

trates the fulfilment of Messianic Prophecy, and then contrasts with this the negative theory which would entirely get rid of the predictive element.

Dr. Dewart is perfectly right when he says that the negative theory is rationalistic, and in its most exaggerated form, he might have said, atheistic. If prophecy and miracle are to be eliminated from religion (and they must go together), then belief in a personal God cannot be consistently maintained. The author gives copious references to other writers, and, although some of these are of no great authority, yet the mass will count for something. Dr. Dewart's own treatment of the subject is able, sober and convincing.

JERUSALEM, THE HOLY CITY: its History and Hope. By Mrs. Oliphant. Price \$3.00 (English edition on large paper, one guinea.) London and New York. 1891.

The literary fertility of Mrs. Oliphant is extraordinary; and we think she has done wisely, of late, in cultivating the field of history and leaving (comparatively) that of fiction. Hardly any novelist, however strong or brilliant, can go on producing stories at short intervals without weakening or deteriorating, and Mrs. Oliphant's most ardent admirers can hardly say that her recent stories have reached the level of her earlier ones.

So we think she has wisely taken to historical sketches; and these have been very good. Thus her "Makers of Florence," if only sketches, yet gave to the ordinary reader the kind and quantity of information which he would need, and all that he would be likely to retain; and the same may be said of the "Makers of Venice." Her book on "Royal Edinburgh" was more ambitious—as was natural.

The same may be said of the present work on the "Holy City." It is not, to any great extent, topographical, but almost entirely historical; and it is an admirable and most interesting piece of work. Mrs. Oliphant prefixes to her history a vigorously written introduction in which she dismisses M. Renan and his theories with contempt, and Wellhausen with indignation. Of course these sentiments, however eloquently expressed, do not amount to criticism or argument, but there is a vein of common sense in some of her remarks.

Coming, however, to the history itself, we have nothing but praise for the arrangement of the materials and the clearness, energy, and vividness of the story. If any human beings have ever thought of the sacred history as being hard reading, they will hardly be able to think so when they have taken up Mrs. Oliphant's book. The first Part deals with the House of David, three of the chapters being given to the Life of David himself, one to Solomon, and one to the Kings of Judah. The second Part deals with the Prophets. In the third the Return and the Restoration are treated of, and in the fourth the Final Tragedy. Many passages might be quoted in illustration of the eloquence and fervour with which this book is written. If the reader wishes merely to taste the book before going further, he might turn to the third chapter of Part V., the last chapter of all, and read the account of the closing scenes in the Life of Christ.

We may mention that Mrs. Oliphant, like many others, abandons the traditional sites, and seems to agree with Major Conder in finding the place of crucifixion outside the Damascus Gate. We should add that the book is beautifully got up, and that the very excellent engravings are a great addition to its value.

*St. Nicholas* (January, 1892) is a very bright number of this bright magazine. "The Little Maid of Spain," by Helen Gray Cone, is a charming poem, which will be read with equal pleasure by old and young. "The Admiral's Caravan," by Charles E. Carryl, is continued in this number. The verses entitled "Sir Peter Bombazoo" are as good as the name suggests. "The Rudder," by Celia Thaxter, contains some graceful lines. "Two Girls and a Boy" is a pretty child's story. The number is a good one, and will be read with delight wherever English-speaking children are to be met with—that is all the world over.

*Outing*, January, 1892. This issue is called the "Holiday Number," and it deserves the title. "The Bear's Head Brooch," by Ernest Ingersoll, is an exciting tale of life in Southern Colorado. "A Christmas Ascent of Mount Adams," by John Corbin, is a well-written account of a very daring exploit. "Cowboy Life," by Larry Yatt, will be read by all those for whom the very name "cowboy" possesses a fascination. "Saddle and Sentiment," the serial from the pen of Wenona Gilman, is continued in this number. "A Winter Idyl," by Charles Turner, represents Cupid in *fur*—this is rather hard to grasp at first, but to the poet all things are lawful! "The Active Militia of Canada," by Lieut. John H. Woodside, will be read with interest by all Canadians. The number is a bright one and well fitted for this season of the year.

*The Century* for January, 1892. Mr. Richard Wheatley opens this number with an article entitled, "The Jews in New York." "The face of the Jew is toward the future, but whether the future will bring repatriation is a matter of indifference to the reformer. He wills none of it. 'New York is my Jerusalem,' he says; 'the United States of America is my country. In fact my Jerusalem is wherever I am doing well. I don't want to go to Canaan and would not if I could.'" How different is this from the cry of that greater Jew, from the voice of Heine: "Paris is the New Jerusalem, and the Rhine is the Jordan

which separates the Children of Light from the land of the Philistines." However *existence* is necessary both to Greek and Philistine; to the hackneyed *il faut vivre*, one can never reply to *oneself*, "I don't see the necessity." Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier continue "The Naulahka" in this number; this by itself should prove an unfailing attraction. "Andrea Del Sarto," by W. J. Stillman, is an interesting account of that great Italian. "Custer's Last Battle" is ably and concisely written; Capt. E. S. Godfrey does not explain the causes of Custer's defeat; what he does prove is, that a battle was altogether unavoidable. General James B. Fry has some "Comments" on the previous paper, which are well worth reading. "Gounod in Italy and Germany," by Charles François Gounod, contains some charming word-pictures of Rome, Venice and Vienna. His illness at Berlin is touched upon with truly French *sang-froid*. "The Cloud-Maiden," by William Wilfred Campbell, is pretty. Amongst much more that is well worth perusal in this number may be mentioned the "Sonnet on the Sonnet," by Inigo Deane.

*THE Forum* (January, 1892) opens with a paper from the pen of Judge Frank McGloin, entitled "The Louisiana Lottery: Shall its Charter be Renewed?" This is followed by "A History of the Company," an ably-written article by J. C. Wickliffe. The latter shows in a very concise form exactly what the "power" is which the anti-lottery men of Louisiana have got to fight. Dr. F. H. Geffekins has a paper on "The Pope and the Future of the Papacy." That the question is a difficult, well-nigh an unsolvable one, none will deny, and Dr. Geffekins does not approach it in an intollerant spirit. "We come to the conclusion that a normal solution of the Papal question is impossible. Notwithstanding all inconveniences the Papacy and Italian Kingship are condemned to live on the same spot, and a change in the person of the Supreme Pontiff will alter nothing." What is possible is the maintenance of the *modus vivendi* established by the law of guarantees. "Brazil: The Late Crisis and its Causes," by Courtenay De Kalb. "It seems certain that Brazil has passed through a crisis which has settled satisfactorily the permanence of her Republican form of government," says Mr. De Kalb, and, "now that the stress is over," he prophesies for Brazil a renewed commerce and a destiny in accordance with the hopes of her truest statesmen. This number contains, amongst much that is excellent, an article by the Rev. Dr. C. A. Briggs, entitled "Theological Education and its Needs." "The Health of the Survivors of the War," by Dr. John S. Billings, and "American Homes," by Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer. In this last paper, a very good comparison is drawn between the ideas of men of the Anglo-Saxon blood, and those of men of the Latin race, in respect to that solid British *entity* comfort! The issue is a good one and a very fitting commencement of the year.

*THE Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1892, commences the New Year with the name of Marion Crawford upon its table of contents. "Don Orsino" is the title of this able writer's contribution. A paper of Emerson's, spring, 1861, entitled "Boston," appears in this number; it is a eulogy at once Greek and Hebraic. Let us listen to the voice through the void of thirty years. "Here stands to-day as of yore our little city of the rocks; here let her stand forever, on the man-bearing granite of the North! Let her stand fast by herself! She has grown great." It is not Homer or David who is speaking, it is Emerson of the nineteenth century; and yet the rhythmic simplicity of the words and the exaltation of the fervour carry in them something of both. "James Russell Lowell," by Henry James, is a most interesting paper upon this great American poet. He is dead, but the deeds and the words are they dead also? Not so. "There is nothing ineffectual in his name and fame—they stand for delightful things. He is one of the happy figures of literature," says Mr. Henry James, and in these few words he has said much. Unlike Gray, James Russell Lowell has "spoken out," unlike Alfred de Musset he has kept time with the pulse of humanity. "Birds and 'Birds,'" by Edith M. Thomas, opening as it does with a chorus of Aristophanes through the medium of Swinburne, is very brightly written. "The Ring of Canace" is a graceful little poem which need make no apology to anyone. C. Marion D. Towers contributes an interesting paper entitled "John Stuart Mill and the London and Westminster Review." The latter contains some letters which one can hardly imagine to have been written by that "cold logical engine," John Stuart Mill! "The Greatest Need of College Girls," by Annie Payson Call, is a forcibly written appeal against mental over-pressure. Physical training is necessary. "A Woman's education should prepare her to hold to the best of her ability whatever position life may offer." These words are both wise and true. The author is to be congratulated for having pleaded a good cause in a manner at once clear and brilliant. "Why Socialism appeals to Artists," by Walter Crane, is a well written and at times eloquent attack upon "The Gods of Cash and Comfort." The number is a good one and deserves more comment than our space will permit.

*THE North American Review* for January, 1892, contains much interesting matter. Andrew Lang contributes an article entitled "French Novels and French Life," which is well worth perusal by all Anglo-Saxons. The author reminds us of the fact that the French novel is essentially more an account of Parisian than of French life. We think it is M. Taine who says that when we speak of France we speak of Paris, just as when we speak

of a man it is of his head, and not *par example* of his feet. Still, the provinces have an existence, and it is there, as a recent writer remarks, that the sound backbone of France is to be found. Andrew Lang, however, goes a step further: "We must remember that French novels represent life less as it is than as Parisians like to have it represented." This is both wise and tolerant; all is not rank and rotten in the great capital; let us discriminate between Frenchmen (and women) and French novels! "Wages in Mexico," by M. Romero, is written with conciseness and lucidity. "The Pardoning Power," by Governor Hill, is powerfully written. "It has been tersely said, 'that the very notion of mercy implies the accuracy of the claims of justice.'" In this spirit Governor Hill faces the difficult problem which has two phases; one of weakness and ill-control, the other of that relentless sternness so earnestly pleaded against by Portia in the "Merchant of Venice"; between this Scylla and Charybdis it is necessary for the executive to steer. "The Darker Side," from the pen of Lady Henry Somerset, is an appeal at once touching and terrible against the awful degradation of human beings in the heart of England's civilized capital. "Whether drink causes poverty, or poverty drink, is a matter over which philanthropists may wrangle. For my part, I have never had a doubt, and this is what my experience has taught me"; and the author proceeds to raise the veil, and a picture is seen which is all the more horrible because one feels that it is true. Theodore Voorhees contributes an article entitled "Ninety Miles in Eighty-nine Minutes." As the author remarks, "One can hardly appreciate what this means until one sits by the engineer's side and sees it done." Again: "Great generals are born, not made; so it is with fine engineers." The paper is well and clearly written, and points out that no efficiency of the locomotives would accomplish these high results without the "fidelity, skill, ingenuity and trustworthiness of the men in charge of them—our locomotive engineers." The issue is a good one all through.

*Lippincott's Monthly Magazine* for January, 1892, opens with "The Passing of Major Kilgore," told by the city editor. The story is smartly written from beginning to end, chapter vii. ("The Morals of Pie") being especially good. "The Editor-in-Chief," by Col. Alex. K. McClure, is good. The Colonel compares the editor-in-chief of a great daily newspaper and the editor-in-chief of the oldtime weekly, and concludes that the main difference is in the fact that the former is held responsible for that over which he can exercise no control whatever. "Great Pan is Dead," by Henry Peterson, shows that worship is essentially subjective:—

Take comfort, soul, for know, indeed,  
That great Pan never dies!

It is the soul, the idea, the *τὸ εἶναι* which ever lives; in which sense "Great Pan" has something more than a Pagan significance. About two or three times a year, at regular intervals, a well-known magazine bewails the fact that courtesy, in the oldtime sense, at any rate, is becoming a thing of the past. In this number Amelia E. Barr, in a paper entitled "The Decline of Politeness," condescends to give reasons for such a decline. *Autres temps, autres mœurs*, our great-grandfathers could bow—they certainly had a *je ne sais quoi* which does not belong to us, but then, as the writer ingeniously remarks, "One hundred years ago men had not to compete with steam and electricity." Again, "A very courteous man is a bore"; perhaps so, but he belongs to a rare, almost extinct, order of bores; he is an anomaly and consequently interesting. "Most social evils are retrievable, unless women take part in them." This is undeniable, but we are told that they have allowed the tone of society to be lowered. The reason of it all is "The very element of rivalry makes chivalry meaningless and impossible." The author ends her interesting and able paper with these lines, the truth of which should not altogether be lost sight of even in an age of steam and electricity:—

Love's perfect blossom only blows  
Where noble manners veil defect:  
Angels may be familiar; those  
Who err, each other must respect.

"With the Gloves," by Daniel L. Dawson, gives some valuable pointers on the fistic art. The same author contributes a poem entitled "A Fragment," some lines of which are singularly happy, both in force and expression. John B. Tabb contributes a pretty little poem, "At Dawn." "The Interpreter" (Sidney Woollett), by Julian Hawthorne. This is a paper which requires really careful reading. The author attacks "Delsartism," which we may roughly define as the mastery of the mechanism of the emotions. There are three things indispensable, according to Mr. Hawthorne, which Delsartism does not give, viz., spontaneity, sincerity and individuality. These qualities, he tells us, are possessed by Mr. Woollett. "Between the analytic and the creative attitude the gulf is just as wide as that between death and life." This fact, for it is a fact, is the solution of the whole question. The article is a very good one, and deserves to be classed among the best in an excellent issue.

A ST. PETERSBURG correspondent says that in the Ural district, in Orenburg, Astrakhan, Stavropol, Taurida, and in the south part of Donge, as well as in Krim and Samara, the camel is used for field labour with good results. Many farms have no other working cattle. Some large farms possess 100 or more camels, which do all the work in the fields.