

Magazine of Christian Literature has a trenchant paper on The Higher Criticism, by Dr. M. H. Green, of Princeton, in which there is a great deal of truth. Many pages are taken up with Spurgeon and Manning, and the Church and Labour Problems. Dr. Schauffer on Rescue Mission Work is a good practical paper. One of the best things in Kipling's Naulahka, now appearing in The Century, is the unconscious testimony it gives to the value of Indian missions, and more especially to that of the labours of female missionaries. The March number delights the eye of the ecclesiologist with its illustration of St. Paul's Cathedral, presents Paderewski to the musician, and has a paper for thoughtful readers, by E. C. Stedman, on the Nature and Elements of Poetry. The Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archæology are still feeble. The President, P. le Page Renouf, discourses on a monument dug up at Norwood, in Surrey, which turns out to be that of the ambassador of Rameses the Great to the Hittites. No conjecture is offered as to how it came to England and found its way under ground. Professor Maspero learnedly investigates the genealogies of the Egyptian Thothmes, and decides that Thothmes III. was the son of Thothmes II. and Queen Makeri, or rather Materi, as I have already fully indicated, but he represents Thothmes II. as the son of Thothmes I. He was not: he was his grandson. The Rev. C. J. Ball's Babylonian Deed of Sale, and Glimpses of Babylonian Religion, present nothing new or of much interest. The Talker's journalistic work, so far as the COLLEGE JOURNAL is concerned, is over for another six months, and his brain will be unracked for a time with fears of monthly demands for criticisms on invisible books. He has to thank a few kind friends for helping him out of an occasional depth of literary poverty, and the editors and readers of the JOURNAL for their generous reception of the fare he has been able to provide. There is doubtless room for improvement in the Talks of the future, and that in many ways, but, morally, he concludes those of the present session with a conscience as clear as his editorial shelf.

Two books have reached me since I sent in the Talks to the Editor-in-Chief. One of those is a very tasteful volume of 132 pages, published by Messrs. Hart & Company of Toronto. As a work of art it does the publishers great credit. The title of the book is Songs of the Human, and its poet author is the Rev. William P. Mackenzie, now of East Avon, N.Y. Some time ago the Talker had some words to say regarding Voices and Undertones, Mr. Mackenzie's previous volume of verse, and found occasion to rally the poet on the cheerfulness of his muse then as compared with her who presided over a Song of Trust. Alas, this can no longer be done, for the present collection is inscribed to one departed, who was the chief source of the poet's inspiration. Yet, if, as Shelley said, "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought," there should be positive advance in this record of bereavement, and such indeed may be found. The collection is a