

mon-making. For a while they thrive in the ministry, but after a time their sermons are as twice-told tales, lacking freshness, life and power. They wonder why they are not as popular as when they were students, or why those who are now students are preferred before them. The reason is not far to seek. It is not altogether in the "itching ears" of the congregation. The fact is that the minister made his memory a tank, into which he poured the supplies of theology served to him during his college days and to which, from time to time, he has been adding from homiletic magazines and anecdote-books ever since. While it was fresh it was wholesome, but, becoming stagnant, it is neither sweet to the taste nor good for food. Is it any wonder people turn away from stagnant theology? The fresh thinking of an undergraduate, even though it be *non sequitur*, is better for them than the tank-smelling learnedness of a doctor in divinity. The people's judgment may not be acute, but their instincts are generally right. They can distinguish between water taken from the tank and that drawn fresh from the living quicksand spring.

The chief function of the college is to start men thinking on its great subjects, to teach them how to study, how to use the tools they will be handling in after service, to discipline their minds, to give them the bias of their profession, to awaken and set free the genius for preaching which is in every man called to be a prophet, and so to make them self-contained, masterful men. All this means character.

Book Reviews.

A HABITANT TRAGEDY.

That any novel in the year of grace, 1898, should reach a second edition, is enough to mark it out from the numberless stories that crowd from the press, "writ by all sorts o' never-heard-on fellers"; that a Canadian novel should be so distinguished is worth special note. Such a triumph has fallen to the lot of Mrs. S. Frances Harrison (Seranus) and no one who reads her tale will grudge her her laurels.

"The Forest of Bourg-Marie"* is pathos from the opening chapter to the end. Old Mikel le Caron, great-great-grandson of Messire Jules-Gaspard-Noël-Ovide Delaunay-Colombière Caron, heir of the Seigniorship of Bourg-Marie, appears first as a gloomy, broken, forest-ranger, living alone with his heart-ache and his vanished dreams. His life-long fancies of the restoration of the old Manoir

* "The Forest of Bourg-Marie," S. Frances Harrison. Toronto: George N. Morang.