

PERIODICALS.

The January Idler opens with a curious story by Arthur Sperry, the title of which is "Quong Tin." A. Conan Doyle contributes the story of his youth under the heading of "Juvenilia." "A Little Misunderstanding," by Allen Upward is most amusing. The 9th chapter of the "Novel Notes" appears in this number and very good it is. From one point of view at least Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde pale before Smythe and Smith. "John Burns at Battersea," contributed by Raymond Blackway, is the opening sketch of a series entitled "Lions in Their Dens." Amongst much more that is readable in this number we would call attention to "My Partners," by Rose Ayscough.

"After the Festa" is the name of the frontispiece in the February issue of The Magazine of Art. It is an original etching by David Law, R. P. E. Claude Phillips contributes a paper upon "Current Art," with six illustrations. An engraving of E. J. Poynter's, "When the World was Young," appears in this issue, to which is attached a sonnet by Miss Ellen Thornycroft Fowler. A second paper on "The Portrait of Lord Tennyson" is contributed to this number. After a few remarks upon the illusions of life, the critic concludes this most interesting paper with the following words: "But the portrait of the poet we love, after we have once satisfied ourselves of its authenticity, is the source of never-ending comfort and delight; the eyes on the canvas seem charged with his own beautiful thoughts; the lip seem to be murmuring his own beautiful words."

Julian Ralph commences the January number of Harpers with "The Old Way to Dixie," a descriptive paper relating to the "most alluring and refreshing journey that one tired man ever enjoyed." Theodore Child contributes a sparkling article upon a sparkling subject, "Proletarian Paris." "The Parisians," says this writer, "are so democratic that Hottentot ladies and dethroned kings can circulate freely in the streets without attracting the slightest attention. Even Oscar Wilde," he adds, "in the palmy days of his vestimentary eccentricity, passed unnoticed in the streets of Paris." "Horace Chase" is the title of a serial by Constance Fenimore Woolson, which is commenced in this issue. Richard Harding Davis is the author of a good short story entitled "The Romance in the Life of Hefty Burke." Edward F. Waite contributes a paper on "Pensions, the Law and its Administration."

"Earlscourt: A Novel of Provincial Life," is the title of the new serial in the January Black-Woods. John Boyd Kinnear contributes a paper on "Profitable Farming, and Employment of Labor." "Summers and Winters at Balmawhapple. No. 1—Mark's Return," is the name of a very interesting contribution to this number. "The French article from the pen of Archer P. Crouch, 'A Victim of Circumstances,' is well told, and contains some really clever character drawing. In 'Recent German Fiction,' after giving full credit to 'the patient industry' of the Germans, the writer observes: 'But precisely this exhaustiveness, which causes him to excel in almost every branch of erudition or science, it is a terrible handicap when brought to bear on the lighter sides of literature.' Notwithstanding this, his paper deals with some most interesting modern works."

Professor Franklin H. Giddings commences the January number of the International Journal of Ethics with a paper entitled, "The Ethics of Social Progress." Mary Emily Case, professor of Latin, Wells College, asks the question, "Did the Romans Degenerate?" The writer's conviction is that "when some violent catastrophe lays low a nation in the dust, even then its spiritual treasure is not lost, although the form of national existence is destroyed. All the best which it has wrought out lives again in the new growths which spring up from the old root, and so it was

with Rome." Richard M. Meyer is the author of a most interesting paper upon "German Character as Reflected in the National Life and Literature." "In psychological insight, the Germans," says the writer, "far surpassed the Romance nations, who always identified a character with a particular quality. In like manner, the German study of national psychology stood far in advance of the native characterization by epithets common in former times,—'The Faithless Phœnician,' 'The Cunning Armenian.'"

"Alfred, Lord Tennyson," is the name of the frontispiece of the Magazine of Poetry for January. Nettie Leila Michel gives a short sketch of Thomas Buchanan Read. Helen Hunt Jackson is discussed by Jeannette Ward. Mary Ware is the subject of a paper from the pen of Col. Benjamin F. Sawyer. Harriette G. Pennell is taken up by George Newell Lovejoy. Amongst the selections from this author's works is a poem entitled, "Through Dreamy Days in Autumn Woods," from which we quote the following stanza:

And here and there, above, below,
Still gleamed the colors summer wore;
Æolian breezes sang to us,

Along the path we wandered o'er,
Through dreamy days in autumn woods.

Eva Marie Kennedy in a paper on Tennyson says, "His verse exemplifies the ornate in poetry." We have no doubt as to the meaning of this criticism, but "ornate" is emphatically not the word to use.

"H. M. S. 'Blake' in the Dry Dock, Halifax," is the title of the frontispiece of The Dominion Illustrated monthly for January. Stuart Livingstone contributes a very clever story entitled "Told in the Ballroom," which is followed by "Regret," a remarkably pretty little poem from the pen of Sophie M. Almon—Hensley. "Cricket in Canada," is continued in a paper by G. G. S. Lindsey. Alice Jones writes a short but interesting sketch of "The Misericordia in Florence." "Choirs and Choir Singing in Toronto," is the subject of a valuable article by S. Frances Harrison. F. Blake Crofton quotes from the first chorus in the Antigone apropos of the defeat of the Republican party. He might have quoted another passage from the mouth of Creon still more applicable, but then, as he shrewdly remarks, Sophocles "is not usually counted among the prophets." For the rest, his "Scraps and Snaps" is one of the most readable contributions to a first-rate number.

William G. Kingsland opens the January number of Poet Lore with a paper entitled "John Ruskin as Letter-Writer." Samuel D. Davies draws a parallel between "Shakespeare's Miranda and Tennyson's Elaine." We cannot feel that the writer has added in any way to the charm which surrounds these heroines, but his analysis is in the main undoubtedly correct. "The Wheel of Fortune" is a translation by Anna Robertson Brown, of the Thornton Morte Arth r. "The Democracy of April" is the name of a paper recently read before the Browning Society of Boston by Charles G. Ames. This is followed by "A Study of Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall' and 'Sixty Years After,'" by P. A. C. This will undoubtedly be useful to the teachers, for whose benefit it has been written, but as a profound study of these great poems we cannot regard it. "The Norwegian Peasant Lad and His Dream—Tune," translated by E. D. Girdlestone from Bjornstjerne Bjornson, appears in this number.

J. E. Redmond, M. P., commences the January For nightly with a paper upon "The South Meath Election." "That the Catholics of Ireland," says Mr. Redmond, sentimentally, "are determined not to permit an ecclesiastical ascendancy in their country's politics is proved beyond doubt by this Meath petition." W. J. Corbet follows with an uncompromising paper on "The Increase of Insanity." After dwelling upon the abnormal increase and its attending evils, he observes: "The writer feels quite safe, however, in asserting from previous knowledge that, with the exception

of 'hereditary predisposition,' intemperance is the most fruitful exciting cause of lunacy." Lepel Griffin contributes an interesting paper entitled "The Amir of Afghanistan." "Tierra Del Fuego" is the subject of an article from the pen of D. R. O'Sullivan. The writer gives a graphic account of the Fuegians "in a state of almost complete nudity, and with no domestic ties other than bind a hard-worked and ill used slave to a merciless and brutal taskmaster. Surely," he exclaims, "on this wide earth there are no people so cruelly circumstanced and so utterly devoid even of the meanest pleasures of existence as these miserable inhabitants of the Land of Fire." David F. Schloss contributes a valuable paper with the significant title "The Dearthness of 'Cheap' Labor." Miss March—Phillips is the author of a paper on "Small Farms," which is certainly worth reading. Sir Julius Vogel, K. C. M. G., concludes a most readable issue with "Social Politics in New Zealand."

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

The Earl of Aberdeen, it is stated, will succeed Lord Stanley as our next Governor-General.

The new proprietors of The Pall Mall propose to publish a monthly magazine early this year.

A novel entitled "Red Diamonds," by Mr. Justin McCarthy, M. P., will appear serially in The Family Circle early in the new year.

After March The English Illustrated Magazine passes under the control of Mr. Edward Arnold, who has bought it from Messrs. Macmillan.

Zola's new novel, "Docteur Pascal," which brings to an end the long history of the Rougon-Macquart family, will make its first appearance in the Revue Hebdomadaire.

The Home Publishing Company, 3 East 14th Street, New York, will issue early in February a reprint of that most successful story by Gilbert Parker, "The Chief Factor."

"The Private Life of the Great Composers," by John Frederick Rowbotham, just issued by Messrs. Isbister & Co., should have an attraction for musical circles. It is liberally supplied with portraits.

Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, editor of the Magazine of American History, died recently at New York. She was a voluminous writer. Her chief work was a history of New York city.

Mrs. Burnett, in a charming chapter of her serial, "The One I Knew the Best of All," gives (in the February Scribner) her recollections of the books which most influenced her imagination in childhood.

Professor Montgomery, of the University of Utah, has returned from a ten days' trip in southern Utah, bringing with him human skeletons, stone and bone implements of prehistoric manufacture, and specimens of ores, minerals, rocks and fossils for the University.

It is announced that John Ruskin, the celebrated writer on art, will never do any more work. The disease of the brain, which has for some time affected him, is increasing. He is docile and generally quiet, but has a delusion that he is surrounded by enemies who are awaiting a chance to assault him.

We regret to hear of a report which tells us that perhaps the most gifted of modern novelists is dying of consumption. Robert Louis Stevenson has done so much excellent work, and has entered into the lives of so many of us, that his death in the island of Samoa would seem a personal loss to no small number of the English speaking world.

Sarah Janette Duncan, whose facile pen is well known in the columns of the Week, is the author of a serial now appearing in the Saturday Globe. The success of this Canadian author is as conspicuous as it is deserved, and "The Simple Adventures of a Mem Sahib" are sure to arouse the interest of that large body of human beings who call themselves, somewhat vaguely, readers of fiction.