

# LITERATURE



THE END OF THE CENTURY.

By Edward Markham.

We stand here at the end of mighty years,  
And a great wonder rushes on the heart.  
While cities rose and blossomed into dust,  
While shadowy lines of kings were blown  
Down to the earth,  
What was the purpose brooding on the  
Through the large leisure of the centuries?  
And what the end—failure or victory?

Lo, man has laid his sceptre on the stars,  
And sent his spell upon the continents.  
The heavens confess their secrets, and the stones,  
Silent as God, publish their mystery.  
Man calls the lightning from their secret place,  
To crumple up the spaces of the world  
And snatch the jewels from the flying hours.

The wild white smoking horses of the sea  
Are startled by his thunder. The  
World-Powers  
Crowd around to be the lackeys of the king.  
His hand has torn the veil of the Great Law,  
The Law that was before the world—  
Before  
That first whisper on the ancient deep;  
The Law that swings Arcurus on the North,  
And huris the soul of man upon the way.

But what avail, O builders of the world,  
Unless ye build a safety for the soul?  
Man has put harness on Leviathan,  
And books in his incorrigible jaws!  
And yet the Perils of the Street remain,  
Out of the whirlwind of the cities rise  
Lean Hunger and the Worm of Misery,  
The heart-break and the cry of mortal tears.

But hark, the bugles blowing on the peaks!

And hark a murmur as of many feet,  
The cry of battle, the alarm!  
Look, the last Son of Time comes hurrying on,  
The strong young Titan of Democracy!  
With swinging step he takes the open road,  
In love with the winds that beat his hairy breast.  
Baring his sunburnt strength to all the world,  
He casts his eyes around with Jovian glance—  
Searches the tracks of old Tradition;  
With rebel heart the Books of Pedigree;  
Peers into the face of Privilege and cries:  
Why are you halting in the path of men?  
Is it your shoulder bears the human load?  
Do you draw down the rains of the sweet heaven?  
And keep the green things growing? . . .  
Back to Hell!

We know at last the Future is secure;  
God is descending from Eternity,  
And all things, good and evil, build  
The road.  
Yea, down in the thick of things, the men of greed  
Are thumping the inhospitable clay.  
By wondrous toils the man without the world  
Led onward by a something unawares,  
Are laying the foundations of the Dream.  
The Kingdom of Fraternity foretold.

Be still, O Soul: the Future is secure!  
For one is knocking at the gate of life,  
The Social Man, the ruler of the sphere.  
And in his brain he bears the Golden Dream.

And in his heart a music—in his feet  
The free unselfish service of the State,  
Hasten, O men, make ready with glad hands  
Chapels of worship, chambers of repose,  
Spread the white table of Fraternity:  
The high joy falls till the Great Guest comes!

—Lippincotts.

# THE SPIRIT OF LITERATURE.

The King had willed that the children of the Fallen Star should have the ministry of the three Chosen, through whose right cherishing all things might be brought to their remembrance.

In the Great Star the Chosen were known as Spirits, on earth they were called Gifts. Of the three, Art had the most thankless task. Her nature was reclusive, and she could only stand silent behind the veil of mist which men's thoughts had drawn between them and the light of the Great Star, and wait for some clear-seeing soul to catch the gleam of her eyes burning steadfastly through the vapor folds afar. Her vigil was weary. Even the few who caught sight of her supernatural face could not clearly read the message her dumb lips framed, and there were many who lost reason and life in vain effort to seize her meaning and put it into form.

Muscle was bolder. She lifted the veil behind whose folds Art hid, and made her way to the heart-throbs of the fallen Star, taking up her daily life in talk with men. Her pulses were quickened often with dizzying hope born of the feeling awakened by her brooding presence—feeling that rose sometimes to the high vibrations which made the white light and atmosphere of the Great Star from whose sweet influences they had been long estranged. But the high beats too quickly slowed, and when at the named times, she returned to the Great Star and stood before the King, who questioned her, she could not say that the strayed planet had received a rod's length from her orbit for her presence there—though men through her tones had caught and thrilled at snatches of the diaphanous which are the voice murmurs of the Great Star.

Of the third of the Chosen, most was expected. Thought—the breath of Intelligence, the Beginning and End of all, the Secret of Being and Eternity was to be clothed with her form—and so made flesh—was to walk the sin-dark mazes of the estranged Star, and with torches lit with men's remembrance, illumine the way with the clear shining flame of Truth.

Her flight toward the Star was heralded with hopes strong and clear as the songs the happier Stars sang when the new planet swung across in its marked path at the beginning.

While a few would glean hints of Truth through Art's silently moving flow, and many would catch through Muscle's voice, melodies pulsing like heart-beats in the bosom of the Great Star, Literature was to be the mouthpiece of Truth through whose ministry, far-reaching, the shadows were to be lifted that hung like dark vapors above the Fallen Star; and through her diffuse presence was

to see the way the King had appointed, and steer henceforth its journey in that course.

It seemed at first that this was soon to be. The early messages the Spirit brought were tuned with murmurs of harp and psalm—song and prophecy, ringing the unimagined of the Kingdom of the Great Star of whose unseen place on the high point of the meridian their astronomers had told them.

Later her witness was of lesser themes, the keen, clear notes of great combat where chariot and spear and flashing mail whirled and spun and gleamed, and gods and mortals mingled in battle and women, fair and strong as goddesses, who blessed or cursed them, moved as immortal heroes and heroines of the tale.

But the ray of that true light the Spirit lived to give shone as the prizes of the lists. She returned always to the Questioner, only with her brow bound with laurel, such as made the crowns of triumph for human honors in the time.

Afterward she told of thrones to which some courtier knight with splendid grace of gift had led her, and even her own lips, trained as they were with the graces that dwell in thought and language in the Great Star, trembled with the telling of honors brought her by the stalwart souls who wore her colors in the lists of effort.

Then there were long times when her journeyings back from the fallen Star, when she came her eyes were downcast from shame for her neglect. Then once she came with head erect and eyes strangely gleaming. Her step was hurried but proud. Her breath came fast so that she could not speak. But she wore bound about her brow a fillet, with a word inscribed upon it. The word was Liberty. There were splashes of blood upon the fillet. The King put forth his hand and touched her brow tenderly. "They are beginning to remember," he said.

When she came again they did not know her. Her blood-stained robe and fillet were gone. She wore trailing robes of pink gauze, and her fingers, tipped with dainty tinted nails shone with flashing jewels. Binding her curled tresses was a rose-wreath whose twining buds spelled a motto: "Art for Art's Sake." Her gait was not natural. She walked with an air, and talked minutely.

The King did not question her. He only looked at the rose wreath on her brow.

Very soon her lips began to move twitchingly and she went away.

When next she came the Watchman at the gates signalled her to stand afar. There were no eyes in the Great Star to bear the sight of her dishevelled figure. He only knew her when she had torn off the bandage with which her eyes were covered—a solid strip of linen with "Realism" written in black plotted letters across the front.

Her once fair robe hung in shreds about her shrunken form. Her hair was coarse and dishevelled. Her brow was smeared with the touch of unclean hands.

The Watchman who heard her story shuddered.

They had bound the rag across her eyes, and thus blinded led her into the abysses. Only once did her hoarse voice swell into its native sweetness in telling her story. It was when her steps had been led into the abodes of Poverty, and seeing there what she had seen she had raised her voice in passionate protest against the horror of human selfishness and greed through which the torn ones suffered. Then her voice took on the pure cadence by which she was known as being of the daughters of the Great Star.

When she came again her raiment was white. She came with erect head and clear eyes that looked upward

fearlessly. She was smiling and a song was on her lips. She carried a bunch of immortelles which one had thrust into her hand at the outer gate. While she was far off they saw jewels flashing. They were on her brow, and twining them a wreath of the same flowers her hand bore, made the crown which men had set upon her head.

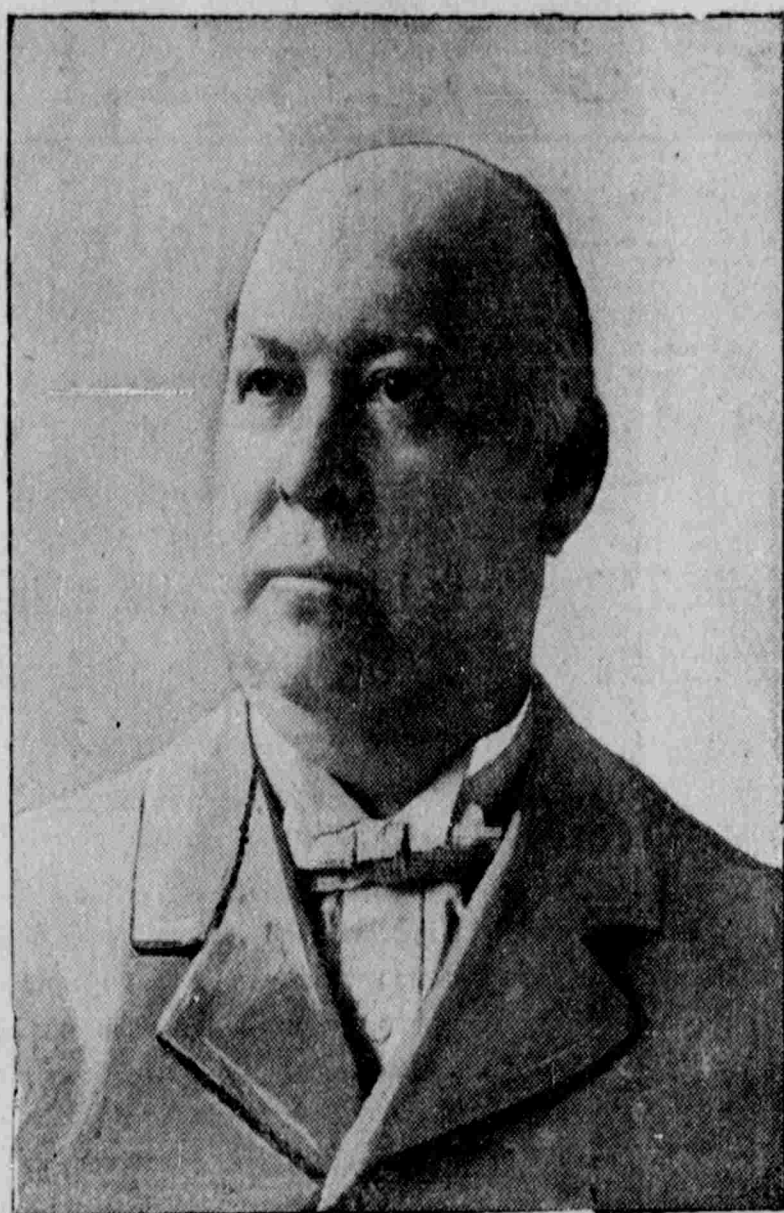
They looked eagerly to see the word the jewels spelled. It was "Human Brotherhood." The King smiled. It will not be long now," he said.

"This crown—the Spirit said eagerly—"shall I wear it always, or will it be torn from me to be replaced by—"

"It shall not be taken from you," the King said, "save for that brighter one which their hands shall fashion for you when this dream they have writ upon your brow shall have come to pass."

JOSEPHINE SPENCER.

## MINUS CROWN AND SCEPTER.



Ex-Speaker Reed is taking kindly to the comparative quiet of private life. As a New York lawyer he is applying himself diligently to business and is in great demand as an advocate.

As those that all amazed we view,  
The brutes created by your nod—  
The Wuss, the Azkorn, the Pod—but, then,  
Our tales are true.

Curiosity has been expressed as to the authorship of that terrible piece of realism, "A Paying Concern," in McClure's Magazine for December. It purports to be the work of a young and proud mother; "like pigs ever so much better. You really mustn't expect me to care for inferior beings."

It is understood that Ian MacLaren's "Life of Christ" is to be profusely illustrated by color process with pictures especially secured in Palestine and from the great European galleries. The sum of \$10,000 has been paid for the serial rights.

Dr. Birkbeck Hill prints in his Johnson club paper two passages from Boswell's description of the good doctor which Boswell himself suppressed in his proof sheets. Here they are: "Garrick, Boswell writes, 'sometimes used to take him off by calling a lemon into a punch bowl with uncouth gesticulations, looking around the company and calling out 'Who's for punch?' Boswell adds: 'He must have been a stout man.'"

The other passage suppressed gives the curious information that Johnson once took a servant with him when he stayed with friends. "He knew how to mend his own stockings, to darn his linen, or to sew a button on his cloths," "I am not," he would say, "an helpless man."

Concerning the Johnson club, the Pall Mall Gazette says that it is an institution which meets periodically at the Chelsea Club, the old Fleet street tavern, which claims most energetically to have been a haunt of Johnson's. The club opens its proceedings with a large pudding, which appears in the largest of many baths; then, greatly dried, it goes on to larger portions of Welsh rabbit, and at this point another bath is brought in, full of ham punch. "Liven on some subject connected with the memory of Dr. Johnson, and during the rest of the evening the members discuss the paper and the punch."

Some unpublished manuscripts by Heine were in the possession of his sister, Frau Emden, who has just died at the great age of 92. Some of the manuscripts, which she had kept in Paris, and it is said that they will soon be published, together with the collection of the poet's letters preserved by his devoted sister.

Mr. Frank Norris, the author of "McTeague," is contemplating the Bookman tell us, a scheme for a series of three novels, which shall symbolize American life on a broad scale. "A central symbol"—a symbol of prosperity—and he proposes to deal with life in the California farming region; with the relations of the grain raisers to the railroads; with speculators in the wheat pit, when the grain is brought to market, and with the distribution of the wheat and its effects across the world. The titles of these volumes, while not finally decided upon, may be "The Octopus," "The Pit" and "The Wolf."

"Santa Claus' Partner," Thomas Nelson Page's story, promises to be the most popular Christmas gift book of the season. Although it has been published less than a month, it is already in its twenty-fifth thousand.

An Englishman declares that Dreyfus is the only living person who would refuse an offer of \$200,000 to write an account of his experiences. The Alsatian did not even respond in words to the offer, but merely shrugged his shoulders.

Egerton Castle's new novel, "The Barometer," coming out as a serial in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, is a picturesque story of the eighteenth century.

The younger school of French writers are at present making a close study of English literature. Most of the important magazines are publishing translations from the English, and various volumes devoted to Shakespeare are on the season's list.

Olive Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm" seems to hold the reading public, pessimistic as it is. There have been many editions at varying prices in the last sixteen years, and a new one is now announced.

The concluding number of the current volume—the hundredth—of Harper's Magazine will contain an article by Henry M. Alden. It is one suggested by the experiences and memories of thirty years in the editorial chair.

There is nothing that astonishes an American in Europe so much as the comfortable indifference with which Europeans pass up and down historic streets before ancient buildings whose very stones must have sucked in consciousness from the tide of humanity the waves of which have washed them for generations. The tunnel-like archway down at the end of one street is the old city wall. What world of change has been wrought since the old wall became suddenly absurd three or four centuries ago in front of somebody's cannon. It was old even then. You pass through the arch and look up. The black line in the gloom overhead is the groove in which the portcullis ran. Imagine the haste you might have had to make to get inside before the iron gate rattled down with a bang. On top of this delicate piece of stonework is a scar. A cross stood there, and the little scar is the witness of a fearful burst of iconoclasm. This square block stood at the foot of the town cross. Heralds have stood on it and proclaimed from it the births and deaths of kings and the peace and war. Over it has flowed some half dozen times the blood of those accused of treason—executed here in this public place at the foot of the town cross for a warning to others.

"The Stones of Paris" by Benjamin Ellis Martin and Charlotte M. Martin, begins with an account of three time-worn staircases. Up one you tell round and round, your hand on "a rude hand-

tion of short tales, and that he is willing to be judged by them. He certainly ought to be, for, however carelessly read, they impress one with the novelty of his talent, and as to talent, while read, as they should be, carefully, critically and sympathetically, they are remarkable as a revelation of the Jewish mind and heart, an intellectual, most confident, such as only a simple, earnest, suffering man of genius could be moved to make, writing of things which he has seen and known, which he could not help seeing and knowing, and—more's the pity of it—at times—the unconscious exposure of the Jewish nature—not as we find it in the old Jewish prophets, terrible in their grandeur and gloom, as it exists in the antipathetic Christian world today, when the inherited hatred of ignorant, priest-ridden generations elicits in retaliation all its greed, its avarice and its arrogance, its ages of watchfulness and its sublime patience in waiting for revenge.

Only one great man of the early brood of English poets divined the nature of the Jew in his verse, and he was so ill understood by his own countrymen—to whom bear-baiting and Jew-baiting was rare sport—that more than a century after his death only another English poet, who witnessed Macklin as Shylock, and felt the tragic import of the part, had the wit, or the wisdom, or the courage, to perceive and declare in his doggerel couplet:

"This is the Jew  
That Shakespeare drew."

Mr. Zangwill has not had to wait, as Shakespeare did, for his audience to be here and there there are those whom it fills with admiration and moves to tears. He is a great tragic writer.

It has just been recorded that John Ruskin had a great affection for young people, and had taken great pleasure in rendering them a service. Babies, however, were barred by him. "Have no respect for them whatever," he writes in one letter to a young and proud mother; "like pigs ever so much better. You really mustn't expect me to care for inferior beings."

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raff, roughly grooved in the great central column, one solid tree trunk embedded in the ground." Do not your fingers thrill as they pass over these inequalities, as they are left by the workmen, whose bodies were laid in consecrated ground four centuries ago? Up and down a second staircase, as tradition affirms, went the steps of Queen Blanche in 1290, seven centuries ago. The third, broad, easy and stately, leads to the foot of the little narrow stair at the head of which is the tiny bedroom, an arsenal in itself, at the top of an impenetrable tower where John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, found safety and sleep.

It is, however, not the staircase of dukes and queens which the stones hallowed by association with poets and men of thought. The chapters here are titled: "The Scholars' Quarter of the Middle Ages," "The Paris of the Middle Ages," "The Paris of the Renaissance," "The Paris of Victor Hugo." In these literary chapters there are many interesting anecdotes, but there is also much that except to a very great lover of such matter is dull and a little trivial. The sense of the past is all very well, but the sense of the past is not gratified by a slight of the windows of the future where Alphonse Daudet wrote "From Jeanne d'Albi to the end of the world," and "The Making of the Marais," and "The Women of the Marais," are more interesting for in them we watch the movement of humanity up and down the same streets and through the same halls, one figure after another, sad or splendid, lovable or wicked, gay or serene, passing and disappearing.

The author's writing seems to bear the mark of great accuracy and single-hearted earnestness. As a guidebook to unrolled places of historic interest, "The Stones of Paris" should be of great value. (C. Scribner's Sons, New York, \$4.)

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things.  
If we had but a day;  
We should drink alone at the purest springs.  
In our upward way:  
We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour.  
If the hours were few:  
We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power.  
To be and to do."

"Betty Leicester's Christmas," is the title of a new story for girls by Sarah Orne Jewett.

When "Betty Leicester" appeared, the very judicious comment was made: "It is rather difficult to find the right kind of books for girls of fifteen and sixteen, and they are apt to experience a craze at this age for the silliest and most harmful kind of third-rate novels; but 'Betty Leicester' is just the right kind of book to put in such a girl's hands. It is bright, healthy, natural, and interesting to the reader from first to last. It is thoroughly friendly and companionable." Betty went to England soon after she inspired that story, and there she had a charming variety of good times, seeing famous places and people, and enjoying all her unfamiliar experiences. The most remarkable of these were connected with the Christmas season, and they are delightfully described in the story Miss Jewett tells. The book is brought out in an attractive style, and will be an unusually suitable holiday gift.

"Christ in Art," by Joseph Lewis French, is a new volume in the handsome Art Lovers' series, in which well-known authorities on art subjects, containing studies on angels, saints, the Madonna, child life, love, and Christ, as represented in the work of great painters. The present volume contains twenty-three illustrations from celebrated paintings by the great masters. —L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

The holiday edition of Hamilton Wright Mattie's well known work, "My Study Fire," is a handsome volume. The page is broad and creamy white, the type and illustrations, by Maud Alice and Genevieve Cowles, whether full page or in the text, are really embellishments. Of the literary quality of the work it is too unnecessary to speak. The great popularity of "My Study Fire" is a matter of common knowledge. There have been attractive editions of it before, but this latest surpasses them all.—Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

A street newsboy, "Tode," is the hero of the story "The Bishop's Shadow," by Mrs. L. T. Thurston. The bishop is the late Phillips Brooks and the influence of his noble self-sacrificing life develops the ragged, hardened boy of the streets into a pure unselfish character who devotes his life to the relief of others. The tone of the story is sweet and wholesome.—Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.

Arthur J. Stringer's book, "The Loom of Destiny," is a collection of short magazine sketches that originally appeared in Ansie's Magazine. They deal with the lives of the children of somewhat as do the sketches of the Artist Wolff depicting the same life. There is humor in them, but it is a humor largely unconnected with nature and pity.—Large, Maynard & Co., Boston.

"The Iron Star, and What I Saw on Its Journey Through the Ages," from Myth to History," by John T. Truitt, is an excellent story for boys and girls, reading like a wonder-book and yet it is not such. It begins in a forest, in the stone age, in the days of the cave men, and a girl sees a great meteor fall. The iron of that fragment of a star is taken through a series of interesting stories, in a way that suggests the development of civilization through the stone, bronze and iron ages down to the time of Miles Standish. This is an excellent way to stimulate a young mind to a lively interest in history. The adventures of Umpy and Sptia, the cave boy and girl, of Uir, and the other sturdy and brave people who appear in the book, are likely to have a lively interest for every youngster with a mind that appreciates a good thing. The illustrations are by Lillian Crawford Truitt. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

A handsome holiday edition of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," has been issued, with nearly fifty illustrations of the comedy of "Becky Sharp," as produced by Mrs. Fiske and her company of players. The volume is called the "Becky Sharp edition." It is a welcome addition to the list of holiday books.—Harper & Bros., New York.

"A Dividend to Labor," by Nicholas Paine Gilman, is a study of employers' welfare institutions. The author has had in mind both a scientific and a practical aim. He presents a view, incomplete, of course, of the welfare-institution in Europe and America. He has endeavored to gather and present a proper variety of plans that have been tried in different branches of industry. He offers these, together with a body of sifted facts, to induce other intelligent employers of labor to broaden the scope of practical philanthropy. In the appendices he writes of some changes of pattern, gives a list of profit-sharing firms all over the world, describes the cases of abandoned profit-sharing in the United States; and adds a considerable bibliography. The work is well indexed. It is not intended to be useful to all engaged in the study of the subject, and, by broad comparisons of results and possibilities, improve the general intelligence with regard to the whole scheme of co-operation. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Lafadio Hearn's translation of "One

of Cleopatra's Nights and Other Fantastic Romances," by Theophile Gautier, has been brought out in a new edition. Mr. Hearn says of Gautier, that "his touches of color," his sentences are better qualified to reproduce in English the glowing colors of the French himself. Cleopatra's Nights, by Lafadio Hearn, is a literary color-artist.—Brentano's, New York.

In point of novelty and cleverness in preparation, the holiday book, Cupid and the Toys, published by the New York, is sure to be one of the successes of the season. It tells an involved love story by a series of letters reproduced artistically in fac-simile, pasted to the pages. The letters are by James L. Ford and the free hand sketches in black and white are by Archie G. Ford. The book is bound handsomely in white covers, with gold and green decorations.

MAGAZINES.

The Living Age for December 10, has this list of contents: "The Cross and the Final Seat of Authority," by P. Forsyth; Contemporary Review; "Ballade of a Quiet Romanticist," by Walter Hodge; Chambers' Journals; "The Pershing Land," by "Dr. D. D. Return," by Rene Bazin, revue des Deux Mondes; "The Going of the Battery," by Thomas Hardy, London Graphic; "Asteria," a photograph; "Good Words," "London," (conclusion), by Macmillan's Magazine; "The Pope," by Jean Rameau; "Amid the Towers of the Saragossa Sea," by C. Parkison, Cornhill Magazine; "Mr. Gosse's Life of Donne," Athenaeum; "Herrick," by Charles Lusted, Gentlemen's Magazine.—Boston.

The holiday number of Town Topics, besides devoting as usual, a large portion of its space to subjects of local interest, gives comprehensive reviews of "The Year in the Army," "The Year in Fiction," "The Year in Music," "The Year in Politics," "The Year in the Navy," and so on. The title page is a highly artistic piece of work, suggestive of the holiday season.—New York.

Collier's Weekly for December 9 contains some photographs of the recent experiments of the Navy department in cooling a battleship at sea. Lieutenant Summers, in an interesting article which accompanies the pictures, tells how the feat was accomplished. Other subjects covered are the funeral of Vice President Hobart, the "Re-Awakening of Official Washington," the "South African War," and the speed trial of the new battleship Kentucky.

In an article on Windsor Castle in the holiday number of Cassell's Magazine the Marquess of Lorne says: "The further side of the Windsor Castle is now inhabited by the queen and her family, the dwelling-rooms commencing at King James's Tower, and including the Morris Tower in the tower of the castle, or south, where the queen lives, facing the outlook on the park, towards Frogmore, which is a pleasure house situated about 500 yards away, where the queen's duchess of Kent, and Princess Christian and their families, are now residing. The castle, formed by the projecting room thrown out at the angle of the Upper Ward, is the most beautiful of the daily drives. In hot weather it is here that her majesty sits, and music is sometimes performed in the evenings. The Upper Ward used to be used, as it still is, for the queen's daily drives. IV. wanted more privacy in his apartments, because before his time each room communicated with the next, making a passage of all. Wyatt did a great deal of work, which would give privacy to the rooms, and be a handsome means of communication. The corridor was one of the cleverest and most successful things done by Wyatt. He refitted the majority of the whole castle. You will see that the old facing remains in many places, and the old masons had a mortar more like the red of the castle in color, so that the stones looked more of a piece. Wyatt introduced flint, and a dark lining or framing to each block.

An interesting paper on the Reverend Nowel Dwight Hillis, the successor of Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. Lyman Abbott in the pulpit of the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, is given in the December, by R. M. Wallace. The paper on "How to see the Play," by Charles Barnard, which appears in Werner's Magazine for December, is a paper that treats of the playwright's method of telling the dramatic story, and discusses the theme and general art of the dramatist.—New York.

## KISS AND MAKE IT WELL.

I sit at my window and sew and dream,  
While my little boy as he plays, tells  
Beguiling my thoughts from him and  
As he frolics the livelong day,  
But time and again he comes to me  
With a sorrowful face, and he tells  
And I must look at the scratch  
Or bump.  
Then kiss it and make it well.

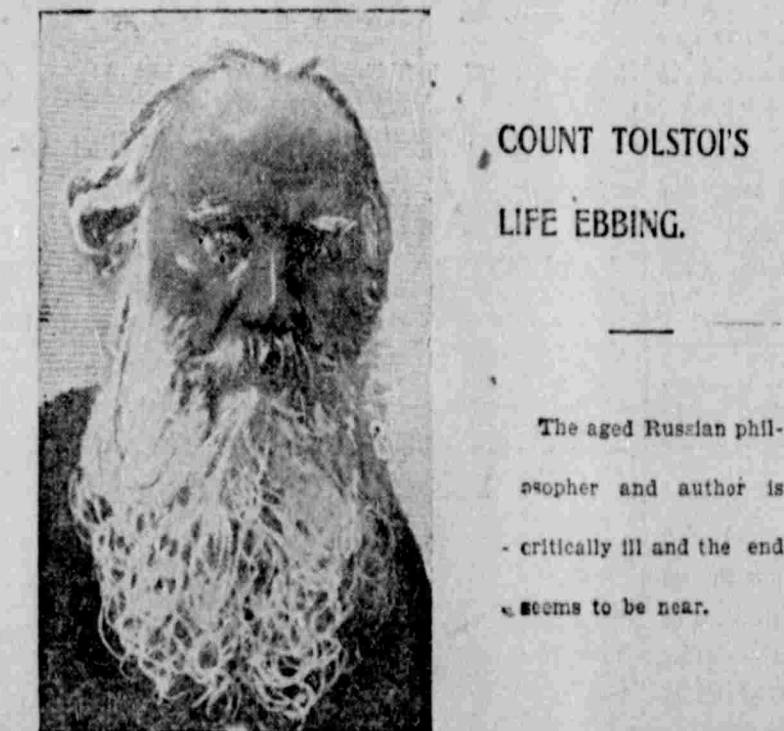
So I kiss his head, and his knee, and his arm,  
And the dear little grimy hand,  
And who can fathom the magic charm,  
And who can understand?  
For I even kiss when he bites his toes,  
And love works his mystic spell,  
For there's never a cut, nor a scratch,  
Nor a bump.  
But mother can kiss it well.

'Tis a foolish whim, do you say? Ah, yes!  
But the foolish things of earth  
Have taught the wise, since a little  
He child.  
In Bethlehem had his birth,  
And we know that many an older heart—  
We know, but we do not tell—  
Will never be free from its bitter smart  
Till kisses have made it well.  
—May Ellis Nichols.

## Two Real People.

Many suppose "Mother Goose" to be an imaginary personage, but she was a real woman, and her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster. She was born in 1655, married Isaac Goose in 1684, a few years later became a member of the South church of Boston, and died in 1757, at the age of ninety-two years. Her songs were originally sung to her grandchildren. They were first published in 1766, by her son-in-law, Thomas Fleet, of Boston.

The "Mary" that "had a little lamb" was Mary Elizabeth Sawyer, a Massachusetts girl, her lamb was one of chussets girl, her lamb was one of chussets girl, her lamb was one of chussets girl. Mary took it home and cared for it herself. They became fast friends, and when Mary started to school one morning missed her very much. So one morning under her desk and covered it to her shawl, but when she trotted after her spelling class the lamb trotted after her. The children laughed wildly, and the teacher had the lamb taken from the room. On that morning a visitor student named Rawlston was awakened at the school. The next day he saw the lamb. He handed Mary the first three verses of the poem. He died soon after, and the lamb lived for many years, and met death by the horns of an angry cow. Mary's mother spun its wool into a from which she knit her heart-beats the pair of stockings. Years passed and the stockings were yellow with age. Mary's mother revealed them out, cut the yarn into bits, fluffed it out, sewed it to cards, and after writing the yarn, verifying the genuineness of the yarn, sold it for a good price to help save the Old South church, of Boston.



COUNT TOLSTOY'S LIFE EBBING.

The aged Russian philosopher and author is critically ill and the end seems to be near.