

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Aldrich, Thomas Bailey. *The Sister's Tragedy; and Other Poems.* \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Earl of Carnarvon. *Chesterfield's Letters to His Godson.* Vols. I. and II. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Gladstone, Rt. Hon. W. E. *Landmarks of Homeric Study.* 75c. London: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Houston, Wm. *Constitutional Documents of Canada.* \$3.00. Toronto: Carswell & Co.
- Keltie, J. Scott. *The Statesman's Year Book, 1891.* \$3.00. London: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Keary, C. F., M.A., F.S.A. *The Vikings in Western Christendom.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Oman, Chas. W. *Warwick, the Kingmaker.* 60c. London: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Prudden, F. M., M.D. *Drinking Water and Ice Supplies.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Ribot, Th. *The Diseases of Personality.* 75c. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.
- Stephen, Leslie, Lee, Sidney. *Dictionary of National Biography.* Vol. XXVI. \$3.75. New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.; London: Smith, Elder & Co.
- Taylor, Belle Gray. *The Sardonian Seal.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- The Duc de Broglie. *Memoirs of the Prince de Talleyrand.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Yeats, W. B. *Representative Irish Tales.* Vols. I. and II. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

MACKAY AT UGANDA.

HE was equally at home in mechanical and spiritual work. But the mechanical was always subsidiary to the spiritual. His employments were very miscellaneous. At one time he would be making a road, at another building a boat or constructing a waggon; now he would be rearing a house, or again making a lock, or repairing a rifle for the king. His smithy was the resort alike of chiefs and slaves. Forge, anvil, lathe, vice, and grindstone were objects of great interest, but especially the grindstone, as they could not understand how "the wheels go round." Knowing something of medicine, he could give a little help from time to time in that department. At other times he would be found equally diligent translating parts of the Bible into the native tongue, and helping to print them; then teaching the natives the old, old story, and during persecution encouraging them to steadfastness amid their fiery trials; and in those dreadful times much of his work had to be done at night, for the people were terrified to be seen entering his tent in the daytime. Teaching the natives was his delight, yet he did not grudge the time for such a task as erecting a huge flagstaff for the king: it gave him influence, and paved the way for spiritual work, and in that wild and wicked community there was need for every means that could be devised to conciliate blood-thirsty tyrants. When he first went to Uganda, Mtesa was king. His vanity and ignorance of the world were amusing. "Mackay," he said once, "when I become friends with England, God in heaven will be witness that England will not come to make war with Uganda, nor Uganda go to make war on England? And when I go to England I shall take greatness and glory with me, and shall bring greatness and glory back again. Every one will say 'Oh, Mtesa is coming!' when I reach England and when I return, 'Oh, Mtesa is coming back again!'"—*Professor W. J. Blaikie, in the Quiver.*

THE NEW PROFESSION.

CHIMNEY-SWEEPING is no longer to be the function of a villain class. The art is to be raised to the status of a profession. Not only so, but the gentlemen who follow it are bent upon establishing certain tests which shall create and maintain such a standard of efficiency as shall accord with their idea of the dignity of their calling. For there are professions and professions. In the army, the navy, the church, or the stage, many well-known gentlemen are "practising" by reason of qualifications which frail humanity outside their mystic circles may be pardoned if they are unable to define. On the other hand, law, medicine, chemistry, accountancy are all accessible by a certain and definite way, more or less narrow. It is among this latter class of close professions that the profession of sweeping chimneys is to be numbered. The sweep, in short, desires that all who aspire to twirl the sable brush shall first be duly graduated, certificated, and registered. In this he is only following the lead of the plumber. That he will take no other leaf from the plumber's book must be the earnest wish of a humble nation periodically at his mercy. Fancy a state of things in which the professor first sent an assistant to look at the hearth; possibly came himself, in a fortnight to make a personal inspection; and then adjourned *sine die* until the fortunate season when an attendant appeared with his bag and brushes. Should it be the intention of the gentlemen with dusky faces and persevering voices to emulate the methods of the gasfitter, we shall all learn too late how worse than a washing day it is to have a chartered sweep.—*Manchester Examiner.*

A GIGANTIC pendulum has been suspended from the centre of the second platform of the Eiffel Tower at Paris. It consists of a bronze wire 380 feet long, with a steel globe weighing about 198 pounds at the end. Its object is to exhibit the rotation of the earth by the Foucault method.

APRIL.

WHILE others hug the fire, I gladly go,
Blown along beneath April skies to one broad path
That winds away from the town and drops below
A rude plank bridge, to glades that soon shall glow
With violets velvet sheathed, op'd full rath.

April—the opal month of all the year,
With pearly skies, and blue, and tender snows—
The opal April of my thought is here,
And I am happy when a star doth peer
From the brown bed of leaves wherein it grows.

I would not touch one downy drooping bud!
The fingers of the wind, alone, have power
To give such life, and soon its peers shall stud
The greening bank that now is caking mud.
I go, return, and wait that magic hour.

The eager children throng about the glade,
They do not know the signs, they falter—doubt
There will be flowers, mistrust the cooling shade
That meets them on the wood's edge, note the fray'd,
Crisp curl'd last winter's leaves the wind still rout.

Indeed, it asks for faith, when all the road
Is furrow'd deep in slowly drying ruts,
And farmers gently urge with sparing goad
Their morning teams, conscious of pressing load,
And squirrels count their yet full store of nuts,

And frosty films on tree and sward are cast,
And rivulets run cold, nor yet too free,
And the old grass is sodden, lump'd and mass'd
On either side the fence, while a March blast
Blows April's trumpeter in triumphant key.

Afar stretch fields exeeding grey and wan,
Of sterile stubble; here are flying leaves,
And clouds of dust the wide highway upon.
It seems some mid-October morn; all gone
The splendour of the gay autumnal sheaves,

And only left, the longing for the snow
To veil defect and compensate for loss.
But not a blossom ever seeks to blow
Until the time be ripe. Let rains but flow,
And stumps shall cushion'd be with emerald moss,

And every bank shall wear a coronet
Of azure stars and yellow bells; pale plumes
Of slow uncurling green be rootwise set,
And higher, where the forest parapet
Its fringe of faint new foliage assumes.

O! I have felt the high poetic mood
While lingering there, far from the troubled ways
Of duty and desire; have lov'd to brood
For hours in the open air—my faith, my food—
Till seemed to cling around my brow the bays!

And I have felt, too, like the vagabond,
Who knows no duty, has but one desire—
To keep the peace with Nature; who, beyond
All envy, sleeps beside some cool clear pond
And sees each morn the flaming sunrise fire

Bleak hill and budding forest—I would give
Much, in such moods, to drop the life I lead,
All ties, all dear expectancies and live
As carelessly as that poor fugitive
Of all demands which now I daily heed.

Must heed—for dreaming is not doing. Base,
Base should I be to dream my days to death
In this sequester'd glade, where shadows chase
A golden phantom. To each man his place—
He who neglects his, curses with latest breath

The trend and disposition of his life,
For spells, dew-laden, odorous, warm and soft,
Like these sweet April omens, purely rife
With soothing promise of an end to strife,
Are dangerous. No more then, high aloft,

I lift ecstatic eyes to sheer, bright blue,
Or seek the curl'd cup beneath my foot.
I wander homeward, longed for by the few
Who love me, loving, too, the work I do—
See—I have brought them one arbutus root!

—*From Pine, Rose, and Fleur de Lis, by S. Frances Harrison (Seranus).*

MR. STEDMAN ON "POETRY."

EDMUND C. STEDMAN has delivered at Johns Hopkins University, this season, a series of eight lectures on "Poetry," which are most memorable events to those who have heard them, and are sure to form one of the most valuable contributions to the field of criticism in its higher sense, that namely, which is not governed by transient and particular impressions, but which rests on eternal principles of art. For of course these lectures will be published, and we trust speedily, and it can well be wished that every American aspirant to poetic honours—of whose kind there are several thousand—should read these discourses, and learn on what grounds his or her little ambition rests, as compared with the grand requirements of the Muse. The last discourse, a few days ago, was entitled "The Faculty Divine," under which general name Mr. Stedman considered first, passion; second, insight, genius, inspiration; third, faith and its modern trial and transition; fourth, what is to be the power of

THE editor of the delightful "Letters of Dorothy Osborne," Mr. Edward Abbott Parry, has written a life of Charles Macklin for Mr. William Archer's series of "Eminent Actors," and Longmans, Green and Company will publish it.

THE *May Atlantic* will print from the unpublished journal of the late Richard H. Dana, "A Voyage on the Grand Canal of China," which is said to be quite as graphic as any of the extracts contained in Mr. Adams' very interesting "Life of Dana."

"THE History of Separate School Legislation," by J. G. Hodgins, LL. D., published by the Copp, Clark Company, Ltd., in addition to what may be called the official side of the question, will contain much material of special interest to public men.

THE REV. PROFESSOR CAMPBELL, of Montreal, the learned author of "The Hittites: Their Inscriptions and Their History," paid us a visit recently on his way to his summer home in Muskoka. Seldom do we find culture and geniality so happily combined as in Professor Campbell.

A STORY of unusual power and strange plot will begin in the *May Cosmopolitan* and run through three numbers: The story of a man, who three times in his life undertakes to paint our Saviour. The author, Hjalmer Hjorth Boyesen, thinks he has given the best work of his life in this singular story.

IN curious contrast with Kennan's papers the *Century* begins in May a brief series by the late George Mifflin Dallas, United States Minister to the court of the Czar, in which are described the magnificence and luxury of the court of Nicholas I. A frontispiece portrait of Nicholas accompanies the first article.

ADMIRAL SIR PROVO WILLIAM PARRY WALLIS, G.C.B., "the father of the British navy" and head of the active list, celebrated his one hundredth birthday on the 13th inst. He was a lieutenant on board the *Shannon* at the time she captured the American frigate *Chesapeake* in 1813. Admiral Wallis is by birth a Nova Scotian.

ROUND about Dorking, near which picturesque town the great novelist, George Meredith, lives, he is greatly liked, and one man who does much work for him, said of him the other day: "Ah! sir, Mr. Meredith is clever, I dare say, but I don't think so much about that, 'cause he's always so pleasant." What a bitter, though unconscious, satire upon the generality of so-called "clever people."

MR. H. K. COCKIN, the well-known Canadian poet, has recently been induced to prepare a series of lectures on subjects of literary, national and general interest. All who have heard Mr. Cockin speak are aware that he possesses no small share of oratorical ability. The careful and elaborate preparation which a lecture requires will, no doubt, enable Mr. Cockin to present in a most suitable manner to his hearers matter that will be instructive as well as entertaining.

LT.-COLONEL G. T. DENISON delivered an able and forcible lecture on a very important period in our history on Friday evening, the 17th inst. In dealing with the subject, "The Opening of the War of 1812," the lecturer read a proclamation of General Brock, which has been recently discovered by our indefatigable archivist, Mr. Brymner. The authentic records of the time prove that the invasion of Canada was brought about mainly by false representations made by traitors in Canada to the press and people of the United States—that the bulk of the Canadian people desired annexation. Colonel Denison strongly urged the view that had the people of the United States been aware of the real sentiment of Canada the invasion would never have occurred.

GRANT ALLEN, the distinguished Canadian scientist and novelist, has at present five tales disposed of or in the publisher's hands. One in *Tid Bits* "Bred in the Bone" (this is the \$1,000 prize story); one in *Chamber's Journal*, "Dumaresqu's Daughter"; one in *The People*, "The Scalawag"; one being written for the *Graphic* and another for Arrowsmith, the Bristol publisher, besides a number of scientific articles. Mr. Allen has been spending the winter in the south of France. His home is "The Nook," Dorking, Surrey. It is gratifying to know that his health is at present excellent. Such men as Grant Allen prove to the world that, though Canada is young, yet no and then she sends forth a son who achieves high distinction in competition with the best intellects of his class in the older lands. We have had the pleasure of a recent visit from Mr. J. A. Allen, the genial and accomplished father of Grant Allen.

PERHAPS no novelist has ever been more talked about than the versatile and effusive Ouida. She is so daring, so original, so brilliant—and, occasionally, so silly—and her personality is so strongly and prevailingly present in her books, that it is natural for people to talk of and wonder about her. Ouida, in private life, is fond of gorgeous things, and visitors to her, when she stayed at the Langham Hotel in London, were likely to find her attired in some brilliant colour—probably light-blue satin, with satin shoes—and her hair in disorder, her fingers loaded with gems, and, altogether, looking very unlike an ordinary individual. In conversation she is witty, pungent, and sometimes bitterly sarcastic. But, for all that, she has a tender heart, though it is not everyone who can find it out, for Ouida hates, above all things, to "give herself away." She likes human beings—some—but she loves all dogs, and, if she had her way, would favour her favourites should be forced to wear the degraded muzzle.