

willingly make an *auto-da-fé* of all theological libels from Augustine to Shedd. If these traducers of the Father be not saved at last, so as by fire, out of their wood hay and stubble, it is hard to say where the building test comes in. The other *Christian Literature* articles are well up to the mark.

The Society of Biblical Archæology must have had a very severe attack of the "Grippe," judging by the January proceedings. Mr. Renouf, the president, hardly clears up a difficult passage in the Pyramid Text of King Teta. The Hon. Emmeline Plunket on the Accadian Calendar, Professor Revillout on a Bilingual Papyrus of Ptolemy Philopator, the Rev. C. J. Ball's Babylonian Deed of Sale, and Dr. Karl Piehl's Notes on Egyptian Philology, do not present a very appetizing dish. It is time the Society called in a doctor, or took a tonic, or did something to strengthen the things that remain and are ready to perish. February's *Century* is much more attractive with Dr. Weir Mitchell's Characteristics, Mr. Pillsbury's Recent Discoveries concerning the Gulf Stream, Richard Wheatley's Jews in New York, Ware's poem on Richard Henry Dana, and Palmer's Pioneer Days in San Francisco. The lighter articles, led by Rudyard Kipling, are interesting, and the illustrations are worthy, as usual, of all praise. The New National Guard is of purely American and military interest, but the Australian Registry of Land Titles is familiar to Canadian readers, through the untiring advocacy of the Torrens System by Mr. J. Herbert Mason of Toronto; and the Louisiana Lottery is a world-wide nuisance. One can get a great deal of varied and valuable information out of an average number of the *Century*. In a former talk, I drew attention to the New York *Journal of Commerce* and its devout editor. In the issue of February 6th, he is out with replies to doubters on many points. He sums up the question of future punishment thus: "Perfect holiness is necessary to perfect happiness, and a vicious life must be one of misery. If a man who thus passes from the world has any consciousness at all in the state beyond, he must be suffering. There need be no great white throne, no angry judge, no relentless jailor, no fierce executioner to inflict the penal strokes. Leave the man to himself, and the undying worm will be only a faint type of the relentless memories that gnaw at his vitals." I have an idea that the pious *Journal of Commerce* man is wrong, and that totally depraved and condemned impenitents are too far gone to indulge in any relentless memories which are shadows of omitted good. There is no good thought down there, in spite of the parable of Dives and Lazarus. All good