

shopkeeper—who does not boggle at a definite detail nor mince an explanatory term.

That smooth-shaven, bright-eyed man, with a mobile face and rather affected manner, as of one trying to show how fine a gentleman he is, proves himself at a glance an actor of genteel comedy. If he tells a good story, changes his voice rapidly, uses much gesture, mimics well, and rather forces the fun, then you know his line to be farce, and the main object of his ambition to make the "public" laugh; but if he stands apart in studied poses, is melancholy, majestic, reserved, poetic, as one conscious of his own dignity and round whom the sense of royalty still clings, then you know him for tragedy to the backbone—a man who never quite shakes off the impression that he is the king, the hero, the martyr for love's sake whom he personated last night and will personate to-morrow—one whose mission in life is to set forth the beauty of stateliness, and to stand before the world as an eminently superior person. By one thing also shall you know the whole tribe—the self-consciousness which never for one moment deserts them. Actor or actress, farce, tragedy, or comedy, voice or legs, it is all the same; the instant the stage enters the room that instant does it betray its sign by the self-consciousness of every word and action, which makes you wonder if these people look natural even when they are asleep.

Who but men of letters by profession would talk of the ephemeral articles of the daily press as if they contained the intellectual pith of the generation? Indeed, who else would talk of this kind of literature as if it were everything for which man should live, and the cause of all the movement and progress of the day? Science, statesmanship, those actions of human life which do not lend themselves to leaders or paragraphs, all this is nothing to the journalists whose hearts are in their shop, compared to the verbal brilliancy, the literary strength of this magazine article or that newspaper leader, which to-morrow will be stale and the next day forgotten. With them, too, when they are not jealous of speech because of print—not chary of their good things spoken because desirous of reserving them for their books—there is a certain flash and brilliancy of talk not always without effort and seldom without affectation. It is something like the fun of the actor, pumped up because it is expected of them, and because it will never do to let A. shine without trying to make at least as big, if not a bigger, blaze. Hence a meeting of writers where the tone of the house is specially free—or where, on the contrary, it is stilted, and so has to be "dressed up to"—is sure to be brilliant enough in literary allusions and verbal sparkle; and the merest tyro would understand the sign of the shop wherein he found himself when he heard the characters in plays or the personages of novels treated as if they were living people, and newspaper articles discussed as if they were important political utterances; while anything graver or more profound, say in a monthly or a quarterly, was accepted as the very propelling power of current history, without which the world would not go on as it does and progress would be arrested.

Men who talk mainly of other men's fortunes, and apportion honour according to capital, are sure to be of that vague shop called "something in the city"; just as surely as those who talk only of the weather and the crops, who will hunt the hounds this year, and how many guns they can ask, are typical country gentlemen with places at which they live for years at a stretch, and given up to field sports as the highest pursuit as well as pleasure of man. The speech, too, of these men bewrayeth them. Those city fellows do so often deal in supplementary y's after their vowels, and are so seldom impeccable in the matter of that stumblingblock of offence, the "h"—while the country gentlemen tell their special county to a fine ear by the delicate but unmistakable accent which traverses their English, while every now and then a racy provincialism throws over the whole a dash of local colour which is their shibboleth, and serves as their shop-sign quite as well as their conservatism and their righteous abhorrence of vulpicide.

Who can fail to recognise the ecclesiastic? He need not have his shovel-hat and apron, nor yet his straight-cut coat and priest-like band as his sign-manual. He has his face, his head, his voice, his manner; and these make a legend large enough for all who run to read. Under every form he is unmistakable. The Evangelical, with his chronic dyspepsia and chronic depression, as if in perpetual mourning for the miseries of life and the sins of the human race; his kind of apologetic air when forced to confess that this or that is pleasant to the human senses—unless he gives God thanks for His mercy in making the sun warm, the fruit sweet, or the flower lovely—can he be confounded with any other type of man living? False or sincere, playing a part because he thinks it due to his profession or having really schooled himself into believing that the one chief business of man is to escape the eternal damnation to which he is naturally predestined, the Low Church clergyman is as easily distinguishable from all other men, and even from his co-professionals, as an atropa from a solanum. The man who would impoverish human life till not a pleasure was left in it; who deems its very affections snares, and whose feeble vitality cannot understand the wholesomeness of its passion; to whom science is but another name for the devil, the love of art rank Paganism, the love of beauty idolatrous and sensual; the man to whom Luther's grand exhortation, "Sin boldly and leave the rest to God," comes as flat blasphemy, but who compounds for the courage of sincerity by the cowardice of self-deception—that man could not be mistaken for the Broad Churchman of the muscular school, who puts on his priesthood only with his surplice, and for the rest of the time is a jolly good fellow with no humbug in him, as an English gentleman should be. He takes life rationally and disdains neither art nor science, neither the senses nor the affections. If he is æsthetic he buys pictures and blue china, and studies wall-paper as carefully as he studies his Sunday text; if he is inclined to Rationalism he accepts the newest discoveries in chemistry and physiology in spite of their ultimate tendency; but he does his best meanwhile to reconcile the irreconcilable, and to make Lyell somehow prove the seven days, and Darwin a witness for the creation of Adam. If the miracles are his stumbling-block of offence, he vaults over them altogether; if the doctrine of eternal punishment distresses his sense of justice, he takes refuge in an imperfect translation; if that of the atonement is hard of digestion, he denies that the early disciples held it in our present form. Whatever goes against the new lights he also rejects. Is he not eclectic? and is it not his mission to show men

how to make the best of both worlds, and how easy it is to square the theological circle by the algebra of science?

And for the High Churchman? Well, the High Churchman is, we confess it, protean, and not always to be distinguished from the rest. Sometimes he displays his shop-sign clearly—this, when he is of a bold temperament, or has struck his black roots so firmly into the locality where he finds himself as to have no need for simulation or concealment. But sometimes, again, he makes himself solemn as an Evangelical, blithe as a Broad Churchman, *debonnair* as a man of the world—each according to the "work" which he has to do, and the "prejudices" to be overcome. For he has borrowed from the Jesuit, his progenitor, the art of masquerading to perfection, and, like the father of both, can make himself an angel of light when necessary. Yet he, too, can be distinguished by a critical eye, if not as to the side of the way on which his shop stands, yet as to the shop itself; for one must be exceptionally dull not to be able to identify the ecclesiastic under any form in which he shows himself.

The ecclesiastical face, or faces, are like none other. The high and narrow head, the keen nose, the thin, close lips, the shallow chest belong to the "learned divine," aristocratic to his finger-tips, and sure to become a dignitary. The rounder head and fuller brow, more mobile lips, more power of passion, mark the eloquent preacher who gains the faith of men as well as the love of women; the furtive eyes are common property; the academic voice is common property; and in all, save the few exceptions of perfectly honest and unaffected men, is the artificial solemnity of pretenders conscious of playing a part like the augurs of old, while professing to believe that which they dare not examine and may not criticise—of men who offer themselves as divinely consecrated to the knowledge of the unknowable—interpreters of unfathomable mysteries—cajolars of the Great Spirit by their incantations like the African Obi-man or the North American medicine-man—and subjugators of the human race through the superstition that is born of the ignorance and fear which they themselves foster and provoke.—*Truth.*

HOW FAITH SAVES, OR THE PHILIPPIAN JAILER.

A Sermon Preached by the Rev. A. J. Bray.

ACTS vi., 25-34.

This story of the Philippiian jailer's conversion is quite familiar to us all. And it ought to be. The question is the most momentous that can agitate the mind of any man. It embraces all that can be of interest to a life. And the Apostle's answer circles and comprehends the divine response to that great human cry. But to be familiar with a narrative is no guarantee that we understand it. Wisdom may cry in the streets until her voice ceases to attract. An oft repeated truth is always in danger of becoming a half-understood truism. So when the question has been put, "What must I do to be saved?" we have answered back in the words of Paul, without trying to find what Paul meant by them, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Call to mind for a moment how the question came to be put. Paul and Silas had visited Philippi, and soon found themselves achieving most wonderful successes. The new light was welcomed by many people. Hearts that had long been sick got healed and greatly gladdened. Men and women found in their words the spring of a new hope, and the promise of a newer and richer life. For a time they suffered no interruption, but preached when and where they would. But when Paul exercised his gifts upon a fortune-teller, so interfering with the interests of certain who employed her, he brought down upon himself and fellow-disciple the anger of those who had suffered by the miracle. They sought the aid of the civil power, which has rarely been very wise or very just, and so the preachers are hauled up for trial, accused in an inflammatory speech which maddens the gathered crowd and procures a sentence for scourging and imprisonment. Now that would create great talk and commotion in the city. The doctrines which Paul and Silas had been proclaiming would be discussed in public and in private. The affair of the miracle would fill the mind of all with surprise. The jailer himself would be fully informed of what taken place. He would marvel at the miracle and wonder from whence they had such power. He was a little afraid of them, it seems, for when he was commanded to keep them safe he thrust them into an inner prison, and to make assurance doubly sure, fastened their feet in the stocks. All of which are proofs that this jailer's imagination had been powerfully wrought upon by what had already taken place. At night the wonder is greatly increased, for from that inner prison comes the sound of two men singing. It is a stupendous novelty: it is incomprehensible; it is startling. Two men who have just suffered shame before the unsympathising people; whose backs are yet smarting from the scourge; whose feet are now fast in stocks; those men are singing praises to God at midnight. No complaining; no reviling; only a great glad song of praise, which all the prisoners could hear. You can imagine the impression all this would produce upon the mind of the jailer—a thoughtful man, I fancy, though not free from the prevalent superstitions. So when there came that sudden crash and roar of earthquake which shook the prison walls from foundation to roof, he would connect it with those men singing in the cell. It was another miracle, or perhaps a divine interposition to rescue them and punish with immediate death all who had opposed them. With the ground heaving under his feet; prison walls rocking to and fro like reeds in the wind; prison doors flying open when no hand had turned a key; prisoners shrieking in the terrible darkness; the jailer, in a paralysis of fear, rushed to Paul and Silas, set them free, and then the great cry broke from his pale and quivering lips, "What must I do to be saved?" It was a surprise, a startled cry, a wild rush of inward fear finding articulate speech. The danger was imminent; death was striding about in the dark, and any moment might smite him down. He wanted to live—he wanted to be saved from this horrible earthquake—those tottering walls—he believed that those men who had wrought a miracle in the streets, and sang praises to God in the cell could tell him how salvation might be found—they could perhaps save him—so he loosed them from their bonds and put his eager question.

But it was not mere death he feared, and mere life he sought. A moment ago, thinking his prisoners had escaped, he was about to take his own life at