

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for January is a rich number, fully sustaining the high reputation of this best of monthlies. We are treated to "The City of Teheran" (2nd paper) and a very interesting paper, "Feathered forms of other days," both profusely illustrated. Also "Typical dogs—pointers" and "The lesson of Greek Art." In a Poem, by Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, of Kings College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, we read:

O child of nations, giant limbed,  
Who stand'st amid the nations now  
Unheeded, unadorned, unhymned,  
With unanointed brow!

The saxon force, the Celtic fire,  
These are thy manhood's heritage!  
Why rest with babes and slaves? Seek higher  
The place of race and age!

And in a good article on "Spiritual Preaching of our times" the following: Science has grandly stimulated industry by increasing its rewards. The prices of enterprising labor are great, often glittering. The power of wealth is fascinating. The successful producer or dealer of to-day is a prince. The industrious laborer is rich. And the result of all this is that laziness is ceasing to be fashionable;—the nobility of England are learning to make themselves useful. Science sets the world astir. The goal of its motion is gain. The race is eager. Hence mammon-worship. Hence mercantilism, the inordinate estimate of wealth; the grading of all things at a value in cash; society graded on a cash basis; idealism sacrificed to material good; virtue, patriotism, heroism, manhood counting for less, money counting for more; votes, offices, justice having their price. This is mercantilism, the great danger to society; greater because more subtle than nihilism. It creeps into literature, science, art, politics, the state, the church; and here arises the demand for that spiritual teaching which fell from the lips of Jesus, the antidote for inordinate worldly care and worldly striving; the lofty view of a life which is more than meat. The cure for the mercantile spirit is not ethics, but faith. It is not a moral code but the divine Fatherhood.

THE MIKADO WALTZ, by Coote, is an arrangement of the most taking airs from Gilbert & Sullivan's latest opera. Containing the gems only. Praise is unnecessary.

"MARY DARLING MUST YOU LEAVE ME?" by H. P. Danks, is a very pretty sentimental effusion. The words are very nice, the author and seems to have written a song which will make him more famous than "Silver Threads among Gold" did.

LITTLE AH SID, [The Chinese Kid.] by J. P. Skelly, is a funny little piece concerning a little

"Chinese Kid" who on first seeing an "American Bumble Bee" takes it to be "a Melican" Butterfly, and is "sold" accordingly.

The publishers offer to mail the above three pieces of music postpaid on receipt of 60cts., one-half the regular price. Address RICHARD A. SAALFELD, 12 Bible House, New York.

THE WEEK of Toronto enters upon its third year of publication somewhat altered and much improved in appearance, while its contents rather more than maintain the high standing which has characterised the Journal from its commencement. It sustains well too its promised independence in politics, and it is quite refreshing to read it after one has read the two extremes in the ordinary daily papers. Political questions in Great Britain are treated by the *Week* in an equally independent manner. Not only is it moderate and independent on political questions, but it is likewise so on the temperance question. Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's School Days" writes "I take only one English weekly paper, *The Spectator*, and one Canadian, *The Week*, and as a rule I should be puzzled to say which I should miss most." Such Journalism should receive, liberal encouragement.

THE INDIAN is a new fortnightly Journal, published at Hagersville, Ont., in the interests of the Indians. It is edited by an Indian, Dr. Jones (son of the late Rev. Peter Jones), a medical practitioner, and an M. D. of Queen's College. Some years ago, he successfully urged the strong claims of the Ontario Indians to the franchise. We have received the first two numbers of the *Indian*. It is evidently ably edited and contains papers on historical, archaeological and political subjects, of much interest. We trust it may and believe it will be of much service to the descendants of the once owners of this great country, and help to make many of them, what they give promise in their Journal to become, useful citizens.

GRIP too has greatly improved since the commencement of the year. It manifests a greater degree of independence than it sometimes had done, and is a highly creditable comic paper. We wish it a full share of success.

THE PIANO and SEWING MACHINE advertised for sale on another page are first class instruments and a great bargain. Any one wanting a Piano or Sewing Machine would be wise to communicate with the advertiser.