

we look for the coming of the Lord Jesus. As we read it,

O very near seem the pearly gates,
And sweetly the harpings fall ;
Till the soul is restless to soar away,
And longs for the angels' call.

The theological fault of this book—as of Mrs. Oliphant's—is that without Scriptural warrant it opens a door of eternal hope to those whose earth-lives have been grovelling and unspiritual. The views of heaven may be criticized, but they are at least as orthodox as those of Luther in his letter to his little Hans : and what know we of the deep significance of the Revelation of St. John?

Garton Rowley; or, Leaves from the Log of a Master Mariner. By J. JACKSON WRAY. London: James Nisbet & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.00.

To thousands of readers another book from the author of "Matthew Mellowdew" and "Nestleton Magna" will be welcome as the greeting of a thrice-proved friend. Mr. Wray's pen has not lost its cunning. Indeed, it gains in strength and skill. There is a breezy freshness and vigour in this sea tale akin to the winds that swept the "Bonnie Bessie's" decks. Who does not love a sailor's yarn? But seldom is one so full of wit and wisdom, of pathos and piety as that of good Captain Rowley. He is as original a character as Jack Bunsby. His talk is quite as racy and as fragrant of the sea, and abounds in "wise saws" and quaint proverbs, seasoned with the salt of true religion—as the immortal Jack's does not. Mingled with the smiles which it provokes will start not a few furtive tears at the trials of Bonnie Bess—the gentle heroine of this "ower true tale."

English Cathedrals—their Architecture, Symbolism and History. By E. W. BOYD. New York: Thos. Whitaker.

This is, in print and illustrations, a very elegant book; but otherwise it is one of the most absurd things we ever came across. It is sym-

bolism run mad. The foundations of a church signify the apostles and prophets; the four walls, the evangelists; the cement, the bond of charity; the lattice-work, prophecy; the roof, heaven; the two shafts, love to God and love to man; the two candles, the two natures of God; the tower, the apostolic ministry; the spire, elevation of thought; the nave, the Church militant; the choir, the Church expectant; the windows, the Scriptures. These are wider within than without, because Divine truth broadens as we leave the world. The stained-glass shows that to those within the church things are clear, which to those outside are obscure. There now, who will dare to gainsay the profound philosophy and wisdom of this sacred symbolism!

The Miracles of the Lord Jesus, and an Inquiry into the Origin of Man. By the Rev. WM. COOKE, D.D. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 75c.

In this single book are included the two most recent writings of the veteran *litterateur*, the complete list of whose works numbers about forty valuable books. The first of the above-named treatises is an antidote to the skepticism of the day. The second is a masterly refutation, as we judge, of the theory that man is an evolution from the ape, and that he has been upon the earth for a period inconsistent with Biblical testimony. We have in a former number reviewed at length Dr. Cooke's arguments,—unanswerable as they seem to us,—on the recent origin of man. We know not any book where they are so succinctly and forcibly put.

The Silverado Squatters. By ROBT. LOUIS STEVENSON. Pp. 287. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price \$1.50.

The Rocky Mountains and mining life have already created a literature of their own. The present volume is one of the best of this class. It gives graphic sketches of miners, hunters, Chinamen, *et hoc genus omne*, but without the coarseness that oc-