

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The International Review

New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

The October number of the "International Review" brings Political Economy, Social Science and American History up to date, and does not lag behind in general literature.

Welcome Songs for Sabbath Schools.

Chicago: F. H. Revell.

The second volume of "Welcome Songs" is now out. Considerable care seems to have been exercised in the selection of the hymns, and the musical notation and letter press are well executed.

Redemption, or, Is Expiation a Fiction?

By T. S. Childs, D.D. St. Louis: Gospel Book and Tract Depository.

Besides the title as given above, the cover of this pamphlet presents to the eye of the reader the words, "A Sermon which cost a Theological Professor his Chair;" and what we have to say about the matter is that the sermon was worth the money. It is a clear and comprehensive statement of the Scriptural doctrine as to the expiatory character of the Saviour's sufferings and death. It was much better for Dr. Childs to preach that sermon and lose his chair than to adhere to the policy of "silence" decided upon by his colleagues "through fear," as the writer of the prefatory note says, "of giving offence to a lot of conceited sinners running after 'culture' instead of looking to the atoning blood of Christ without which they must be lost forever."

Family Creeds.

By Wm. McDonnell. Toronto: Belfords, Clarke & Co.

If the author of this story is his own hero, as—pushing aside some unimportant disguises—he seems to be, his experiences of religion have been unfortunate. Brought up under the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church, and therefore embittered against all evangelical Christianity, he, having just attained to knowledge enough to see that the teachings of "Mother Church" were not wholesome, lost the very slender hold that he had of the spiritual and unseen, and, very naturally, fell into materialistic infidelity. He had intellect enough to detect some of the shams and corruptions of Romanism, but if he had had a little more intellect, he might have fathomed, as others have done, the truth underlying even that false system. His knowledge of Protestantism amounts to no more than a miserable caricature. In a literary point of view, those readers who have perseverance enough to surmount the crudeness of the opening chapters will find that the book is not entirely without merit. The author occasionally makes a hit in the way of depicting character, and from some touches that he has given—all too few—it is pretty evident that he might attain to no mean position as a retailer of Irish humour, if ever he should give his attention to that sort of thing. On the whole, however, the book, while too erroneous to be instructive, is at the same time too solemn to be amusing. What has an infidel got to be solemn about? It is absurd for the leaders and followers of the modern anti-Christian movement to talk of their morality. Their morality is borrowed, and what they have appropriated even in that way is barely enough for the purposes of decency. When successive generations of them have lived in a purely infidel world for sixty centuries, without even a tradition of a God-given moral law, it will be time enough for them to prate of their morality. This book is replete with the bigotry of the sect to which its author belongs, but it is not nearly so dangerous as the writings of some others of those who have usurped the name of "advanced thinkers." When writers not only vilify the modern phases of Christianity, but reject the inspired Word of God, as Tom Paine and Mr. McDonnell have done, people know with whom they have to deal and are not apt to be misled. Before discussing questions of religion or of ethics, we have to ask the would-be-controversialist, Do you accept the Bible as the revealed will of God? Until that question is answered, and answered in the affirmative, the discussion cannot proceed. It is on this line—the authenticity and inspiration of the Bible—that the battle of the present day must be fought. The fact is often strangely overlooked that it is not proof, but disproof that is wanted. The thing that has to be done is, not to prove the inspiration of a book, but to *disprove* the

inspiration of the only book that claims to be inspired. The burden of argument rests with the objectors; and if not the Bible, what then? the Koran? or the Book of Mormon? or "Family Creeds?"

How to Succeed in Life.

By Principal Tulloch, D.D. Toronto: Belfords, Clarke & Co.

The title of a book does not always indicate its character. There are wise books with foolish titles and foolish books with wise titles; great books with little titles and little books with great titles. Sometimes the title is better than the book, and sometimes the book is better than the title. In the case now before us the book and the title are both good, but the book is the better of the two. It is a work of a much weightier and much more important character than, to most people, its title would indicate; and yet the author's choice of a title for his book exhibits his shrewdness and common sense no less than its contents testify to his learning, his ability, and his Christianity. "The Nature, Duty, and Destiny of Man, with Special Reference to his Condition in this Present Enlightened and Progressive Age" would perhaps be a title more descriptive of the contents of the volume; but the title which the author has given to it, is much better calculated to bring it into the hands of those for whom it is specially designed—the young men of the present "orthodox" generation. Sad to say, the question of "How to Succeed in Life," taken in its meanest sense, is much more apt to attract attention and provoke discussion than any question of either duty or destiny. Our author is evidently aware of this fact but it is only on his title-page that he yields an apparent homage to it. Even there his homage is only apparent, for real success in life means something more than can be expressed by a row of Arabic numerals preceded by the magical character, \$; and no one will be better instructed on this point than the attentive reader of Principal Tulloch's book. He does not despise pecuniary success; neither do we; but it is not the true criterion. The true foundations of real success are not to be found in the shallow smartness which often proves a sufficient qualification for "making money," but are laid deep in solid worth, prudence and wisdom, founded on Christian principle, and involving the diligent and rational cultivation and proper use of all the God-given human powers and faculties—physical, intellectual and spiritual. This general principle our author keeps constantly in view. But the great value of the book is in the genial sympathy with which the man of thorough culture and extensive experience enters into the thoughts and feelings of the fresh and untried youth, talks to him in language that he can understand, takes him by the button, and guides his footsteps into the way that is good. To a young man, say between eighteen and twenty-five years of age, anxious to know what to do with himself and how to do it, Principal Tulloch's minute directions will be of inestimable practical value. Were it not for want of space we should make copious extracts from those parts of the book that treat of "Business," of "Study," of "Recreation," etc. In the meantime we can only give a few sentences from that part which directly deals with "Religion," a subject that occupies more than half the book. Our extract is selected, not with a view to shew the author's ability, but rather to establish the confidence of our readers in him as a safe guide in matters of doctrine. On page 272 we find the following comprehensive summary:

"The great comprehending object of Christian faith is Christ. As St. Paul said to the Philippian jailor, when, pressed with his sudden burden of offence and danger, he cried out 'What must I do to be saved?' 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' In Jesus Christ is summed up all that we have to believe—the revelation of the Father—the redeeming sacrifice of the Son—the sanctifying of the Spirit, which proceedeth of the Father and testifieth of the Son. In Him, and in Him alone, we truly see our sin and misery—our help and salvation—our death and our life—our selfish unrighteousness, and the 'righteousness which is of God by faith in Him.'"

Again, on page 295 the following terse expression of weighty thought occurs:

"It is the boast of Christianity that it sets before man the only perfect ideal of life; an ideal which at once bases itself on a true interpretation of his nature, and which works itself out by a living Divine agency, alone fitted effectually to move and educate him. It enunciates even more faithfully than Stoicism the idea of law; but then it apprehends and represents this law, not as a dead impersonal necessity, but as a living and loving Will in converse with our feeble wills, healing and helping their infirmities. It merges law, in short, in the holy and blessed Will of Christ; and the idea which it paints is neither a stern moralism, which is always

say to itself, 'Courage, courage! whatever is, is right,' nor a poetic self-culture, which aims at the fitting and joyous development of every natural faculty; but a life in God, a life in communion with the Highest; humble, and pure, and self-denying, yet strong, cheerful and heroic. It starts, altogether unlike Stoicism, from the recognition of human weakness, but instead of holding out any soft palliations for this weakness, it only reveals it—to cure it; and from the Divine strengthening of the 'inner man' it builds up the outer life into compact seamliness and virtue."

ADVANCED THINKERS.

However it may be, in these days, with a few clever men who keep together, stand by one another, puff one another up with the belief that they are the "elite of humanity," and utterly delude themselves as to the extent to which their teachings are accepted, the vast majority of decent folk believe in a future life just as firmly as in a present. The brilliant sceptics of the day would be aggrieved if they were told that they "think the cackle of their bourg the murmur of the world;" but this is exactly what they do. A little slice cut from the vast society of a vast metropolis is a provincial bourg just as really as any little country town or village. And the talk of a few clever men, some of them morally disqualified in any degree to discern religious truth, and all of them egging each other on to more daring suggestions, is no better than cackle, though it be expressed in arrogant tones, which the antecedents of some make very ridiculous, and printed in good type on decent paper. Outrageous self-conceit quite incapacitates to see the most vital truth. A man who, whether in book or sermon, never loses the thought, nor misses the chance of obliquely pushing himself, is not likely either to see far into things, or to tell us anything much worth hearing, unless, indeed, he have bagged it from some simpler and nobler soul; and surely it is very obvious that almost all unbelieving philosophers and scientists are blown up with self-conceit, and a good many liberal theologians (self-styled) are blown even tighter. One recalls with grim amusement the university standing of some of these. For at two or three and twenty, men are (in most cases) ranged for life. And it is amusing in like manner to note how some of these have made arrangements to have their doings puffed up in two or three newspapers. Sometimes this is done by a humble retainer or faithful dog, whose sufficient reward is to be permitted to do it. Sometimes a tacit but well understood contract has been made with another mortal for mutual puffer. However this be, I suppose that we all have occasion, in these days, sometimes to read pages which remind us of the wise words of Sir Henry Taylor—"We see every day that talents are easily divorced from wisdom and charity; and when this separation takes place there is no pride which is more tyrannical, more insolent, more wantonly aggressive than the pride of intellect." If the pride of real intellect be thus offensive, much more the pride without the intellect. One has known conceited blockheads who fancied it made them intellectual to be sceptical, just as one has known persons who thought that to wear the livery of some little social, political, or ecclesiastical caste would make them "genteel."—*A. K. H. in Fraser's Magazine.*

REV. MR. MARSHALL, a Baptist missionary, writes to the Lucknow "Witness" that in Orissa, 400 Hindoos have renounced caste and become Christians. There are among the 400 many of the highest caste and of considerable wealth.

It is said that in Minnesota a large congregation of Quakers is losing ground and dwindling in numbers. The fact is accounted for by one of its own members in this way: "It is because of our failure to hold and interest our youth. The energy of other churches around us, exerted through their Sabbath schools, draws our young people away in spite of all we can do." Many another church has gone down because of its "failure to hold and interest its youth." The church that cares most for the children will be the successful church of the future.

THE New York "Daily Witness" has been giving over a column daily to graphic description of the great international pedestrian contest that is going on in that city. This is on the outside page. On the inside page of the issue of September 25th there is a strong article denouncing these contests as they are connected with gambling, drinking, etc., and says: "It is shameful to see the press giving such publicity to the tramps and gallops of these organized and bare-faced gamblers." Exactly. We think so too. Then why do you do it brother "Witness?"