

fore, never come out in their flesh. Not a few are like boorish bear-leaders, taking unwarrantable liberties with their unhappy charges, that have to dance to the tune of their cracked barrel-organs at every vulgar word of command. In the Minister's Care of Himself, Ian Maclaren has much to say of ministers and of ministers' wives. He accounts for dyspeptic theology by the number of weaklings in body that are thrust into the ministry. These don't flourish much in Canada; hard work and the climate, with the disinclination and inability of most congregations to nurse them, kill them off. He thinks that the religious character of Scotland lost a good deal through Calvin being a chronic invalid and Knox being a broken man. He want the minister especially to be manly, and doubtless every honest church member wants the same. There is enough weakness abroad in the world without enthroning its melancholy incarnation every Sabbath in the pulpit. Ministers, full fledged or in embryo, would do well to read the Cure of Souls, and, like the collector of old china, live up to it.

One of Messrs. Drysdale's own publications is *Our Jeames*, or the *Chronicles of Kartdale*, edited by J. Murdoch Henderson. The 343 pages of this good-looking book are taken up with the supposed reminiscences of the schoolmaster of Brigton, who made Mr. Henderson his literary executor. Kartdale is a Scottish manufacturing town, and *Our Jeames* was the beadle of the parish church. His virtues and failings occupy but a small part of the volume, the larger part of which is taken up with a Kartdale romance called *The Truth O't*. A sermon of the minister's on liars and their fate led the hero, Robert Mowbray, to determine that truthful speech should be the rule of his life. This led to many strange mishaps and peculiar adventures in Glasgow and its vicinity, largely in connection with the misfortunes of a certain Commercial Bank; but Robert was safely pulled through by an over-ruling Providence married a beautiful, rich, and good wife, and entered on a career of prosperity. The author is not a Barrie, an Ian Maclaren, nor a Lyall, but he writes good Scots-English, poss-