

and investing every phase of his subject with new light and interest. The book is interesting and fascinating and will be very welcome to Dr. Van Dyke's countless admirers.

"*Orthodoxy*," by Gilbert K. Chesterton, author of "Heretics," and "The Napoleon of Notting Hill." Published by John Lane Company, New York. Price \$1.50.

This book, the author explains in his Preface, is written to answer the challenge made by many critics to the effect that his book called "Heretics" merely criticized current philosophies without offering any alternative one. This, his latest work, is unavoidably affirmative and therefore unavoidably autobiographical. Herein the purpose of the writer is to attempt an explanation, not of whether the Christian faith can be believed, but of how he personally has come to believe it.

In his second chapter he explains the immediate cause of the writing of the book. He had been walking one day with a prosperous publisher, who gave utterance to a bromide, which Chesterton had heard once too often. This was to the effect that "That man will get on; he believes in himself." The author replies that it would be much truer to say that a man will certainly fail, because he believes in himself, and will end his existence in a lunatic asylum. The publisher enquired with all seriousness, "If a man is not to believe in himself, in what is he to believe?" whereupon Chesterton replied that he would go home and write a book in answer to that question, and "Oxthodoxy" is the result.

The author sets forth his faith as particularly answering this double spiritual need, the need for that mixture of the familiar and the unfamiliar, which Christendom has rightly termed romance. We need, he says, so to view the world as to combine an idea of wonder and an idea of welcome. The book deals first with all the writer's own solitary and sincere speculations and then with all the startling style in which they were all suddenly satisfied by the Christian Theology, for as he says later: "I did try to found a heresy of my own; and when I had put the last touches to it, I discovered that it was orthodox. The book is not an ecclesiastical treatise, but a "sort of slovenly autobiography."

The essays are touched by an optimistic note that surely answers once for all the challenge of the critics. One of the dominant notes is that the modern world is not evil, but is full of wild and wasted virtues. The virtues have gone mad because they have been isolated from each other, and are wandering alone. "Thus some scientists care for truth; and their truth is pitiless. Thus some humanitarians only care for pity; and their pity is often untruthful."

The book is well-written, and the style is fascinating. Old truths are put in strange and romantic ways, and the apparent novelty of many a situation described compels the readers to eagerly follow to the end.

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