

Through the Magazines.

THE ARENA.

The *Arena* continues to "cry aloud and spare not." In the December number Miss Helen H. Gardner (whose handsome, thoughtful face is a fit preface to her contribution) preaches an earnest sermon on a terrible text,—"Thrown in with the City's Dead"—a sermon which all municipal authorities should read and heed, though it is primarily addressed to a single civic government. In dealing with the subject of "Patriotism in the Public Schools," President E. B. Andrews, of Brown University, tells some plain truths. "One hears a great deal," he writes, "of perverted speech concerning the grandeur of our country and its institutions, which, powerfully as it may build up national conceit, can never advance genuine patriotism," and then by way of rebuking this conceit, he adds: "There is not another thoroughly civilized country under the sun whose cities are so ill-ruled as ours. There is not another in whose government the laws of political economy and public finance are so little studied or so flagrantly defied. There is not a second country this side Turkey whose civil service is so corrupt as ours, or whose special fitness is so little regarded as by us in selections for public office." But President Andrews does not dwell altogether on the sombre side of affairs, and he gives some excellent advice to educators touching the training of young people for the duties of citizenship and social life. Prof. Shaler writes of "The Nature of the Negro," while in "Notes on Living Problems," Mr. T. Thomas Fortune deprecates the use of the terms "negro" and "coloured" as absurd misnomers—the former as untrue when applied to a people of whom not three-eighths are of black complexion; the latter, as meaning anything or nothing. He suggests and uses the word "Afro-American" as at once correct and inoffensive. His article is mainly a reply to Senator John J. Morgan's discussion of "The Race Question in the United States" in the September *Arena*. Count Tolstoi, whose portrait forms the frontispiece, is shown, in some hitherto unpublished correspondence, compiled by the Rev. Lewis G. Wilson, to have been anticipated by the late Rev. Adin Ballou, in championing the doctrine of Christian non-resistance. Mr. Ballou, a New Englander, of Huguenot stock, the founder of the Hopedale community, espoused the principle of non-resistance as far back as sixty years ago. In June, 1889, Mr. Wilson, struck with the similarity between Count Tolstoi's writings and those of his venerable friend, sent the latter some of the Russian nobleman's works, accompanied by his portrait. A correspondence ensued between the Muscovite and the New England enthusiast, which brings out some points of difference in their teachings. Count Tolstoi goes so far as to profess non-resistance even to drunkards and madmen. We must try, he says, to make the existence of such persons impossible, but we must not employ violence or deprive them of their liberty, even though our lives should be the penalty of our moderation. Count Tolstoi certainly has the courage of his convictions, but he will find few to agree with him. Mr. Ballou, who recently passed away at the age of eighty-seven, was not so extreme in his views. The Rev. M. J. Savage, the Rev. Lyman Abbott, Mr. Hamlin Garland, Mr. Victor Yarros, Mr. A. C. Wheeler and other able writers shed light on some vexed questions of the day. Miss Mabel Hayden contributes a poem—"Two Scenes." Every page of the *Arena* is worthy of attention. The photographic portraits adds to its value. (Boston: The *Arena* Publishing Co., Pierce Building, Copley Square.)

QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

The first number of the 18th volume of the *Queen's College Journal* contains a portrait and biographical sketch of the Rev. George Bell, D.D., the Registrar of the University; a paper on college songs; Prof. Thomson's inaugural address on his installation into the Chair of Apologetics and Old Testament Literature, Knox College; "Life as a Ministry," by the Rev. A. Gaudier, B.D.; a summary of the last annual report presented by the Principal to the Board of Trustees; a report of convocation; a miscellany of college news, and editorial notes on various topics. One of these is concerned with the future of the paper. "There are two courses that may be adopted. The *Journal* has all along endeavoured to supply the needs of two classes of subscribers—students and graduates. But would it not be better to make it exclusively a students' paper, like the *Edinburgh Student* or the *Varsity*? Under its present circumstances this is all it can or ought to attempt. It is too much to expect of students attending classes to edit a magazine which would be of general interest to graduates." Hereafter then, it is probable that the *Journal* will appear simply as a students' paper. A poem, "The Music of the Waves," recalls the song, "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" which used to be so popular after the publication of *Dombey and Son*, on a passage of which it was based. *Queen's College Journal* is published by the Alma Mater Society of Queen's University. Mr. James Pinnie, M.A., is editor-in-chief; Mr. J. W. Muirhead, managing, and Mr. A. F. Lovell, business editor.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

The December number of *Scribner's* is unusually good—Sir Edwin Arnold contributing the first of his series of papers on Japan, entitled, "Japanica." The illustrations by Mr. Robert Blum are from sketches taken expressly by that artist, who was sent out to Japan for the purpose. In preparing them Mr. Blum had the co-operation of Sir Edwin himself. Mr. Blum wields the pen as well as the brush, and committed his impressions of the country and people to

writing. "The True Story of Amy Robsart" will be enjoyed by all who admire Scott's great romance "Kenilworth," of which it is a commentary. What Mr. Rideing has to say concerning the character and fate of the hapless heroine is illustrated by reproductions of pencil drawings and water colours expressly made at and near Kenilworth Castle by Mr. W. L. Taylor. Mr. Humphrey Ward, the art critic of the *Times*, gives an amusing and instructive account of "Christie's," the London picture salesroom. It is illustrated by Harry Furniss, the famous artist of *Punch*. Another attraction in the present number is Mr. Jacass's critique of Morelli, the Neapolitan painter. Among the illustrations of the work is a reproduction of a sketch made by Morelli himself for this article. The complete stories by Octave Thanet, Harding Davis, etc., are made more interesting by fine illustrations by C. D. Gibson and other artists. The prospectus of *Scribner's Magazine* for 1891 comprises papers by Prof. Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth," giving the results of his recent visit to India, the social aspects of the country and its relations to the British Empire. H. M. Stanley and other explorers will contribute fresh information concerning Africa, and Mr. J. Stuart Keltie will give a synopsis of what has been achieved in the opening up of that great continent. A story by Robert Louis Stevenson will be continued during a great part of the year, with sketches by W. Hole, who illustrated "The Master of Ballantrae." These are only a few of the promised attractions, but they are enough to show that the old high standard will be maintained. Price, \$3 a year. Charles Scribner's Sons, 743-745 Broadway, New York, are the publishers.

CANADIAN MILLER AND GRAIN TRADE REVIEW.

The interest of the publishers in the milling department of the *Electrical, Mechanical and Milling News* has been sold to Mr. A. G. Mortimer, publisher of the *Canada Lumberman*, and by that gentleman it will be continued as a separate publication under the title in the heading. Mr. Mortimer was connected with the *News* when it was established in 1883, and, as travelling correspondent of the paper, visited a large number of mills throughout the Dominion. He has had the opportunity of acquiring just such experience as would fit him to conduct an enterprise like that which he now undertakes. The *Canadian Miller and Grain Trade Review* will be sent to all millers who are at present subscribers to the *Electrical, Mechanical and Milling News*, and their continued support is requested for the new periodical.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

Those who don't believe in Christmas and call Santa Claus an "exploded myth" ought to read the strange experiences of the young sceptre who said "piff!" and how he emerged from the under world a wiser but not a sadder boy. The whole story is told by Mr. John Russell Coryell in *Harper's Young People*. There, too, they will find "Prince Charming," a fine seasonable ballad by Margaret E. Sangster, with a beautiful illustration; "A Christmas that was Christmas," by Harriet Prescott Spofford; a "Sierra Christmas," by Mark Adams; Miss Dora Read Goodale's pleasant Christmas sketch, "The Strayaways"; an engraving of J. H. Lucas's picture, "The Stable at Bethlehem," in illustration of Dr. Parkhurst's re-told story of "The Nativity," with other pictures (not forgetting the emblematic cover) and reading matter exactly suited for the holidays. New York: Harper Brothers.

PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE JOURNAL.

In the December number of this able periodical there is literary fare for many tastes. The Rev. Prof. Campbell traces our important school of theology, which seems to be going out of fashion, back to its cradle in North Africa, near where Cardinal Lavigne now issues his manifestoes. He points out that Luther and Knox were Augustinian monks, and quotes Dr. Walker to show that the Scottish divines of the 17th and 18th centuries were enslaved to patriotic and even scholastic systems. The Synod of Dort (Dordrecht synodus nodus) reached a foregone conclusion, and a little more than twenty years later the Westminster divines met, with war in their hearts against the King and his church, to enforce the decrees of the Batavian Council. Thirty years later the Hebrew points were canonized in Switzerland. "And yet men speak of the giants of those days! With whom does ignorance lie?" Dr. Campbell reminds his readers that the Church of Scotland was in existence before the Westminster Confession was created. He thinks the time has come for a new Confession, and he hopes his words may be of help to those earnest reformers who are assailing those Augustinian ramparts which have frowned down upon the church for ages. Of a very different nature is the contribution of the Rev. John Nicholls, a humorous but by no means uninteresting essay entitled, "An Oyster's Autobiography." We again turn from gay to grave when we approach the Rev. Prof. Scrimger's "Certainties and Uncertainties in Biblical Introduction." The paper is written with independence (though the author claims to be conservative in his attitude on such questions) and presents in a concise form the results of voluminous reading and years of research and thought. Mr. Scrimger illustrates certain difficulties in connection with the Pentateuch by an analysis of H. M. Stanley's latest book, revealing two very widely different styles in the same work, written by a single hand. The Rev. Dr. Pierson makes a suggestion—"May We Not Have a Great Missionary Picture?"—which he defends and illustrates. Rev. G. Mackelvie, of Mhow, Central India, describes some "Scenes and Peculiarities of the People," among whom

he labours, and the Rev. M. MacKenzie gives an account of the Province of Honan, China, in which he is a missionary. There is poetry from Mr. R. MacDougall, B.A., and Mr. W. M. MacKeracher. Mr. Moise Maynard contributes an essay to the French section—"Pourquoi le Chrétien peut-il mourir tranquille?" The remaining departments treat mainly of college topics. The "Talks About Books," by the Rev. John Campbell, LL.D., give a fine literary flavour to the number, and are well worth reading. The *Journal* is a credit to the institution whose name it bears, and takes high rank as a periodical. Subscription, \$1 a year. It is published under the auspices of the Philosophical and Literary Society of the Presbyterian College, Montreal.

Our Toronto Letter.

[From our own correspondent.]

TORONTO, November, 1890.

Stanley has been and gone. From Cleveland hither and on to Detroit the same night is very rushing work, and must be infinitely trying to the unfortunate victim of the money-makers, for on no other than the financial basis can such precipitancy be explained. Pullman cars may be very comfortably arranged—for cars—but they are by no means an equivalent, either for mind or body, to the comforts afforded by a large well-aired apartment and a roomy bed. I had rather be a "beggar on the king's highway" than a popular lecturer of the present day. Poor Stanley! He will put the problem to himself before he reaches home again, whether it is easier to go to the relief of Emin in Darkest Africa or to talkee—talkee—talkee from a public platform six nights out of seven for weeks. And the money earned will not weigh very heavy in the balance either, when all is told, large sum though it may be. It was a graceful act on the part of the Ontario Society of Artists to honour Stanley and his artist wife at the same time, by presenting to Mrs. Stanley an address of honour and welcome, accompanied by an album containing photographs of the best pictures that have been painted by members of the Society, together with the names of President, officers and executive council. Mrs. Stanley sensibly made her own reply—a very graceful and genial one, too. A pleasant circumstance in connection with the evening was the presence of David Livingstone's brother, Mr. John Livingstone, who has lived in Ontario since 1840, first in Lanark and thence removing to Listowel, where he now resides, in 1860. Mr. John Livingstone is said to be wonderfully like his illustrious brother. He bought his tickets for the lecture, but met Mr. Stanley, for whom he has a great admiration and in whose integrity he has unbounded faith, in the parlour of the auditorium before the lecture. Mr. Livingstone was born at Blantyre, near Glasgow; is the father of eleven children, (two of whom, Mr. John Livingstone and Mr. W. M. Livingstone, accompanied him,) and will be eighty years old in May. Truly a hale old man, of whom Canada may be proud.

The departure of Prof. Ramsay Wright for Berlin as an envoy of Toronto University, his errand being to study the preparation and methods of administration of Prof. Koch's lymph for the cure of phthisis, is an equally important event with the arrival of Stanley. It shows that the pursuit of science is very active in our university, and, also, what is really more praiseworthy, perhaps, from a public point of view, that her sons retain their love and pride in her, since it is by the generous munificence of the Vice-Chancellor of the University, Mr. William Muloch, that Professor Ramsay Wright has been enabled to go to Berlin. Like Napier, when asked how soon he could be ready to go, Prof. Wright said "Now," and actually started within the twenty-four hours, making arrangements for supplying his place at the College and putting his affairs in order with the promptitude characteristic of him. Bacteriology is a subject in which Toronto University takes high rank among centres of scientific learning, although a fine collection of examples, 'grown' by Mr. Mackenzie, were lost in the fire of last year. A large body of the students—medicine and art—gave Prof. Wright a parting chorus at the railway station as a "God speed."

L'Alliance Scientifique.

In addition to what was said in our last issue concerning this organization we may say that the Rev. Prof. Campbell, LL.D., of the Presbyterian College in this city, is *Député Général* for Canada, and that Prof. Darey, LL.D., is also a delegate of the *Alliance*. From either of these gentlemen, as well as from Mr. J. M. LeMoine, of Quebec, particulars as to the objects of the society and the terms and privileges of membership may be obtained.

An Autumn Night.

The night is like a mystic dream;
Slim alders bend above the stream
Wherein the last faint daylight gleam.

The sere autumnal meadows rise
Smooth-sloping to the neutral skies;
Far off the lonely night-hawk cries.

The world is sad and dark the night,
And I who ever loved the might
Of nature whether dull or bright.

Am lonelier, sadder than the chill
Slow stream that wanders at its will
Though these grim meadows bare and still.

—J. GOSTUYCKE ROBERTS.