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## THE HON. HUGH McCULLOCH.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

One Monday morning, while Summering at Saratoga, I was pleasantly surprised by receiving the card of "Hugh McCulloch," ex-Secretary of the Treasury, who had happened to be in my congregation the day before. I had in never met the distinguished financier, and was impressed by his fine, manly physique, open, handsome countenance, and cordial manners. Among our eminent public men, none have been more genial and agreeable. In his old age, while his powers remain unimpaired, Mr. McCulloch has done what Mr. Seward, Mr. Sumner, Mr. Stanton, and some other civilians ought to have done; he has written out his recollections and observations of the public events in which he played a prominent part. The men who have made history are the men to assist in writing history.

Mr. McCulloch is a native of Maine, a student of Bowdoin College, and in 1838 he left Kennebec to seek his fortune in the West. His descriptions of his ride through the unbroken forests of Indiana, his experiences in log cabins and among the primitive Hoosiers, and his arrival at Fort Wayne, are very quaint. The Indiana people will find his volume as interesting as a family register. He began his financial career as the cashier of the Fort Wayne Branch of the State Bank of Indiana, became soon a bank president, was appointed Comptroller of the Currency under Salmon P. Chase, and afterwards was Secretary of the Treasury under Presidents Lincoln, Johnson, and Arthur. Like Daniel Webster, he was in the Cabinet of three different Presidents. He entitles his large volume (which has been issued in attractive style by Charles Scribner's Sons) "Men and Measures of Half a Century." During these fifty years he has been brought into contact with nearly all our most prominent public men. His sketches of their characters are very frank and fearless. As an illustration of his skill in reading character, I would refer to his portraitures of Charles Sumner, whom he paints to the life. And it did my heart good to read his noble tribute to the unselfish modesty, prudence, heroic constancy, and superb generalship of George H. Thomas. Horace Greeley once said to me, "I do not believe in putting military men into the Presidency; but if we have got to have one, I go for honest old Thomas." None of our heroes has had as stinging a recognition as he; but I will risk the prediction that a half century hence, none who led the Union armies to victory will hold a higher place than he who was well styled the "Book of Oldenham."

I was deeply interested in Mr. McCulloch's account of the "Scientific Club," with which he was connected during his residence in Washington. He was admitted because they wanted a man who knew something about finance. The master spirit of the Club was my beloved old friend and college professor, Joseph Henry, who was then at the head of the Smithsonian Institution. McCulloch says of him: "Since my introduction to Prof. Henry in 1863, I have met many distinguished men, but none in whom so many grand and admirable qualities were combined. He was absolutely free from the jealousies which so frequently exist among gifted men. Religious by temperament, and seeing nothing in scientific discoveries inconsistent with revelation, he was a conscientious and prayerful Christian." This exalted tribute, which is not a hair's breadth too high, is all the more valuable as coming from an Unitarian. Henry was one of the most modest of men; but he was a staunch Presbyterian, and he was never around to show his colors in any company. Aided his hospitable friends in the Smithsonian building, there used to be gathered Presidents of the United States, generals in the army, distinguished savans and ministers of the Gospel, and he, the greatest master of science on this Continent, was a simple-hearted Christian among them all.

The chief value, historically, of Mr. McCulloch's work, consists in its narrative of the interior record of the great financial measures and movements during and after the Civil War. He is not grudging in his applause of Salmon P. Chase as the financial pilot who weathered the storm, and he claims that next to Lincoln he did more than any man to bring us successfully through the Rebellion. While lauding Chase as the "father of the greenbacks" and of our National banking system, he does not hesitate to say that "in the elucidation of financial questions and in the practical management of financial matters, Mr. Gladstone has never been surpassed by any man." With the same fearless frankness that he commends some men who have been violently assailed—President Hayes for example—he does not hesitate to censure severely the administrative blunders of President Grant. He thinks that a man may be a great success as a soldier, and a great failure as a civilian. For this reason he is very glad that the gallant Gen. Hancock was not elected to the Presidency. Mr. McCulloch has his eyes open in almost every direction, and gives us his observations on an hundred matters. He talks with a night-watchman in London who managed to live comfortably and to support his wife and three children on five dollars a week. The honest fellow tells the great financier how he contrives to make both ends meet; and one secret is that he never touches spirits or even beer, but carries a bottle of cold tea in his pockets and drinks that on his midnight rounds. He thinks that the workingmen of England are more economical and contented with their lot than the working classes in our land; and he truly remarks that "very little is wasted in England—nothing in France." A French village of three hundred inhabitants will live well on what is wasted in one of our large American hotels. This reminds me of the old saying that a French lady can entertain a large party on three lemons. We are certainly the most wastefully wasteful nation on the globe. Strict economy is almost unknown in America, and we squander enough on strong drink and tobacco to send a Bible to every soul, and a missionary to every tribe under the sun.

On one point Mr. McCulloch speaks out with tremendous emphasis. He solemnly declares that "the greatest mistake which has been made by the Government of the United States, has been in conferring upon foreigners the elective franchise. If the Republic is to be short-lived like those which have heretofore existed, unrestricted manhood suffrage will be the cause." With this emphatic utterance, Mr. McCulloch concludes his fascinating volume, which in absorbing interest, wide observation, and historical value, is the most remarkable book of the season.

## AN INVASION OF THE SOUTH.

Where We were Most Kindly Received.

My dear Dr. Field: Having lately attended the American Forestry Congress at Atlanta, I am moved to send you some notes of things which I saw there and by the way.

My route lay along the Piedmont railway, of which there is nothing but praise for management and the scenery which greets the eyes all the way. As we neared the Blue Ridge, I was reminded of our own Berkshire Hills in their refulgent beauty, and I thought what a lovely region this will be when fully recovered from the desolations and impoverishment of war. The country is beautiful, and when population comes in, bringing industry and wealth, these widespread fields will be brought under a high state of cultivation, and hundreds of these hills will be crowned, as only a few now are, with noble mansions and farmhouses.

As we passed Bull Run, Manassas, Orange, and Culpepper, what memories were called up of the unhappy strife that raged for four long years! At Charlottesville we had something more pleasant for above us roared the dome of the University of Virginia, which spoke to us of Jefferson and of the era of construction, rather than reconstruction, of our national Union. On the other side of the railroad, crowning a beautiful hill, was Monticello, the home of Jefferson—a political shrine which will attract visitors more and more with the increasing majesty of the mighty Democratic Government which he did much to establish.

Atlanta was another reminder, both of the destruction of war and of the blessings of peace. While the remains of breastworks and a battery of artillery in Grant Park, told of the siege of Atlanta, these lofty warehouses and busy streets, and oft-coming and going railway trains, told of a different and more welcome invasion—the invasion not of Northern arms and soldiers, but of Northern capital and capitalists, not to waste and destroy, but to develop a region so vast in its natural resources. But of all this you have written so fully and so well, that I can add nothing to your graphic pictures.

The Forestry Congress

Atlanta was the scene of another union last week, that of the Forestry Congress, that of the North and that of the South. The two had existed separately, not because of any political differences, but simply because when the Northern one was formed, there was no need of one at the South. The North had prairie States almost destitute of trees, and her great pine forests in the wooded States were being swept away by fires and the lumberman's axe, with fearful rapidity. The Southern States were well wooded for the most part, and had little apprehension of any coming time of destitution. The discussion and reports of the Northern Congress, however, led to such inquiry as revealed a state of things at the South when she, too, might be stripped of her forests, if she did not take timely measures to prevent it. The result was the formation, three years ago, of a Southern Forestry Congress. Convinced that they could prosecute their common object better by united action, the two bodies met lately at Atlanta, and with heavy baggage, became one, and now those in all parts of the country who appreciate the importance of maintaining a proper extent of forests, whether on account of their climatic influence and their effects upon agriculture and the flow of rivers, or as a perpetual source of lumber and fuel, will act with redoubled energy in disseminating information on the subject, and in securing from Congress and from the States the legislation that is needed to secure those results.

The meeting of the Forestry Congress was of great interest, not only on account of the union of the two bodies now composing it, but because of the many eminent persons who were members or delegates. The Governors of several States sent delegates, and the Secretary of War sent Gen. Greely of Arctic fame, who read a paper on meteorology in its relation to forests, and also took part in the discussions. Many papers were read which will be published, and will give the people of the country, North and South, valuable information upon a subject of the highest importance.

The Geste Spirit.

Northerners who come South are very apt to inquire whether the feeling towards the negro has been changed since the war, and how far the old spirit of caste still exists. Of course one could not draw any definite conclusion from the opportunities afforded by a visit of only four days. So far as appearances go, I could not perceive any difference of feeling from that which I find in Washington, where I live, or in any of our Northern communities. In my intercourse with these people, I found them much like those whom I meet at the North. I found some Northern men who said their views and feelings had been modified since they had come to the South to live.

One incident will perhaps indicate the state of public feeling. Two days after the Congress had adjourned, there appeared in the Atlanta Constitution an article of half a column or more, alleging that one of the delegates to the Congress was of negro blood, that he had taken a prominent part in the business of the body, and that he had been entertained as a guest at a first-class hotel in company with the delegates from Kentucky, all which was an affront to the South, etc. This appeared in the Constitution of Sunday morning, the 9th. As I left the city at midnight, I did not know how far it indicated the general sentiment, except that I heard a few regretting it. To-day, however, I have received from a gentleman of Atlanta, a copy of The Constitution of the next day, containing a reply by ex-Governor Bullock, from which I quote to show how some men at least, of the highest standing, look at the matter. After stating that he, as Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, received the delegates as they came, and that the African tinge of the delegate in question was at once recognized by himself and a distinguished delegate from South Carolina; and advertising to the fact that the associate delegate with the man of negro blood was a German of official position, Gov. Bullock asks:

"Could there be any reason except the arrogant prejudice of caste, for admitting the German-born citizen, and excluding the American-born citizen from public gatherings of representatives appointed by State authority?"

Then after treating the subject at considerable length, he says in conclusion:

"It is not of vital importance for us white people to know, to admit and act upon the fundamental fact that a man takes rank as an American citizen in all public affairs, according to his intelligence and his personal character, neither advanced nor retarded by his ancestry or his blood. The great honor of Atlanta is her superiority to provincialism. Shall we keep this boast good, and move on with the world into the new order of things, or shall we hedge ourselves with in the narrow lines of prejudice and arrogance, and be left behind?"

## The Negro Question.

In regard to this whole subject of the status of the negro, the Columbia Register, the oldest straight-out Democratic newspaper in South Carolina, has just come out in opposition to a bill pending in the Legislature, to disfranchise a large portion of colored voters, and uses this language:

"We are rejoicing that point in affairs when the legal policy of third-rate political shapers and legislators will no longer do for the State. We have carried this sort of thing as far as it will possibly go, and the result is that we are fast getting to be a set of carcasses within our own party limits, if we have not got there already."

"We are convinced that some wholesome understanding can be reached, with the more respectable influence of the colored people consenting. We can put ourselves beyond the corrupting influence of political chicanery, and by acting fairly and squarely with our colored neighbors, we can pour oil on the waters, and settle our political troubles for ourselves, black and white alike, without the interference of outside legislation, which will put us all by the ears, to the downfall of our social order, and the prostration of all our business interests."

The result of my brief observations at the South, is that we ought to give our sympathy, and confidence to the cultivated and well educated whites, and do all that we can to educate the ignorant masses, both black and white. I am convinced that in the uneducated, unreasoning elements of the Legislature of South Carolina, that is now advocating the bill to restrict negro suffrage, and in the Legislature of Georgia, the bill to provide for the publication of a series of school books "embodying Southern principles," a series to include even arithmetic! Pray, what is Southern arithmetic? But perhaps Southern arithmetic is better than none. So let the cry be "Educate, educate!" Pour in the light of knowledge, and at last the darkness of ignorance and prejudice will flee away.

## THE NATIVITY.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
Reclining, pensive, on the ground,  
The sky shone with a sudden light,  
And rang with joyful sound.

"Good tidings of great joy I bring:  
This day is born in Bethlehem  
A Saviour, Christ, the Lord and King!"  
A shining angel said to them.

Then with the angel in the sky,  
The heavenly host, a glistering throng,  
Poured ardent praise to God on high  
And peace on earth, in rapturous song.

In haste the eager shepherds go  
To seek their Saviour, virgin-born;  
Their hearts with a new joy o'erflow,  
And brighter shines the rising morn.

They find the mother—pure and mild,  
By all succeeding ages blest—  
Believing, thoughtful, and her Child  
In a rude manger laid at rest.

No friendly inn gave sheltering roof  
To welcome Israel's promised King;  
But oxen knelt on hallowed loaf,  
And gave their manger, wondering.

And equal to His Father's throne,  
He emptied self of all, to be  
Made one with us in flesh and bone,  
And humbled down to infancy.

Though Him the heavens could not contain,  
Yet swaddling-clothes enfolded there;  
Though o'er the universe He reign,  
Yet here He sought a mother's care.

Wonderful Counselor, the Word  
Promised in Eden when man fell!  
Redeemer, Sovereign, mighty Lord!  
A Babe, and yet Immanuel!

Brightness of the Father's glory,  
Image express of heavenly birth,  
Behold Him, kneeling, adored and below,  
To reunite the heavens and earth!

Sharp thorns shall pierce that sinless head;  
The Lord on Him our guilt shall lay,  
And He shall bear it in our stead  
From Bethlehem to Golgotha.

That infant heart, whose first faint tide  
Of sinless life beats lovingly,  
Shall pour through pierced hands and side  
Its blood for us on Calvary.

Honors shall to all ages be  
New honor shed on motherhood,  
On helpless, Christlike infancy,  
And blood-bought human brotherhood.

Stanhope, N. J. SAMUEL W. BOARDMAN.

## JOHN WANAMAKER.

(Our Philadelphia correspondent, Rev. William P. Blood, D.D., than whom there is not a man (minister) in the land more reverend and beloved, writes as follows in response to what we have said of a gentleman long known to his friends, and whose name is now conspiring to give the widest national reputation.)

The tribute to the character of Mr. Wanamaker, in the last number of THE EVANGELIST, is abundantly merited. I have known Mr. Wanamaker for more than thirty years. He went into the battle of life in his young days equipped simply with the endowments given him at his birth, *sua mens in sano corpore*; a healthy physique, a large brain, and a pair of hands ready for work. With these and the blessing of his God, he has created the largest, most intricate, and most successful business of the kind in the land. A man with genius to do this, is fit to govern a nation. His amply liberal and well-executed schemes for the weal of those in his employment, show the heart as well as the head of the man. The most complete and beautiful Children's Hospital ward in the land is to be seen on the grounds of the Presbyterian Hospital, and it is the gift of Mrs. Wanamaker. And withal, Mr. Wanamaker is a noble Christian gentleman. I have known him for weeks together, at the close of the business day, instead of retiring to a soft couch in his princely home, to go to a mission and there labor till after ten o'clock, for the moral and spiritual good of the people.

Whoever enjoys the spectacle of an American boy, equipped with talents, integrity and industry, manfully resisting the temptations of city life, energetically, persistently, with unswerving aim and indomitable resolution pursuing a legitimate, praiseworthy object, and at length finding on his brow the crown of high success, may see that spectacle in the life of John Wanamaker.

It has been good-naturedly said that Mr. Wanamaker thus advertises his goods. Well, other establishments throughout the land have adopted other modes of advertising introduced by Mr. Wanamaker; but I have yet to hear of the first one that has adopted this. Happy will it be for this land when great commercial firms shall advertise their wares by creating Bethany Missions. Mr. Wanamaker's Bethany Mission has turned a heathen city wilderness into a city paradise. Disparagement had better seek some more eligible object than John Wanamaker. It takes a good deal of barking to induce the moon even to look round as she "moves in bright state along."

## Our Book Table.

KEYSTONE OF FAITH, or What and Why We Believe. By Wolcott Walker, D.D. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1888. 32 cents.

This book is designed to describe the truths which sustain the fabric of the faith. The last chapter describes them in the very words of Scripture, linked together in a masterly way. Two chapters describe them in the language of the historical creeds. Eight chapters describe them in an outline survey, taking up God, the Bible, human nature, the incarnation, the righteousness obtained by Christ's sacrifice, received by faith, and unfolded in the communion of saints. Dr. Walker suggests that his little book may be read by Societies of Christian Endeavor. We hope it may be read by all our young Christians, and all others who are too busy to read larger treatises. It is a very clear and taking treatise in untechnical language, and must tend to recall the young to a more veritate theology, and make them more able to give a reason for the faith that is in them.

LAWS OF MEMORY AND APPREHENSION, THE REASONS AND THE USES, THE BENEFITS, &c. By Caroline May, from the press of Randolph, New York. The writer ranges over a wide and various field, as her well chosen title sufficiently indicates; and she is ever alert and cognizant of whatever is pleasing in form, color, or harmony, her music tripping along in this obvious path with nimble and sure feet, never once becoming lost in the thickets or obscurities that so frequently allure the more youthful and ambitious poet.

Several of Miss May's pieces have a local interest and coloring that can perhaps best be appreciated by the young women, now matrons all, who were once her pupils at the celebrated Priory School in Pelham. Not a few of these will delight to ramble again with the aid here afforded, among the sylvan scenes so dear to both teacher and taught.

The closing portion of this neat little volume is taken up with the meditative and religious poems of this cultured lady, and we regard them as her best. They are fraught with a true and chastened spirit, melodious in its setting. The work is affectionately inscribed to the daughters of the late Philip Schuyler, Esq., of Pelham.

THE BOY TRAVELLERS IN AUSTRALIA. Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to the Sandwich, Marquesa, Society, Samoan, and Feejee Islands, and through the Colonies of New Zealand, New Guinea, Wales, Queensland, Victoria, Tasmania, and South Australia. By Thomas W. Knox. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros. 1888. 1.50.

The first settlement in Australia having been made in 1788, the present volume duly celebrates the centennial of the remarkable civilization which in this comparatively short period has overspread the great Southern Continent. The fact of the Boy Travellers Series is wide, and the character of the work before us needs no elucidation. All boys love to roam the world with Frank Bassett and Fred Bronson, and in this journey they will be introduced to scenes as new as they are interesting. And as no other illustrated book covering this portion of the world has hitherto been published in America, fathers and mothers and sisters will share in the boys' pleasure in reading this. The illustrations are excellent, the maps numerous and good. Much space is given to a description of missionary operations in the various islands.

THE COURTESY EVE: A Novel. By J. H. Shorthouse. New York: Harper & Brothers. Paper, 25 cents.

The admirers of John Inglesant find it difficult to be satisfied with any less thoughtful and forceful work from the pen of its author. Tried by any less exacting standard, however, his subsequent works are of a high order. The present story deals with mesmerism in the days when it was still a new discovery; and it deals with that which is always new, though as old as humanity—the conflict between good and evil in the human heart. Temptation and the struggle with it are no strange thing; but such a writer as Shorthouse knows how to make the story of one man and woman's experience of both, a matter of personal interest to the reader.

HISTORICAL MEMORIALS OF CANTERBURY. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 1888. 88.

These memorials describe the Landing of Augustus, the Murder of Becket, Edward the Black Prince, and Becket's Shrine. The volume is an American large-paper edition from the eleventh London edition, and is adorned by an etched portrait of Dean Stanley, and by eight illustrations. No words of commendation are needed for Dean Stanley's historical knowledge and literary style. The volume is not only an excellent one for a present at this holiday season, but has a permanent value which would make it a rich accession to any library.

CHRISTIANITY ACCORDING TO CHRIST. By John Macno Gibson, M.A., D.D. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. 1888. 1.75.

Dr. Gibson, author of those excellent books, The Ages before Moses and The Mosaic Era, has in this volume arranged in an orderly way a series of papers more or less related to the title of the book, some of which have already appeared in various publications. The lesson of the whole is to make theology, experience, and duty relate more and more intimately to the person of Christ. We note with pleasure Dr. Gibson's power in "apologetics," which makes much of his book a defence of the faith.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN. A NOVEL. By Walter Besant. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1888.

"Then" was when the New World was very new indeed, and adventures on the high seas, especially in that vague and fabled region, the Pacific Ocean, were of the most adventurous. The reader may be inclined to doubt if, after all, the world did go very well then; but Walter Besant assuredly knows how to bring him into very close touch with those times, and to make the characters with whom one's hours are passed, very real characters indeed.

THE SECRET OF FORTRESS-LA-CHAUX. By Margarete Field. Town and Country Library. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Paper, 50 cents.

All the books of this series are above the average; this is one of the best of them. True, the "secret" does faintly remind one of Mrs. Radcliffe, and of the novels of a past century; but the story is well told, the type of character are noble and true, the descriptions of French country life and scenery are accurate and vigorous. No stronger, sweeter woman ever breathed than the heroine, Anne; and the self-devotion of the Countess was as beautiful as it was mistaken. The book is well worth reading.

JESUS AND THE NEW ADVENTURE. By Charles F. Dale. Boston: George H. Ellis. 1888.

The aim of this tiny quarto, is to show that the men about Jesus, and still more, the Christ himself, were object lessons, to teach the world precisely what men should be to-day. This is very simply, clearly, and practically shown in some cases, in a peculiarly happy and telling way.

THE SPIRIT OF THE LAWS. A Musical Entertainment for Young People. Arranged for public representation at church entertainments, school exhibitions, social gatherings, &c. By N. Earle. New York: Harold Beecher. 25 cents.

Mr. J. C. Johnson's "Juvenile Oratorios" have been placed at the disposal of the author in arranging this little opera. The songs are bright and pretty, with no hint of the burlesque.

AN EXPEDITION OF THE SHORTER CATECHISM. Part Second. By Prof. Salmood, D.D. New York: Scribner & Welford.

This little book belongs to the Bible Class Primers, and is the second of three to be devoted to the Shorter Catechism. It is hard to see what better help pastors and teachers could have in the same space.

THE STANDARDS OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY. Translated by Melville J. Anderson. New York: Playfair Anderson. Great French Writers Series. Chicago: A. C. McClure & Co. 1888. 1.10.

This handy little volume is one of a series which meets a recognized want of the manufacturing public. Mr. Upton gives the date and circumstances of composition of the best symphonies, and the leading motives of each. Some of his interpretations of the underlying meaning of the movements, are too finely spun; but on the whole, he has made a very useful book, throwing much light on the symphonic forms of music, and stimulating both hearers and students to find the hidden and elusive meanings of music for themselves.

VERONIC COUSIN. By Jules Simon of the French Academy. Translated by Melville J. Anderson. New York: Playfair Anderson. Great French Writers Series. Chicago: A. C. McClure & Co. 1888. 1.10.

Two such names on a title-page as Jules Veron and Cousin and Simon, should attract all thoughtful readers to this little book. They will find themselves well repaid. The author was more than a disciple of the man who is his theme; he not only sat under his teachings, but he came to understand the very spirit of the man, and to appreciate the subtle interactions of the character and the philosophical system which were his. The book is charmingly written, and the translation, as in all the books of this series, is admirably well done.

ORISONS: A Tale. By Dorothea Gerard. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1888. 25 cents.

The oppressions of the Jews in Rumania, and the animosity of the people against them, have here, if not an apology, at least an explanation. If it is indeed true that it is a part of the creed of a pious Jew of Eastern Europe to hold no faith with a Christian, and to consider no oath, however awful, as of any binding effect, it is not strange that public feeling is roused against them to the highest possible pitch. The reader cannot but share in the feeling. No more beautiful type of Christian manhood than Ortenegg, can easily be found; no more sublime and devoted love than that with which the beautiful Salome inspired him, and never did love end more tragically.

THE TENSORIAL CALENDAR. With photographs after new designs by Melville J. Anderson. New York: White & Allen. 1889.

There must always be "something new" in calendars, perhaps because there is always something new in life. This year the tendency seems to be to illustrate papers with a single motto for each month, and the illustrations are selected and well selected in the present issue, and the Tensorial Calendar will prove a welcome gift.

The Atlantic Monthly maintains its high standard of literary excellence, and records, as no other American periodical does, the high-water mark of American literature. This is evident in every number of the magazine, in the papers on politics and art, no less than those purely literary. The promise of the January number is fully up to the performance of the past: papers on Washington's Great Campaign of 1776, by Prof. John Fluke; on Palm Sunday in Puebla de los Angeles, by F. Hopkinson Smith; and on the Aesthetic Problem in Education, by Prof. N. S. Shaler, will find interested readers. *Passé-Review*, by Prof. Hardy, has already spoken for itself. It is not too late—surely not too late, in view of the Day of Prayer for Colleges which will soon be held to refer readers to President Hyde's paper in the December number, on the Future of the Country College, and especially to the passages treating of the religious functions of the college as distinguished from that of the academy on the one hand, and of the university on the other.

*Sun and Shade* for Christmas well sustains the promise of the first three numbers of this art periodical. Consisting as it does entirely of reproductions by various photographic processes of celebrated works of art, ancient and modern, it is a valuable addition to the home center-table. Especially will it be welcome in country homes, where opportunities for enjoying works of art are few or none at all. The features of this number are, a charming little photographic of John Morgan's *Sesaw*, a very perfect photograph of the *Madonna from Lile*, by Pansorero, by Guerin of St. Louis, Mo.; a photograph of Morris' *Shadow of the Cross*, and of Raphael's *Madonna della Sedia*; and a very spirited photo-lithograph, *La Petite Javotte*, by Will.

The *Answer Review* for December has one article of great merit by Prof. Feasby of Harvard, on *Classic and Scientific Ethics*, showing the vast superiority of Hebrew and Christian Morality to the ethical philosophies of Greece and Rome. In regard to the Levitical morality, he says "there is no subject which its precepts cover, on which they do not make a nearer approach to perfection than we can find in all pre-Christian antiquity beside." Walter S. Collins, Esq., discusses *Marriage and Divorce in the United States*, arguing in favor of a constitutional amendment in these words: "Sec. 1. The power to legislate on marriage and divorce shall be vested in Congress only, the laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding. Sec. 2. Congress shall have power to enforce by appropriate legislation the provisions of this article."

The Christmas number of *The Home-Maker* well carries out the promise of the former two numbers. Of course it is full of "timely" things, and gives full measure of Christmas cheer. Catherine Owen's series of papers on *Cheap Living in Cities*, ought to bring a world of comfort into homes where comfort has hitherto been of the severe and abstinent order, if it existed at all.

The *Musical Herald* in its prospectus for the coming year, offers a Musical Reading Course. It remained but to add this to the endless variety of reading courses now in vogue; and the idea is an excellent one. In music no less than in language, does the admonition seem "If you want to learn to read, read."