

only half solves the problem, by finding in Job's sufferings a manifestation of the glory of God, and a means of the patriarch's justification. He does not see, but, for that matter, who does? the enslavement of our race in its complete solidarity of good and evil, to the powers of darkness, so that, with God's only begotten, we must all pass through great tribulation. The *New York Evening Post* always contains something of interest. It has been backing up Mr. Rainsford, formerly of Toronto, in his opposition to a hideous Christmas charity exhibition, in which rich children in the gallery were to give poor ones in the pit their cast-off toys. It also shows up the misdeeds of the License Commissioners, in surrounding the public schools with drinking saloons. In its supplement of Dec. 12th, is an amusing theosophic story, from the *St. James' Gazette*, entitled "My Astral Body." The *Christmas Century* is full of excellent material, in which it is hard to specialize. Poor Balesier is dead young, but his and Kipling's story, *The Naulahka*, goes on. Stockton's Christmas Shadrach, like all Stockton's tales, is comical. A serious, but very readable article, is Science and immortality, by Augustus Jay Du Bois. *Wulfy*, a wolf, by Vida D. Scudder, is a sketch that children like, which is a good sign. The remaining articles and the illustrations are more than up to the *Century* mark. The December *Magazine of Christian Literature*, has a defence of the Higher Criticism, by Prof. W. A. Stevens, of Rochester, and a terrible history of the Christian Hell, originally written by James Mew in the *Nineteenth Century*. Miss Sellers' *Founder of a Peculiar Sect* is worth reading, as is Professor Fisher's *Truth and Half-Truths*. An anonymous paper on "Ought Missionaries to be Married or Unmarried?" decides the question in favor of celibacy. Bishop Ninde, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, writes strongly on behalf of *The Deaconess Work*. The humorist, R. I. Burdette, on *Church Etiquette*, takes off the boor in the pew, a rather unpleasant man for a minister to look at. But it must be remembered that, while the pew may take liberties with the pulpit, the pulpit is in danger of taking liberties with the pews. Because a man happens to be conducting a service in which I take part, he has no right to forget the courtesy which he would show me in private, or to knock the service about at his own sweet will, as if he were a board schoolmaster with his pupils, or a drill sergeant with his squad. No man who fails in respect of his congregation, need wonder when his congregation fails in respect for him. *Church Etiquette* tells both ways, sauce for the goose will suit the gander too.

Messrs Graham Brothers send to the *JOURNAL* a German novel, *The Rector of St. Luke's*, the author of which is Marie Bernhard; the translator, Mrs. Elise L. Lathrop. It belongs to the *International Library* published by Worthington, of New York, and is a well printed book of 343 pages, and several photogravure illustrations by Graves. *The Rector of St. Luke's* is a good, clean story of two men in love with an attractive and highly cultivated