

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The Canada School Journal.

Toronto: Adam Miller & Co.

The September number of the "School Journal," besides timely editorials on educational matters, valuable contributions by practical educators, and the usual departments, well filled, contains a very full report of the recent meeting of the Ontario Teachers' Association.

The Princeton Review.

New York: 37 Park Row. Agent for Canada, Rev. A. Kennedy, London, Ont.

Besides the able article on "Secularized Education," by Principal Dabney, to which we drew attention in our editorial columns last week, the September number of the "Princeton Review" contains several valuable papers, such as that on the "Progress of Christianity in the United States," by Dr. Schaff; "The Problem of the Human Will," by Professor Calderwood, etc.

Good Company.

We have regularly noticed this publication under its former name of "Sunday Afternoon," and meted out to it that measure of praise or of blame which in our judgment it deserved. It was very seldom that we found it necessary to qualify our approval of its contents; but we more than once expressed a wish that it had a more secular title. That wish has now been gratified. Our wish now is that the publication may have, what we can almost venture to predict for it, a brilliant and successful career. Those who are fond of good, stirring, lively literature, correct in its attitude towards religion and morality, will find this magazine what it now calls itself, "Good Company."

Kirwan's Letters.

Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication. Agents in Toronto, James Bain & Son.

It were a mere waste of words for us to place before our readers any lengthy commendation of the famous "Letters to the Right Rev. John Hughes, Roman Catholic Bishop of New York, by Kirwan." The book is well known—so well known and so well used that we fear many of the copies which have so long had a place in the Protestant homes of Ontario are now worn out. On that account we call the attention of our readers to the fact that the Philadelphia Board have, with admirable judgment, placed this book on their list of publications and issued a beautiful edition of it, which can be procured from Messrs. James Bain & Son, King street, Toronto.

The Atlantic Monthly.

Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

The October number of the "Atlantic Monthly," is fully up to the average in interest and literary merit although few of the names of its more famous contributors appear. The following extract is from an essay on "Burns and the Scotch Songs before him," by Principal Shairp of Edinburgh:

"There is a very general impression, especially in England, that Burns created Scottish song, and that all that is valuable in it is his work. Instead of saying that Burns created Scottish song, it would be more true to say that Scottish song created Burns, and that in him it culminated. He was born at a happy hour for a national songster, with a great background of song centuries old behind him, and breathing from his childhood a very atmosphere of melody. From the earliest times the Scotch have been a song-loving people, meaning by song both the tunes, or airs, and words. This is not the side which the Scotchman turns to the world, when he goes abroad into it to push his fortune. We all know the character that passes current as that of the typical Scot,—sandy-haired, hard-featured, clannish to his countrymen, shrewd, cautious, self-seeking, self-reliant, persevering, unsympathetic to strangers, difficult to drive a bargain with, impossible to circumvent. The last thing a stranger would credit him with would be the love of song. Yet when that hard, calculating trader has retired from the 'change or the market-place to his own fireside, perhaps the things he loves best, almost as much as his dividends, will be those simple national melodies he has known from his childhood. Till a very recent time the whole air of Scotland, among the country people, was redolent of song. You heard the milk-maid singing some old chant, as she milked the cows in field or byre; the housewife went about her work or span at her wheel, with a lilt upon her lips. In the Highland glen you might hear some solitary reaper singing like her whom Wordsworth has immortalized; in the Lowland harvest field, now one, now another, of the reapers taking up an old-world melody, and then the whole band breaking out into some well known chorus. The ploughman, too, in winter, as he turned over the lea furrows, beguiled the time by humming or whistling a tune; even the weaver, as he clashed his shuttle between the threads, mellowed the harsh sound with a song. In former days song was the great amusement of the peasantry, as they of a winter night met for a hamlet-gathering by each other's firesides. This was the usage in Scotland for centuries, and I am not sure that the radical newspaper which has superseded it is an improvement."

The Aim and Influence of Modern Biblical Criticism.

By E. A. Washburn, D.D.

We are in receipt of a pamphlet containing an address with title as above. It was delivered at the Theological Seminary of the Diocese of Virginia, and the main body of it has already appeared in the July number of the "Princeton Review." It is published in its present form by the Society of Alumni of the Seminary referred to. As a delineation of the character and tendencies of the most recent phase of Biblical criticism it is worthy of attention. The following paragraph makes us acquainted with the way in which Dr. Washburn accounts for the extraordinary progress made in Biblical science and the increased attention given to Biblical criticism within the last half century:

"The once absorbing influence of our theological methods has given place to criticism. I am far from the idea that this shows in any sense the decay of sound doctrine. I hold the very opposite. Theology must always have its high rank, because its truths awaken the highest thought of men. But it must find its work in the living atmosphere of the time, not merely repeat the strifes of a past metaphysics with which we have as little to do as with the theory of phlogiston. Our scholars have begun to learn that in a day when Baur and Renan are dissecting apostolic history to prove that the bulk of St. Paul's epistles are of later date it is fruitless to fight over the remains of the Calvinistic and Arminian battle-field. Christian inquiry is therefore leading us to the sources. This is the open secret of the change from the theological to the critical spirit. Had I space, I should be glad to recall in the history of Protestant thought the earlier cases of the same striking fact. Protestantism itself was this appeal from the scholastic systems to the Bible; and its first years were marked by the growth of critical learning. The commentaries of Calvin were for his time a model, yet he was only one in the host of scholars. It was when in its turn the living faith of Luther had been embalmed in a formal theology, that Bengel opened anew the page of the Gospels; and its fruit was the revival of a more spiritual belief as well as a sounder criticism. But I only glance at this history to grasp its principle. We may thank God for the quickening power of the Reformation, which compels us in spite of the tendency at times to drift toward a dogmatic infallibility, always to return to that study of the open Word given as our birthright."

Dr. Washburn is evidently no enemy to the modern school of criticism, but he gives no countenance to the unmeaning cry so loudly raised in the present day, not only by the infidel and the sceptic, but by many professing Christians of the ultra-liberal—that is, as a rule, the more thoughtless and ignorant—sort. The cry is, away with theology! away with creeds! away with doctrine! let us have Biblical criticism instead. A more absurd or unreasonable demand could scarcely be made. Theology is but the systematized result of Biblical criticism. If the modern critics can show that the critics of bygone times, who constructed the system now called orthodox, were mistaken in their interpretations, and that therefore the system constructed by them is erroneous, then these modern critics must construct a new system, and what will they call that new system if they do not call it theology? If they teach at all, with the Bible as a textbook, they must teach something regarding man's condition, relations, duties, and destiny; and what will they call that something if they do not call it doctrine? After the most unsparing use of the pruning knife there must surely be something left which they believe, and what will they call the whole of that which they believe—be it little, be it much—if they do not call it their creed? We have no fault to find with Dr. Washburn on this score. He knows enough to keep different things in different boxes and call things by their right names. But he cannot expect everybody to go along with him when in his eagerness to condemn the mystic school of exegesis he says, or at least implies, if we do not misunderstand him, that there is no typical reference to Christ or His work in any rite of the temple worship; neither can he expect all his readers to applaud when, in expressing his dissent from what he calls the dogmatic school, he overwhelms Augustine, Calvin and Arminius, in one breath, with unqualified condemnation. What is to be the name of the new *ism*? There are theories of the Atonement afloat in the present day to which the Calvinist would prefer Arminianism, and rather than embrace which the Arminian would turn Calvinist. However, sound doctrine has nothing to fear from investigation; and even those who are not quite so confident as Dr. Washburn seems to be that the old schools of criticism were all wrong, and that it is the present school that happens to be quite correct, may still be fully as sanguine as he is that the truth will ultimately prevail.

INFLUENCE OF THE MIND ON THE BODY.

Andrew Crosse, the electrician, had been bitten severely by a cat, which on the same day died from hydrophobia. He seems resolutely to have dismissed from his mind the fears which must naturally have been suggested by these circumstances. Had he yielded to them, as most men would, he might not improbably have succumbed within a few days or weeks to an attack of mind-created hydrophobia—so as to describe the fatal ailment which ere now has been known to kill persons who had been bitten by animals perfectly free from rabies. Three months passed, during which Crosse enjoyed his usual health. At the end of that time, however, he felt one morning a severe pain in his arm, accompanied by thirst. He called for water, but "at the instant," he says, "that I was about to raise the tumbler to my lips, a strong spasm shot across my throat; immediately the terrible conviction came to my mind that I was about to fall victim to hydrophobia, the consequence of the bite that I had received from the cat. The agony of mind I endured for one hour is indescribable; the contemplation of such a horrible death—death from hydrophobia—was almost insupportable; the torments of hell itself could not have surpassed what I suffered. The pain, which had first commenced in my hand, passed up to the elbow, and from thence to the shoulder, threatening to extend. I felt all human aid was useless, and I believed that I must die. At length I began to reflect upon my condition. I said to myself, 'Either I shall die, or I shall not; if I do, it will only be a similar fate which many have suffered, and many more will suffer, and I must bear it like a man; if, on the other hand, there is any hope of my life, my only chance is in summoning up my utmost resolution, defying the attack, and exerting every effort of my mind.' Accordingly, feeling that physical as well as mental exertion was necessary, I took my gun, shouldered it, and went out for the purpose of shooting, my arm aching the while intolerably. I met with no sport, but I walked the whole afternoon, exerting at every step I went a strong mental effort against the disease. When I returned to the house I was decidedly better; I was able to eat some dinner, and drank water as usual. The next morning the aching pain had gone down to my elbow, the following day it went down to the wrist, and the third day left me altogether. I mentioned the circumstance to Dr. Kinglake, and he said he certainly considered I had had an attack of hydrophobia, which would probably have proved fatal had I not struggled against it by a strong effort of mind."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

ULTIMATE SUCCESS OF MISSIONS.

Let us form one calculation of the public issue of the agencies now at work in the world, and especially upon the Indian field, with the full understanding that we have time before us. No reflecting person can avoid, whether he takes a religious ground or not, the conviction that the world's future is a striking and wonderful one; we feel morally certain that were even it revealed to us now, it would be inconceivably astonishing; we know that mighty changes must be in store; that things have been on the move since the beginning, and that they will continue to move after we are gone; we know, therefore, in general, that there must be some ultimate stupendous climax of such accumulated motion; we know that the future of prophecy is not at all more surprising than some or other result which must take place, and we can repose without distrust in the strength of those deep causes which point to the ultimate overthrow of all false religions, and the substitution of Christianity in their place.

On grounds of reason, then, and apart from the argument of Scripture prophecy, a certain mode of speaking of the conversion of India as if it were a simple impossibility is a mistake. Where does this impossibility lie? Is it that the race is unfitted for Christianity? The Hindoo is a man: nay, the scientific linguist informs us that he is a member of the same human race with ourselves. Is it in the philosophy of Brahmanism? The Gospel has conquered philosophy. Is it in philosophy and superstition combined? That was the very combination which encountered Christianity on its first start, and was surmounted. Is it in caste? Caste can do no more than intimidate and that is no new thing.—*Canon Mosley*.