

consideration, and endeavour to say and do everything in the spirit of true Christian charity, abstaining from exaggerated statements, and personal recrimination, the discussion may be productive of the very highest good. There is too great a tendency for the two great sections of the Church, the high and the broad, to fall away from one another, and to widen the interval existing between them, simply from the mutual repulsion all parties in science, politics or religion always exhibit; and such an opportunity of conference as these congresses give, may, by divine blessing, have an opposite effect, and maintain cohesion among the units by virtue of the bond of the Church. Who can doubt that one great object, which in His divine wisdom the Saviour meant to compass by founding a society upon earth, instead of merely starting a religion, was to keep men together by virtue of their being fellow members of His Church, and thereby of Himself. And that which the Church Congress tends to effect in England, the Pan Anglican Synod aims to bring about on the wider battlefield of the whole world, where on every side the Church, though rent and torn, is waging a similar war against the powers of darkness and sin. The time may come when not a Pan-Anglican Synod, but an Œcumenical Council may sit in London, and when, ere the coming of Christ, that which is rent shall be healed up, that which has fallen away shall be again gathered into the one fold, and that which is one shall again be at one in itself.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Boldest in flight and sweetest in song is Jean Ingelow amongst her sex.

No sooner has Mrs. Browning, that wonderful woman, that worshipper of the beautiful, joined the invisible choir, where all is glorious and beautiful, than the earthly minstrel's place is supplied and the unceasing melody flows on, lower, it may be, at times, sweeter and clearer often, and in many places, indeed, altogether of its own kind, but still not the less that song of all times which has floated down to her lips from those of Hemans, Procter and Browning, mistress each of Poesy's golden lyre.

This other volume of hers, this "*Story of Doom*," * and these other stories will make her more famous, will settle all question of rank and gift. She sings with that true assurance, which genius only can bestow, songs of commanding power and pleasing cadence. She passes with rapidity from theme to theme, everywhere she creates and adorns with master skill.

Whether "*Songs with preludes*" well up, because they will in no way be said Nay, from that heart of all hearts; whether the burden of some far off and lofty theme roll on in stately measure; whether the quaint speech of olden legend find utterance,—there is the same exquisite ease and simplicity of expression, the same elegance and consistency of proportion.

* A *Story of Doom* and other Poems; by Jean Ingelow. For sale by C. Hill, Montreal.