

don life. No matter how well you may know your London you will find things here you have never noticed before. The busy streets impressed the writer like a mighty river in its ceaseless flow. The London parks, the spell of the Abbey and St. Paul's, the historic memories of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield and Hampton Court, the life on the river, the old-fashioned inns and modern apartments, Henley day and the House of Commons, all come under review.

Mr. Howells is a very genial and optimistic observer. "It is plain," he says, "that England, though a military power, is not militarized. Nowhere but in England does the European hand of iron wear a glove of velvet," and this because the English soldier has not been torn, an unwilling captive, from his home and work like the conscripts of other countries.

"If London ever has her epic poet," he says, "he will sing the omnibus, but he who sings the hansom must be of a lyrical note. The omnibus is as much an anachronism as the war chariot or the sedan chair." It is ugly, it is clumsy, it is slow. It sways and lurches like an elephant, yet it has a fascination all its own. From the top of an omnibus you can look down on coronets.

The London "bobby" is the personification of law and order. His lifted finger stays the mighty tide and makes the river cease to flow till the temporary dam is removed. The drink evil, he thinks, is less marked than in an earlier visit, "though the gin palaces still flare through their hell-litten windows into the night." He expresses the better sentiment of the American people in his love of the ancestral institutions of the motherland, and especially of "the mother-hearted sovereign whose goodness gave English monarchy a new lease of life in the affections of her subjects and raised loyalty to a part of their religion."

Two chapters on American origins lovingly describe the incunabulae of the new world in the old, and the inexplicable debt of America to England. As he walked the busy streets the past was more real than the present and mighty shades of English history haunted their ancient purlieus.

Such books as those of Hawthorne, Holmes and Howells do much to knit together the mother and the daughter land.

"The Endless Life." The Ingersoll Lecture, 1905. By Samuel McChord Crothers. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 55. Price, 75 cents net.

This little book is a discussion of the most august themes in the world. In wise and weighty words the author demonstrates the need of immortality as a logical sequence of our power of thought and action. The stupendous fact of existence is a living will, a higher kind of energy than any molecular attraction or chemical reaction. Out of the abyssal depths of personality comes the absolute need of immortality. It gives a new meaning to the words of Scripture, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." Conscious of the divine reality of the present life, one can afford to wait for the things which do not yet appear.

"The Ethics of Imperialism." An Enquiry Whether Christian Ethics and Imperialism are Antagonistic. By Albert R. Carman. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 176.

This is a very clever discussion of what seems to be the paradox of a conflict between the Christian doctrine of altruism and aggressive Imperialism. But much of this Imperialism is altruistic. It regards really the greatest good of the greatest number, the policing of the Seven Seas and supplanting a lower by a higher civilization. "The efforts of the peace lovers should be directed," says our author, "not to decrying patriotism and the military spirit, but to teaching the positive and material advantages of universal peace." The book is very cleverly written, is a fine piece of dialectics, permeated by level-headed common-sense.

"The Earnest Expectation." By Isaac Crook, D.D., LL.D. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 116.

This is another series of discourses of pathos and power by a strongly original thinker.