

dence, meantime we hold that it is our part to work and love and loyally maintain our denominational faith, and then we shall be the best fitted to follow where the Master leads.

COMMENTING on the debate in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church just closed *re* establishment of colleges, our contemporary *The Canada Presbyterian* says:— (the italics are ours) "The oftener that Presbyteries are consulted on all important questions the better for the Church. *Presbyteries are nearest the people* and are most likely to know the mind of the Church. Launching schemes upon the Church in the General Assembly or anywhere else, and then telling the people about them when the money is wanted will not work. Nothing is more apparent at the present moment than that *Presbyteries will stand no arbitrary acts from the General Assembly or any other body. This is exactly as it ought to be.* A body composed of one-fourth of the members of Presbyteries should not take action which binds the other three-fourths in most important matters without consulting the three-fourths who delegated them. *That may or may not be Church law, but it is common sense.*" Bravo brother, but then what becomes of the *authority* of your church courts? Besides, if Presbyteries are to be consulted because *nearest the people*, why not get at the people at once? "Presbyteries will stand *no arbitrary acts.* Exactly as it ought to be." Well, progress is being made; another step now, just say the individual church which is nearer still to the people have their rights and intend to maintain them, then—why, we may shake hands and try how far we agree.

AN indication of the critically exact spirit of the age is afforded in the *Sunday School Times* of June 14th, by an article on the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*. This hymn has been generally ascribed to Robert II of France, son of Hugh Capet. The writer of the article has made diligent search, traced back the authorities for the said authorship to the thirteenth century (Robert died in the eleventh) finding no conflict of authority. Could any further light be desired? Now came the rub. A certain Durandus was the original authority for ascribing the hymn to the king, but the sentences where said Durandus says that "the

king of France, Robert by name," composed the *Veni Sancte Spiritus* are full of manifest inaccuracies which at least throw doubt upon the whole. Now appear evidences of another authorship—a crippled boy the prodigy of his age, now forgotten—and so the unquestioned dictum of six centuries is found to have been based on sorry foundation, and the royal hymn—no less truly royal—is found to have come in all probability from a monk's cell and not from a palace.

A P. O. order from England comes with five shillings for the C. I., with these words: "As I am in my eighty-fourth year it is very probable that this will be my last payment for the paper, of which I have been a subscriber since its commencement. With best wishes for its prosperity, SIBLEY FOSTER." We thank our father for his patriarchal blessing, and send him an editorial prayer that his waiting days may but antedate the perfect peace and blessedness of heaven.

In the account given of the revival in Maxville in our news columns of last month the following occurs:—

"One incident, *showing the reality of the change experienced* must suffice. A young man, whose home is some distance from here, came to the meetings and was converted. Previous to this he had been living a reckless, ungodly life; now all is changed—old companions dropped, old habits given up. Wishing to tell his father of these things he went home, and in the warmth of his first love spoke to many of his new resolve and aims. Among others he told some young men; when they heard he was a Christian they laughed at him, and said they soon would see whether he was or not. One of them thrust a poker into the stove, and when it was red-hot took it out, and running to this young man pressed it heavily on the back of his bare hand saying, as he did so, 'I'll see what sort of a Christian you are.' The poker sank in almost to the bone, *but the young man did not stir*, nor did an angry word escape his lips. As he said himself when relating this to the writer: 'I asked the Saviour to help me, and He did.' He will bear the mark of that burn as long as he lives."

The italics are of our own marking. We have looked at them again and again, and wondered ever afresh what they mean. Do they mean that the young man by allowing his hand to be burned when he had the power of removing it, showed the reality of the change of heart? We would rather say that it was a silly piece of mock martyrdom, and the scar a permanent mark of folly. What