

## Through the Magazines.

### THE CENTURY.

With the November number the *Century* enters on its 41st volume and the programme for the coming year is brimful of new features—"things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme." This month's issue contains an instalment of one of the most interesting of these, General Bidwell's opening paper on "The Gold Hunters of California," where he was a pioneer half a century ago. It is full of surprises, revealing a state of things over two-thirds of the continent which it requires a vivid imagination to raise to life to-day. It is fitly illustrated by Harry Fenn and other artists. Mr. John Howard Shinn adds an appendix on "Grizzly-pioneer" stories, which is really a valuable contribution to the literature of folk-lore and its evolution. From California to Tibet, from '41 to '88, is a long sweep through time and space, but it is the charm of the *Century* that it produces these kaleidoscopic changes of scene. Mr. W. Woodville Rockhill is the Asiatic traveller through the (by Westerns) little known mountain land, which is yearly crowded by devout pilgrims from half the East. The illustrations by Messrs. Bacher and Major are picturesque and instructive. "Col. Carter of Carterville," is an animated sketch of southern character (the F. F. V. type), by F. Hopkinson Smith. Mrs. King's "Legend of Old New York" treats of the days of the patroons and is good reading. The "Italian Old Masters" series is continued by Mr. W. J. Stillman, whose theme is Luca Signorelli, Mr. T. Cole contributing an engraving of "The Angel Sounding the Trumpet," from the fresco of the Resurrection in the chapel of S. Brizio in the Duomo of Orvieto. The frontispiece is a fine engraving by G. Tietze of "Lincoln and his son 'Tad,'" from a photograph by Brady. It illustrates a paper by Col. Hay. The rest of the number is in keeping with the foregoing indications and with the *Century's* admirable record. Those who would learn something worth knowing of the enterprise and outlay that went to the making of that record should read Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne's article on "The Printing of the *Century*," with pictures by Fenn, Wiles, Hill, Runge and Comings, and the "*Century's* Twentieth Anniversary" in the "Topics of the Time." (The Century Company, 33 East 17th Street, Union Square, New York.)

### MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

The last quarterly number of this periodical, which completes its second year and volume, contains a portrait of Austin Dobson, from a pen-and-ink sketch by Bradley (frontispiece), a biography of the poet and characteristic examples of his style. Mr. John Underhill contributes the letter-press. Prof. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen is the subject of a biographic sketch by Mr. Talcott Williams. Mr. G. Mercer Adams does the same service for Miss Agnes Ethelwyn Wetherald, whose portrait recently appeared in the *New England Magazine*. Mr. John Walker writes about Miss Christina G. Rossetti; Miss Catherine Tynan, whose portrait was published in an earlier number of the *Magazine*, gives a biographic and critical sketch of Mr. Alfred Percival Graves, son of the Bishop (not Archbishop) of Limerick. Mr. Graves is worth becoming acquainted with by those who have not yet had the pleasure of knowing him. He has the secret both of pathos and humour, and is a true son of the Emerald Isle. We are glad to see a portrait of Dr. J. G. Holland, who edited the *Century* (as *Scribner's*) during the first ten years of its life, and some samples of his muse. It is Miss Nettie Leila Michel who pays tribute to his memory. There are also portraits of Robert Burns Wilson, William Cartwright Newsam, William Canton, Ella A. Giles, Mrs. George Archibald (Annie Campbell) S. C. Coffinberry, and other poets, living and dead, of both the New World and the Old. The *Magazine of Poetry* does good service in making the devotees of the muses, separated by leagues of sea and land, acquainted with each other's careers, surroundings and aspirations. The two volumes now published comprise a portrait gallery and a treasury of biography, which may be consulted with pleasure and profit. Subscription, \$2 a year in advance. Charles Wells Moulton, of Buffalo, N.Y., is the publisher.

### KING'S COLLEGE RECORD.

The last number of our always welcome contemporary, the *Record*, the organ of our oldest university, contains the address delivered by Dr. J. G. Bourinot at the King's College Centennial celebration, on the 26th of June last. Dr. Bourinot gives some reminiscences of a visit to Windsor twenty-five years ago and enumerates some of the striking figures that lent distinction to the occasion. Some of these, as the Hon. Joseph Howe, the Hon. Jonathan McCully, and the Hon. William Garvie, have passed away to the great unseen bourne. One remains, and is still serving his country and the Empire, as the Dominion High Commissioner in London. Dr. Bourinot also remembers "the genial old judge," whose works of humour—the most original that the continent has produced—we still read with pleasure and instruction. But among the faces that he missed most of all was that of the good bishop "who presided for very many years with untiring energy and conscientious zeal over the spiritual and temporal affairs of the first diocese of the Church of England on the continent of America." He recalled how shortly before Bishop Binney's death he had spent a long evening in conversation with him, listening to words that proved how his heart was devoted to the cause in which he had spent his life. Politi-

cian, statesman, poet, judge, bishop, all had gone, but their memories remained to inspire the new generation with courage and earnestness in the face of whatever trials fate might have in store. Dr. Bourinot also gave the *impressions de voyage* suggested by a journey across the continent, from Cape Breton to Vancouver, commended the higher culture, even for those who engaged in professional, commercial or industrial life, and closed by a stirring appeal to the patriotic pride of his younger hearers. The rest of the *Record* is true to its name, being largely taken up with collegiate matters, though by no means disregarding the great movements of the world beyond. The *King's College Record* is published by the undergraduates of King's College, Windsor, N.S., and has no superior among periodicals of its class.



MR. PAUL PEEL, TORONTO.

### LA REVUE FRANCAISE.

The last issue of this bright representative of France in the New World continues its "Portraits Littéraires Contemporains"—Alfred De Musset being the theme, Mr. C. A. Sainte-Beuve, the writer, of the latest instalment. De Musset, we are told, was essentially a poet. The motto of



MR. CARL ZERRAHN.

his generation was "Poetry for itself; poetry before everything." It was a passion with De Musset and his contemporaries, this worship of the muses. The poet was a type of many obscure individualities, whose soarings and sinkings, exaltations and despondencies, he faithfully portrayed. His was a life of splendour and eclipse, but the light was more than the darkness and his memory will not perish. Mr. Sainte-Beuve re-publishes the sonnet, beginning "J'ai perdu ma force et ma vie," found one morning by Alfred

Tattet on the poet's study table, as a revelation of the despair that sometimes overwhelmed De Musset in his later years. M. Virgile Rossel concludes his article on the literature of French Switzerland. He agrees in part with Amiel that it is a body in quest of a soul. It once lacked the broad horizons of French letters, but after the first quarter of the 18th century, Amiel's judgment is no longer just, and after the Revolution the literature of Switzerland becomes virtually embodied with that of France. The Comte Charles de Mouy's "Promenade dans les Cyclades" takes us through some of the most charming of those Isles of Greece, whose sun, at least, is not yet set. M. Henri de Parville surveys the latest scientific movements—a task for which he is eminently fitted. The literary chronicle, by the editor, gives a brief mention of the most important works recently issued from the press. *La Revue Française* is conducted by Mr. L. Boisse, and is published by the Revue Française Company, 3 East Fourteenth Street, New York. The price of subscription is \$4 a year.

### EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY.

Sir Daniel Wilson's address at the Convocation of Toronto University, October 1, is published (in part) in the November number of the *Canada Educational Monthly*. Its spirit is denoted by those words: "Never was there a time when the responsibilities were greater or more urgent. Our young Dominion throbs with eager undefined longings and aspirations, yearning for the large excitement that the coming years will yield." It is of vital importance that such aspirations be wisely directed and the true goal be kept in view." Like all that Sir Daniel Wilson writes, this address abounds in wise counsel and timely suggestion. "Art in Literature," by Mr. A. H. Morrison, of Brantford, is well worth reading, especially by those who are engaged in educational work. "The Private School for Girls," by Mrs. Sylvanus Reed, treats of questions which that lady has carefully studied and on which her long and fruitful experience gives her a right to speak with authority. The rest of the number (including a letter from Mr. B. F. Bolton on "Separate Schools") is of interest to all who are concerned, directly or indirectly, in the progress of education in Canada. The *Educational Monthly*, which is drawing to the close of its twelfth volume, is edited by Mr. Archibald McMurchy, M.A., and is published by the Canada Educational Monthly Company, Toronto.

### The Professor's Vacation.

My father's house was brown and old,  
And stood beside the sea,  
Whose throbbing ebbs in tide and flow  
Brought all life's change to me.

I watched them when the morning sun  
Shone on their sparkling breast,  
Bear homebound ships to waiting hearts  
With white sails furled for rest.

But not a ship that came or went  
Held anything for me,  
The lonely spaces of my heart  
Answered the hungry sea.

I trained the vine around the door,  
I made the hearthstone bright,  
Content to see my father rest  
Beside the fire at night.

There came a stranger to our door  
Who wandered by the sea,  
Who named the plants and read the stones  
In language new to me.

I showed him many a hidden spot  
In cave and mountain dell,  
And through a tiny pocket-lens  
He taught me how to spell

That wondrous lettering of God,  
That tells the world its age  
In perfect leaf or broken front  
Upon its stony page

And when he placed beneath that lens  
The simple wayside flower  
I saw undreamed-of perfectness  
Was Nature's lincal dower.

I bowed my heart in reverence,  
Awe-stricken in surprise,  
That I had dwelt among his works  
With dim blindfolded eyes.

Ashamed that I so often longed  
For art and harmony,  
While all around my daily paths  
Lay more than I could see.

The summer waned. He went his way,  
The hand he touched was cold,  
But how my brain burned when I saw  
My father took his gold.

The spaces in the world grew wide  
And lone as moreland fens.  
I am glad he could not lay my heart  
Beneath his pocket-lens.

The Châlet.

J. E. M.