

REVISION OF CREED.

THE F. C. PRESBYTERY OF GLASGOW ON THE
CONFESSION OF FAITH.

WE mentioned some time ago the motion of Professor Candlish in favour of explaining the Confession of Faith or issuing a Declaratory statement as has been done by the U. P. Church and as the English Presbyterian Church is about to do. That motion came up before a special meeting of the Presbytery, some three weeks ago. Professors Candlish, Bruce, Lindsay and Drummond were in favour of asking the General Assembly to make a change. Principal Douglas, Dr. Adam, and Dr. Andrew Bonar wanted things to remain as they are, and opposed transmission of Dr. Candlish's overture. When the vote was taken there were 40 for Principal Douglas's motion not to transmit, while 37 voted in favour of the overture. The reasons urged for a change are now tolerably familiar. It was pointed out that in the Confession there are some statements which are either certainly erroneous or very probably so, such as the article on the Creation, the Man of Sin, Marriage affinity, the duties of the Civil Magistrate regarding the church. More serious is the defective way in which the doctrine of the freeness and fulness of the Gospel is stated. God's special love for the elect is stated fully, clearly, and Scripturally; but on the other hand the Confession does not so fully state the Scriptural doctrine that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The Bible affords a basis for all the breadth and depth of evangelical preaching; but the Confession appears to some—to many—to afford a less ample basis. Dr. Candlish desires to see the whole ground fairly covered, so that there need be no misapprehension. It seems that the Glasgow students have been discussing these points, and that this fact has quickened the movements of Dr. Candlish in the matter. Dr. Adams remarked that it was the business of Professors not to be led by the students but to lead them—not a very sage remark under the circumstances. The venerable Dr. Bonar stated that in his time students had the same difficulties, but all except two or three had got through them and were the better for the struggle. Ay, but what of the "lost" two or three? Why lose any? Meanwhile the movement for change is checked; but it is sure to

come up again, when such men as Drs. Bruce and Candlish are leaders in it.—*P. Witness.*

[Some may sneer at this movement as a reproach to the Free Church. We do not. It is no cause of reproach, if they only do it well and faithfully.]

THE SIDEWALK ARTIST.

"THERE IS ONLY ONE REAL FAILURE IN LIFE POSSIBLE; AND THAT IS, NOT TO BE TRUE TO THE BEST ONE KNOWS."

PERHAPS you don't believe that, sir," said a voice.

I looked up from the smooth flag-stones where the sentence was written, and saw a tall, thin man, the famous sidewalk artist of Euston Road, London. "Famous," I mean, since his death; few appreciated his work while he lived.

"Yes," I answered. "I do believe it most heartily, because I think when Canon Farrar wrote it, he wrote it out of real experience."

"Most men, though, think success is measured by what they get in this world. Isn't that so, sir?"

"I'm afraid it is. But how is it with you? Don't you believe real success *ought* to be measured by something we can see or feel?"

"By what we can *feel*,—yes, sir," he answered, quickly.

This was my first talk with the sidewalk artist, and it interested me so much that I had many other chats with him. He was always cheerful, modest, uncomplaining.

Early in the morning he began his work on the sidewalk, first sweeping the great, smooth, flat stones clean with a small brush. Then he would mark out a number of panels, about two feet square, close up against the wall. Each one of these panels he filled with a sketch in coloured chalks, working with a skill and rapidity truly wonderful.

Sometimes it would be a series of marine views, sometimes portraits of political celebrities, oftener still quiet landscapes, green fields and blossoming meadows.

On public holidays he would be at his work by three o'clock in the morning, and on one of these days, I remember, he had covered forty feet of sidewalk with his pictures, some of them showing genuine talent. Ten minutes after he had finished this task it began to rain as it can rain only in London, and in two minutes the work of six hours was completely washed away.