

Talks about Books.

I observe that the September number of the Knox College Monthly, published by the J. E. Bryant Company, contains no book reviews. For the Journal's sake, I used to regard with a feeling akin to envy the wealth of solid Literature that lay piled, month after month, upon the broad and busy editorial shelf of the Toronto Contemporary. Certainly, we of the Journal are very far from rejoicing in this changed state of affairs in the Monthly; yet the Talker feels a sort of melancholy satisfaction in knowing that he is not the only college reviewer whom authors and publishers are slow to propitiate. If these people don't know a good thing when they see it, that is not our fault. In various quarters, however, during the summer, review material has been accumulating, which I proceed to take up in detail.

There are 296 large octavo pages in the Official Report of the Eleventh International Christian Endeavor Convention, and portraits so numerous that I have not time to count them. Those of Dr. Wells, formerly of Montreal, of the Rev. J. A. R. Dickson of Galt, of the Rev. Edgerton R. Young, and of G. T. Ferguson of Toronto are good; but, unless they are men of very meek and quiet spirit, Mr. E. B. Clark of Denver, the Rev. J. C. Krause, Mr. L. F. Lindsay, and some others, will carefully conceal the Official Report from the scrutiny of

their friends. I say this from experience, for it is what I did with an ancient copy of the Journal that contained a portrait of Cetawayo with my name attached to it. So far as my house is concerned, it is like Moses' sepulcher; no man hath seen it to this day. The Convention must have been a very inspiring affair, and the Report is by no means dry reading. Many of the speeches were very fervent and eloquent, and several were witty. One of Mr. Chauncy M. Depew's sayings is worth repeating. "Now, young ladies and gentlemen, the one thing to do in every organization is to believe that it is the best organization in the world, and that you are the most efficient and the best member of it. Nobody accomplishes anything in this world unless he has a good opinion of himself—and Mr. Wannamaker agrees with me on that point. In every organization you should have the same thought in regard to it that a Boston man whom I once met had in regard to Boston. He came up to Peekskill where I was born,—Peekskill, the centre of the world!—and he addressed a Sunday school picnic. He said: "Ten years ago I was here, and in my audience was a beautiful flaxen haired boy, who looked like an angel; he looked like one of Raphael's cherubs. Where do you suppose he is now?" The children cried out: "In heaven." "Oh, no," he said, "better