

from the shoulder given at the outset, metaphorically of course, would have settled into quietude or oblivion for the church's good. On the other hand, it may as well be said, there are ministers, with all Hepburn's power of will, that possess neither his charity nor his common sense, who try to be Hepburns without knowing how. They run amuck against all the predilections, prejudices, and lawful desires of their people. For a while there is consternation, as the stalwart strides along, his course marked by the slain of his wrath; but speedily the retreating force recovers from its panic, the fugitives surround the clerical madman, and either make him eat the humblest of humble pie, or send him off to try his sledge-hammer on some softer specimen of Presbyterian granite.

Any one who has plenty of time and patience, who lives a quiet life, and loves minute details concerning Scottish life and character in a semi-rural community, may do worse than read Sarah Tytler's *Logie Town*. The heroine Lizzie Lindesay, the attractive daughter of a half-pay captain, and the victim of a foolish and selfish stepmother, after many trials, does not "gang to the Hielans," but becomes "the pride and the darling" of Moshie (that is Monsieur) de Saye, a dancing master, who afterwards comes into a French estate and the title of Count, so that all ends happily. *Logie Town* is a decidedly Christian book, and does all justice to the Kirk and the Manse. It abounds in Scottish dialect, and is the kind of a tale that a good reader of the vernacular Doric might make effective in home circles.

Another woman's novel has made a sensation, that of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, who is a relative of the late Matthew Arnold. It is hard to say what the aim of *Robert Elsmere* is, whether destructive or apologetic. All depends on the standpoint of the reader. Schleiermacher, viewed from the point of orthodoxy, was a notorious heretic; but, regarded from the platform of the rationalism of his age, he was very orthodox. So with Mrs. Ward: for an infidel, she grants too much to Christianity; for a Christian, she grants far too little. I do not think a fair mind can read *Robert Elsmere* without seeing how illogical it is. Mrs. Ward seems to reverence, even to love, the character of Jesus Christ, and to regard His life as the world's motive to holy living and the great example for all humanity. She has six prominent unbelievers in her book, three very black sheep, and three white ones. The three dark ones are a literary squire, an Oxford fellow, and a woman of fashion. They will have nothing to do with Christ or any form of Christianity; so Mrs. Ward paints them in the blackest tints, making the woman the worst of the three, and a marked contrast to Elsmere's orthodox wife Catherine, a noble specimen of Christian womanhood. Mrs. Ward's moral plainly is, "In so far as you depart from Christ and ignore His influence, you must become selfish, cynical, indolent, vicious and hopeless." This is strong testimony from such a quarter. Rousseau, Mill, and all the other unwilling witnesses to Christ's pre-excellence, never spoke so