

each good cause yet find worthy defenders when the memory of his own poor name and personality has long been blotted out of the brief recollection of men for ever."

That to a man of high intellect and one capable by his range of thought and knowledge of really taking in the idea and sentiment of humanity, such a substitute for religion and its hope, may be or appear satisfactory, we know from the case before us. But what will it be to the mass of mankind?

THE ABOMINATIONS OF MODERN SOCIETY. By Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, author of "Crumbs Swept Up," New York: Adams, Victor & Co.

It may have been a stroke of policy on the part of the writer of this book to select a title which, as it seems to promise leprous revelations, is likely to attract readers of the class for whose benefit the book is designed. No such revelations, however, will be found in the work. It is simply a series of vehemence, and if vehemence of style is any proof of earnestness, earnest sermons against the vices of great cities in general, and of New York in particular. If we cannot quite endorse the statement in the preface that "the book is not more for men than for women," we may at least say that there is nothing in it which is not in spirit, and, as far as the subject will admit, in expression perfectly moral. Possibly such preaching may do good. But even those, who are least inclined to acquiesce in the debilitating theory that morality is entirely dependent on circumstances, have begun to be aware that to alter the conduct of large masses of men it is necessary to alter the conditions under which they live. From Tyre and Sidon to London and New York, great commercial cities have presented the same moral features; though at New York the case is aggravated by a constant influx of half-civilized immigration and by the unsettled and shifting character of the population generally, which is adverse to the steady influence of a wholesome public opinion. A great aggregation of young men as clerks, without homes, and in the midst of all the temptations of a great city, is almost as certain to lead to vice as the liquor which they drink is to produce intoxication. Mr. Talmage is no doubt right in designating the

winter nights as the trying season for most young men; not that young men are more immorally disposed between the autumnal and the vernal equinox, but that in the winter nights the want of amusement is most felt and the sense of loneliness is most oppressive. This source of evil is augmented in the United States by the increasing tendency of American youth to desert farming for city pursuits, which is altogether one of the great social and economical dangers of the United States. The special evil denounced by Mr. Talmage, under the name of "The Power of Clothes," that is social extravagance, with its attendant vices and meannesses, may be in some degree mitigated by the events which, though in themselves calamitous, have a tendency to diminish the social influence of Paris, which New York has hitherto servilely copied in its extravagance and vices. The fall of the Ring may also check the propensities which lead to swindling under various names and in various degrees of turpitude; at least if condign personal punishment is inflicted on the malefactors, for their political discomfiture and the loss of a portion of their immense booty would be insufficient to counteract in the minds of greedy and unscrupulous youth the influence of their dazzling example.

We trust we shall not aggravate any international difficulty by mentioning that Mr. Talmage's style is American. Instead of saying that, if anything in his book can do good, he will be glad that it was printed, he must say he will be glad "that the manuscript was caught up between the sharp teeth of the type;" and he abounds in such flowers as these:—"God once in a while hitches up the fiery team of vengeance and ploughs up the splendid libertinism, and we stand aghast"—"as the waters (of the Red Sea) whelm the pursuing foe, the swift-fingered winds on the white keys of the foam play the grand march of Israel delivered and the awful dirge of Egyptian overthrow"—"they call it Cognac or Hock, or Heidsick, or Schnapps, or Old Bourbon, or Brandy, or Champagne; but they tell not that in the ruddy glow there is the blood of sacrifice, and in its flash the eye of uncoiled adders, and in the foam the mouth-froth of eternal death." Without putting taste in the balance against morality, we must say that if Mr. Talmage were to teach the New York clerks to talk in this style, we should regard it as a serious set-off against any moral improvement which such tropes are likely to effect.