

your children," dawned upon his soul. The *Lambs in the Fold* is a clear, devout, scriptural, eminently sensible and interesting defence of the place of children in the Church, as against the so-called Baptists, who are no more Baptists in the true sense of the word than he is, and against the typical revivalist of whom the Methodist is the denominational representative, with his uniformitarian mode of regeneration and spasmodic stereotyped opening of the gates of heaven. He shows that what our young people in the Church need is, first, recognition, and then discipline in the truest and most kindly, loving sense of that word. There is great danger of our Christian Endeavor and Young People's Christian Associations falling into irresponsible hands, and becoming a mixed multitude of useless, quarrelling camp-followers, instead of strong, well-organized battalions of cadets in training for the wars of the Lord in the great army of Salvation. Every minister and Christian educator, every Sabbath-school teacher and earnest-minded parent should read Dr. Thompson's valuable treatise, and ponder well its important lessons.

Our college book-sellers mingle poetry with prose, and lay on our table a somewhat grotesquely ornamental book, entitled *Behind the Arras, a Book of the Unseen*, by Bliss Carman, with designs by T. B. Meteyard. It contains 102 duodecimo pages, and is published by Messrs. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., of Boston and New York. I have read it, even carefully, and it makes me wonder whether my education has not been neglected. I am not in the habit of shirking difficult problems, not even those of Browning, but the Bliss Carman nut was very hard to crack, and when it last opened there was no kernel in it, only a little impalpable dust. There is versification somewhat musical, generally smooth and flowing, with occasional blemishes of rhyme and rhythm; there is description of things natural and things artificial, and all weird; but what does it all mean? A single stanza of *In Memoriam* has more significance than the whole volume. Its expression run mad, and therefore makes no impression. It can all be summed up in the couplet:

In thousand words Bliss Carman says, says he,
 "This world below is full of Mystery."

I suppose there are some sleepy people who like sermons that have no point and songs that have no meaning. I confess I don't. Songs without words I can in a measure understand, and can half appreciate a Turner landscape, but this book reminds one of a pleasant-voiced, fluent young debater talking against time, without a thought in his head. Stay, there is *The Lodger*, a bit of kindly description; *Beyond the Gamut*, a thoughtful blending of music and theology, with Hack and Hew, and *The Night Express*, daring attempts to solve the problem of God in that which is. When Bliss Car-