

tion must be born meekly is its worst phase. How many a time do we make a sickly attempt to throw it off good-humoredly, when in truth we are more inclined to let fly arrows in return.

As in the ancient times, Minerva alone could release Orestes, so in the present Reason is the only goddess to whom we can appeal from the fatal vengeance of modern Erinnyes.

### SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT SOME THINGS.

ON looking from the window this autumn day, we are struck by the general appearance of desolation and decay. We shudder as we see with what rapid strides winter is approaching. Is it somewhat appalling to think of the gradually lengthening darkness that will soon hem in the day; and the thought that there is no escape from it does not lighten the weight which is upon us. But we forget that we only live one day at a time, and that the day generally passes so quickly and pleasantly that there is no time for gloomy thoughts. There is a great similarity between the "sleep of Nature," as it is called, and the sleep of human beings, so many things in each suggesting comparison with the other. As in the sleep of mortals, the brain still carries on the thoughts of the waking hours, so in the great sleep of Nature the work of germination is going on silently, but none the less surely. Deep under the snow lie buried some of the rarest bulbs and roots which are only waiting for the spring time to shoot forth their beautiful blossoms, just as, hidden under our surface thoughts, our best ones lie waiting for some occasion to break forth in language. Yes, winter is indeed a beautiful season. It is chiefly on account of the beauty of the snow, however, that it is so attractive. It seems as though God, knowing our innate love of beauty, has provided it as a covering in order that our eyes may not be struck with the bareness left after the departure of the summer. What a blessed thing is imagination! If we allow our thoughts to carry us past these wintry scenes to the opening spring, how our hearts bound with delight!

Did any one ever remark that the oak is the last tree to shed its leaves? After keep-

ing a few favored ones through the winter, it holds with a tenacious grasp its remaining offspring, even though the other trees are budding into new life. There is something inspiring in the rustling of the old sere leaves; it is almost impossible not to be happy when we are listening to the wind playing with these russet brown little music-makers. For they do make music. As was said of something else, "There is more music in the world than is dreamed of," and this is one of those charmingly unexpected music-boxes.

So we might go on forever, filling page after page with thoughts from Nature, so abundant are they. As winter reminds us of a sleep, spring reminds us of a glorious waking—a waking into all that is good and lovely to look upon.

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### Literary Items.

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JOHN MORLEY's long-promised "Life of Cobden," which will fill two octavo volumes, will be finished soon after Christmas.

A NEW edition of Jean Ingelow's poems, in two volumes, with new poems added, is to be published in London this month.

THE biography of Voltaire, on which Mr. James Parton has been engaged for more than eighteen years, is now nearly completed.

MR. LONGFELLOW and W. D. Howells are writing together for Lawrence Barrett, a play upon the story of Captain Miles Standish.

THE first translation of the Roman Breviary of the Catholic Church has been completed by George Bute, and will be published shortly.

MISS MATHER's story of "Coming thro' the Rye," has been translated into Hungarian by Camille Zichy, under the title of "Jon a rozon at."

THE second volume of the third series of the late George Henry Lewes' "Problems of Life and Mind," is announced as in preparation by Messrs. Trubner. The two "problems discussed are, "Mind as a function of the Organism," and "The Sphere of Sense and Logic of Feeling."