

"By their fruits ye shall know them;" and we accept his challenge. We will go through Reformed England; and we will then pass to the two most thoroughly Roman Catholic countries in Europe, Spain and Italy. We acknowledge our own faults. We are far from being what a Christian people ought to be. But, is there an Englishman, is there a Roman Catholic in England who would exchange our free soil for that of Spain or Italy? London—we acknowledge it—is a modern Babylon, teeming with vice, as well as rich in virtue and goodness; and yet what citizen of the English metropolis will exchange it, or his place in it, for Rome the Holy City, the seat of the Vicar of Christ? Modern Roman Catholics tell us, and Cardinal Manning does, that we have no true ministry and no true sacraments, that the gifts of God which we enjoy are the gifts of nature, with the exception of the one gift of grace in Baptism. And we are to believe that the Church which has the monopoly of Divine grace has made Italy what it is; and the poor Church of England, without a true ministry or real sacraments, has made England what she is! "By their fruits ye shall know them."

THE END.

REVIEWS.

MOTHS AND BUTTERFLIES.*

Those who have given little or no attention to the subject of this book will find it difficult to understand, or even to believe in the enthusiasm which it arouses in the minds of its devotees. And certainly it has one very great recommendation, that material can anywhere be found for its study, and that it not only promotes outdoor exercise but adds greatly to the interest of it.

Mrs. or Miss Julia Ballard has given us a very charming book, and she has put it forth with the best or one of the best of possible aims, the aim of interesting young children. In the first edition of the book, published about ten years ago, she begins by asking: "How shall we interest young people?" And she gives several answers to the question. You may interest him in things inanimate or in living things. "Which," she asks, "will you prefer, the glass ball or the round, brown house, the silk box or the curious living thing that has surprised you and holds in reserve a still greater surprise?"

Mrs. Ballard has at least her own answer ready. She wants to put the key into the hand, and it is to make "the heart ready and anxious to unlock the many sources of beauty and interest which God has placed all about us in nature, that this little volume of insect lives has been written." About ten years after the first publication of her *Insect Lives*, she takes up the subject again, supplementing her previous labours by the results of subsequent observation and study.

It has already been made apparent that this really beautiful volume is adapted for children. We believe that many grown men and women will find it quite usable and helpful; but children will get all necessary guidance from it put in language so plain and attractive that they can hardly fail to be drawn on.

Let us take, for example, the introductory portion of the book, where the writer speaks of the delight of saying to the caterpillar, "I know you. I know what you have been. I know what you will be;" and thereupon sets to work to guide and instruct the insect hunter in his work. Here is the kind of question which is answered before the actual talk about the creatures begins. 1. How shall we catch the Butterflies? 2. How can I touch the caterpillars when I wish to get them? 3. How to kill a moth or butterfly. These and other necessary questions are answered in these pages, where the answers may be found.

The headings of some of the chapters will speak for themselves and show the very interesting manner in which the subject is developed. We have—1, Born in Prison; 2, The Green House with gold nails (that is, the chrysalis of the Danais caterpillar); 3, Two Front Doors and what was behind them; 4, How I caught a bear (the bear was the

*Among the Moths and Butterflies. A revised and enlarged edition of "Insect Lives; or Born in Prison." By Julia P. Ballard. Putnam's Sons, New York; Williamson & Co., Toronto. 1890.

Yellow-Bear caterpillar, whose various portraits as caterpillar, cocoon, chrysalis, and butterfly are faithfully given). As we turn over these pretty pages we long for summer to come back that we may behold the glories of this insect world.

LESSONS OF HOPE. Readings from the works of F. D. Maurice. Selected by J. Llewelyn Davies. \$1.50. Macmillan, London and New York; Williamson & Co., Toronto. 1889.

From the writings of few religious writers could more beautiful extracts be made than from those of Frederick Maurice; and none of all his friends and disciples could do the work better than Mr. Llewelyn Davies. Accordingly we have here a volume which may be safely recommended to those who seek after a knowledge of the writer's mind or edification for themselves. The first subjects treated in this volume are, The Name of God the Ground of Theology and Morality (from the Doctrine of Sacrifice), The Significant Moments of Life (from Prophets and Kings), The Decay of Hope and its Remedy (Doctrine of Sacrifice), Sacrifice the Law of National and Individual Life (the same). No one but an editor in perfect harmony with the mind of the author could have exhibited the essential character of his teaching, as Mr. Davies has done, alike by the nature of the extracts and their arrangement. No one will regret the hours he may spend over this very beautiful volume.

MOTHER'S HOME TALKS WITH HER LITTLE FOLKS. Price 50 cents. Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee; Rowsell & Hutchison, Toronto. 1889.

This is a very pretty volume, beautifully printed, well illustrated, and nicely got up in general. "This little book is to help mothers at home in the religious teaching of their little ones, for mothers are chiefly responsible for their children's character." This purpose is admirably carried out. The first part contains a series of Old Testament stories; the second is given to the New. The little book is in every way commendable.

DUST AND ITS DANGERS. By J. M. Prudden, M.D. 75 cents. Putnam's Sons, New York; Williamson & Co., Toronto. 1890.

The writer tells us that his purpose in writing this little book was to inform people in simple language what the real danger is of acquiring serious disease, especially consumption, by means of dust-laden air, and how this danger may be avoided. He has accomplished his useful task in a very business-like and effective manner. It is, as he remarks, an unpleasant subject; but it is a very useful and necessary one; and the proper understanding of it may lead to the averting of various evils. We are relieved to find that the dangers are not so great as they look when we first approach the subject; but they are quite great enough, and it will be well, especially for delicate people, and more particularly for those with weak lungs, to take the precautions here suggested and pointed out.

THE ACOLYTE.

(A story of Japan, told by Rev. Prof. Lloyd.)

When the old lady got to the Temple she sounded the gong and clapped her hands by way of a preliminary call at the celestial telephone. Then she threw into the box an offering which modestly concealed its diminutiveness in a pinch of paper, and, with folded hands and eyes shut, commenced her petitions.

Poor soul! She must have been very earnest in what she was asking. Her lips moved vigorously and the half audible words flowed out in a seemingly never ending torrent as she stood there regardless of everything and never heeding the gathering rain clouds which presently broke right over the hill and in a few moments converted the Temple-yard into a pond, and the steps into a gurgling cascade. Then she came to herself, and seeing that the clouds had no intention of breaking, she went to the house to ask for an umbrella—the most natural thing she could do. "Come in," said Gozaemon, with effusive politeness. "Come in, and take some sweatmeats and tea and tobacco." Then, having brought in the fire-box, and the tobacco-tray and the tea, he prostrated himself before the old lady and politely asked what might be her august business.

"Well," replied the old lady, "you see it is raining heavily and I have a long way to go to my home. I want you to lend me an umbrella."

"We've got two or three nice umbrellas in the house, but I must not lend you one."

"Why not?"

"My master said I was to lend nothing."

"But I live in this neighborhood, and your master knows me very well, and I am sure he would lend me an umbrella if he were here."

"Oh yes, my master knows you very well, but all the same he said."

"What did he say?"

"Why, that the people in this neighborhood never returned anything they borrowed, so I was to be sure not to lend anything at all."

"Did he say that?"

"Yes, he did."

"Then you tell your master that he need not come begging round to my house again," said the old woman, and thereupon walked off in a dudgeon.

When the old priest returned the next day, and asked him what had happened, Gozaemon replied:—

"An old lady came to borrow an umbrella. It was pouring with rain, but I did not lend her one. I think she was very angry about it."

"What did you say?"

"I told her what you told me, sir, that the people in this neighborhood never return what they borrow, so that I could not lend her one. She did not like it."

"Why, you stupid boy, of course she would not like it. Whatever possessed you to tell her that? As if you needed to tell her the plain truth when a lie would have done equally well! Why did not you invent a story to tell her, something that would have taken the sting out of the refusal?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Why, you should have told her some story with an air of truth about it, which would explain why it was impossible to lend her that umbrella. Now, for instance, if I had been in your place this is what I should have said: I should have pointed to that old umbrella up in the rafters and I should have said, 'Nothing would give my master greater pleasure than to lend you his umbrella, but the fact is, the other day he was using it on a very stormy day, and as he was passing a corner in the street a sudden gust of wind tore it out of his hands right up into the air, and when he came to pick it up it had been blown completely inside out, and all the oil paper had been torn off its ribs. So you will see that under the circumstances it is absolutely impossible for him to lend you an umbrella, much though he would wish to do so.'

"The old woman would have believed the story and gone away quite content, and who knows but what she might not even have sent us a new umbrella as a present. Make a note of this, my son, and be wiser for the future."

Gozaemon bowed assent, and promised to lay the admonition to heart.

A few days afterwards the old priest had to go away again, and once more Gozaemon was left in charge with similar instructions. Once more a tempter appeared to lure him. This time it was a young farmer from the neighbouring village who came with a most reasonable request. He had been cutting wood, he said, in the neighbouring forest, and now that he came to carry it home he found that it was more than he could carry himself—would the priest be so kind as to lend him his horse for a couple of hours just to get the wood home?

Gozaemon felt that now he was on his mettle. The young farmer was a leading man in the village, a Buddhist, and a staunch supporter of the Temple—a man to be at all hazards treated with consideration. On the other hand the priest had been so definite about refusing to make all loans, and there was that excellent means of escape, the story with a touch of probability about it.

So he pulled himself together, invited the man to come in and regale himself on tea and tobacco, and at last replied to the request as follows:

"Nothing," he said, "would give my master greater pleasure than to lend you his horse, but the fact is that my master was out with him a short while ago on a very stormy day, and, as he was turning round a corner in the street, there came a sudden gust of wind and tore him right out of my master's hand; and when he came to pick up the poor animal it was blown completely inside out, and all the oil paper had been torn off its ribs, and now it is lying quite useless on the rafters in the back kitchen!"

When the old priest came home there were marks of violence visible in the Acolyte's dress and person. "There was a man," said he, explaining what had happened, "who wanted to borrow your horse, and I told him the story with an air of probability about it which you told me, and he got very angry, sir, and thrashed me for it."

"What story do you mean?"

"Why that story that you told me to tell."

"I told you to tell him! What do you mean?"