

Austin Phelps does not overstate the matter in his introduction when he says: "This is a powerful book." The author, we understand, is a Congregational minister of influence, and general secretary of the Evangelical Alliance for the United States. His testimony is, therefore, more likely to be favourable to his country than if it came from a religious communion which might be supposed to be unfriendly to democratic principles. Yet it is a dark picture which he presents. The writer declares that the prospects of the country are brighter than when he first published his book in 1885; but we hardly understand the grounds of this judgment. They are by no means clear in these pages. Among the perils to which American civilization is exposed the author mentions Immigration, Romanism, Religion and the Public Schools, Mormonism, Intemperance, Socialism, Wealth, the City. Most of these subjects concern ourselves no less than our neighbours. The chapter on Religion and the Public Schools shows very clearly the enormous difficulty of the question. He decides against Separate Schools and in favour of religious teaching in the Public Schools. But he concludes, with Daniel Webster, that the only religious doctrines which it is possible to teach in these schools are the Existence of God, the Immortality of the Soul, and Human Responsibility. If this is all, then we imagine that most believers in the Christian religion will find the argument for Separate Schools very strong indeed. It is obvious that a book of this kind is stronger in bringing out existing evils than in suggesting remedies; and the author freely confesses this apparent defect; but he promises to consider the cure in another volume. In the meantime, we have here a book which all thinking persons will do well to take seriously. Many of our readers have doubtless made themselves acquainted with the earlier edition, and may be informed that the present issue is based upon the Census of 1891. We shall certainly have occasion to refer to the contents of Dr. Strong's volume again.

CHURCH AND CREED. By R. Heber Newton, Rector of All Souls' Church, New York. Price 75c. New York: Putnam's Sons; London: The Knickerbocker Press. 1891.

More than half a century ago, in the earlier days of "The Tracts for the Times," the Non-Roman part of Western Christendom was startled by the publication of Ward's book on "Development." And yet the principle of development—advancement, progression, evolution or by whatever name it may be called—has been going on in the several schools of the Church from the first ages. The Puritanic element has had its development, its advancement or evolution as abundantly as any other, and its present utterances are widely different from any thing we meet with in the early ages of the Church—as witness its Sabbatarianism. The Ultramontane School from its seat in Rome has shown its activity in the march of evolution by bringing forth one dogma after another, until it has culminated in the dogmas of the "Immaculate Conception" and the "Infallibility." Shortly after the proclamation of the "Immaculate Conception," a friend of the writer happened to meet in a stage coach a strong advocate of this school. On remarking to him that the great objection to his system was the novelty of it, he replied: "Well, they couldn't find it out all at once." And the school, claiming to be scientific, has presented every variety of phase from the mildest enquiries as to the nature and extent of revelation to the wholesale rejections of the principal books of holy writ by the Tubingen school and its chief apostle Baur or to the puerile excursions of Dr. Colenso. It is to the latter school that the writer of this book belongs. That he believes most decidedly in the development of religious teaching is evident from passages like these:—

"Its creeds are not divine revelations let down out of the skies. They are human expressions of the divine mysteries. They are the result not of miracle, but of study, speculation, controversy. . . . They are not final forms of faith, but ever-growing forms of faith, tenacious of the outward moulds, but changing their interpretation in such a re-creative age as this so as to be in spirit new growths." Page 29.

"A creed must then be periodically brought back to this mint of man for assaying." Page 141.

"A creed is to be read differently by different minds. . . . It is an inexact statement of an inexact knowledge." Page 163.

"A fixed and final creed is a contradiction in terms. . . . In some way or other a true creed must grow with the growth of man. It must be re-edited with every new knowledge and re-edited in the light of each fresh generation."

Such utterances as these will find favour with those who believe in development or evolution in this direction, but not with those who hold that the faith was once (once for all) "delivered unto the saints."

PRINCIPAL GRANT'S welcome and Dr. Harris' reply at the educational gathering recently held in Toronto, which form the opening portion of the *Canada Educational Monthly* for August and September, give to it an exceptional interest. Mr. Morrison's paper on "The Morals of Ruskin's Art"; Dr. Burwash's Address delivered at Victoria University, and other suitable matter make up an excellent number.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

TENNYSON is just twenty-three days older than Dr. Holmes.

THE Marquis of Lorne writing to Mr. Henry J. Morgan, of Ottawa, respecting the memorial volume of the late W. A. Foster, Q.C., says: "It is a well-written biography of an excellent citizen."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR having dropped his spectacles one day, an American girl picked them up for him, whereupon he exclaimed with much grace: "Oh, this is not the first time you have caught my eyes!"

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE was once a beau sabreur, Cardinal Howard formerly held a commission in the Life Guards, and the Cardinal Archbishop of Perth was in his youth the smartest of Austrian Hussars.

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY, the noted novelist, who is about to make his *début* as an actor, is described in *Once a Week* as a man of middling height, with a sparse, brown beard plentifully streaked with grey, and looks less than his four-and-forty years.

SIR DANIEL WILSON, our distinguished fellow countryman, has had the freedom of the city of Edinburgh conferred upon him, and surely no one could be found more worthy of this high honour than the author of the "Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time."

PROFESSOR A. E. DOLBEAR will contribute to the October *Popular Science Monthly* an essay on "Metamorphoses in Education." It is a thoughtful paper, and shows that, since education is a process of fitting men for their environment, a change in its character was necessitated by the change in the conditions of human life that has taken place in modern times.

Now that the passing Ibsen has abated somewhat, and "The Doll's House" and a "Hedda Gebler" are assigned to an obscure corner of the library, it is well that a new dramatist should be discovered to fill the place occupied by the Norwegian Shakespeare. Such a personage has been found, in Belgium this time, and again Mr. William Archer is his prophet. His name is Maurice Maeterlinck, and he is of pessimistic tendencies.

Who killed "Rolf Boldrewood?" That the vigorous Australian novelist who writes under that name is still living, despite the numerous press notices of his death, is no secret by now, inasmuch as every periodical that lamented his decease has welcomed him cordially back to life. He has just published a new book, "A Sydney Side Saxon," which English and colonial readers alike will take up with interest.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S new novel, written in collaboration with Wolcott Balestier for the *Century*, is entitled "The Naulahka, a Tale of West and East." It is a story of America and India. The principal characters live in a "booming" Colorado town, where the story opens, but the scene quickly shifts to the court of an Indian maharajah, whether the hero and the heroine journey to meet with most varied experiences. The story will begin in the November *Century*.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S will leaves his property mainly to his daughter, Mrs. Burnett, and her children. It is not a large property. He gives his friend, Charles Eliot Norton, a book from his library "at his discretion," and he makes Professor Norton his literary executor; to the library of Harvard College he gives his copy of "Webster on Witchcraft," formerly belonging to Increase Mather, president of the college, and also "any books from my library of which the college library does not already possess copies, or of which the copies or editions in my library are for any reason whatever preferable to those possessed by the college library."

PRINCIPAL GRANT is receiving a high tribute in the warm expression of a desire by some Canadian journals that he should enter political life and the Dominion Cabinet, when it is re-arranged. The *Canadian American* has given prominence to the fervent hope of the *Ottawa Journal* to that end. One thing is certain, that Principal Grant, by his ability, energy, patriotism, his manliness, honesty, breadth of view, his profound knowledge of Canada and Canadian affairs, his noble and unselfish service for his country with voice and pen, has won for himself the admiration and affection of all who know him, and the respect of all classes and creeds of his fellow countrymen.

THAT excellent and veracious chronicler, Xenophon, is, it seems, to have a rival as a school-room Greek author in the person of Mr. Anstey. "Vice Versa," is being translated into Greek, and doubtless the youthful mind will find more pleasure in following the fortunes of the metamorphosed father and son than in plodding through the details of the retreat of the Ten Thousand. But to substitute the works of a modern humorist for those of an ancient historian is a rather revolutionary proceeding, and one cannot help wondering if the present example is to be a precedent for further changes. If so, perhaps the time is not far distant when English schoolboys will make their first acquaintance with Mr. Pickwick as they flounder in the Slough of Despond of Latin prose. There are certain difficulties, however, in the way of such a possibility. It would not be easy to render some of Sam Weller's colloquialisms into a classic language.

POETS are, as a rule, an unpractical race, who go about describing places without naming them, and thereby raising all sorts of irritating doubts and difficulties in the minds

of their practical readers. Most men are too busy to write a letter of enquiry to a poet, even if they hoped it would elicit a reply. Not so a resident of Craven, who, having thought Mr. Alfred Austin's description in stanzas 158 to 160 of his "Human Tragedy" must refer to Bolton Abbey, ventured to write and say as much. Mr. Austin, with wonderful courtesy, has replied to his correspondent as follows (we quote the letter from the *West Yorkshire Pioneer*):—"Swinford Old Manor, Ashford, Kent. Dear Sir,—You are right in your surmise concerning the passage in 'The Human Tragedy.' Born within twenty miles of Bolton Abbey, and, as a child, passing part of every summer at Ilkley, then the most primitive of hamlets, I often found myself then, and again during my boyhood and youth, by the ruin, and among the woods, waters, and moorland, I afterwards attempted to describe. That you should have recognized the picture is gratifying evidence that the description is not altogether unfaithful. Thanking you for your sympathetic note, I am, yours faithfully,—ALFRED AUSTIN."—*Literary World, London*.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

SWITZERLAND EN FETE.

FOR some days past Switzerland has been in the throes of patriotic excitement on the celebration of the Sixth Centennial of the Confederation. The Swiss, as a nation, are almost as cosmopolitan as the English. Already, in almost every corner of the globe, have their fellow-countrymen held personal celebrations—eaten their dinners, and drunk with enthusiasm to their home and kindred; to that land of mountain and of flood, so beautiful, so peaceful, and so loved; that land at once the pride of its children and the pleasure of every lover of nature. In the long past its sons were distinguished by their valour, in the present they are distinguished by their industry and their modesty, and especially for an intelligence which has raised them almost into a nation of jurists, to which is submitted for arbitration many of the vexed questions that agitate, almost to the verge of hostilities, its greater and more powerful neighbours. The local "home" rejoicings have been most impressive. The four Swiss nationalities, German, French, Italian and Roman-*esch*, unite as one man; and in this absolute unity under the Banner Federal is the strength of the nation. In French Switzerland, even—the Canton de Vaud—where race differs from that of the ancient founders of the Republic, and where the reminiscences of Bernois oppression have never quite died out, the enthusiasm has been almost frenzied in its intensity—banquets and speeches, whole populations dining together in the open air outside their houses in street after street, historical representations, processions, cannon, etc., have brought home to every man, woman and child, the strength of a living patriotism which will reach its apex in the *Fetes* at Berne, where beats the very heart of the nation. The little Republic of Helvetia has no enemies. Its people are law-abiding and united; its rulers modest and wise; while its Government is the most purely democratic in the world. The soil of Helvetia is unsuited to ambitious politicians, and the happiness, prosperity, and contentment of its people is a living example to the Republics of Southern America, and elsewhere, whose stability is written in sand.—*The Colonies and India*.

ENGLISH WEATHER SAMPLES.

I HAVE never crossed the Line. Though I have been within hail of the Southern Cross; seen rain come down, not in bucketfuls, but "strings" (which they say marks the downpour of the tropics); gazed in amazement almost incredulous at the Canadian Aurora Borealis, and stood under an African midnight sky full of stars bigger and more luminous than planets, or lit with a moon which showed the smallest print—I know nothing (except from hearsay) about the heats, colds, winds, calms, clouds and sunshine of another hemisphere. I perceive, however, a deeper meaning than he intended to convey in the remark of an American visitor when he was asked what he thought about English weather, and replied: "Wall, sir, I guess you have only samples." He intended to express his sense of that pervading inferiority which characterizes all British possessions or experience, and yet he hit on one peculiarity of our insular position which makes the British climate unique. He was right. Few though our square miles may be, they show meteorological specimens of every sort. We cannot, indeed, boast of a blizzard (Yankee, I suppose, for "blow-hard") which sweeps a region three thousand miles in width; but half an acre of it is enough in an eastern county, when it comes straight from the Ural mountains, and any moisture it may have had has been sucked out of it by the dryness of Europe. Thus we feel the most arid airs of our own continent, and yet, on the other hand, we have none of the juice taken out of the west wind before it begins to fall upon the Irish coast. The raincloud which travels from America is tapped by us before it reaches our nearest neighbours, and the bitterness of a Siberian wind takes its last edge as it passes over waterless France. Even a lake might put a spoonful into it in passing, but our friends across the Channel have hardly a pond on this side of the Alps, and only add a dash of snow to the cold breezes which come to us across their fields and hills.—*Cornhill Magazine*.