

to the sexton. I think he goes too far. There are envious devils in all callings, but they are not many. Yet, as ringleaders, they call about them a great crowd of scandal-mongers who love to have something to talk about, and of cowards who are afraid to be on a losing side. Bluff Pilate was not envious of the Christ, nor was the multitude that cried "Crucify him!" but the Roman governor knew that for envy the chief priests had delivered Him. Here is Dr. Whyte at it again. "What a fall, what a fate, what a curse it is to be possessed of a devil of ill-will? Who can utter the diabolical nature, the depth and the secrecy, the subtlety and the spirituality, the range and the reach-out of an ill-will? Our hearts are full of ill-will at those we meet and shake hands with every day, etc." I refuse to say Amen to this. God forbid that I should be a Pharisee justifying myself, but if God's grace has so poor a hold on my heart as to suffer me to hate any man, from President Cleveland to the ridiculous German Kaiser, I should have to confess that grace is not worth much, which would dishonour God more than a poor talker about books. There are men and women whom we may never trust again, as there were people to whom Christ would not commit Himself; but if you and I shake hands with our fellows, it is an honest act, indicating that the hatchet, if ever there was a hatchet, is buried between us. If any man wants to bear me ill-will, that ill-will shall be all on one side. How else is Christendom going to gain the world for Christ? Dr. Whyte, however, is so far right, that ministers and prominent Christian workers who would shrink with horror from a sin of appetite or of the flesh, think it nothing to allow Satan to get an advantage over them in the spirit. What a sad and painful necessity it was for an inspired apostle to warn a Christian people "If ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another." A little more of this practical outworking of the law of love is wanted in the pulpit, but the minister must first exhibit it in his own life and language. You cannot scold people into peace, nor cool the inflamed passions of others with the breath that comes from your own scorching sahara of a heart.

As *The Lambs in the Fold, or the Relation of Children to the Church*, by Dr. Thompson, of Sarnia, has been already reviewed in the JOURNAL, I suppose Messrs. Drysdale's intention in sending a second copy is to obtain the Talker's personal opinion of the book, which on the first occasion he was not in a position to give. It is not that any editor of the JOURNAL ever closed its pages against him, for the very reverse is the case, but he did not deem it judicious to appear to be part of what for the time he was not. In baptismal sermons and addresses, the Talker has spoken directly in the line of Dr. Thompson's timely and instructive book, ever since, many years ago, the full import of the Pentecostal words, "The promise is unto you and to