

establish the Inquisition at Goa. The horrors of the Roman period lasted till 1653, when, prior to the Dutch conquest, the native Christians revolted against Jesuit tyranny, and achieved their ecclesiastical independence. There was a brief period of anarchy, and then, in 1665, they invited, strange to say, the Jacobite Gregorius, called the Metropolitan of Jerusalem, to be their spiritual head. Thus began the third or Jacobite period, in which great doctrinal differences were forgotten in zeal for Syrian rites, a common sacred tongue, and joint hatred of Rome. Since 1813, the Church of England has supported a mission among them, but, apart from this, Dr. Rae expresses the hope that Christian influences emanating from the educational institutions of Madras may soon so leaven the community as to lead to a purifying movement from within, that shall bring the Syrian Church of India into the fellowship of evangelical Christians the world over.

Dr. Rae's book is published by Messrs. Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. It contains seven excellent illustrations, a valuable appendix, and a very complete index. It embraces a great deal of curious and interesting information conveyed in a lucid historical style, not lacking at times in philosophical thought and poetic diction. I am not aware that the author has any competitor in the field which he has so worthily made his own. To anyone who takes an interest in ecclesiastical history, well told, I can cordially commend the volume.

F. Marion Crawford, I see, has just published "*John Ralston*," a sequel to "*Katherine Lauderdale*," which I said in last month's talk that I had not read. The first-named book I am still innocent of, but since last month I have perused the second. It really is as much about John as about Katharine, whom John secretly marries, or rather, who secretly

marries John. This dissipated young man, otherwise of noble character and a member without snobbery of the New York Four Hundred, is led out of his drinking habits by joint love for his mother and the girl who marries him, and the story leaves him in a fair way for complete reformation. Some of the circumstances which make reformation difficult, form not the least tragic part of the novel, and are thus summed up in the end of the twentieth chapter, "Now, against all this chain of evidence, including that of several men who had met John in Fifth avenue about six o'clock, with no overcoat and his hat badly smashed, against evidence that would have hanged a man ten times over in a murder case, stood the plain fact which nobody but Ralston knew, and which no one would ever believe—the plain fact that he had drunk nothing at all. Here is a version of the sad old miserable proverb, "Give a dog a bad name, and you may as well hang him." There are many John Ralstons in the world, and some to whom, on no ground save that of malevolent suspicion, the fault John Ralston fought against is attributed; what does the world, what even does the Church do for such as these? They give him a bad name, and pursue him with it, taking no denial. Talk about the Inquisition! A bit of the rack would be a treat compared with the slings and arrows of venomous tongues, male, female, and nondescript. "They search out iniquities; they accomplish a diligent search: both the inward thought of everyone of them, and the heart is deep." Yes, the heart is deep in guile as the brain is shallow in judgment. I heard that one of these whitened sepulchres said, concerning one of the godliest ministers I have known. "He can't be a Christian, because (mirabile dictu) he smokes!" The lack of Christianity is in the person who, being otherwise sane, could pass a judgment so full of ignorance, malice, and all uncharitableness. That old leaven wants