

umes of about 150 pages each, printed on heavy paper, and sell for seventy-five cents. One is the *Balladist* by John Geddie; another, *Allan Ramsay*, by Oliphant Smeaton; and the third, *Hugh Miller*, by W. Keith Leask. Within comparatively small compass, the biographers seem to have acquitted themselves worthily. Scotsmen, proud of the literary achievements of their countrymen, will hail this series, in which, without wearying themselves, they may make or renew acquaintance with the best names in Scottish bibliography. It is a far step from Allan Ramsay and the *Balladists* to Hugh Miller, but the *perfidum ingenium* is in them all, and, as the showman said in answer to the question on the panorama, "Which is Wellington and which is Napoleon,"—"Whichever you likes, my little dears; you pays your money and you takes your chice."

Good people who like sermonic reading will cheerfully pay three-quarters of a dollar for the Fleming H. Revell Company's 180 page book entitled *The Master's Indwelling*. Its author is the Rev. Andrew Murray, a well-known evangelist of the Keswick school. He does good work in South Africa, but it puzzles one to know how he finds time to write so many books, and still more, how he finds readers. The addresses that make up *The Master's Indwelling*, were delivered at Northfield, Mr. Moody's Keswick. They are all very good and edifying, but such as almost any truly godly minister might have written. There must be something in the personality of the man that invests religious commonplaces with the charm that many people profess to find in Mr. Murray's writings. When he speaks of every ugly dark Kaffir of a trial as a welcome messenger from Jesus, he may be right, as when Paul's thorn in the flesh, though a messenger of Satan, was divinely permitted, but it is well to give the devil his due, and lay ugly burdens on the right shoulders. It is no mark of true piety to miscall God and his Christ. To make God responsible for sickness, losses, bereavement, and the malice of