

Book Notices.

Wendell Phillips, Agitator. By CARLOS MARTYN. Pp. 600. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: R. Berkinshaw, 86 Bay Street. Price \$1.50.

"Wendell Phillips," says the author of this book, "was a citizen of the twentieth century sent as a sample to us of the nineteenth. There is not in biography another character more profoundly interesting and instructive, whether judged by the length, variety, influence or genius of his life. This man was unique. Fredrica Bremer said long ago, 'The anti-slavery struggle will be the romance of American history.' But where was there in the American controversy a more heroic figure than Wendell Phillips. He stood the Admirable Crichton of progress. Would any man understand this century? Would he catch fire with one of the purest, ablest, most inspiring of men? Let him study and emulate the career of Wendell Phillips."

This estimate of his biographer will scarcely be thought too high by candid students of this life. Its writer is, of course, an enthusiastic admirer of his subject. He confesses that as he has written, "he has dipped his pen in his heart for ink; he has made an effort to open the window into the man's soul so that the world may look in;" and he claims that the deeper the insight, the greater will be the admiration for the agitator's talents and reverence for his character.

Wendell Phillips came of good old Puritan stock—of the bluest blood of Boston. One of his playmates was J. Lothrop Motley, who became the famous historian. The boy was fed upon Puritan traditions, and imbibed therefrom heroic principles. When he was fourteen years old he heard Dr. Lyman Beecher preach on the theme, "You belong to God." He went home from the church,

threw himself on the floor with locked doors and prayed, "O God, I belong to Thee, take what is Thine own." The act was the key of his character—the inspiration of his life. He was a brilliant student at Harvard. He studied law, and opened an office in Boston.

One day in October, 1835, he looked out of his office window and saw a mob dragging Garrison, the Abolitionist, through the streets with shouts of "Kill him!" "Lynch him!" That scene made him an Abolitionist. He soon married a wife as zealous a champion for the slave as himself. They were soon "cut dead" by the fashionable circles of Boston. He became a social outcast and pariah—a man everywhere spoken against, the despised "friend of niggers." He soon made himself heard and felt. His eloquence rang through Faneuil Hall in rebuke of slavery. He flung himself into the anti-slavery contest—and a hot contest it was. He became agent of the Massachusetts Anti-slavery Society, and spent the best years of his life in pleading the cause of the oppressed and enslaved.

He was the champion of every moral reform—of temperance, of labour reform, of woman suffrage—and a strong opponent of capital punishment. He died in 1884, full of years and full of honours, happy in this that most of the great reforms for which he had spent his life he had seen accomplished before he died. Three of his lectures are given in this book, "The Lost Arts," a brilliant performance which we heard delivered in this city; "Daniel O'Connell," and "A Scholar in the Republic." An excellent portrait accompanies the volume. A fine sonnet of Lowell's is a worthy tribute to Wendell Phillips:

"He stood upon the world's broad threshold; wide