

evangelical faith." Coming from such a staunch old Puritan, words like these should calm our fears about Dr. Dods.

Here is another sentence that was doubtless uttered with much emphasis and which we would underline for the benefit of Canadian students. He is telling what will be expected from Dr. Dods: *We expect, and demand, that he will show all his students his secret. We expect also that he shall teach his classes something of his own open and opulent mind. We expect and insist that he will tell them that, as preachers, they will soon run dry, and will become a clog on the true progress of their Church, unless to old age they are still open to truth, and always learning; growing all their days in breaath and in grasp of mind, as also in docility of heart; telling them that whatever their mental gifts may be, that the usual qualities of industry, intelligence, love of truth, and openness to admit it will keep any minister from ever becoming old or superannuated.*

Dr. Whyte believes "it is one of the dangers of our Church, that so many weak minds, as soon as they come to have any vital connection with true religion, immediately think that they are called to be ministers," and says that, after presbyteries, examination boards and Senatuses have done their best "to weed his class of all incompetent and indolent men, Dr. Dods will still find that the love for serious study, and the ability to grapple with the serious questions that continually arise in such a class is not common even among our best students." It is of the Free Church of Scotland and her students that Dr. Whyte is speaking. But the same danger is threatening our Canadian Church, with this aggravation, that the "weeding out of incompetent and indolent men" is scarcely attempted. Any proposition to "weed" is silenced by some text of Scripture, like "not by might nor by power," or "the foolish things shall confound the wise." And it is perfectly true that when "the foolish things" appear at examination, or, in after years, on the probationers' list, the wisest examiners and committees are confounded.

We cannot resist the impulse to give another sentence from Dr. Whyte's address for the benefit of our good old friend Dr. Brookes, of St. Louis, and his genial little magazine. Listen, Doctor! You know you have advertised Marcus Dods as extensively as your voice and pen could send his name, and you have won great glory to yourself and have been lionized by some good and pious audiences. You will confess to the mild charge of blowing soap bubbles of orthodoxy for their entertainment. And, truth to tell, you are an expert at the business. But remember, good Doctor, there is an element of danger even in "blowing." Take this fine new "Dods Bubble" that you have patented, and exhibited to the infinite delight of the saucer faced crowd. What if, when you are blowing your very best, your lungs strained, every muscle stretched, your cheeks distended like two hemispheres of a cocoa-nut, and the audience fairly frantic with excitement—what if some adventurous and irreverent unbeliever should steal up and prick your gigantic bubble with the fine point of truth? What a sorry picture you would present! And how the audience would howl you off the stage! Now,