

purging out, of the Church at any rate, whatever place it may hold in the world of cranks.

I had almost forgotten a notable book of the year, Stead's "If Christ Came to Chicago." Everything Stead writes is worth reading because of the individuality and intense earnestness of the man, whether he deal with the disembodied or with the morals of the embodied. The Chicago book is evidently a true bill of arraignment, and it is a very terrifying one; yet, in view of recent revelations, it is doubtful that it shews the Windy City to be morally worse than New York. Some frightened people called the book immoral, which it certainly is not, any more than Booth's "Darkest England." It states plain facts regarding the criminal and pauper classes who frequent Chicago, the venality of corporations and officers of justice. It is a somewhat striking fact that men like Stead and Kipling, familiar with the crime and squalor of large European cities, nevertheless find much to surprise and disgust them in those of America. In the main, this seems to resolve itself into miscarriage of justice, corruption of corporations, pandering of police and other officials to crime, united to blackmail of criminals and cruelty to paupers. In Britain, at least, while vice and poverty abound, corporations are fairly honest, and the law is faithfully and impartially administered. Americans say that it is their foreign population which is responsible for the reign of hoodle and lawlessness, but, if the truth were told, it would be found that the foreigners are the minor operators and the cats-paws often of the larger native hoodler. If there is any sense of shame in the average Chicagoan, Mr. Stead's book ought to bring it to the surface. Yet it must not be forgotten that in the city of Moody, a city of many churches, educational and charitable institutions, there are thousands fighting sin in every form, and ever ready to stand their

ground, even if, as another book has it, "The Devil came to Chicago."

I shall receive no more books from General Garrick Mallery; he is dead. How many of my honored American friends and correspondents have passed into the Silent Land! Such were Dr. Parkman, and Professor Horsford of Boston; Colonel Whittlesey, of Cleveland; Dr. Rau, of Washington; Professor Short, of Columbus; Lewis H. Morgan, of Rochester, and I know not how many more, all men of note in their various ways, whose sympathies and co-operation I could ill afford to lose. Their books and papers alone remain with me, cherished memorials of kindly men. These books have a double value, for they are parts of lives in which the Talker has had his own corner, however humble.

By his "Ascent of Man," Professor Drummond has accomplished a descent in the estimation of many of his evangelical friends. Theologically, I can see nothing against the waters bringing forth moving creatures which have life, in other words, spontaneous generation; nor necessarily against the gradual evolution of higher forms of life from the lower; so long as these operations are regarded as the work of the immanent God, a God immanent in all phenomena. Theologically, evolution is only hurtful as it seeks to dispense with the necessity for a God. In the light of natural science, it is, as a scientific friend said to me, "a good working hypothesis." Mathematical and chemical physics know nothing of it; the biology of the historical world does not support it; it is traversed again and again by the palaeontological record; idealist philosophy, from Plato to Whewell and Jowett, scouts it as a heresy; and the Biblical doctrine of creation by kind or species, reproducing after their kind, antagonizes its first principles. When it reaches the human sphere, comparative anatomy, history, philology and archaeology, while presenting some data