

which perches on trees, and darts at any fish which happens to pass, the *tern*, the *cormorant*, etc., all these are chance feeders. In the case of the *pelicans*, the act of beating the water and drawing the fish before them into a small space and there killing them wholesale—destroys selection. *Egg and spawn* feeders, such as the *skua*, *albatross*, *flamingo*, *avocet*, *sand piper*, *toucan*, *jay*, etc., are debarred from selection; for egg and spawn contain mysteries of the future, and the feeders are in the position of the midwife, who cannot tell whether the child about to be born may develop into a Shakespeare or a fool.

In *wading birds* the chance nature of the food is apparent, as in the *flamingo*, *avocet*, *ibis*, *spoon-bill*, etc., which rake the mud for food; or in the *turnstone*, which turns over pebbles and shingles, and eats what is concealed beneath them, or in the *heron* waiting for hours in the water as immovable as a statue watching for fish to come within reach, or in the *oyster catcher* opening the oyster that has been left on the shore by the receding tide.

The same may be said of *gallinaceous birds*—earth scratchers, and of *climbers* (scansores) of which *woodpeckers* furnish a good example. These birds feed on insects and larvæ, deposited in trunks and clefts of trees. If the food is not immediately on the surface, they will break the bark with their strong beaks and seize the prey hidden within. Many varieties possess a tongue which secretes a juicy humour to which the insects and larvæ stick.

In the *passerines*, or great sparrow division of bird life, several instances of the chance nature of the food supply may be seen. The *kingfisher* waiting for its prey, the *bee eater* and the *drongo shrike*, hiding near the opening of hives, and killing the bees as they chance to come out or go in; the *nutcracker* opening the cones of firs and pines, and feeding on inside fruit, and the *night jar* and *goatsucker* pursuing insects in the gloaming. Then the power of natural selection seems to be crippled by such birds as destroy crops through indiscriminate scraping and feeding, and through the destruction of young birds, *crows*, *magpies*, *Baltimore orioles*, *sparrows*, etc., *crossbills*, *linnets*, etc. The *minos* and *beef eaters* are valuable to sheep and cattle, because they do not select their food, because they perch on the backs of animals infested with vermin, and make a clean sweep of all they can find.

In the birds of prey (raptors) it stands to reason that if any selection of food be made, it will be that of the best, but in many cases selection seems wholly absent, and the bird takes what comes. *Buzzards* for instance do not chase prey, but lie in wait until the victim passes within reach, and one can easily realize how in the case of the *condor*, *sea eagle*, and *griffon vulture*,—birds that swoop from vast heights on their prey, often on flocks of animal life—discrimination is seldom exercised.

In connection with birds a wide field of investigation may be entered into with regard to the destruction of eggs and nestlings. Mr. Wallace claims that about fifty millions of birds, including eggs as possible birds, annually die, or are destroyed by heavy rains, severe storms, loss of parents, etc. Admitting these figures as correct, and the causes of death as equally so, one cannot fail to see how these wide-spread causes must cripple materially the action of natural selection. How can nature select a valuable nestling in a storm that wipes out life before it, or in a rainfall that drenches it out? Under such circumstances the destruction is wholesale and equal.

In the common case of young chicks falling from the nest before being fitted for flight, I have noticed that the stronger birds are more liable to fall than the weaker. The bird overgrows its limit, becomes uneasy, and either falls over from its restlessness, or is pushed over having worked out of its position of safety into one of danger. Again and again I have picked up such chicks, and on restoring them to the nest have, as a rule, found they were the larger birds. My experience has also led me to believe that few birds so restored survive.

—A sermon like a tool, may be polished till it has no edge.

## REVIEWS.

## LIFE OF DR. MUHLENBERG.

This is a biography very well worth writing, and one which is sure to be widely read. That it should be read by our own Canadian clergy will be the earnest desire of all who wish them every blessing and help in their work; and the reading of it is the more necessary here that few among ourselves are acquainted with the life or work of one of whom the author of this volume speaks as one of the marked leaders of religious thought. "He had not the brilliancy of Channing, nor the logical force of Jonathan Edwards, but his character blended most harmoniously with his career, and he possessed the three great gifts of leadership, 'the sense of vision,' 'the discerning of spirits,' and 'the ability to make a movement march.' He passed in his day for a prophet and a dreamer, but to-day it is unmistakably discerned that his career furnished the formative influence of the past generation, whose manifested results we discover in the present condition of Church life." Muhlenberg was, as his name betokens, (were there not originally two dots over the *u*!) of German extraction. The founder of the family in America was "the blessed and venerable Henry Melchior Muhlenberg," as his epitaph describes him, or "Father Muhlenberg," as he was popularly called, a Lutheran pastor who had been born in Hanover in 1811 and "educated under the great Francke" at Halle. William Augustus Muhlenberg, the subject of this memoir, was the great grandson of the pious Lutheran Pastor, and was born in 1796. By the way, the author, who tells us a good deal about the great grandfather, says of the father only that he got his wife by a vote, and that he died of apoplexy; and we are not even told where his son was born. The family removed to Philadelphia where William Augustus was placed "under the tuition of the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, an Episcopal clergyman of considerable prominence."

He was ordained deacon by Bishop White two days before attaining the age of twenty-one, and soon afterwards became assistant or chaplain to the Bishop of Philadelphia. No theological seminaries were known in those days; so the young candidate "read Paley, Butler, Stackhouse, and Adam Clarke with a clerical preceptor, the Rev. Jackson Kemper, afterwards the pioneer Bishop of the North-West." Physically and mentally Muhlenberg was a conspicuous and remarkable personality; and strangely enough he achieved his first reputation by writing a somewhat well-known hymn, beginning, "I would not live away," of which the writer in after years entertained no very high opinion. Another of his hymns is the one beginning, "Saviour, Who Thy flock art feeding."

When he was nearly fifty years of age, he began his ministry in New York, and, we are informed, "the feature of his character which most impresses the general reader at this distance of time is the strong, judicious, practical quality of all his benevolent aims." The spot which he selected for his church was the corner of Sixth Avenue and Twentieth Street, then in the fields (!) and he gave it the name of the Church of the Holy Communion. "Nor," he said in his address at the laying of the foundation stone, "let it be only a name. Let it be the ruling idea in forming and maintaining the Church, and in all its ministrations. Here let there be a sanctuary consecrated specially to fellowship in Christ, and to the great ordinance of His love. This will rebuke all the distinctions of pride and wealth." He died in harness, as he had wished, at the age of 81.

A very interesting chapter on the Development of the School Idea in American Church Life is of too great importance merely to be noticed here, and will hereafter be considered by itself. Perhaps the most interesting part of the volume is that which deals with the "Type of Churchmanship of which Muhlenberg was the creator," and we wish that we could give its contents at greater length. The author speaks very sensibly of the attempt made to ticket every prominent clergyman as belonging to a certain school. "Dr. Muhlenberg, with the prerogative that belongs to all genius, and

\*American Religious Leaders. Dr. Muhlenberg. By William Wilberforce Newton, D.D. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 1890.

most of all to spiritual genius, uniformly set at naught, and brought to untimely [timely?] ridicule, all such ridiculous efforts to formulate him." Sometimes he was called a Puseyite, sometimes a Lutheran; but these garments would not fit; and, by way of giving assistance to those who were determined to bring him under a class, he proclaimed himself an "Evangelical Catholic." In many respects he resembled the English Maurice, and the American Bushnell, although, says the author of this memoir, "he did not profess to be a theologian." If we are not mistaken this is equally true of Frederick Maurice who disavowed such pretensions in a somewhat vehement manner. "The result of" his non-party life "was, that he was blamed by each wing of the Church while living, though now that he is dead, both schools of thought rejoice in his influence, and honour him for his potent comprehensiveness."

Here is encouragement for those who may take the same line of broad adhesion to the truth, and the whole truth, instead of falling into the rut at the right hand or the left, at the bidding of the ticketers. This is a very interesting and charming book, good for clergy and laity, specially good for the younger clergy. If these brief notices shall induce any of them to give it a careful, thoughtful reading, they will have reason to thank us.

MAGAZINES.—*Harper's Magazine* (May) opens with an interesting article on "Some modern French Painters," with excellent and lifelike portraits of the artists, and very effective, although small, copies of their principal paintings. The importance of the modern French school is so well known that such an article needs no advertisement. This is followed by a curious paper on "Old New York Taverns," among which we have the "King's Head," and in connexion with which we have illustrations of many forms of amusement which we associate with England of the past. A vast amount of knowledge respecting the ways of our forefathers may be gained from this paper. Mr. Howells concludes his story "The Shadow of a Dream." "An Ex-Brigadier" is a well-told tale. Professor Butcher's paper on "Evolution of Humour" is not a mere repetition of often repeated remarks, but a careful examination of the subject under historical lights. We are glad that he does not quite endorse Mr. Bain's views. Among a number of other articles, which only want of space will allow us to pass over, we must note one on the charming subject of "English Lyrics under the First Charles." It is well written and copiously illustrated with portraits. When we say that we have here sympathetic criticisms and excellent likenesses of James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, of Suckling, of Quarles, of Geo. Herbert, of Herrick, of Carew, of Lovelace, of George Wither, and of Drummond of Hawthornden, it will be evident that this article alone is worth the price of the number. *The Century* begins with an excellent paper, profusely and admirably illustrated, on "Archibald Robertson and his Portraits of the Washingtons;" and this is followed by "Some Washington Relics," also with copies of portraits and other curiosities belonging to the great people. The likenesses of Martha Washington are peculiarly striking. Two views of Marie Bashkirtseff, by two anonymous writers, and accompanied by two likenesses, one from a photograph and the other from a likeness by herself, will be read with unusual interest. "Friend Olivia" is carried on another step. There is a capital article on chickens with pictures, also a remarkable paper on "The Women of the French Salons" with some charming illustrations. What times those were, when Corneille entertained a number of ladies by reading his last play! On the whole, we are inclined to think better of our own days when we look back to the old unrealities. We have a brief but good paper on the Italian artist, Andrea del Verrocchio—thus spelt here, and perhaps rightly. "Travis and Major Jonathan Whitby" is a well told and exciting story. *The Arena* holds on its way, its new number (May) completing its first volume. It required some courage on the part of the proprietors and conductors of this magazine to strike out a new line for themselves; but they have done it and with great success. The page is a trifle smaller than