

secular hills, many of them, tower high above it ; and, if the preacher only knew it, there are longing eyes in his congregation looking away from the pulpit up to these unlicensed hills. The Talker has just awakened to the fact that the name of the author whose book is under discussion is Hillis. He had no intention of imitating Dr. Mountain, who, preaching before the king, with a view to preferment, took for his text, "If ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea ; it shall be done."

Now, Dr. Hillis calls upon literature to preach to the Church. He brings into the pulpit Ruskin with his *Seven Lamps*, more potent than *Alladdin's* ; George Eliot and Hawthorne to point morals through *Tito* in *Romola* and the *Scarlet Letter* ; Victor Hugo to exhibit the Christ-power in *Jean Valjean* ; Tennyson and Browning to paint spiritual lights and shadows in the *Idylls* and *Saul* ; Drummond to reconcile religion and science ; the Earl of Shaftesbury to teach human brotherhood, Frances Willard to indicate woman's sphere in social reform ; Livingstone as a model of Christian heroism ; and Gladstone, the Christian scholar in politics. Two of these, Livingstone and Drummond, were ecclesiastics, but it was not their ecclesiasticism that made them spiritual powers. Dr. Hillis' book is delightful reading, and to a virile mind conveys far more soul instruction than many volumes filled with ordinary religious talk and pious ejaculation. His other publication of the month, a booklet, as the Revell Company calls it, is "Right Living as a Fine Art, a Study of Channing's Symphony as an Outline of the Ideal Life and Character." It is an elegant square duodecimo of 52 pages, with initial letters, bound in decorated boards, and its price is half a dollar. Channing was, like Everett and Emerson, a unitarian minister, and belonged to the first half of the nineteenth century. His religious connection would be enough to make some zealous trinitarians exclaim *Anathema Maranatha* ! The trouble about using this terrible curse is that all good Unitarians do love the Lord Jesus Christ, although by some strange mental obliquity, as we think, they cannot grasp His original divinity. Among men there never was a gentler soul