

a practical Christian and therefore a practical humanitarian. He is in touch with all the great questions of the day. From his congregation, he has enrolled a society of young men, and one of young women, with whom he discusses the questions of the day, topics which involve their moral future, and the future thereby of their country.

His biographer thus describes him: "He is best seen in his pulpit—a tall, broad-shouldered, commanding figure, a Bismarck in size, with a massive head that in its strength looks as if it might have been cast of iron. And his sermons, uttered in his full, resonant voice, have a wholesome ring in them, too, something of the clashing of the heroic metal. They rouse and startle, like a call to arms; men lift their heads under them and straighten their backs. The sermons, although not so announced, advertised, or predetermined, are essentially men's sermons, and they are in truth, an alarm, a martial cry to the effective force of the country, not for individual salvation, nor for church extension, but for the world salvation and human love; for human solidarity against injustice, and for relief of misfortune; for the spiritualization of life, and the realization of belief."

The theories taken hold of in "The Simple Life" are handled with power. The author's virile, straight flung thoughts must have a tonic effect on all readers.

There is a charm of right feeling about the work which shows that it could only have been the product of a very thoughtful and very cultured mind. It is a book that will bear to be read and re-read.

"Nothing," says Wagner, "is simple any longer: neither thought nor action; not pleasure, not even dying." He affirms that every movement that humanity has made towards enlightenment and justice is in reality a movement towards greater simplicity of life. To aspire to live a simple life is, properly speaking, to aspire to fulfil the highest human destiny.

To acquire this life we need to detach ourselves from the fatal rubbish that trammels our days. By renouncing surface satisfactions and childish ambitions, we increase our faculties of happiness. And it is a spirit worth striving for. "The spirit of simplicity," we are told, is a great magician. It softens asperities, bridges chasms, draws together hands and hearts. The forms which it takes in the world are infinite in number; but never does it seem to us more admirable than when it shows itself across the fatal barriers of position, interest, or prejudice, overcoming the greatest obstacles, permitting those whom everything seems to separate to understand one another, esteem one another, love one another. This is the true social cement that goes into the building of a people.

*William Briggs, Toronto.*