

## THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

**THE CENTURY MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY.**—The publishers respectfully call attention to the fact that in the contents of the *mid-winter CENTURY* may be found a remarkable variety of subjects of public moment; and an equally remarkable list of names associated with the history, literature, and art of America. If this issue of the magazine has an inhospitable look to foreign contributors, who happen to be wholly and by accident excluded, they may find recompense of courtesy in the plain speech from forty-five American writers, on "International Copyright," spoken in the "Open Letters" department, and which is one of the most striking features of the number.

A peculiar interest attaches to General Grant's "Preparing for the Wilderness Campaign." A facsimile of Lincoln's "God-speed letter" to Grant, written a few days before the Wilderness battle, accompanies the article; also a characteristic anecdote of Grant during the battle, by Charles Carleton Coffin, who observed the incident described.

"Antoine Louis Barye," the French sculptor, is the subject of the opening illustrated article, by Henry Eckford, who gives a thoughtful study of the man and his art, as well as anecdote and information.—George W. Cable contributes a paper on "The Dance in Place Congo," which is illustrated with several arrangements of Creole music. "City Dwellings," attractively illustrated, is the subject of Mrs. Van Rensselaer's fifth paper on "Recent American Architecture."

In fiction there are opening chapters of Mr. Howell's new story, "The Minister's Charge," the minister being the Rev. Mr. Sewell, whose acquaintance was made in "The Rise of Silas Lapham," and the hero a country youth who goes to Boston in search of a literary career and is undeceived in many things. In "Open Letters" Bishop Dudley and the Rev. J. H. Hopkins express Episcopalian views in regard to "Christian Union," and H. C. Fuller's comments on the Rev. Lyman Abbott's recent article discussing socialism under the title, "Danger Ahead." A prose sketch of negro humor, "Out on a 'Scourge'" by Eva M. De Jarnette, is a feature of *Bric-a-Brac*. Here is one of its characteristic gems:—

### STRUGGLE.

My soul is like the oar that momentarily  
Dies in a desperate stress beneath the wave,  
Then glitters out again and sweeps the sea;  
Each second I'm new-born from some new grave.

**MRS. BURNETT'S NEW STORY.**—Mrs. Frances H. Burnett, the novelist, has written a serial story for *St. Nicholas*, called "Little Lord Fauntleroy," the hero of which is a boy-character who is as new as he is delightful. Born in America, the child of a younger son of an English earl, his father dies when he is a little fellow, and by the death of his uncles, he becomes heir to the earldom. His grandfather, a cross old nobleman who has never forgiven his youngest son for marrying against his wishes, sends for the boy and his mother. In the *March St. Nicholas* is recounted the first interview between little Lord Fauntleroy and his grandfather,—the earl, expecting a conventional bread-and-butter youth, finds himself confronted with "a graceful childish figure in a black velvet suit, with a lace collar, and with love-locks waving about the handsome, manly little face, whose eyes met his with a look

of good-fellowship." And then they talk. The boy tells his grandfather all about his past life, about the corner-grocery man with whom he used to discuss politics, about Dick the bootblack, who gave a beautiful red silk handkerchief when he sailed away from New York, with purple horse-shoes and heads on it,—"you can wear it round your neck or keep it in your pocket."—about "Dearest," as he calls his mother, because he used to hear his papa call her so.

"You don't wear your coronet all the time?" remarked Lord Fauntleroy, respectfully.

"No," replied the earl, with his grim smile, "it is not becoming to me."

In the course of the conversation, he reached the Fourth of July, and the Revolution, and was just becoming enthusiastic, when he suddenly recollected something and stopped very abruptly.

"What is the matter?" demanded his grandfather. "Why don't you go on?"

Lord Fauntleroy moved rather uneasily in his chair. It was evident to the earl that Lord Fauntleroy was embarrassed by the thought which had just occurred to him.

"I was just thinking that perhaps you might n't like it," he replied. "Perhaps some one belonging to you might have been there. I forgot you were an Englishman."

The story was begun in the present volume of *St. Nicholas* and will run through the year. Mrs. Burnett is at work on a new novel for *The Century*.

**THE PULPIT TREASURY** for March is on our table; E. B. Treat, publisher, 771 Broadway, New York. Its contents abound in excellent suitable articles for pastors and Christian workers. The portrait of Charles S. Robinson, D. D., LL. D., forms its frontispiece, which is followed by his excellent sermon. There is also a view of his church edifice and a sketch of his life. There are also full sermons by Dean Bradley and Dr. E. Tinker. Every Department is replete with instruction.

—You picture to yourself the beauty of bravery and steadfastness. You let your imagination wander in delight over the memory of martyrs who have died for truth. And then some little, wretched, disagreeable duty comes, which is your martyrdom, the lamp for your oil—and if you will not do it, how your oil is spilt—how flat and thin and unilluminated your sentiment about the martyrs runs out over your self-indulgent life.

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All communications concerning the subject matter of the paper, all books, etc., for review, and all exchanges to be sent to THE EDITOR, CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, Box 2648, Toronto, Ont.

All correspondence regarding subscriptions, advertisements, and general business to be directed to Mr. W. R. CURRIE, Bowmanville, Ont.