of the ghosts, the blind phantasmagoria that shelters in suspended solution all the old and pitiful unrealities of religion. And then Satan remains far more magnificent than even Milton's sublime conception, the hero of *Paradise Lost*, as the true Rod of God, while His mercy continues to be the Staff. For they co-exist, they cooperate, and the one without the other has no meaning or value—just because God is Infinite Love.

BOOK REVIEW.


The Rice Institute of Houston, Texas, has raised a stately and indeed a most worthy monument of its existence by publishing a three-volumed account of its opening ceremonies which constituted "an academic festival, held in celebration of the opening of the Rice Institute, a university of liberal and technical learning founded in the city of Houston, Texas, by William March Rice and dedicated by him to the advancement of letters, science and art." The first volume is adorned with two photogravure reproductions of portraits of the founder. The frontispiece is an ideal and sympathetic portrait of Mr. Rice when a young man, and the other shows the same features strengthened into maturity. Other inserts of this volume are facsimile engravings of the invitations issued and responses received from many universities and learned societies of Europe and America. It also contains a complete list of the delegates and the program of addresses, toasts and dedicatory exercises which constituted the opening exercises on October 10, 11 and 12, 1916. The other two volumes are devoted to the inaugural addresses on the fundamental sciences, the liberal humanities, and the advancement of modern learning presented at the Institute by its distinguished guests on the same occasion. These are accompanied by excellent photogravure portraits of Professors Altamiró y Crevea of Oviedo, Borel of Paris, De Vries of Amsterdam, Jones of Glasgow, Kikuchi of Tokyo, Mackail of Oxford, Ostwald of Leipsic, Ramsay of London, Störmer of Christiania, Volteria of Rome; also Benedetta Croce, editor of *La Crítica*, and the late H. Poincaré of Paris. The volumes are crown octavo, buckram bound, and the composition and press-work by the De Vinne Press are almost perfect.