

Mr. Ballentine is an Episcopal clergyman, whose name is misspelled in Whittaker's Almanac. The two books written by Luke are given in what is verily modern American. The process of reconstruction, so as to get rid of all the familiar sacred language, is carried to a great extent. As an illustration we quote a passage:

"After this he went and saw a saloon-keeper named Levi sitting in his saloon, and said to him:

"Follow me."

"He left everything, got up, and began to follow him.

"Levi gave him a great reception in his house, and there was a great crowd of saloon-keepers and others who were with them at table. And the Pharisees and their Scribes kept complaining to his disciples and saying:

"Why do you eat and drink with saloon-keepers and prostitutes?"

"Jesus answered them:

"Those who are well need no physician, but those who are sick. I have not come to call good people but bad people to a change of mind and purpose of heart."

We do not find fault with this method of translation, for it is fresh and will be helpful to many people.



A CORDIAL AND DISPASSIONATE DISCUSSION ON PREDESTINATION: Its Scriptural Import. *By Bishop John B. Small, D.D.* (York, Pa.: Dispatch Publishing Co.) Bishop Small is a dignitary of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church and has written much in the interests of his Church. It is an interesting fact that the African Methodists in our Southern States find it necessary to defend their views of free grace against the strict Calvinism of the negro Baptists, and this is what the present volume does. Bishop Small's argument is based upon the premise that Scripture cannot contradict itself and is its own best interpreter. It should seem that a very crude doctrine of predestination is prevalent in and has been met by the churches which Bishop Small represents. He very sharply antagonizes the doctrine which he attributes to Calvin, and argues from Scripture that it is destructive to our idea of the righteousness of God to believe that he would predestinate any man to eternal sin and death without previous regard to his character. Such discussions as this we have pretty nearly done with among most of our churches, and we do not think

THE MODERN AMERICAN BIBLE. S. Luke. (*Gospel—Acts.*) Books of the Bible in Modern American Form and Phrase, with Notes and Introduction. *By Frank Schell Ballentine.* (New York: Thomas Whittaker. 50 cents.)

it a very important matter what one's theory may be in reference to election and reprobation. But better mental gymnastic can hardly be found than the discussion of such a theme, and we cannot regret that it is taxing the acuteness of our colored brethren in the Southern States.

**INDIAN BASKETRY.** With 300 Illustrations. *By George Wharton James.* (New York: Henry Malkan. \$2.00.) Mr. James is a passionate admirer of the Indians and their work, and has written a number of volumes on the Mission Indians of California. In this fascinating book he has gathered what we know of the Indian basket-work, making use not only of the result of his own researches, but of the considerable bibliography which we owe to Mason, Dixon, Cushing, Fewkes, and others. He has had access to the finest private collections, and has illustrated his pages with a wealth of wood-cuts and half-tones. It surprises the uninitiated to find such a pattern as the Greek fret or the anthemion, which have had a native origin and have not been borrowed from the older continent. This shows that not only such simple designs as crosses and circles may arise anywhere, but that even more conventional forms may have diverse origin. This extremely interesting volume is a real addition to our knowledge of an art sure to decay unless it is carefully preserved by those who are interested in Indian culture.

**ANTONIA.** *By Jessie Van Zile Bel-den.* (Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.) We have here a tale which shows the life of New Amsterdam to have been no less "severe and strenuous" than that of the Puritans. The story (which at some points has a strong reminder of a familiar one) is excellent, and the simple, direct style keeps it moving without any friction. Antonia, as a purely Dutch woman, might have proved too phlegmatic to play the heroine, but, with a drop of Spanish blood added to her veins, she is graceful and spirited enough to please the most exacting. From page to page we pursue the flying phantom of happiness deferred, sure of finding the pot of gold at the rainbow's

foot. To be dull on the way is impossible, for when a moving accident is wanting there are always Indians in the background to lend to life that uncertainty so delightful—in fiction.

**HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WOMAN.** *By Max O'Rell.* (New York: The Abbey Press. \$1.50.) This is the fourteenth book Max O'Rell has published about Jonathan, John Bull and Jacques Bonhomme, and their respective wives, children, manners and customs. If he lives long enough he will probably publish fourteen more, and doubtless they will all be interesting and amusing. In this book he is particularly happy, for his main theme is woman, and what subject is so fascinating to a Frenchman as that? He has many bright, and only a few stupid, things to say about her: whether they be true or false only she, of course, can tell.

**THE LUCK OF THE VAILS.** *By E. F. Benson.* (New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.) A "thrilling," old-fashioned tale which progresses through the gruesome underground passages and secret doorways of an old English manor house into the most appalling situations, and out again into the sunshine of marital happiness. The "heavy villain" is of an entirely new type, being a rosy faced, innocent-eyed old man with an apparently amiable weakness for blowing a flute, who stings and poisons in the dark like a viper. The plot is ingenious, and the author's powers of description extraordinary.

**FAMILIAR TREES AND THEIR LEAVES.** Edition in Colors. *By F. Schuyler Mathews.* (New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.75.) This tried and proved guide to our familiar trees now appears with the addition of twelve full-page pictures printed in colors. While we do not think these colored plates will add appreciably to the real usefulness of the book, they at least lend a certain sprightliness to its appearance. It is not necessary to commend again the plan of Mr. Mathews's work and his wisdom in laying so much emphasis on the general character of the leaf as the feature by which ordinary observers distinguish tree from tree.

A SUNNY SOUTHERNER. *By Julia Magruder.* (Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.25.) In Southern romances the heroine is too often represented upon a pedestal, while the hero, unkempt, unshaven and apparently dashed over with social ignominy, is seen to struggle up to her feet. After a long time love levels the ground, endows him with magnetism and convincing mysteries; and on the last page he invariably turns out to be a Northern nabob of some superlative kind; whereupon the lady steps gracefully down, apologizes for her pedestal, explains that it is a sort of family heirloom, and that she is quite willing to abandon it for his sake. Such is the scheme of this little story. Everything incredible and preposterous is done to bring about a happy ending.



JACK RAYMOND. *By E. L. Voynich.* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.50.) A story written with power, insight and a certain remorseless hardness, recording the martyrdom of a child through the ferocities of an old man who has the homicidal mania. The hard-featured, brave-spirited little hero begins life by showing a fine tendency to work his way up through tribulations; but in the end the struggle seems futile. The rain never falls upon his dry ground. There are no lilies in his garden, only graves. And, worse than all, the author proves that his good people are wrong, and the wrong people are righteous. There is a subtle confusion of moral values which destroys the emphasis of the story and renders it unprofitable reading.

