

events develop themselves with tact and skill. Edgar Fawcett tells very prettily in verse the decline of the old year and the dawn of the new one. It is a good deal out of the beaten track of this hackneyed subject, which we presume must be revived every time a new year comes round. The essay on "Boys" is a clever paper, and its writer, Mr. A. G. Penn (is the name a myth?) makes us feel quite young again. Young and old can peruse this article with profit and amusement to themselves. There is a quiet humour lurking through it, and this only adds to its zest. "Our Monthly Gossip" is entertaining, useful and amusing. "Young Russia," "Thackeray," "Christian IX of Denmark" and several other men and things are laid under tribute to the chroniclers. The paper on Thackeray pleases us most. It is decidedly racy. "Literature of the Day" and the "Monthly Bulletin of new publications" complete this No. "Scribbles about Rio" by R. M. Walsh is gossip, and "An American's Christmas in Paris" is a good story, skilfully served up. This magazine is published at Philadelphia.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for January is in no wise behind-hand in novelties. The old veteran is to the fore with a full budget of good things, and a fine, healthful feast he dishes up too. The old contributors and a large corps of new ones furnish the reading matter, and Harper's fine staff of artists and engravers prepare the elegant embellishments. The "Old Christmas carol" with its handsome border, is a rich glowing poem, highly appropriate at this festal season. A. H. Guernsey's "Folk-life in Sweden," illustrated by seven engravings, is an accurate description of how the Swedes live and move. It is graphic and full of incidents calculated to inspire the reader. Mr. Abbott continues his "Frederick the Great," important at this time. Mrs. Zadel B. Buddington's "Voice of Christmas Past," with its eighteen illustrations, is the finest thing in the whole No. It is beautiful in thought and idea, and modest in design and form. The grave of Charles Dickens is lightly passed over and gentle flowers fall from fair hands on his stony farewell couch. His memory and his glorious creations are seen in every line of this article. Poor "Tiny Tim," old "Scrooge" and the hundred other types of mankind which Dickens has rendered immortal in Christmas stories appear on the canvas and enact once more their little part in the life-drama. This paper is charming. S. S. Conant's "Young Naturalist in Mexico" will be perused with interest by naturalists and others. It is ably and sketchingly written. Mr. Stoddard is very happy in the poem "Blind." Here is a fine verse:

"A city is the world in miniature;  
Those hives of men contain the worst and best;  
And thither swarm the drones, the helpless poor—  
The blind among the rest.  
Here sits a woman in a tattered shawl,  
Hugging the babe she shelters from the wind;  
There stands a man, unshaven against the wall,  
Both labeled "*I am blind!*"

"Justin McCarthy's Daughter of Music" is very good, and about