

people the most common things take the form of gigantic sacrifices. Thus the darling Albert is remembered and idolized for his ready self-denial, for his uncomplaining submission to the behests of Providence. We grant at once the demand made upon our homage, but we find ourselves slightly betrayed on discovering that the transcendent sacrifice he had to make was merely a journey from Balmoral to Windsor or from Windsor to London, when, like most family men, he would rather have stayed at home. Another result of the same cause is a disposition to regard the misfortunes of life as singularly atrocious and inexplicable when they happen to great people.

Here are the Queen's comments on the death of the Prince Imperial: "To die in such an awful and horrible way! Poor, poor dear Empress, her only, only child—her all, gone! Monstrous! To think of that dear young man, the apple of his mother's eye, born and nurtured in the purple, dying thus, is too fearful, too awful, and inexplicable that the others should not have turned round and fought for him. It is too horrible!" Horrible no doubt, but what of the scores of English lads of gentle birth, every bit as good as the Prince Imperial, who were speared at Isandula? We see another illustration of the same general principle in the tendency to over-estimate the value of personal fidelity. The hero here is John Brown, who figures on every page of the book. He was no doubt an honest man who did his duty. He had "a good time of it." His devotion to the Queen enabled him to domineer over everybody else. It does not need much knowledge of human nature to enable us to take an accurate measure of the man, and it is not one which would ensure him a high place in the esteem of mankind. A human lapdog is not a sublime object of contemplation. We should have thought better of him if he had got tired of his post, and sought refuge in his native Highlands, the home of independence, leaving his mistress to her maids. We cannot worship John Brown, though it is a comfort to think that he did not live in the times of Edward the Second, for in that case he would have run great risk of being hanged. When the battle of Tel-el-Kebir was pending, all the Queen's thoughts were for her "darling child," the Duke of Connaught. We felt sure that His Royal Highness would have the maximum of honour with the minimum of risk, and that no harm would come to him. The Queen prayed for him, and read Körner's "Gebet vor der Schlacht." There was no need for so extreme a supplication on the eve of a fight with the Egyptian forces of Arabi. It has been noticed that the Queen's Book is silent on the great occurrences which within the last twenty years have changed the fate of Europe. But it tells us of Loch Leven, where "poor Mary Stuart" was imprisoned, and swells into a sort of rapture when it reaches the lands of Lochiel, whose great-grandfather was the prime cause of the Jacobite rebellion of 1745. The Queen rejoices that she has Stuart blood in her veins, and that Scotland is her own dear country. Her English subjects will gladly make her a present of all our male Stuarts—James I., Charles I., Charles II., James II.—let Her Majesty take her pick of them, and tell us whose memory we should adore. Her Majesty visited another historic scene. On the 23rd of August, 1878, she was at Broxmouth Castle, the seat of the Duke of Roxburghe. The Queen reached Dunbar at a quarter to nine, suffering from "a rather stiff shoulder." They drove in a landau to the house. The Queen tells us how she and her retainers were quartered. Most interesting information. On her way from Dunbar the landau would cross a low bridge close to the park. Over that bit of low ground Cromwell sent his cavalry to storm the flank of Leslie's army at the famous battle of Dunbar, which settled the Stuart interest in Scotland. Along the southern bank of the Broxburn Leslie arrayed his troops after their fatal descent from the hills beyond. Instead of attacking them in front, Cromwell, anticipating the tactics of Frederick and Napoleon, threw his attacking force across the bridge over which the Queen passed, and doubled them up in half an hour. All this within bow-shot of the chamber where the faithful John Brown slept. I have no space left for deploring the fortune of the Queen's other favourites, the chief of whom was Dr. Macleod. Poor theologian! If he had ever dreamed of becoming such a fool as the Queen's Book makes him, even his Highland fidelity must have faltered. Yet we may be grateful for the book. It is one of the most instructive of the season, and if royalty can quite afford the venture we are ready to welcome another.—*Manchester Examiner.*

THE PERIODICALS.

The April *Manhattan* couples with its usual elegance of appearance an unusual strength of subject matter. Mr. Matthew Arnold's eloquent plea for the retention of literature in a prominent place in education, as opposed to the utilitarian theory that it should be supplanted by science, will find numerous admirers. "To know ourselves and the world" is the aim of culture, and the means to this end is to "know the best which has been thought and said in the world." The next subject in point of importance is an able criticism by Henry C. Pedder, of Edwin Booth and his acting, prefaced by a short biographical sketch, and beautifully illustrated by cuts from photographs by Sarony. It is not generally known, we believe, that this dreamy actor was called before the curtain twenty-four times during his performance of "Hamlet" in Germany. Mr. Booth is described as a man who "from a small beginning made himself what he is by dint of perseverance, singleness of purpose, and worthiness of aim, backed by natural ability." Julian Hawthorne tells a quaint autobiographical romance, and Edna Dean Proctor contributes a poetical appeal from El Madhi to the tribes of the Soudan. There is much more truth than poetry in an article on "Recent Tendencies in American Journalism,"

and some Canadian journalists we know of might take a hint and a lesson from Mr. Smalley's blunt statements. Lovers of Chaucer will resent Kate Sanborn's attack on "The Chaucerian Mania," but may calm their ruffled feelings by perusing "An Easter Egg," or the interesting sketches of "Jasper Francis Cropsey, N. A.," and "Rothenburg in Bavaria."

THE *Century* has five profusely illustrated articles and a biographical paper with two portraits. "How Wilkes Booth crossed the Potomac" is told by George Alfred Townsend, and this interesting contribution fills the historical gap between the disappearance of Booth in the scrub pines of lower Maryland and his appearance in Virginia. Mr. John Burroughs endeavours to show that Emerson is entitled to a higher place than Matthew Arnold has accorded to him. The present status of the negroes of the South, from a Southern standpoint, is treated in an essay by Walter R. Hill, and Professor Samuel Willard has an essay on "The Destiny of the Universe." Of the illustrated articles, Canadian readers will probably be most interested in S. G. W. Benjamin's "Cruise of the Alice May"—a picturesque record of a cruise among the Magdalen Islands of the St. Lawrence Gulf. Good companion reading to the *Manhattan's* article on Booth is to be found in George Logan Montgomery's comments on "Lawrence Barrett and his Plays." Those who have read Miss Clark's charming "Notes on the Exile of Dante" will regret to part company in her concluding beautifully illustrated paper.

THE *Atlantic* is scarcely up to its average. It is redundant of romance, however, and in addition to the serials has a pretty little Florentine story, "Annina," by Charles Dunning, as well as Edith M. Thomas' account of "The Return of a Native." Bradford Torrey, under the caption "Phyllida Corydon" lovingly descants upon an evidently favourite theme—birds. Several recognized theories accounting for red sunsets are put in a very readable form by N. S. Shaler, and Oliver T. Morton, in his article on "Presidential Nominations" suggests a plan whereby he thinks the power of election "bosses" and wirepullers might be broken. Maria Louise Henry supplies "An Outline Portrait" of Madame de Longueville. Readers of THE WEEK who have followed the articles and correspondence on General Grant will read with pleasure a review of a work on General Beauregard.

EDUCATION (an international bi-monthly magazine devoted to the science, art, philosophy, and literature of education) has for a frontispiece a striking, beautifully-executed steel engraving of the Hon. Wendell Phillips. "Co-Education" is defended in a paper by Hon. H. S. Tarbell, whose contribution to a burning question is worthy the attention of thinkers. General John Eaton maintains that the nation is the only patron of education equal to the emergency. G. G. Bush, Ph.D., has an able article on "The Origin of the First German Universities." The desirability of including drawing in the industrial education curriculum and in grammar schools is discussed by S. Edward Warren and Walker S. Perry respectively, and John T. Prince writes on the duties of school superintendents. Especially deserving of notice is Mrs. C. Bascom's contribution on the "Rights of Children."

THE *Continent* company are to be congratulated on the success which has attended their efforts to establish a good weekly illustrated magazine. The quality and quantity of good subject matter, well illustrated, capitally printed, which they offer for ten cents is almost incredible. The number dated March 27th has a very interesting article on Robert Todd Lincoln.

ST. NICHOLAS contains an account of the first ice-palace—that built by the Empress Anna Ivanova of Russia—which will be read with interest by not only the young folk for whom it is written but by many of their elders. The story of the boyhood of Henry V. of England is told in this number. As usual, the illustrations form no inconsiderable part of the attractiveness of the *St. Nicholas*.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE for March 15th and 22nd, contain, amongst other selections, Christian Agnosticism; Cardinal Newman on the Inspiration of Scripture, and Professor Tyndall on Rainbows, *Nineteenth Century*; Chinese Gordon, Reminiscences of Jamaica, and Club Gambling in the Last Century, *All the Year Round*; Gales and Hurricanes, *Spectator*; George Eliot's Essays, *Athenaeum*.

BOOK NOTICES.

NOVA BRITANNIA; or Our New Canadian Dominion Foreshadowed; being a series of Lectures, Speeches, and Addresses; by the Hon. Alex. Morris, P.C., D.C.L.; Edited by a Member of the Canadian Press. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., 1884.

Little apology, we should say, is necessary for the re-publication of what constitutes the bulk of the present volume, namely:—a couple of lectures delivered in Montreal, twenty years ago, replete with information, which must have been difficult to procure at the time, concerning the resources and the future of the older provinces of Canada, together with much statistical matter relating to the Hudson's Bay and Pacific Coast Territories. In view of what has transpired in connection with the founding and the development of the Dominion in the past seventeen years, Mr. Morris's thoughtful and patriotic utterances, so long ago as 1858, may be looked upon, if not as a bit of inspiration, then as a shrewd, far-seeing speculation, and a remarkable forecast of history. To those who can remember the period when these lectures were delivered, and can recall the meagreness of the information we then had of the country we have since acquired, and have partly entered into the possession of, it will be curious to trace in the fuller light of to-day. How far Mr. Morris's prognostications have been verified, and in what direction there has been