

left the college during the year, and settled in pastoral charges, making three hundred and eighty-three students who had entered the ministry from the college, besides evangelists, colporteurs and others. Mr. Spurgeon stated that he could at once find places for thirty or forty qualified men, if he had them. The amount collected for the year exceeded \$8,370 00. Twenty thousand persons have been baptized in nine years by ministers trained at this college.

We conclude our Monthly summary with an incident in the career of the celebrated Father Ignatius, who just before preaching his sermon,

gave out the well-known hymn of Dr. Watts, "When I survey the wondrous cross," the last verse of which is very expressive:

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

When the hymn was ended the preacher arose, and slowly repeated the last line, "Demands my soul, my life, my all." Then looking round, he added, "Well, I am surprised to hear you sing that. Do you know that altogether you have only put fifteen shillings (three dollars) into the bag this morning." The effect of such a comment on such a fact may be well imagined.

BOOK NOTICES.

Around the Tea Table. By the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co; Toronto: S. Rose.

THE conception of Dr. Talmage's book is a very good one. A group of persons are supposed to meet around a social board, to quaff the "fragrant lymph" and discuss the affairs of the universe. There is the genial Dr. Butterfield, the pugnacious Mr. Givemfits, the pleasant Miss Smiley, the acerb Miss Stinger, the obtuse Dr. Heavyasbricks, the oracular Mr. Wiseman, and inquisitive young Quizzle; with Dr. and Mrs. Talmage as host and hostess. With such a range of characters and unlimited variety of topics one might expect quite vivacious table-talk. We are sorry, however, to say that we found it rather dull. The author seems to lack the dramatic faculty. The guests seem to be all Dr. Talmages, with different names. There are occasional explosions of fun, but chiefly of the fire-cracker sort—abundance of noise, without much "sweetness and

light." Perhaps, however, a more vivid imagination may perceive the humour that has eluded our detection. The book is, in fact, a collection of newspaper articles in the author's peculiar vein, introduced and concluded with a short conversation. There are occasional flashes of wit and gleams of poetry, with some rather galvanic jokes, exaggerated metaphors, and what may be called, we suppose, a sort of religious slang. We believe Dr. Talmage is an excellent man, and that he is doing a noble work in Brooklyn—and few places apparently need it more—but as a model of a good English style we cannot commend him. His book suggests unfavourable contrast with the wit and wisdom of a series of breakfast-table sederunts with a gifted poet and professor, unfortunately not as orthodox as witty; and with the "Star Papers" of another Brooklyn pastor. This English edition is a marvel of cheapness—364 pages, with a picture of the tea-table—Dr. Talmage and all, a capital likeness, for sixty cents. We can only explain this