

of any city to win for themselves by their benevolence, moral worth, civic usefulness, social courtesy, and intellectual attainments such lively and genuine esteem at the same time that their political views are so widely regarded with distaste, and by many with extreme displeasure. We hope the learned Professor's visit may be all that he may desire.

Considerable interest is felt in the announcement that the first number of the *Psychological Review* will be published early in 1894. It will contribute to the advancement of psychology by printing original research, constructive and critical articles and reviews. The Review will be edited by Professor J. Mark Baldwin (Princeton) and Professor J. McKeen (Columbia), Cattell, with the help of Professor A. Binet (Paris), Professor H. H. Donaldson (Chicago), Professor John Dewey (Michigan), Professor G. S. Fullerton (Pennsylvania), Professor William James (Harvard), Professor G. T. Ladd (Yale), and Professor Hugo Muensterberg (Harvard). The *Psychological Review* will be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., of New York and London.

An exchange has the following: Sir Alexander Galt, whose death is reported from Canada and is elsewhere noticed in our columns, was the distinguished son of a distinguished father. The latter was the celebrated novelist and miscellaneous writer, John Galt, whose first productions—notably the "Ayrshire Legatees"—were generally ascribed to the author of *Waverley*. Galt's most famous works are the "Annals of the Parish" and "The Entail," a translation of the latter into French and German having had a wide circulation on the Continent. Galt was a voluminous writer. Besides many novels, once very popular, he wrote the lives of Cardinal Wolsey, Byron and Benjamin West, and also his own biography. There are many who say that Sir Walter Scott himself does not surpass Galt in the delineation of Scottish character.

### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Lew Wallace. *The Prince of India, or why Constantinople Fell.* Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates.
- James R. Church. *University Football.* New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.25.
- Maggie Swan. *For the Sake o' the Siller.* Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.
- The Sunny Days of Youth.* New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.25.
- Kirk Munroe. *The White Conquerors.* New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.25.
- Paul Du Chaillu. *Ivar the Viking.* New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.50.
- Thomas Bailey Aldrich. *An Old Town by the Sea.* Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.
- Frances Campbell Sparhawk. *A Wedding Tangle.* Boston, Mass.: Arena Pub. Co. 50cts.
- The Century Gallery.* New York: The Century Co. \$10.00.

Miss Mary Proctor, the daughter of the late Professor Richard A. Proctor, is making arrangements to give a series of lectures on astronomy for children all over the country during the coming season. The course consists of three lectures for children, entitled: "The Goblins in Starland," "The Stories of the Stars," and "Giant Sun and His Family." She will also deliver a lecture said to be specially suitable for Normal Schools, on "How to Teach Astronomy to Children." She delivered these lectures at Chicago during the World's Fair.

### READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

#### MORITURA TE SALUTAT.

(The wreck of the *Beaver* lies near the entrance of Vancouver Harbor, within a short distance of the course of the *Empresses*, the new steamships of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The *Beaver* was the pioneer steamer of the Pacific Ocean—1835.)

A broken hulk, forlorn and lost am I,  
Above me frown the cliffs in ramparts high,  
Beneath on rocky ledge  
I stranded lie.

Around, the hungry waves await their prey,  
They surge above my head and day by day  
I crumble as they steal  
My life away.

Yet not alone despoiled by wind and wave,  
But Man whom I have served, disdains to save,  
And robs me as I sink  
Into my grave.

The sea-weed damp and chill binds fast my breast,  
Yet deep below in passionate unrest  
There stirs a hope, a dream  
Unknown, unguessed.

At morn, when the first ray of daylight creeps  
Through clinging mists where soft the darkness sleeps,  
And faintly trembles down  
To dusky deeps—

At noon, when clear and bright the waters spread,  
And Ocean scarcely moves to rock my bed,  
While droops the golden moss  
Above my head—

At eve, when shadows fall and winds are free,  
And moaning surges call aloud for me  
To sink to sleep at last  
Beneath the sea—

Still do I gaze afar, still do I wait,  
Watching for her who comes in royal state  
To sweep majestic through  
The Lion's Gate!

Great Empress, proud, serene! thy coming fleet  
Announced by heard echoes wild and sweet,  
The purple hills proclaim,  
The vales repeat.

To my dull vision, from the world apart,  
Thou seem'st a miracle of magic art,  
Strange forces thro' and glow  
Within thy heart!

Fair white Enchantress, from the Orient sped!  
Its fragrance and its spice around thee shed  
Still lingering incense breathe  
About thy head.

Above thy path the gleaming sea-gulls fly,  
Like mystic spirits weave in circles high  
A charm of waving wings  
Against the sky!

I know thou dost not heed my dreary lot,  
Nor mark in passing by the lonely spot  
Where desolate I lie  
By all forgot.

The Past am I, but yet thou canst not chide  
The worship thou hast won from ancient pride  
Whose youth once challenged Fate,  
And time defied.

For had I ne'er traversed this Western sea,  
Nor braved its wrath to find a path for thee,  
Where then thy stately grace  
Secure and free?

I toiled through calm and storm for many a year,  
While yet th' untrodden forest slumbered here—  
Of progress, faith and peace  
The pioneer.

And science made me strong to prove her worth  
Here dawning light was shed upon my birth  
Whose glory now is spread  
Through all the earth!

But now my work is done—I sink to rest—  
Fair Empress! may the wave thou hast  
caressed  
In music murmur still  
Above my breast.

And when at midnight's hour thou drawest  
nigh,  
And softly through the mists that sleeping lie  
The star upon thy brow  
Is gliding by—

Oh, may its light that trembles o'er my tomb  
With dreams of thee steal downwards through  
the gloom,  
Where I beneath the sea  
Have found my doom.  
Vancouver, B. C. L. A. LEFEVRE.

#### THE "CLOSURE" IN HYDE PARK.

"It happened this way, your Honor. I was lect'ring on Home Rule, in Hyde Park, and a lot of Orangemen with no arguments but leathery lungs was obstructin' me. The debate was at its height when a policeman came up and moved the closure. 'McCarthy,' he says, 'go home, and finish up your soache tomorrow night.' So away I went, but when I turned the corner into Edgware Road, a policeman said I was drunk. though I was as sober as any member of the House of Commons, and here I am, your Honor." This was the explanation given by John McCarthy, bootmaker and Home Rule lecturer, of his appearance before Mr. Plowden, at the Marylebone police court. "Didn't you have a bottle with you?" asked the constable. "I had," said McCarthy. "Do you carry your arguments in it?" suggested the magistrate. "No," your Honor, only water to wet my lips to let the words rowl out without tripping themselves up." "Was it pure water?" "As pure as I could get it, your worship. This is the little bottle, sur" (showing the oratorical flask), and I was no more drunk than I am now." The policeman who arrested him maintained the contrary, but the magistrate ultimately decided to discharge McCarthy, with the advice: "In future when you indulge in oratory don't wet your lips." The lecturer left Home court rejoicing. Curious that Home Rule seems to bring trouble upon everybody who touches it.—Daily Telegraph.

#### ENDURANCE.

The Marquis de Nadaillac has been writing on the extremes of heat and cold supported by white men. In the mountains of Central Asia, Prince Henry d'Orleans endured a temperature of 40 degs. Cent. below zero and lived through it in ern wind, under which the camels and horses perished. Captain Dawson at Fort Rae (lat. 62.30 N.), registered a cold of 67 degs. Cent. below zero in April 1892. Lieutenant Peary and his wife suffered no great inconvenience from temperature reaching 50 degs. Cent. below zero. Lieutenant Schwatka found 71 degs. Cent. below zero and lived through it in Eskimo fashion, sleeping in egloes or snow huts, wearing reindeer skins, without underclothing, and eating raw meat or blubber. When M. Buveyrier was in the Touareg region of Central Africa he experienced a heat of 67.7 degs. Cent. The difference between 71 degs. and 67.7 degs. is nearly 138 deg. Cent., or close upon 250 degs. Fahr. The range of temperature which can be supported by the white man is thus very great.

Diogenes said to one who said to him: "They deride you." "But I am not derided." He accounted those only to be ridiculed who feel the ridicule.—Plutarch.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

My son George has suffered with neuralgia round the heart since 1882, but by the application of MINARD'S LINIMENT in 1889 it completely disappeared and has not troubled him since.

JAS. McKEE

Linwood, Ont.