

odists are one throughout the world." Our own William Dobson made a unique impression. He is a man of highest standing in the Conference—six foot three or four—a man in every way to be looked up to. His quaint humour, his shrewd wisdom, his sanctified common-sense quite captured the Conference. Dr. Kilgo, the repre-

sentative of Southern Methodism, by his words of wisdom and emotional fervour, did much to knit more closely together these long estranged Churches. The English and Irish Methodists brought warm greetings from the Church beyond the sea, which is "the mother of us all."

## Book Notices.

"The Life of Frederic William Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., etc., sometime Dean of Canterbury." By his son, Reginald Farrar. New York: Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxii-361. Price, \$2.00 net.

This is a great life of a great and good man. Dean Farrar came of good preaching stock. His father was a missionary in India, and one of his forefathers, Bishop Farrar, of St. David's, was burned alive during the persecutions of the Protestants under Mary Tudor. He was himself a great scholar, a great writer, and a great preacher. As a boy he was fonder of books than of play, and early became a regular Sunday-school teacher. His father was poor, and at school the boy lived on Spartan fare, drinking only water and earning his own education by prizes. His schooling never cost his parents a penny.

Many of his school-fellows became famous in after-life—bishops, primates, statesmen and authors. He refers to them as

"A little bench of bishops here,  
And there a chancellor in embryo."

Sir Edwin Arnold states that Farrar beat him in everything but divinity, in which, by a strange irony, he, the future sceptical poet, won the prize from the future famous divine.

As the head master of some of England's famous schools, Dean Farrar saw that the boys under his care had better fare than he had himself as a scholar. His first sermon was preached in a workhouse a few hours after his ordination, and a very poor sermon he says it was. The best of it was a quotation from a homily which he tried to believe was written by his martyred ancestor. With all his scholarship he "had never had a minute's training or advice about preaching."

He was more a man of books than a man of affairs. A constant stream flowed from his pen, from "Eric," his story of schoolboy life, down to his latest work, "The Life of Lives,"—a score of volumes, some of which reached a thirty-sixth edition. The greatest of these was his "Life of Christ," a work of four years' study and travel. It was translated into many languages, and has given uncounted hosts a more vivid conception of that matchless life.

An intense lover of justice, and chivalrous as Sir Philip Sidney, he often, heedless of personal results, championed the unpopular cause. His devotion to his friend, Bishop Colenso, and his sermons on the Larger Hope lost him a bishopric, but not for a moment did he regret his loyalty to his conscience. His championship of the unpopular cause of total abstinence, and his ringing sermons on the subject in Westminster Abbey, and his work side by side with General Booth, show his fidelity to his sense of right and duty.

His private life was one of great beauty. He was intensely domestic; would work at his desk in a room surrounded by his children, of whom ten grew up to manhood and womanhood, undisturbed by their chatter or games. After a hard day's work at school his study lamp would burn far into the night, and he valued his holidays chiefly for the privilege they gave him of working thirteen hours a day at his beloved book. He had a keen love of nature and wide reading in many tongues.

His successive promotions from schoolmaster to rector, canon and dean, were of the Irish sort, bringing a decrease of salary. He earned large sums by his pen, but gave lavishly to every good cause.

We had the pleasure of meeting Dean Farrar at the hospitable table of