

ministry to still more greatly than ever honour their vocation by a living memory of the noble army of their predecessors, and with the assured conviction that their work is of God. The first Christian preacher, he exclaimed, was Christ—the greatest of discourses His Sermon on the Mount. Peter was a preacher, impetuous, impassioned, with a speech that was like “a mighty rushing wind.” Paul was a preacher, great in thought, in labours, in the noble obscurity that his spirit changed into deathless fame. The muster roll of Christian preachers is but the record of the grandest Christian names. John, the apostle of love, whose spirit is forever incarnated in our fourth gospel; Athanasius, the maker for centuries of the Christian conception of God; Augustine, the mind that has for ages ruled and still rules the thought of the Western Church; Bernard, great as a monk, great as a mystic, but greater as a preacher of the truths that moved and reformed the middle ages; Martin Luther, son of a miner, author of the Reformation, strong speaker of the strong words that created Protestantism; Calvin, son of a French lawyer, creator of a modern theocracy, the scholar, thinker, and statesman that made the thought and policy that braved and beat back the counter-reformation; Latimer and Hooker, Baxter and Bunyan, Howe and Cudworth, Butler and Wesley—these are but typical names selected from our long ancestral roll, men who have made the preaching of the Cross as the very wisdom and the power of God. And the vocation these men adorned will honour any man, or any man's son; the arduous matter is for the man or the man's son to honour the vocation. The power to do so comes of God alone, and only to the man who is loyal to his “everlasting gospel,” the Truth which, Milton said, is strong, “next to the Almighty,” and remains after every conflict, “fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.”

THE four hundredth anniversary of Martin Luther's birth (he was born November 10th, 1483) has called forth from all Protestantism enthusiastic remembrance. It will do us no harm to turn back the wheels of time, and view as in their freshness those distinctive principles of evangelical truth which gave power and stability to the great German re-

former's work. Toronto in many respects has been very happy in its remembrance of the occasion. Under the guidance of the German Lutheran church in this city were united in the celebration—and for once, yea twice, were seen side by side, on the same platform, as speakers meeting on ground of equality—the Anglican bishop with gaiters and apron, the Methodist preacher—not to be distinguished by the cut of his coat from his Angelican *confrère*—the plainly garbed presbyter and the portly contentment of the unassuming Congregational bishop of Zion Church. It was instructive to hear from the lips of the bishop cordial greetings to ministers and laymen of other churches, and from another Angelican arch-deacon a calm but earnest prayer for the return from its errors of the Church of Rome. The spirit of the age is breaking down barriers between man and man, even as the ends of the earth by steam and wire are brought very near to each other, and in the widening sympathy of the sects the Spirit of Christ is with that of the age. So may it ever be. We append our little contribution to the Luther celebration by a few words on the Bible as the source of his strength; and on the spirit of Luther's home.

THE world rests upon an elephant, the elephant stands upon a tortoise, which in its turn rests upon an egg. So speaks an old cosmogony, and therewith rests content. Modern enquiry further asks: “On what rests the egg?” Man must find an ultimate, a court of final appeal. What—where—shall it be?

What are the grounds on which religious belief should rest? What is the basis of religious certainty? Is there any reasonable authority to which conflicting opinion may be brought for settlement? a sure guide amid perplexities, a true and abiding rest?

There are few who are prepared to find certitude in their own unaided consciences. Self-reliant as the Pharisees were, the Baptists' call to repentance brought them trembling before him—the self-reliant philosopher of to-day is an agnostic, a spiritual *know-nothing*. Where then shall one flee for assurance? Rome says “the church.” “If any impeach the infallibility of such an authority, what remains but that every man is given over to his own wit and discourse? Is any man in doubt? Let