roumanian Princess" being really interesting. The serials are good; amongst the best are "Jack Brereton's Three Months' Service," by Mrs. Maria McIntosh Cox, and "Men and Things" deserves more than a passing glance. *Wide Awake* will be read with feelings of pleasure by all who love wit, humour and *esprit de joie*.

Scribner's Magazine, January, 1892, contains an interesting paper upon the "Paris Theatres and Concerts," in which the actors of Molière's theatre are astutely criticized by William T. Apthorp. "A Ballade of Dawn," by Hugh McCulloch, jr., is a curious poem, by no means devoid of charm; the refrain:

And in the west the weary morn
hangs low,

which appears at the end of each stanza seems but a mournful salute to the rising day with all its own toil and triumph. "A Day with the Donkey-Boys" is a brightly written account of pleasure-seekers in Egypt. "American Illustration of To-day" is well treated in an article from the pen of William A. Coffin. The number is a very good one and worthy of the commencement of '92.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

OTTO HELLER has translated "Harold," by Ernst von Wilfenbruch, from the sixth German edition.

THE January *Century* will contain an article by Gounod, the well-known French composer, on his own early life.

AN important paper on "Boston," from Mr. Emerson's unpublished manuscripts, will appear in the January *Atlantic*.

THE "Adventures of a Fair Rebel," by Matt Crim, will be read by all who still look back upon the great Civil War with interest.

IN the January *St. Nicholas* will appear, a new serial story, by Lieutenant Robert Howe Fletcher, entitled "Two Girls and a Boy."

THE eleventh scientific session of the American Academy of Political and Social Science will be held in Philadelphia, on December 15th.

A NEW serial story, by E. Marion Crawford, entitled "Don Orsino," is promised as one of the leading attractions of the *Atlantic Monthly* for next year.

THE *American Academy of Political and Social Science* has just published an essay on "Some Neglected Points in the Theory of Socialism." The author is T. B. Veblen, of Ithica.

THE next number of *Harper's Weekly*, published December 16th, will contain a four-page map, giving a bird's-eye view of the exposition grounds and buildings at Chicago.

THE death of any author naturally produces a demand for his works. Fortunately Mr. Lowell had just edited his writings, and they had been brought out in a very attractive form.

MR. BENJAMIN R. TUCKER, of Boston, will shortly publish a new novel, "The Duchess of Powysland," by Grant Allen, the author of "What's Bred in the Bone," the \$5,000 prize novel that had so large a sale last summer.

FREDERICK C. SMYTH, Recorder of the city of New York, has written for the January *Scribner* a remarkable article entitled, "Crime and the Law." Recorder Smyth states that in his opinion the earlier steps in crime are largely due to the overcrowding of the population in narrow and unhealthy quarters.

THE *Writer*, a monthly magazine, with a portrait of Danske Dandridge, contains some interesting matter, amongst which, "Are Literary Women Unpractical?" and "The Domestic Happiness of Literary People," are perhaps most worthy of attention. The *Writer*, *in toto*, is well worth looking at.

"A CANADIAN IN JAPAN," by Malcolm McLeod, Q.C., lately District Judge, Counties of Ottawa and Pontiac, Province of Quebec, will be of special interest to Toronto readers, now that Sir Edwin Arnold has roused their curiosity to know something more about this strange country, with its dreamy, almond-eyed sons and daughters.

Literary Opinion contains some strong lines by H. Smith Wright, M.P., entitled "Who Goes Home?" Elizabeth Lee has discovered a "German Kipling." Lady Dilke gives some sad, weird lines on "Death in Life." The paper on Christina Rossetti is really interesting. The magazine is well got up and deserves more comment than space will permit.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND'S treatise, "The Greatest Thing in the World," has been translated into nearly every civilized language. Amongst many others, it appears in a Japanese dress. The treatise was originally an address delivered by Professor Drummond before a small audience. It is an interesting fact that the last letter Von Moltke ever wrote was devoted to his favourite booklet, "The Greatest Thing in the World."

MR. W. G. KINGSLAND'S critical hand-book on Robert Browning has recently made its appearance under the title of "Browning: Chief Poet of the Age." *En passant*, we may remark that Mr. Kingsland does not stand alone in his opinion of the dead poet, although possibly it might be hard to convince the French admirer of Alfred de Musset as to its propriety. M. Taine's contrast would have been still stronger had Browning been opposed to the latter instead of Tennyson.

"THE PHILOSOPHY OF WEALTH," by J. B. Clark, A.M., Professor of History and Political Science in Smith College; Lecturer on Political Science in Amherst College, is something for all students of political economy, or even casual readers, for we are particularly told that it is not in the form of a text-book. Since Adam Smith pointed out the importance of the two great factors, sympathy and selfishness, the average man has felt more and more inclined to dip into economics.

ONE of the art publications undertaken by the Cassell Publishing Company is the life of "Henriette Ronner, the Painter of Cat Life and Cat Characters," by M. H. Spielmann, editor of the *Magazine of Art*. It is for her pictures of cat life and cat character that Mme. Ronner has gained her great reputation, not only because of their perfection of execution, but because of the truth, vigour and humour displayed in her representations of the manners, graces and beauties of cats and kittens.

THE seventeenth of December being Mr. Whittier's eighty-fourth birthday, Mr. C. E. L. Wingate, in his Boston Letter to the *Critic* of December 12, prints extracts from a number of communications which he has gathered from well-known men and women of letters in which the writers pay tribute to the genius of the poet and express their choice among his writings. Among the contributors to this symposium are Julia Ward Howe, Celia Thaxter, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Rose Terry Cooke, Dr. A. P. Peabody, Lucy Larcom, Sarah Orne Jewett and Donald G. Mitchell.

THE *Bookman*, Nos. 1, 2 and 3, are most readable copies of this new London venture. No. 1 gives us an article, instead of the usual rather tiresome eulogy, on Rudyard Kipling. "He has also *les défauts de ses qualités*," remarks "Y. Y.," who none the less appreciates Mr. Kipling. No. 2, amongst much that is entertaining and instructive, gives us "A Reminiscence of Louis Stephenson," by Charles Lowe. "The Brontës" gives us four good portraits of the Bell family, besides an interesting sketch of Hawth. In No. 3 "The Work of Thomas Harding" and "Reminiscences of Mr. John Morley" will be read with interest. "The Carlyles and a Segment of their Circle," in all three numbers, is well worth perusal.

ON Thursday, December 17, a large audience assembled in the Auditorium for the purpose of hearing a lecture on "National Spirit," from Colonel George T. Denison. Many of the chief citizens of Toronto were on the platform. The fervour and interest with which his hearers followed the lecturer were in themselves proof that they were in the fullest accord with the sentiments expressed. With that sarcasm and *verve* which those who have heard him, know so well, Colonel Denison appealed to Canada upon that "National Spirit" which glows in the heart of every nation worthy of the name. Patriotism is still a living sentiment. The sneer of Alphonse Karr is out of date. The lecturer proved from examples in ancient and modern history that this national patriotism and enthusiasm are the true causes, the *raison d'être*, so to speak, of the "survival of the fittest" nations. From Assyria and Babylon the lecturer passed to Greece and the deathless fame of Marathon and Thermopylae. Would Pericles have prated of "annexation" at a time when the very existence of nations is trembling in the balance? Colonel Denison then dwelt upon the lessons of modern history, in which Switzerland furnishes so splendid an example of national unity and national strength. There are men now living who have seen the establishment of German and of Italian unity. In the same spirit France has risen like a god

from the sea of misfortune. Muscovy, an ignoble province of rude barbarians, through the potent spell of *Pan-slavism* has developed into the modern Russia of Todleben and Skobeloff. It is the same story with all nations, but the Colonel told it with a mastery of expression and clearness of application which gave to these obvious deductions a charm which was greatly enhanced by the correctness and élan of the speaker himself. It is needless to remark that the opponents of the integrity of the British Empire were handled without the gloves. The large and intelligent audience was delighted not only with the conclusions of the reasoning but also with the exceptional and varied ability which Colonel Denison showed in handling his subject. At the conclusion of the lecture the Bishop of Toronto moved a hearty vote of thanks to the lecturer, which was seconded by His Worship the Mayor. Though personalities and strong language are objectionable, the advocacy of annexation is abhorrent to the vast majority of Canadians, who are loyal to the throne and Empire of Britain, and to the traditions of the land of their adoption or birth.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE CHILDREN OF THE FOAM.

Out forever and forever,
Where our tresses glint and shiver
On the icy, moonlit air;
Come we from a land of gloaming,
Children lost, forever homing,
Never, never reaching there;
Ride we, ride we, ever faster,
Driven by our demon master,
The wild wind in his despair.
Ride we, ride we, ever home
Wan, white children of the foam.

In the wild October dawning,
When the heaven's angry awning
Leans to leeward, bleak and drear;
And along the black, wet ledges,
Under icy, caverned edges,
Breaks the lake in maddened fear;
And the woods in shore are moaning;
Then you hear our weird intoning,
Mad, late children of the year:
Ride we, ride we, ever home,
Lost, white children of the foam.

All grey day, the black sky under,
Where the beaches moan and thunder,
Where the breakers spume and comb;
You may hear our riding, riding,
You may hear our voices chiding,
Under glimmer, under gleam:
Like a far-off infant wailing,
You may hear our hailing, hailing,
For the voices of our home:
Ride we, ride we, ever home,
Haunted children of the foam.

And at midnight, when the glimmer
Of the moon grows dank and dim,
Then we lift our gleaming eyes;
Then you see our white arms tossing,
Our wan breasts the moon disbosoming,
Under gloom of lake and skies:
You may hear our mournful chanting,
And our voices haunting, haunting,
Through the night's mad melodies:
Riding, riding, ever home,
Wild, white children of the foam.

There forever and forever,
Will no demon-hate discover
Peace and sleep and rest and dream:
There is neither fear nor fret there
When the tired children get there,
Only dews and pallid beam
Fall in gentle place and sadness
Over long streets of madness,
From hushed skies that gleam and gleam:
In the longed-for, sought-for home
Of the children of the foam.

There the streets are hushed and restful,
And of dream is every breast full,
With the sleep that tired eyes wear:
There the city bath long quiet
From the falling hearts of care;
Balm of peacefulness ingliding
Dream we through our riding, riding,
As we homeward, homeward fare;
Riding, riding, ever home;
Wild, white children of the foam.

Under pallid moonlight beaming,
Under stars of midnight gleaming,
And the ebon arch of night;
Round the rosy edge of morning,
You may hear our distant homing,
You may mark our phantom flight;
Riding, riding, ever faster,
Driven by our demon master,
Under darkness, under light:
Ride we, ride we, ever home,
Wild, white children of the foam.

—William Wilfred Campbell, in *Donation Illustrated*.

TWENTY-NINE thirtieths of all the diamond mines in the world are controlled by one company, whose capitalization is \$18,000,000. In the mines at Kimberly, South Africa, eight-tenths of one carat is found in every 1,600 pounds of dirt taken out. To light these mines, ten electric circuits, burning lights of 64,000-candle power, are employed.