

Talks about Books.

THE book of the day is General Booth's "In Darkest England." I call him General, because he calls himself so, just as I would call a teacher of elocution or music a professor, if he arrogated that title to himself, as I would call Cardinal Taschereau by the dignity the Pope conferred upon him, and as, in correspondence or conversation, I have addressed their lordships, the bishops of Fredericton, Toronto, and Huron. Good words are worth much and cost little. My youngest boy is no captain and he knows it, but it gives him pleasure to be hailed as such. When I remember that the saints shall judge the world, and that every one of them shall be a king and a priest to God, and, knowing that God's promises are yea and amen, see a poor wretch whom the General's army has picked out of the mire and brought to christian manhood, I look about me in the starry heavens and say "Lord, over which of these fair worlds of Thine shall that gutter waif rule as king?" What are professors and doctors, cardinals, generals, and lords spiritual, yea earthly kings and emperors, compared to God's kings and priests; and such, by faith answering to grace, may the vilest become. General Booth, under God, is a king maker; and it makes my heart glad to hear men and lads, who once served the devil greedily, even though they do it with grimace and contortion, and needless noise, sing "I am the son of a King, I am: I am the son of a King." God bless the General, and every one else, who, like Abou-ben-Adhem loves his fellow man. "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

General Booth wants to set before the eyes of those who care for their fellows, not the Parnells nor the Salisburys, the degradation of the submerged class in England, amounting to a tenth part of the whole population; and to propose a scheme for that class's elevation. If you want to know what the class is like, get George Gissing's *Nether World* and read it; then know that there are lower depths still. The General gives a number of brief biographies of the submerged, male and female, that make your flesh creep, and wring from you the confession, "Verily the devil rules this earth of ours." For their sake, he proposes the establishment of three communities or colonies; one in the city, consisting of harbours of refuge for the ingathering of the outcasts; another in the country, a farm colony, to take the poor city, diseased and rickety, plants back to the garden; and a third over the sea, in South Africa or British Columbia, where the second generation at least may regain lost manhood. A thousand creatures of that miserable, selfish, carping class that loves to see itself in the newspapers, and which some newspapers, to their own loss, encourage in their wretched criticism, will have stones ready to pick up and throw at General Booth's scheme; but, if he continues to be the man he has shewn himself hitherto, he will brush these mosquitoes of the press aside with sovereign contempt and go forward in his grand scheme for relieving suffering humanity.

In this connection, the Rev John Mitchell, B D., of Chester, England, sends me Dr. Barnardo's Night and Day for November, calling special attention to two articles, entitled "Roman Catholic Aggression" and "For the Defendant." The first sets forth the action of Roman Catholic organs in attempting, first, to hinder Sir Arthur Blackwood and the Marquis of Lorne