

disciples, among the women by the cross? It takes a man, and a great, strong, mature, fatherly, pure-hearted, man to say with effect, "Little children, love one another." Dr. Stalker's preacher as a man is a minister worthy of respect rather than a many sided sympathizer. In our day, a preacher who is not in the truest sense a Christian should be an impossibility. The preacher as an apostle is virtually a pastor or personal dealer with souls, which Paul may possibly have been, although it is more than likely that he left that work to the elders whom he ordained in every city. In sticking to Isaiah and Paul, the lecturer has doubtless made use of materials with which he was most familiar, so that, while one regrets the want of wider Biblical illustration in his discourses, the larger light shed upon the life and work of these two great preachers imparts a special interest to the series. All the lectures are suggestive, and calculated to instruct, to elevate, to warm, and to encourage, the soul of him who looks to them for a stimulus to pulpit and pastoral duty.

What does this complex preacher preach? In a Joss-house he preaches Buddhism; in a Mosque, he preaches Mohammedanism; in a Synagogue, Judaism. So, in a Christian Church he preaches Christianity. But what is Christianity? There's the rub. President Patton is considered a wise man of his kind, but he, in his sermon to graduates, got excited, and made the following frenzied remark: "Now I say—I dare to say—would to God that men would heed me—that if I must choose between life and dogma, I will say that Christianity is not a life but a dogma." There was no necessity for Dr. Patton's warmth, for his adjuration to be heard. Nobody who takes the least interest in him ever dreamt that he thought otherwise. Dogma is his life's blood; take it away and there is no Patton. Now, it is true that you must have certain dogmas, resolutions, or opinions of truth, on which to conduct your life; let us cheerfully give in so far to the Princeton hard-head. But these opinions, however true, whether carried in the mind of an ecclesiastic or printed in a book, are not Christianity. Christianity is alive, you paleozoic fossil; the Kingdom of Heaven is among you, a living God-man, whom the old dogmatists slew, but who is alive for evermore, the heart and whole of Christianity. The innocent babe, whose mind never opened upon the field of dogma, is inside the wider reaching Christianity. A Christian worker in a sister city tackled an old Scotchwoman, a rigid Presbyterian, who knocked him all to pieces on the decrees, election, irresistible or saving grace, and all the dogmas. He was badly broken up, but managed, while retreating, to fire the Parthian shot, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." She knew that dogma very well, just as well intellectually as he did, but, with the words the life came in, and she became a Christian woman for the first time. Dogma unappropriated is not Christianity at all; it is a buried talent. Not till the Free Spirit, the other Comforter, the Life-Giver, is admitted to the