

Him." That is the kind of new theology the world wants, and really it is not new, but old as the everlasting hills, if men only had the common sense and spiritual insight to accept it.

A little book with an individuality of its own, is Miss Alexia Agnes Vial's "Grim Truth." Miss Vial is a Canadian lady, and her neat, small quarto of 38 pages is published by Messrs. Lovell & Son, of Montreal. It is the humorous account of an epidemic that fell upon a Canadian town, which compelled people of all ranks and conditions to speak to one another the unvarnished, or as the author calls it, the grim truth. The consequences of this involuntary truthfulness are in many cases disastrous, in some highly satisfactory, and in all amusing. The writer's style is at times a trifle "staccato," and there is abruptness in the finish of the sketch, as if matter had suddenly failed, but the little book denotes ability, and some degree of literary culture and knowledge of human nature.

The latest "Bulletins of the Societe d' Ethnographie of Paris," contain much information, but the chief items of interest are a discourse on the Negro Race by M. Benito Sylvain, of Haiti, and one by M. G. Eloff, on "American Archaeology." The Marquis de Rosny is still president of this well-known society, and his introduction of M. Sylvain is as eloquent and instructive as are his usual utterances. The January number of the "Queen's Quarterly" has some good thoughts by Dr. Watson, in his continuation of "Dante and Mediaeval Thought." He speaks of "the mediaeval conception of the untameable forces of Nature as manifestations of diabolic malice. The outward phenomenon is apprehended with absolute precision, but behind it is the agency of the Evil Will which is hostile to man. Nor is this a solitary case: there is not in 'Dante,' so far as I know, any instance in which the harsh or terrible forces of nature are conceived as divine." Dante was a long way ahead

of most moderns. January's "Cosmopolitan" contains E. W. Bok's article on "The Young Man and the Church," in which he shews that young men will go to church if they find spiritual food in the pulpit. They won't go to hear the prodigal son, nor "Be good!" nor negative sermons for men only, nor pew thrashings from pulpit bullies which only stir up their fighting blood. They will go to learn about God and His revelation in Christ, about His way of peace, and the manly, honorable Christian life in Him; but want no rant, twaddle, goody sweetstuff, or pulpit impertinence. If a minister has not common sense and courtesy, he should not be in the pulpit at all, thinks Mr. Bok, and others think so too. The "Pall Mall Magazine," for the same month, has Bret Harte's "Judgment of Bolinas Plain," one of those strange western stories of his, in which much of evil, that some writers would hardly dare put on paper, is combined with elements of goodness and tenderness that attest the common grace vouchsafed to all of humanity in greater or less measure. It has been Bret Harte's mission to make prominent the light that shines in darkness. The last two numbers of "McClure's Magazine," present articles by Professor Henry Drummond, on the evangelist Moody. As sketches of his life, work, and methods, the articles are of much interest. Professor Drummond's appreciation of Mr. Moody's character, grasp of truth, and usefulness, is generous in the extreme. There must be very many points on which the two men cannot think alike, and on some the Talker can think with neither; but he admires the generous spirit of a liberal minded man towards one who, in his last Montreal appearance, showed himself decidedly narrow. It is hard even for good men at times to forbear from speaking to the gallery, but I had hoped that Mr. Moody was among the last men to cater for applause from such a source.

My old friends of the Smithsonian In-