

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Princeton and Her Presidents. "Affectionately yours, Charles Hodge," are the words which introduce the general reader of this delightful book to the kindly and scholarly face of the Princeton Nestor.

The author of this delightful volume is entitled to the thanks of every Princetonian for the admirable way in which he has sketched the careers of two of the great men whose labors have made Princeton seminary so illustrious.

Of north of Ireland extraction on his father's side, and descended from the Huguenots on that of his mother, the elder Hodge was born three years before the beginning of the present century.

The author has given us a delightful glimpse of his visit to Europe in 1826, of his intercourse in Paris with DeSacy, his studies at Halle and Berlin, where he met Gesenius, Jacob, Niemeyer and Tholuck.

His theology was Calvinism; but, as it he would prove by example that Calvinism was not the grim doctrine which some suppose, he was the most lovable of men.

The sketch of Hodge the younger is equally pleasant reading. He was "not dwarfed by comparison with even such a father." As a missionary, at Allahabad, as a pastor, preacher, and pluralist professor at Alleghany, as the truly apostolic successor of his father in the Princeton chair, A. A. Hodge is well characterized as the Aristotle of the glorious school of which Alexander was the Socrates and Charles Hodge the Plato.

Philosopher, Theologian, Orator, Poet, Child. The second part of the volume consists of twelve chapters of "Brevia Theologica," or pregnant class-room sayings, chiefly of the younger Hodge.

A portrait of William Black, with a personal sketch of the novelist in his Brighton home, will appear in the August Book Buyer.

Duffield Osborne's romance The Spell of Ashkroth has been brought out in London, and on the book-stalls it is reported as being the best selling of recent American novels.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, it is said, is so accustomed to embalming her experiences and those with whom she has shared them in her novels and poems that in Boston and Washington people will say on being presented, "Oh, Mr. Fredennis," or whatever character they are supposed to represent.

The fiftieth volume has just been added to the "Yellow Paper" series of the Scribners. No collection of books put out in popular form, and at a low price, has so much to commend it to the public as this series.

Mr. George Handel, writing in his Epoch, illustrates the character of William Blake, by a number of anecdotes so painful that one might hope that they are the exaggerations of his enemies.

The enemies of books, says Mr. William Blades, in his book of the same title, are fire, water, gas, heat, neglect, ignorance, bigotry, collectors, servants and children.

The description of the ride will be given in the form of letters. These letters will not have to be burned.

Howard Doyle's stirring story of Within the Gates is about to be put in paper form at 50 cents by the Scribners.

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THE GIRL OF YOURS.

An Old Maid's Sister's Radical Views on Her Place in Society.

My neighbor has lost her favorite servant and calls me to sympathize. I do. A good "second girl" is heaven's best gift to the housekeeper.

Where and when will she find another one? Some people think the world is crowded. The professions are over-full, they say; the trades must be, as well, also why such careful regulation of the number of apprentices?

I'm not an economist and I won't argue this point, as a whole; but I will stand up against Adam Smith himself and maintain that the ranks of the servants will never be filled—until the millennium.

Then, we shall all serve each other. I write with impotent fury when I stumble on one of those pointless and witless articles that some of my sex are so fond of writing, the burden of which is, Why do our girls object to domestic service?

As if anyone with a spoonful of brains didn't know that they object to it because, in the eyes of "society," the employment is degrading!

But why is it? Why is the man or woman who renders personal service less worthy of our respect and regard than the man who builds a house or the woman who stands behind a counter?

If to wait upon us is degrading, what creatures are we to be? I venture that you never thought of the matter in that way before.

Here's another idea: Since our social system obliges each of us to bring his brain or his muscle to the market place, how can one stand on a higher plane than any other?

When the author and the fishmonger are both necessitated to tout for customers, why harp of rank or degree? The business of waiting on tables is no more in need of defence than most of the other ways of getting a living, but to talk of dignity attaching to labor of any sort under the system now prevailing is absurd.

There is no way in which selling labor for the highest price it will fetch is more dignified than selling goods for what can be got. Both are commercial transactions, to be judged by the commercial standard.

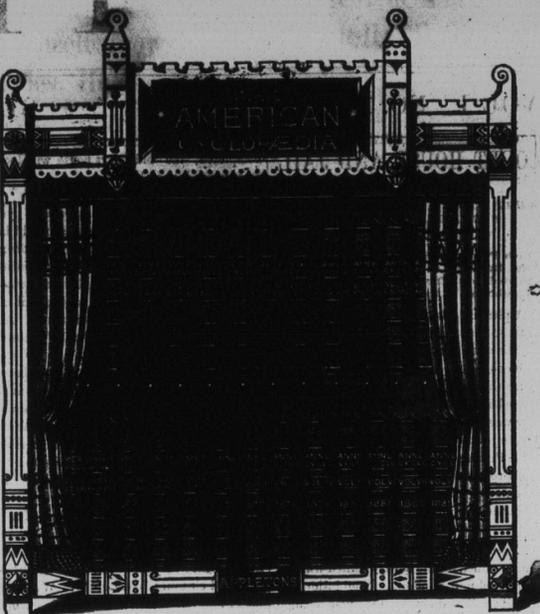
By setting a price in money on his service, the worker accepts the money measure for it and renounces all clear claim to be judged by any other. The sordid taint which this necessity imparts to the noblest and the highest sorts of service is bitterly resented by generous souls, but there is no evading it.

There is no exception, however transcendent the quality of one's service, from the necessity of haggling for its price in the market-place. The physician must sell his healing and the apostle his preaching the rest. The prophet, who has guessed the meaning of God, must dicker for the price of the revelation, and the poet hawk his visions in printers' rows.

In short, in a commercial "civilization," such as ours, where it is possible to buy anything, from shoe-laces to souls, how should any one dare to fasten the stamp of inferiority upon any class?

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TO HEAR... The bon... With a... Said Ver... Shall b... Jove gra... To win... Athens's... A min... Each bro... Who ha... I know... But Pa... His ven... I own... Fair He... Tim... A STO... It was a d... among the pi... ings of the B... In the follow... ping lay toon... gleamed bits... mineral had... market, and... even these bit... were forbidde... The winter... the coal-hand... more a day h... of the poor, n... great city, bu... regions as we... down, and wa... miners as for... The place i... enough, but I... fate which do... to toil and... figure of a ch... heaps and sto... every limb, an... sion upon his... "Don't be hi... his evident fea... "Ben't you u... up the coal? ... "didn't the m... At his feet... the precious st... "We hain't... ing the pail w... fingers, "and... in' and moanin... close, sir. Sh... you know." A wan smile... said it, but so... a lump to my... "And what... quired. "Jenny, sir... "And your f... "I dunno,"... "Dead?" I... "Mebbe. I... "And your n... His little lip... "Mother wen... sir. She goes... when she can... per when she c... will, and I'll... mother'll be aw... "Well, I... emotion, "let... carry it." It was soon d... stood upon the... shanty, which... He hesitated... the door. "You ben't o... ye?" he asked... "God forbid... "And your f... "Mother wen... "Never fear... friend, not an e... For an answer... Home! A c... chair or two, a... Covering clos... woman, croonin... higher arms, sw... "Lie still, m... startled by the... still—the maist... fear." "Oh! those hol... hands, those str... shivering form... She gazed at... vacant, dazed-l... shook her frame... "Be ye one o... quired in a hup... "No," I replie... "I maun a-ack... nod. "The dell... —and—" hore he... "the barons are... know that?" I made no ans... crooning to the... "Hush, my ba... tionless figure;... in' home the day... cried, suddenly t... my Sandy! My... send ye?" The boy look... touching expres... "Sandy's the... "who went awa... At this junctur... woman about 30... every appearance... sickness in her fo... For the first tim... ended. "Mother," he... fetched home a w... and the little fel... the newly-kindled... and satisfaction... "Hush!" whisp... sleeps. Wake he... It were a blessin... cold, for us all... na sleep," she... one to whom hand... her brow, "thoug... they canna touch... "Poor granny!"... "tis always the m... day. Sleepin' o... maisters." "Sh!" again wh... rising feebly and... upon the bed; "d... "The child mu... younger woman... She smiled stran... ger upon her lip... "Taint no rea...