

that account; and while the principles, methods and formulæ of the sciences, philosophies and criticisms are necessarily known in their detail only to such as have taste and ability to apply themselves to abstruse and difficult studies, the effects of disseminating the conclusions and general outlines of systems among ordinary readers are clearly seen in the latitudinarian tone of one class of literature, the contemptuous and sceptical spirit of another and the restless, impatient temper of multitudes, who, carrying to excess the true spirit of enquiry, ask the "why and wherefore" of everything sacred, and so live in an atmosphere of perpetual uncertainty. Nor would this rapid survey be complete without a reference to the fact that even earnest, devout minds, minds noble in purity of aim, are often in an agony of suspense as to the solution of some of the great problems of the spiritual life. It is possible that the great tide of intellectual restlessness has not yet washed the shores of the New World with its full force, but there are signs of its approach, and it is well for us to be prepared for its coming that it may, as I think it will, pass harmlessly over us, and leave our dearest beliefs on foundations more clearly ascertained and rendered, by the intenser convictions produced in conflict, more productive in the powers of holy living.

(To be continued.)

RELIGION IN MODERN LITERATURE.

It is a great source of happiness to the Church that the highest literature of our day contains a strong religious element. And it is this high class reading that is now becoming very popular. Think of all our leading writers,—Tennyson, Kingsley, Norman McLeod, Seelcy, White Melville, George Elliot and the rest, and imagine if you can the good they must have done by giving to their works a religious tone instead of a sensuous one. Take any one of these popular writers and you find the same characteristic in all. Look at Tennyson! Amid the splendour with which his genius shines upon us, this characteristic is preeminent, like the evening star in the brightness of the sunset sky, and it gives to his works a power and vitality which they could derive from no other source. In nearly all of his works there flows the pure stream of scriptural teaching, coming to us with all the freshness of modern application, combined with a force only second to that of the good old Book itself. This is particularly marked in one of his latest and, as we think, one of his best works, namely, *The Holy Grail*. The poem in a great measure repeats the stories of Sir Thomas Mallory's *Morte D' Arthur*, a book published by Caxton, relating the adventures of King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table, in their quest, for twelve months and a day, of the Holy Grail, or the sacramental cup used by our Lord at the Last Supper, which

" from the blessed land of Aromat—
After the day of darkness, when the dead
Went wandering o'er Moriah—the good saint,
Arimathean Joseph, journeying brought
To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn
Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord."