

is one of the darkest signs of the times, that a Bishop and several clergymen of the Church of England should occupy a position so inimical to truth as that of Colenso, and the authors of the "Essays and Reviews." Investigation, however, is not to be shunned. The foundations of our faith will in our view be more clearly revealed and more widely known by the controversies already evoked. Dr. Dewar's volume is designed to furnish a full and complete view of the evidences of the truth and divine authority of the Old and New Testaments, as concisely as possible, consistent with the elucidation of the numerous topics to which reference must necessarily be made on so important a subject.

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PRAYING AND WORKING. By the Rev. W. F. Stevenson. London: Alex. Strahan & Co. Toronto: Rollo & Adam.

This book, as its title page indicates, shows what may be accomplished by earnest religious men. The work to which it incites is the blessed employment of doing good. John Falk, Immanuel Wichern, Theodore Fliedner, John Evangelist Gossner, and Louis Harms, men who on the continent of Europe have been singularly successful in raising up the destitute and fallen, are held up not for mere admiration, but to inspire others with faith in God and practical benevolence to man; their works of faith and labours of love may well fire the church of Christ with zeal to attempt great things for a perishing world.

The following extract is illustrative of a remarkable work of grace in Bavaria, and is indicative of the style and spirit of the volume.

Among the students at Dillengen, there had been one too noticeable to be forgotten. Martin Boos had been dropped into the world apparently by mistake. He was the fourteenth child of a small farmer—a "Christmas child," yet born in so cold a night that the water in the room froze. An orphan at four, his eldest sister's first thought was how to dispose of him with due regard to economy. Being a sturdy girl she set him on her shoulders, and started for Augsburg; but, getting tired, she flung him into a corn-field by the way, where he cried himself to sleep. However, in the afternoon she returned, laid him at an uncle's door in the city, and went her way. The lonely child managed to grow up in some fashion in this surly uncle's house, saved himself by his scholarship from becoming a shoemaker, and went to Dillengen, where, a brilliant, handsome student, he carried off the first honours. Sailer's teaching had more influence than he knew, and when his uncle had celebrated his mass by giving a three days' shooting party, he quietly subsided into a quiet parish priest, cultivating in thorough Romish fashion, holy yearning after that calm, mystic relation to Christ that had been pointed out in the lectures. "I lay," he says, "for years together, upon the cold ground, though my bed stood near me. I scourged myself till the blood came, and clothed my body with a hair shirt; I hungered and gave my bread to the poor; I spent every leisure hour in the precincts of the church: I confessed and communicated every week." He "gave himself an immense deal of trouble to lead a holy life," and was unanimously elected a saint; but the saint was miserable, and cried out, *O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?* Going to see a pious old woman on her death-bed, he said wistfully, "Ah! you may well die in peace!" "Why?" "You have lived such a godly life." "What a miserable comforter!" she said, and smiled: "if Christ had not died for me, I should have perished for ever, with all my good works and piety. Trusting in Him, I die in peace." And from this time the light fell in upon my soul; the dying woman had answered my miserable cry. He stayed some months with Feneberg,