

was, that while controversy waged fiercely over whether Moses wrote or merely edited the Pentateuch; whether Isaiah was written in collaboration, or by a single author; whether the book of Daniel is historical record or parable, and other similar questions; not one jot or tittle did the controversialists yield of their faith and belief in the Bible as the word and teaching of God, and no less ardent than before was their advocacy of the cause of Christianity.

Surely the one great lesson to be learned from the "phenomenon" which puzzled alike the agnostic and the "average man" is, that doctrinal nicety is not a necessity of fullest faith, nor does its absence debar continuous practice of higher Christianity; yet it would appear that those least able to grasp this are among the appointed teachers of Christianity; and in the readiness with which one minister or more levels against another Christian minister the charge of heresy, which is tantamount to a charge of unfitness for his sacred office, is suggested the subordination of the preaching of Christian faith and Christian life to compliance with doctrinal dogma: the sacrificing of the spirit to the letter; the spirit being divine, the letter human; alike in its conception and in its application. Christendom is choked with dogma and theories. What it wants is more of the "Christ life"—of the life of more effort for others, of less devotion to self, of a wider recognition that the Christ law of the brotherhood of man is greater than the law of human organization, ecclesiastical or civil. If the heresy hunters would expend more of their apparently exhaustless energy in building more of the Christ life among mankind, Christ's cause and man's happiness would be further advanced than by these periodical exhibitions, if not of the hatred of divines, also, certainly not of Christian love and charity.

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THE DAY  
OF THE  
SILLY MAN.

When thirty, forty, or more years hence the "life and letters of Rudyard Kipling"

come to be written by some of that writer's ardent admirers, one of the funniest stories the compiler will have to tell will be how away back at the end of

the "last century" Canada rose in its wrath, or at least one Canadian who thought he represented Canada, rose in Canada's Legislative Hall, and suggested Governmental, if not Imperial censure upon the uncrowned laureate of outer Britain for having committed the heinous offence of referring to Canada as, "Our Lady of the Snows."

We could stand that every-day pest, the regular newspaper correspondent, who signs himself "Vox Populi," "Pro Bono" or some other dictionary-end "classic;" we could stand this individual pouring forth in his own peculiarly silly manner on the "insult and injury" done to Canada by typifying Canada as "Our Lady of the Snows." The English people know the weakness of this specimen of the *genus homo*, and his vaporings are much the same whether he writes under bright Canadian suns or in the gloom of London fog. He is, apparently, a necessary but harmless adjunct of newspaperdom. Rightly or wrongly, however, considerable weight attaches to the utterances deliberately made "on the floor of the House," and that a Member of Parliament, whose ambition it has always seemed to us was more for literary distinction than for political prestige, should discern aught but the tribute of poetic genius combined with patriotism of the highest order in Rudyard Kipling's allegory passeth understanding.

Of course from a thoroughly practical standpoint we suppose, and in the opinion of the offended M. P. and a section of the press, Rudyard Kipling would have rendered more service to Canada had he worked into his verses a few references to the mining possibilities of British Columbia, the fertility of the prairies, the lactescence of our cows, the philoprogenitiveness of our pigs. What adds further to the absurdity of the attitude that has been taken in some quarters is, that it is only within the last few years that those controlling our journals and magazines have been able to grasp the idea that they were not doing Canada a service in always depicting her as a country whose winter sports, ice carnivals, and so forth, were second only to those of St. Petersburg. Vain boasts