

nounce shams and errors in theory and practice, in science and philosophy, in education, and in literature and society, no matter whom she may hit. There is something decidedly fresh and entertaining in such a writer. You cannot but admire her pluck, her womanly tact, her lively and earnest manner, her mingling of fact and imagination, even where you are not convinced by her arguments, or stunned by her heavy blows, which fall thick and fast all about you. The book is destined to have a phenomenal run, and introduce the "Mistress of the White House" into thousands of households all over this fair land, and give an additional interest to the Administration which at present presides over our national affairs.

H. L. Hastings (Boston). "The Corruptions of the New Testament," by H. L. Hastings Editor of "The Christian." A brief and admirable compend of argument in favor of the authenticity and integrity of the New Testament books. In eighty pages are condensed the substance of many tomes, and the facts, the statements, the arguments, are presented in a telling way. It is a book that ought to have a wide circulation a day like this.

Periodicals.

Bibliotheca Sacra (July). Among the more noticeable articles we specify "The Old Testament Covenant," by Prof. Schodde; "Astronomical Mysteries," by Dr. E. F. Burr; and "Philosophy in Space," by Prof. Campbell, of Dartmouth. Dr. Burr's paper is a grand one. With wonderful power of language and illustration does he set forth the *mysteriousness* of the universe. As applied to *space* and *duration*, he says: "Infinite space itself inhabits eternity. The stars inhabit both of these shadowy mansions as nothing on the earth does. Each earthly thing, of course, exists in space and time; but how small a part of either does it occupy? Its place is but a point amid the endless regions about it; its time (that during which it remains the same thing), but a moment amid outlying eternities. But the stars occupy and reign in space and duration more largely and durably than any other objects of physical science. Even the soul of man is inferior in this respect; for though, in common with the stellar hosts, it may be expected to inherit all the future, it inherits infinitely less than they of the past. For aught that appears, all space is populous with worlds; for aught that appears, there never has been, and never will be, a moment without the presence in it of created worlds. The uncreated and indestructible amphitheatre of duration in which the stars run their courses, and the absence of which is inconceivable, is equally august and infinite with that of space, and equally unintelligible. They are twin mysteries—great cloudy homes, within whose coincident and sublime architectures dwell all other mysteries, all created Nature, and even the Supernatural." And so of size: "On the earth we find things mysteriously

ly small; in the heavens things mysteriously large. Here we have not merely inanimate atoms that are inconceivably minute but also living beings furnished with all the organs of sense in the highest perfection, and yet barely visible as so organized under a microscope magnifying two hundred and fifty thousand times. And how far may even these living infinitesimals be from the last minims of animated Nature! On the other hand, peering up through the night, we discover a world to which our earth is almost a nothing—twelve thousand million times greater—also a system of worlds within which could be packed away, at average star-distances from one another, the cube of that number of such spheres—nay, a system that actually embraces within its glorious round the whole materialism and spiritualism of the universe. There is magnitude for you!" So also of *motion*. When the motion of atoms revolving in orbits about their common centre of gravity is seen to be "incessant as well as universal, and sometimes at the rate of more than 180,000 miles a second; when it means the transfer through space of huge worlds and huger systems of worlds at the rate of 50,000 and even 1,200,000 miles an hour; where such a motion as this is combined with a thousand other motions woven together inextricably and yet never interfering with one another and separately calculable—as when a moon moves on its axis, also around its planet, also around the sun, also around the sun's centre of revolution, and so on indefinitely; when each of these motions has superimposed on itself myriads of other motions called *perturbations* struggling toward all points of the compass; we find ourselves as much lost in this vast wilderness of motions as ever was traveler in new lands or babes in a wood. So many questions can be asked about them that science cannot answer, nor hope to answer. What endless mazes! How the shuttles fly through the heavens in all directions; weaving out, we know not how, law and order and stability! Who can disentangle the threads that make up the wondrous web? Where is Ariadne? Astronomy is helpless and hopeless in the presence of such labyrinths."

The New Englander (July). "Skepticism and Woman," by W. W. Patton, D. D. A learned and able paper, which will be read with interest. The historical aspects of the discussion are specially valuable. Dr. Love's "Objections to the New Congregational Creed" will command attention in some quarters. The "Psycho-Biography" article (Cross' Life of George Eliot) is also worthy of perusal. It is written by Stoddard of Northampton, Mass. It seems to be a prolific subject. We have already seen more than twenty reviews of her life based on her husband's recent "Life" of her. No two of them agree as to the secret of her power, or the final position that will be assigned to her in the republic of letters. Her "Life" is sad reading, notwithstanding her transcendent ability as a