

beauty or strength of style, original thinking, apt illustration, fresh puttings of old truth, masterly analysis of themes, a grouping or phrasing of the ideas that will be a distinct gain and joy to the readers. There should be height and depth and breadth (but not length), condensation, insight, something of brilliance or profundity, if not indeed a good deal of both. Nevertheless, taste in sermons vastly differs, so on this basis almost any, perhaps, may find admission to covers, and some sort of a hearing. Those in this book (printed in London) are good, but they do not strike us as great or memorable. They are thoroughly orthodox and correct, very well modulated and moderated.

Porfirio Diaz, President of Mexico. The Master Builder of a Great Commonwealth. By José F. Godoy. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York. Price, \$2, net.

Senator Root has said that Diaz is "one of the greatest men to be held up for the hero-worship of mankind." A vast number of somewhat similar opinions of prominent men 70 pages of them, are quoted in this sumptuous, elaborately illustrated volume. Diaz is 80 years old in the early autumn, having been born Sept. 15, 1830. He was elected President in 1876, and has continued (with four years' intermission), the constitution having been especially altered to permit it, until the present time. His latest term expires next July, and we are informed that he is certain of a practically unanimous re-election. He is not likely to lay down his office until he dies. He has been married twice, and has three children by his first wife — one son and two daughters. He has no doubt done a great deal for Mexico. This book does not make the exact nature of his services very plain, but a part of it may be gathered, and still more inferred, by him who reads these pages.

Kilmeny of the Orchard. By L. M. Montgomery. L. C. Page & Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.25.

Kilmeny of the Orchard — wonderfully beautiful, with jet black hair and skin "as fine and purely tinted as the heart of a white rose," with blue eyes "luminous as the stars," and dumb from her birth — is a great contrast to Anne of Green Gables, with her red hair and nimble tongue. Anne was real, alive, and altogether delightful, and Kilmeny will never take her place in our hearts. Because of her affliction and unfortunate circumstances connected with her birth, Kilmeny is brought up in absolute seclusion. She has never seen a mirror, and believes herself very ugly. She has never seen a man save her uncle, a boy who lives with them, and "the egg peddler," till Eric Marshall finds her in the orchard. It is a pretty love story, with of course, a happy ending. A sudden shock gives Kilmeny the power of speech, and Eric's father, who is ambitious for his son, gladly receives her as a daughter. The best thing in the book is the description of the beautiful old orchard in which Eric and Kilmeny met.

The Crowds and the Veiled Woman. By Marian Cox. Funk & Wagnalls Co.: New York. Price, \$1.50.

There are only four characters here, and the fourth is a serving woman who only speaks half a dozen words. Two people, the artist Gaspard and his friend Monsieur, practically manage the whole business through long disquisitions, monologues, letters and reveries. There is almost no conversation or action. The artist is disgusted with the fleshly, sexual "model" work of his fellows, who have degraded art, he thinks, and longs to paint a soul, or a form which will fully reveal the soul and suggest the body as little as possible. "I must behold the corporeal, as the similitude of the incorporeal." "There is no greater imperfection in art than to suggest the carnal." "Sex is the great negative of the soul." So he seeks a veiled woman, one whom the crowds have not seen or touched even by a glance, unsullied by promiscuous eyes, her purity shielded from all encroachment. He finds her, a soul in all its pristine integrity of truth and beauty, brought up in a nunnery,

wholly strange to the world, hardly human, a soul shielded against all mundane compacts and imprints. He paints her, or tries to — it was to have been his masterpiece, a creation to immortalize him — but finds the eyes, which were her most distinctive feature — deepest black, or purple, or violet, some mysterious, changing, fathomless, unproducible color — too much for him. The conclusion is most horrible and startling. The whole book is weird and unearthly, reminding one at some points of Edgar Allan Poe. It is written with power, with an intimate knowledge of art and love and human nature, a unique production certainly. But whether it can possibly find many readers, or give satisfaction to those who persevere through its mysterious, philosophical speculations, is another matter, and much more doubtful. It is as unlike the ordinary novel or love story as can well be imagined. "The soul exists as a Stare that begins with death," is one of the conclusions. The teaching can hardly be considered in all respects wholesome.

In the Shadow of God. By Guy Arthur Jamieson. R. F. Fenko & Co.: New York. Price, \$1, net.

It is difficult to know the wherefore of this title. The phrase occurs only once in the book, and that is in the final line, where we have, from the hero, this sentence: "It seems to me the world still gropes in the shadow of God — I'd lead it into His sunlight." This hero, if such he can be called, is first a painter, then a Methodist preacher in Texas, then a painter — *i. e.*, an artist — again, and this time a successful one. But he loses all his religion and becomes a blasphemer against God, until in this closing line there is the barest of intimations that faith of some sort is beginning to return, as prosperity once more smiles upon him. The book is a curious hodge-podge, not very satisfactory or well worked out, but with some strong passages and fine bits of description. Methodists will not be pleased at the portrayal of the Conference (in the Church South), a ministerial trial there, and the general run of preachers depicted. The impression seems to be conveyed that Methodism's God leaves the world "in the shadow" — is a dark, repulsive person, having but little to do with sunlight.

The Return of the Angels. Sunday Evenings in a Glasgow Pulpit. By Rev. G. H. Morrison, M. A. Hodder & Stoughton: New York and London. Price, \$1.35, net.

Brief addresses "prepared after the more severe preparation for the forenoon diet of worship was completed." So says the author. Their aim was to win the attention of some of that vast class of people who sit so lightly to the church. We do not wonder that they were successful. They are full of attractiveness in both topics and treatment, yet in no way *outré* or out of taste. The "Ministries of Leisure," "The Evident Christ," "Call of the Hills," "Correspondence of the Deep," "Rainbow and Throne," are some of the themes. In a sermon on "The Sphere of Supposition," the preacher takes for his text the single word, "Supposing" — Mary and Joseph *supposing* that Jesus was in their company; Mary Magdalene *supposing* Christ to be the gardener; and the jailer at Philippi *supposing* his prisoners had fled. There are lessons for us in all these incidents.

The Divine Craftsman: and Other Sermons. By Thomas G. Selby. Eaton & Mains: New York. Price, \$1.25, net.

It would seem that sermons have not gone very greatly out of fashion, if we are to judge from the number that are being constantly published. Not all that are published present a sufficient defence for the step, or seem deserving of the distinction. There ought to be in those making this claim upon our attention something decidedly unusual — remarkable