

fangled antidotes and treatments of old-fashioned diseases. The pendulum seems now to have swung to the other extreme. There is in the popular mind, as well as in that of most members of the medical profession, an almost superstitious readiness to take for granted the genuineness of any alleged new discovery, announced as the outcome of scientific investigation and experimentation. This is, we suppose, but natural, in view of all the undoubted success which has been achieved through application of scientific discoveries to practical uses in surgery and therapeutics. But the new-born faith in the marvellous possibilities which are supposed to lie within the ultimate reach of the investigator and experimenter, who are now indefatigably and perpetually at work in the laboratories and, alas, in the torture-chambers, of science, has reached such a height that most of us are scarcely willing to wait the slow processes of confirmation before trusting to the efficacy of alleged specifics for diseases which have for decades or centuries baffled the skill of the best physicians. Illustrations of this too great readiness to accept alleged discoveries are becoming so numerous that we need not refer to the life-elixirs and lung-restorers which have from time to time been flashed forth as stars of hope to multitudes of wretched sufferers, only to go out as suddenly as they came, plunging the affected into a darkness seemingly denser and more hopeless than before. The latest specific to suffer a cruel check is the anti-toxine treatment for diphtheria, which has been made so speedily famous. The case of the girl in Brooklyn who died in agony within ten minutes after receiving an injection of the Behring serum, has put the doctors, who were coming to have almost absolute faith in the specific, at fault. The fact that the same serum has been proved by experiment to be free from poisonous contamination of any kind, takes away all possibility of explanation in the way which first suggests itself, and leaves the matter, so far as the public has yet learned, a profound and painful mystery. The result is, it seems fair to say, that the anti-toxine treatment of diphtheria must still remain among the specifics which are on trial. Not a few of the more sceptical minds, scientific as well as lay, do not hesitate to affirm that the same is true of other somewhat similar modes of treatment, which are popularly accepted, including even the famous Pasteurian cure for hydrophobia. It cannot be denied that, while most great discoveries of science commend themselves at once to our judgments by their naturalness, so to speak, as soon as their underlying principles are understood, there is an instinctive revulsion against the theory which underlies some of the specifics in question. This is somewhat strongly suggested by the *Philadelphia Item* when it says: "When water can be made pure by befouling it, it will be time for the public to accept as true the theory that the way to make the blood healthy is to contaminate it with poison."

A Woman's
Bible.

The advanced woman is a very terrible person. She has not only claimed equality with the other sex, but something like identity, which is rapidly passing onwards to supremacy. She is like the Irishman, who, not contented with the declaration that "One man is as good as another," added to the statement, "To be sure he is, and a great deal better." Still this persistency of assertion implies a certain degree of doubt on the subject, and we are all aware that there are authorities generally recognized, which must be silenced before the "truth" can be universally recognized. Among these there are undoubtedly some troublesome texts of Holy Scripture which can by no means be got to speak in the new orthodox

sense. The advanced woman hitherto has generally found it sufficient to snuffle at St. Paul, as a man who was jaundiced or prejudiced or who perhaps "had a disappointment." But we are now to see a more drastic method adopted; and it is a very simple one. It is the publication of a Woman's Bible, not with mere notes and comments, but with bold and decided alterations—shall we say, amendations or corrections?—of those uncomfortable passages which cannot be got to testify on the right side. New readings, we are told, will be given of the old passages, and notes will be added to show that those have been in error who have thought that the inferiority of women was taught. Thus in the new edition of the Book of Genesis, which is now ready, Eve is commended rather than rebuked; for the temptation was not an exhibition of finery, but the promise of knowledge; and the advanced woman and every other wise person must know that nothing is so good as knowledge, not even obedience! Of course, it needed a woman to see this. A man, and Adam was a man, would be too stupid. Truly, "this is a more excellent song than the other." If a dozen texts must be mutilated to get rid of the testimony of the inferiority of woman, we tremble to think what will be left of the Bible when all its words in favour of obedience are cut out.

* * *

Pew and Pulpit in Toronto.—X.

REV. W. F. WILSON AT TRINITY METHODIST CHURCH.

TO walk along Bloor street from east to west, with the idea of attending service at the seventh church along the route, is to wish for a moderate and Sabbatic service of Sunday street cars, 'buses or other means of riding. It seems more than a Sabbath day's journey from the top of Sherbourne street to the corner of Robert street, where the big stone church in which Rev. W. F. Wilson now officiates is located, and you do pass six other churches before you come to his. The virtue and religious faith of Bloor street ought to be bright and lively. If Toronto be the city of churches, Bloor street is the street of churches. I have known a man to walk along there at church time when he wanted to see what the fashions were in order to buy his wife a new mantle. One can see there adherents of various faiths, and, as it draws near eleven o'clock, may jostle and be jostled by Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists or Baptists. On Sunday morning, however, the bells of these churches kept repeating to me Greeley's saying: "Go west, young man." I went west, and eventually brought up at the corner of Robert street, where Trinity Methodist Church, stone-built and big, imposing if not impressive, and covering a great deal of ground with its supplementary buildings, bursts upon the view. Respecting this church as a building I have mingled feelings. Its corner position is commandingly business-like, and it seems to stand close up to the sidewalk in an assertive way which reminds one of a corpulent commercial man who stands with his thumbs in the armholes of his vest and says: "I have got the best stand on this street and I mean to do a roaring trade." As for features it is full of them. It has a tower and spire, a belfry that would hold great bells if great bells were wanted, a gable on each street, large arched windows and here and there turrets and pinnacles. I do not see how a showier church could have been built for the money that was spent upon it, and the sum must have been large. But to my mind there is about it none of the poetical sentiment that is sometimes put into stone. It could scarcely be more commodious in every way than it is. It could scarcely be more commonplace in its business-like usefulness. It has great size, but no grandeur, either in or out. As an auditorium it is magnificent. As a piece of church architecture pure and simple it might in many ways be improved.

Entering this church one finds it has very spacious galleries, flat expanses of salmon-coloured walls, and an immense organ at the end of the church behind the pulpit. The organ is raised somewhat above the floor of the church