

## BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

*The Canadian Monthly.*

Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co.

The September number of the "Canadian Monthly" contains: "A Visit to the Dolomites," by W. D. Reed; "William Cullen Bryant," by H. L. Spencer; "The Haunted Hotel," by Wilkie Collins; "Humour," by Edgar Fawcett; "A Quarrel with the Nineteenth Century," by M. J. Griffin; "The Whip-poor-will," by Hon W C Howells; "Woman's Work," by *Fidelis*; "The Monks of Thelema," by Walter Besant and James Rice; "One of Canada's Heroines," by John Reade; "Matthew Arnold as a Poet" by Walter Townsend; "A Stray Leaf from an Old Diary," by J. M. Le Moine; "An Animated Molecule and its Nearest Relatives," by Daniel Clark, M.D.; "New Aspects of the Copyright Question," by G. Mercer Adam; Round the Table; Current Literature. The first article is illustrated by a number of cuts representing some very picturesque mountain scenery. The paper on "Woman's Work," by *Fidelis*, is a strong plea for the recognition of the intellectual equality of the sexes and for the admission of women to the professions. In "A Stray Leaf from an Old Diary," Mr. Le Moine gives to the world some interesting reminiscences of Louis Joseph Papineau and the events of 1837 in Quebec. Mr. Griffin, in his "Quarrel with the Nineteenth Century," points out many evils which have crept in the political system and disturbed the relations between the State and the people; but the two main points are, "the decay of the principle of authority" and "the decay of the virtue of obedience." The general character and tone of the articles in the present number shew that the magazine is carefully edited, and that the improvements made in connection with its new departure are permanent. It certainly combines the best features of both the old magazines.

*An Animated Molecule and its Nearest Relations.*

By Daniel Clark, M.D.

In the shape of a well got up pamphlet, we have here an essay read before the American Association of Medical Superintendents of Asylums for the Insane, at Washington, D.C., on the 10th of May, 1878, by Dr. Clark, Medical Superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane, Toronto. In this essay the doctor combats the materialistic views of Huxley, Tyndall, and some other physicists. His knowledge of chemistry, his surgical experience, and his experience in dealing with the insane, render him well qualified to discuss such a subject. He furnishes many proofs of the hypothesis that mental action, apart from sensation, is not the result of any change or movement among the particles of matter composing the brain, but rather the cause of them. These items of proof collected in the course of a professional man's experience, will be of great value to metaphysicians. But Dr. Clark advances a theory of his own to account for mental life and action which may perhaps be considered by some as only a sort of refined materialism. The basis is electricity or magnetism. Of this the doctor thinks he has found a "development" or "higher manifestation" which he calls "Vitalism," and a still higher form which he calls "Psychism." In one place he speaks of the "ego" as "the highest development of that entity called magnetism;" and in another place he says: "Thus far I have indicated salient points in the phenomena of magnetism, and the analogous, but more varied force, which I have designated *vitalism*. The latter always includes the former as a substantial energy. We can see that in *psychism* the two former are necessary to the latter, and that the trinity is indispensable to mental existence—shall I say—being mental life itself." No, don't say it, doctor; at least, don't say it is *mind*. We are going to believe in this twice-refined electric fluid and think it quite possible that it has a great deal to do with making things lively among the "molecules" and with carrying orders along the nerves to distant parts of the body and bringing news back; but there is an operator somewhere; the mind sits enthroned above and beyond all these physical arrangements, no matter to what extent they are multiplied.

THERE never was a jar of discord between genuine sentiment and common sense, never did nature say one thing and reason another.—*Burke*.

## MORNING GLORIES.

Oh, dainty daughters of the dawn, most delicate of flowers.  
How fitly do ye come to deck day's most delicious hours!  
Evoked by morning's earliest breath, your fragile cups unfold  
Before the light has cleft the sky, or edged the world with gold.

Before luxurious butterflies and moths are yet astir,  
Before the careless breeze has snapped the leaf-hung gossamer,  
While speared dewdrops yet unquaffed by thirsty insect-thieves,  
Broader with rows of diamonds the edges of the leaves.

Ye drink from day's overflowing brim, nor ever dream of noon,  
With bashful nod ye greet the sun, whose flattery scorches soon;  
Your trumpets trembling to the touch of humming-bird and bee,  
In tender trepidation sweet, and fair timidity.

No flower in the garden hath so wide a choice of hue,—  
The deepest purple dyes are yours, the tenderest tints of blue;  
While some are colorless as light, some flushed incarnadine,  
And some are clouded crimson, like a goblet stained with wine.

Ye hold not in your calm, cool hearts the passion of the rose,  
Ye do not own the haughty pride the regal lily knows;  
But ah, what blossom has the charm, the purity of this,  
Which shrinks before the tenderest love, and dies beneath a kiss?

In this wide garden of the world, where he is wise who knows  
The bramble from the sweet-brier, the nettle from the rose,  
Some lives there are which seem like these, as sensitive and fair,  
As far from thought of sin or shame, as free from stain or care.

The fairest are most fragile still, the world of being through,  
The finest spirits faint before they lose life's morning dew.  
The trials and the toils of time touch not their tender truth.  
For, ere earth's stain can cloud them, they achieve immortal youth.

—*Littell's Living Age.*

## A PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

A young girl was sent by her father, some years ago, from one of the towns of the Lebanon to a convent in Damascus. At home she had been quite serious and religious, so far as she knew her duty; but in her new position she devoted herself with great enthusiasm to all the peccances and requirements of the order of which she had become a member.

She had heard of the Bible, but had never seen a copy. Often did she ask of her Superiors to be allowed the reading of God's Word, and as often was her request disregarded. She was told that there were other things far more important for her to do to advance her spiritual interests. After a time, for some reason, her father took her from the convent and brought her to his home. Not long after she was married. One day she visited the bazaar of her native place seeking for cloth for a dress. While examining the goods shown her in one of the shops, her attention was directed to the shop on the other side of the street. She very quietly and innocently inquired what was held for sale in the shop opposite. She was told that it was a book shop and that Bibles were for sale there. She at once put down the piece of cloth she was examining, and crossing the street entered the shop and asked to see a Bible. The bookseller took one from the shelf and handed it to her, she took the book and opened it with eager curiosity. After examining it for a little time, she told the bookseller how long she had desired to have a Bible, but had never seen a copy before. "I should like to have this Bible to my house," she said. "I cannot pay you for it to-day, but if you will trust me, I will see that the money reaches you." She then gave the names of her father and husband, as a guaranty that the book would be paid for or returned to the shop. The salesman saw, in the eagerness of the young woman to possess the word of God, that she was to be trusted, and told her to take the book and read it carefully. With rapid steps she hastened back to her home and began at once to read the precious word. She gave all the time at her command to its study. She became more and more interested in what she read and persuaded her husband to join her, and he became almost as enthusiastic as his wife in the examination of Bible doctrines. The Lord blessed them both in the study of his truth. They gave themselves to their Saviour in an everlasting covenant, and are now members of the evangelical church in Zahleh, and are co-workers in leading others to the Fountain that they may drink of the waters of life from the same source whence their thirst was quenched.—*Bible Society Record.*

## CURRENT OPINIONS.

TRUE politeness is the outside of true piety.—*Evangelist*.  
As a rule, the worst business that a Christian worker can be in is to be aiming simply at present results.—*Morning Star*.

We do not live in vain, if we only show by the failure of our experiment where truth is not to be found.—*Rev. Dr. H. L. Wayland*.

If Christians are honored and ordained to be fishers of men, it is very certain that they are catching very few in our great cities.—*Baptist Weekly*.

THERE is no reforming agency like the living gospel in the hands of a faithful Christian ministry and of a living church.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

A CHRISTIAN's life is not a Drummond-light to show off a street-parade; but a pharos on a headland to save imperilled seagoing.—*Rev. Dr. Charles Wadsworth*.

I should not be forgotten that intolerance of the fiercest kind is manifested by infidelity, and in no others does it take more hostile attitudes.—*Presbyterian Banner*.

EXCEPT the large culture of the higher powers of the soul, there is nothing we need more to insist upon as a remedy for skepticism than sound scholarship.—*Joseph Cook*.

A "WORK" that does not prompt a man to pay his debts in this world, affords too unsubstantial wings with which to sweep the solemn space beyond the veil.—*Zion's Herald*.

Is any good end served by the publication in the daily newspapers, in a conspicuous place, of the vileness and brutality of the country day after day?—*Christian Intelligencer*.

THE Christian has no leisure, in the sense in which worldly men use the word. They mean by it, time which is their own, to do what they please with it. But he is never off duty.—*Watchman*.

ARE we to have no representatives of a higher public sentiment and of more permanent principles than can be furnished by professional politicians and avowed partisans?—*Standard of the Cross*.

IF men would give themselves to serious meditation on the teachings of Christ, letting all other sources of suggestion on this subject alone, a good deal of worse than useless speculation would come to an end.—*Watchman*.

WE use the world as not abusing it when we thankfully enjoy the blessing of Divine providence in it. It is not only the region of existence, but of enjoyment; not only of life, but of pleasure.—*Presbyterian Journal*.

WHAT is Kearney living on—his laid-up money, or the contributions of workmen? If the former, he is a "bloated capitalist;" if the latter, he is getting wages for a day's work neither fair nor decent.—*Brooklyn Union Argus*.

WHEN shall we relieve the burial of our beloved dead of the odious publicities and hard formalities which too often now attend it, and confine the sacredness of family sorrow at its bitterest, within the family alone?—*Congregationalist*.

How many gentlemen of this city whose yearly incomes are \$10,000 and upwards, consider it any part of their duty to help rule this city? And how much "Kearneyism" would it take to reduce those incomes fifty per cent?—*New York Mail*.

REPUTATION is the dust which the frightened swine may raise in the highway; character is the unwasting diamond that shines for ages in the crown of royalty. Reputation is the breath of the crowd; character is the verdict of God.—*Christian Advocate*.

WORDS that have not been thought of in advance by the speaker are not likely to be thought of afterwards by the hearers. Until time has been taken to get something worth saying into one's mind, time is lost in trying to get it out again.—*Sunday School Times*.

TEN women sell their birthright for dress and luxury where one weakly yields through love or is betrayed by deceit. These facts indicate what is the remedy. It is in a more faithful, more efficient, more Christian home training.—*Examiner and Chronicle*.

It is essential, not only that a man should think he is right, but that he should be right. "Take heed, therefore, that the light which is in thee be not darkness," is an injunction that the best-intentioned man in the world would do well to heed.—*Sunday School Times*.

WE protest against that senseless misconception which regards the farmer or the mechanic as the only workingman; and would even by a thoughtless expression, seem to concede to him rights, and demand for him privileges, which other toilers do not share.—*Examiner and Chronicle*.

THE books that are written to annihilate the Bible are continually sinking into oblivion, and the question concerning them will soon be the one which Burke put in his day—Who reads them? Ask the booksellers what has become of all these lights of the world?—*Central Presbyterian*.

DISCOVERY is coming to be regarded as the crime. It is time to call things by their right names; to define a thief as one who takes what is not his, and to regard the act more and its assumed motive less; to restore the old and bold line between honesty and dishonesty.—*New York Times*.

I AM no fanatic, I hope, as to Sunday; but I look abroad over the map of popular freedom in the world, and it does not seem to me accidental that Switzerland, Scotland, England, and the United States, the countries which best observe Sunday, constitute almost the entire map of safe popular government.—*Joseph Cook*.

HE is an insane man, and an enemy to the laborer and to the community, who simply uses an unlicensed and incendiary tongue to arouse the passions of men and combine the ignorant and vicious classes of the community in a crusade against civilization and the rights of others who, by industry, thrift, and temperance, have accumulated property.—*Zion's Herald*.