

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Princeton and Her Presidents.

"Affectionately yours, Charles Hodge," are the words which introduce the general reader of this delightful book to the kindly and scholarly face of the Princeton Nestor. But no such words are necessary to enable the old Princeton student to recognize in this admirable engraving the portrait of his beloved friend and teacher, "whose glance," as one of his earlier pupils well says, "was of such beaming benevolence, mingled with such quiet peace, that we all felt he had come in the spirit of the apostle John to teach us, out of his own deep spiritual intuitions, the mystery of the kingdom of God." Here, too, are the portraits of the younger Hodge, hardly second to his illustrious father; and of Dr. McCosh, the distinguished ex-president, whose name and fame have lifted Princeton college to a rank beside Yale and Harvard. Here also is that familiar old seminary building among the trees, with its four rows of small-paned windows, the sight of which calls up many a pleasing recollection.

The author of this delightful volume is entitled to the thanks of every Princetonian for the admirable way in which he has sketched the careers of two of the great men whose labors have made Princeton seminary so illustrious.

Of north of Ireland extraction on his father's side, and descended from the Huguenots on that of his mother, the elder Hodge was born three years before the beginning of the present century. His father dying in infancy, "to his mother, under God, he owed everything." From earliest years his mind was imbued with religious principles. He was educated in Philadelphia and Princeton college. When eighteen he enlisted under Christ's banner. He graduated, and was licensed at 22. In the following year he was appointed to the seminary assistantship, and at 25 he was made Professor of Oriental and Biblical Literature. Marrying in 1825, he settled in that familiar home close to the seminary, and his conservatism is suggested by the fact that, "for 45 years he went on reclining and sitting, reading, writing, praying and talking in one spot in one room."

The author has given us a delightful glimpse of his visit to Europe in 1826, of his intercourse in Paris with DeSacy, his studies at Halle and Berlin, where he met Gesenius, Jacob, Niemayer and Tholuck. He, Neander and Tholuck had interesting discussions. Monod, of Paris, and Hengstenberg, of Berlin, felt drawn to the young American from his "simplicity, modesty and sincerity." "With a swelling heart," he says, "I trod the soil of the mother country (England), which, with all her faults, is the most wonderful and admirable world has ever seen." Returning in 1829, he resumed the work of teaching, writing for the *Review*, guiding the church through many a fierce storm, and for half a century writing his name more and more legibly upon the religious history of the world.

His theology was Calvinism; but, as it he would prove by example that Calvinism was not the grim doctrine which some suppose, he was the most lovable of men. Said the editor of *Sunday at Home*: "I have seldom seen a man more genial and attractive than this representative of the American Presbyterian. Clear light did not interfere with warm love in good old Dr. Hodge." The zenith of his glory was reached in 1877, when Lutherans, Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists and Independents, as well as Presbyterians, vied with each other in showing the value they set upon such a life. After hearing the congratulatory addresses, a friend asked him, "How did you stand all that?" "Why," said he, "very quietly; it did not seem at all to be me they were talking about. I heard it as of some other man." Some one said to him, "You ought to be a very happy man, considering what you have accomplished and the feeling towards you." "Now, stop!" said he. "All that can be said is, that God has been pleased to take up a poor little stick and do something with it."

The author admirably hits off his excellencies as a teacher, and lets us into the secret of the power which did so much to mould the more than 3,000 students who found in him "their Christian Gamaliel." As a theologian, it is well remarked of him that "the name of Charles Hodge is not likely to be dimmed for many a decade by the name of any other English-speaking authority on the great subject he so comprehensively and learnedly treats." Prof. Salmon once asked Hodge for a motto, and with kindly smile the old man wrote what was at once the motto of his own inner life and the key to his theology, "Thy Word is Truth."

The sketch of Hodge the younger is equally pleasant reading. He was "not dwarfed by comparison with even such a father." As a missionary, at Allahabad, as a pastor, preacher, and pluralist professor at Alleghany, as the truly apostolic successor of his father in the Princeton chair, A. A. Hodge is well characterized as the Aristotle of the glorious school of which Alexander was the Socrates and Charles Hodge the Plato. The book must be read to learn the truth of Dr. Paxton's characterization of this man as "Christian,

Princetoniana. Charles and A. A. Hodge, with Class and Table-Talk of Hodge the Younger. By a Scottish Princetonian (Rev. C. A. Salmon, M. A.) New York: Scribner & Welford.

Philosopher, Theologian, Orator, Poet, Child."

The second part of the volume consists of twelve chapters of "Brevia Theologica," or pregnant class-room sayings, chiefly of the younger Hodge. Some of these are very valuable, some of them more commonplace, many of them quaint and humorous. They give a fair example of the method of teaching of the prince of professors. Take two or three specimens chosen at random: "Those old Patristic fellows were, in one aspect of the case, the babies of the church."

"Kant held that it is a mere subjective law, that we must think that every effect must have a cause. If you pinched a dog's tail and immediately cried, 'Oh, sir, it's a mistake; nobody pinched it!' do you think you would convince the dog? I never saw a dog yet that agreed with the philosophers, so the philosophers must be wrong."

Speaking of original sin: "If dice, being thrown a thousand times, always turn up sixes, you say the dice are loaded. So with babies. They come into the world as thick as those flakes of snow to-day; and they always come 'sin up.' How do you explain it? The dice are loaded."

Speaking of the fallacy of evolution: "You can't get a human soul out of mud. Bricks, the juggler, used to bring eggs and puddings and singing birds out of his hat. But he had to slip them surreptitiously in first. And so it is with Dr. Darwin."

Teaching that religion cannot be ignored by the government, and that the state has the right to enact Sabbath laws and to govern according to Christian principles: "Men are religious beings. Religion cannot be got rid of by seeking to ignore it. A man, after taking some liquor perhaps, may go hopping round and declaring, 'I'll have no gravity'; but he need not expect to get rid of the laws of gravitation. As little need our legislators attempt to put away religion. We have a right to insist that they shall not try. I would not consent to be hanged by a jury with an atheist sitting upon it. It would be much more comfortable to be hanged by a jury of good Presbyterians!"

L. G. MACNEILL.

For One Year's Work—£3.

The bitter gibes of Rider Haggard would be justified by the fact, if all publishers resembled a London firm, whose methods are described to *PROGRESS* by a well known Canadian litterateur. His first book, which bore the imprint of the house, unaccountably failed to make him wealthy, though he received a commission of 10 per cent. on all copies sold; and when the firm suggested that his second work should be published "on shares," he jumped at the proposal. The book achieved instant popularity. Several thousand copies were sold. The author looked forward to the day of settlement with very pleasurable anticipations; but when that day came it brought him, as his "share," a check for—£3! To make the interesting anecdote more complete, it may be added that as this was the first check so it was the last.

That Canadian Biography.

Mr. Lancefield, representing the Rose Publishing Co., Toronto, has been in the city during the week. Referring to recent criticisms of the *Cyclopedia of Canadian Biography*, published by his house, he makes the point that they ignored the fact that the work is in two volumes and that many representative Canadians who were said to have been slighted are mentioned in the first of these. Mr. Lancefield asserts that the errors and omissions which have been noted are only those that might be expected in a work of such magnitude, and promises that all shall be made right in future editions. It is not unlikely, as their courteous representative hints, that the reputation for thorough book-making, which the Rose Publishing Co. has won so worthily, led the people to expect too much from it in this case.

New Titles for Familiar Books.

Some of the questions asked by readers at the Boston public library are too absurd for belief. Many seem to have a notion that the institution is a sort of bureau of information. One woman, last week, inquired of the librarian where she could procure a wet-nurse. Another intelligent female wanted to know if Miss Edgeworth wrote *Camille*. A new disciple of occultism walked in the other day and said, "I want Buddha." The attendant was tempted to suggest that the customer should seek the article he demanded at a grocery shop; but subsequently it was ascertained that works on the Prince Gautama and his religion were desired. When *Queens*, by Matilda Flinders, was called for not long ago, the dispenser of books did not guess without some difficulty that Agnes Strickland's *Matilda of Flanders*, in that author's "Queens of England," was meant. One person asked for "Sart," by Carlyle, recently; of course, the *Sartor Resartus* was intended. And so ad infinitum.—*Boston Herald*.

Notes and Announcements.

The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* says that Longfellow was born "at Portland, now the capital of Maine."

Democratic Vistas, and *Other Papers*, is the title of Walt Whitman's new volume, which has been brought out in England.

Walter Besant, the English novelist, is in poor health, and has gone to the continent to recuperate. He is suffering from overwork and writer's cramp.

Mr. Blaine has made a contract with his American publishers whereby an account of his coaching trip through Scotland, written by himself, will be given to the public.

The description of the ride will be given in the form of letters. These letters will not have to be burned.

Howard Pyle's stirring story of *Within the Capes* is about to be put in paper form at 50 cents by the Scribners.

A portrait of William Black, with a personal sketch of the novelist in his Brighton home, will appear in the August *Book Buyer*.

Duffield Osborne's romance *The Spell of Ashtaroth* has been brought out in London, and on the book-stalls it is reported as being the best selling of recent American novels.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, it is said, is so accustomed to embalming her experiences and those with whom she has shared them in her novels and poems that in Boston and Washington people will say on being presented, "Oh, I'm Tredennis," or whatever character they are supposed to represent.

The fiftieth volume has just been added to the "Yellow Paper" series of the Scribners. No collection of books put out in popular form, and at a low price, has so much to commend it to the public as this series. Its high standard has been uniformly kept, and the most famous and popular of our American authors have constantly been added to the list. The success of the series, for almost every book has been successful, is deserved.

Mr. George Haendel, writing in his *Epoch*, illustrates the character of William II. by a number of anecdotes so painful that one might hope that they are the exaggerations of his enemies. One of these stories, illustrating his detestation of the English, is that, his nose bleeding while at a review, some of the officers became anxious. "Don't be alarmed, gentlemen," he said, "I am only shedding the last drops of English blood in my veins."

The enemies of books, says Mr. William Blades, in his book of the same title, are fire, water, gas, heat, dust, neglect, ignorance, bigotry, collectors, servants and children. Mr. W. F. Poole, commenting on the book, says that the best way to clean books is by slapping the backs together. Books are kept much cleaner in cases without glass. Although they collect the dust more quickly, it is easier shaken off, while the dust that collects behind glass becomes greasy, sticky and ruins a book.

I will engage to entertain at dinner, at a round table five feet in diameter, all the American novelists who make more than a thousand dollars a year out of the royalty on any one of their novels, and to give them all they want to eat and drink, and three of the best cigars apiece afterward, and a hack to take them home in; and I will agree to forfeit a thousand dollars to the home for imbeciles if twenty-five dollars does not liquidate the bill and leave enough over to buy a cloth copy of each of the works in question, with the author's autograph on the fly leaf. One hack will be sufficient, and would allow of their putting their feet on the seat in front of them.—*Julian Hawthorne in Belford's Magazine*.

The present form which bibliomania takes in London is a demand for first editions of Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson and Browning. A first edition of *Bells and Pomegranates* not long ago brought \$55; the first numbers of *Pickwick Papers* brought \$45. One of the whims of the moment is for large paper covered editions of a Beckett's *Comic History of England*. In the meantime, although early editions of the Bible are still sought for, there is but little demand for the classics. A correspondent relates that he recently bought for a sovereign five volumes, including a Plutarch of 1620 and a Horace of 1564. A vagary of the present craze is for early American editions. Cicero's *De Senectute*, issued by Benjamin Franklin's press, brought \$55.

HER SIDE OF THE STORY.

Mrs. Mahoney Denies Statements Concerning Her and States Her Case.

PROGRESS has had a call from Mrs. Mahoney, the object of which was to contradict in a very straightforward fashion the statements made in this paper a week or two ago. It is no more than right that Mrs. Mahoney should be heard in her own defence and *PROGRESS* gives her statements to the public, for which they possess not a small amount of interest.

She denied, first of all, that she was engaged in the jewelry business. A lady did give her a set of jewelry to dispose of, a few weeks ago, but she was unable to do so at her price and returned it. Her only business at present is dealing in second-hand clothes, a business she has followed for fifteen years, seven of which she spent in St. John. Mrs. Mahoney says further that all her debts in St. John do not amount to \$50 and that instead of creating a scene on the street with a customer she is a peaceable woman who tries to get along quietly and honestly. Very often her customers give her time to pay their amounts and so soon as she gets the money she says her first move is to get free from debt.

She gave a somewhat interesting account of how the second-hand clothes business is carried on, saying that when ladies had anything to dispose of they notified her by postal card, asking her to call at a certain hour. Very often what they wished to dispose of was some dress which might be quite new, and yet not suit the owner, or was out of fashion, or, as was quite frequently the case, people who were going into mourning, got rid of their lighter dresses in this way.

The poorer class of people buy the second-hand goods, notably the factory girls, but a dress which has been in use but a short time, and is liable to be recognized again, is sent to Halifax and sold there.

Mrs. Mahoney says that she has travelled through Nova Scotia and New Brunswick buying old clothes, and has shipped them from every express office in the country.

In conclusion, Mrs. Mahoney said she had some idea of re-establishing herself in business here, and she wanted *PROGRESS* to prove her, what she had always tried to be, a honest woman.

THAT GIRL OF YOURS.

An Old Maid Sister's Radical Views of Her Place in Society.

My neighbor has lost her favorite servant and calls me to sympathize. I do. A good "second girl" is heaven's best gift to the housekeeper.

Where and when will she find another one?

Some people think the world is crowded. The professions are over-full, they say; the trades must be, as well, else why such careful regulation of the number of apprentices? I'm not an economist and I won't argue this point, as a whole; but I will stand up against Adam Smith himself and maintain that the ranks of the servants will never be filled—until the millennium.

Then, we shall all serve each other.

I writhe with impotent fury when I stumble on one of those pointless and witless articles that some of my sex are so fond of writing, the burden of which is, Why do our girls object to domestic service? As if anyone with a spoonful of brains didn't know that they object to it because, in the eyes of "society," the employment is degrading!

But why is it?

Why is the man or woman who renders personal service less worthy of our respect and regard than the man who builds a house or the woman who stands behind a counter?

If to wait upon us is degrading, what creatures we must be!

I venture that you never thought of the matter in that way before.

Here's another idea: [Since our social system obliges each of us to bring his brain or his muscle to the market place, how can one stand on a higher plane than any other?

When the author and the fishmonger are both necessitated to tout for customers, why harp of rank or degree?

The business of waiting on tables is no more in need of defence than most of the other ways of getting a living, but to talk of dignity attaching to labor of any sort under the system now prevailing is absurd. There is no way in which selling labor for the highest price it will fetch is more dignified than selling goods for what can be got. Both are commercial transactions, to be judged by the commercial standard. By setting a price in money on his service, the worker accepts the money measure for it and renounces all clear claim to be judged by any other. The sordid taint which this necessity imparts to the noblest and the highest sorts of service is bitterly resented by generous souls, but there is no evading it. There is no exception, however transcendent the quality of one's service, from the necessity of haggling for its price in the market-place. The physician must sell his healing and the apostle his preaching the rest. The prophet, who has guessed the meaning of God, must dicker for the price of the revelation, and the poet hawk his visions in printers' row."

In short, in a commercial "civilization," such as ours, where it is possible to buy anything, from shoe-laces to souls, how should any one dare to fasten the stamp of inferiority upon any class?

FLORENCE WILMINGTON.

The Other Side of the Case.

Mr. W. S. Ashley, M. A., of Oxford University, has been appointed to the newly established chair of political science in Toronto university. From what is stated in the daily press as to Mr. Ashley's qualifications for the position, the government, we would infer, is fairly to be congratulated upon the wisdom of its choice. What ever may be said as to the wisdom of going abroad for professors to fill the chairs in the provincial university there can be no doubt that it would have been a huge mistake in this instance to appoint a native who has recently been mixed up with the party politics of this country. The government is to be highly commended for resisting the pressure put upon it to place a party hack in this most important position.—*Presbyterian Review*.

Something Wrong.

A correspondent of the *Penman's Art Journal* writes: "A friend asks me to multiply \$5 by \$5. I do so and announce the result as \$25. All right. Now multiply 500 cents by 500 cents, giving the answer in cents pure and simple, not as fractional parts of a dollar. I do so, and am surprised to see the figures climb up to 250,000 cents, which is \$2,500. As \$5 and 500 cents are equivalent, the result is puzzling. It can not be urged that decimal marks should be used. A cent, as such, is as distinct a unit as a dollar, and as the result is to be announced in cents, the decimals cannot be pleaded in extenuation of the rather surprising result. But there is clearly something wrong. What is it?"

A WOMAN WITH A MISSION.

She declared with fervid vigor on the misery of the Digger, cut a most dramatic figure while lamenting his condition.

And she said the bare Numidian and the much-tanned Abyssinian and the Cannibal and Guinean overflowed her with contrition.

And her deep sighs weighed the breezes, for those lands where bread nor cheese is, for the Turks and the Chinese, she was filled with deep emotion.

And her ardent love was greater, all the more she strove to cater, to those tribes beyond the equator or across a distant ocean.

And like Rachel, that sweet Jewess, she wept tears as thick as glue is, at the action of St. Louis, and Chicago's degradation;

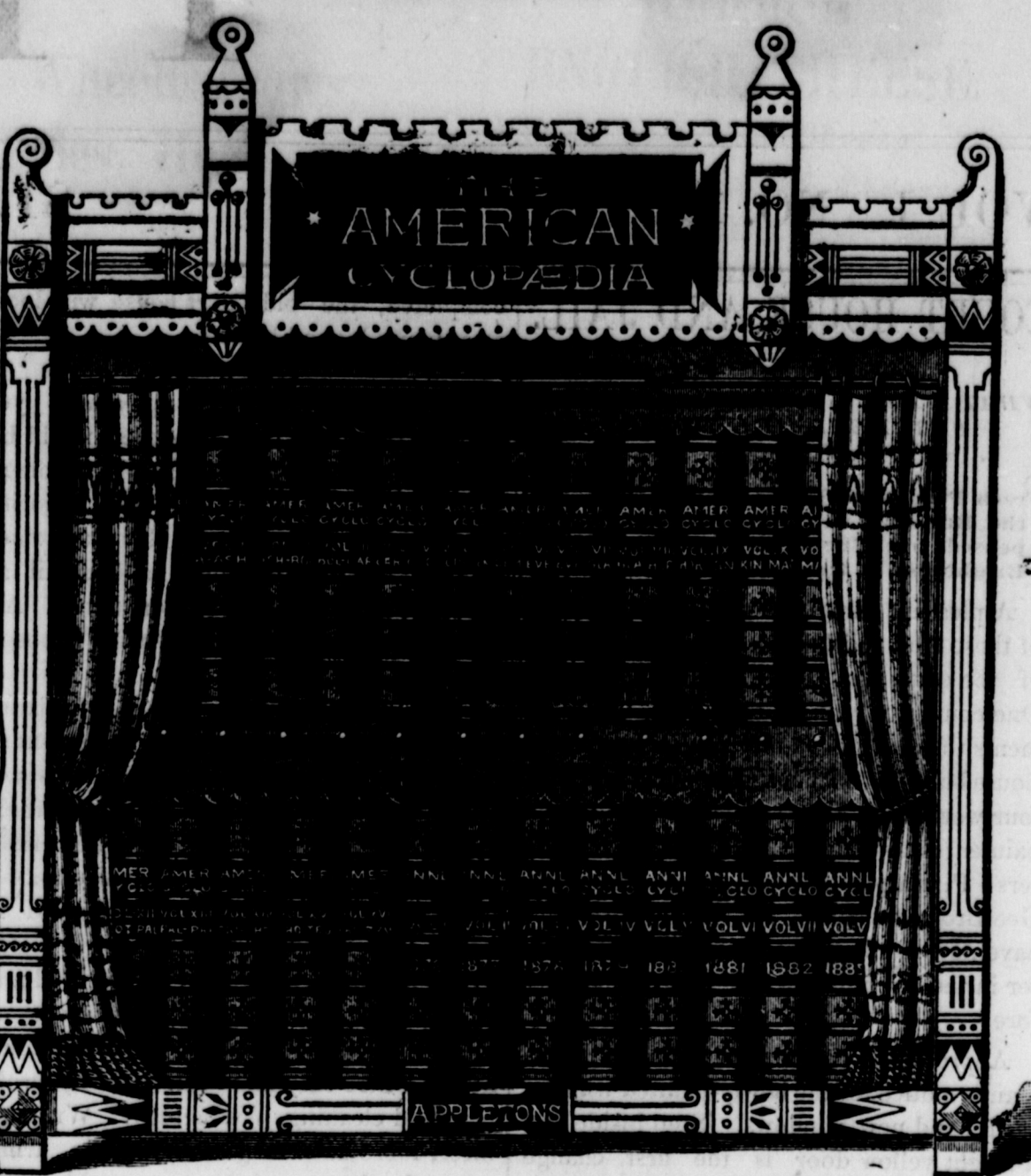
And that these towns where such sin is, such a race for golden guineas might be as good as Lynn is, was her prayer and supplication.

For the wild man of Alaska or of barbarous Madagascar, she would say if you should ask her, that her love was deep and tender;

While her husband, luckless victim, looked as if the Fates had licked him, and through back streets where he kicked him, walked about with one suspender.

—Lynn Union.

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