

## TALKS ABOUT BOOKS.

Mr. A. T. Chapman, of 2407 St. Catherine Street, sent some books, a little late in the day for December notice, but which claim precedence in the January Journal. One of these is "Black Rock," by Ralph Connor, who is generally known to be the Rev. C. W. Gordon, M.A., of St. Stephen's Church, Winnipeg. The Clerk of Assembly, who is responsible for the minutes of the same, calls Mr. Gordon's parish Saint Stephenson. Is this a clerical error, or is it a reverend joke? If it is an allusion to Robert Louis, it is incorrect, for he, like Sam Weller's father, spelt his name with a "wee, my Lord." The readers of the Westminster,—why don't we have Smithfield, Fleet Marshalsea, Old Bailey, and Newgate churches and papers?—are familiar with Ralph Connor's Tale of the Selkirks. It is a 327 page 8vo., well printed and neatly bound, with gilt top, its publishers the Westminster Co., of Toronto, and its price one dollar. The story is one of rough life and honest mission work in a western mining camp. The author writes from experience; he has seen and does testify. His experience has burned into his ardent soul deeper than any brand, and he pours forth the results of that experience, fervent and molten. His writing is far from goody-goody or Y.M.C.A. young man talk, for he knows the seamy side of life, its rough language, horse-play, and genuine villanies. The last-named are not peculiar to mining camps, but flourish even amidst sanctimonious pharisaism, and all the world over, where bad hearts exist. Ralph Connor writes well and earnestly, and his chapters make up a deeply interesting and genuinely Canadian book, full of high purpose and noble achievement amid sordid surroundings. Our own graduates are out in the fields he depicts, so that we have a right loyal interest in them and him.

Mr. Chapman also sends Jerome K. Jerome's "Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," which has been already noticed.