

History as She Is Taught.

About a year ago, a "trained historian" of Virginia delivered an address on the Huguenots which was promptly rebuked by Dr. Moses Hoge on account of its unfairness to "some of the noblest men that ever lived," as the Doctor said. When the "personal equation" was solved it was found that the historian was disqualified by reason of a want of sympathy between himself and the religious ideals of the people whom he described.

On the other hand we have read a book by a Presbyterian scholar which made out an excellent case in proof of the fact that St. Patrick was a Presbyterian minister in good standing. There are advocates of a Presbyterian succession who can go back on the convenient stepping-stones of Iona, the Culdees, the Waldenses, to Paul himself. (N.B.—Iona and Culdee are the names of two churches in our Presbytery, and with Dr. Whittitt's sad fate so recently settled we carefully refrain from hazarding an opinion as to the reality of these stepping-stones.)

Dean Stanley has left on record his conviction, that it is "certain that nothing like modern Episcopacy existed before the end of the first century." What are the Apostolic Successionists going to do about that? If Dean Stanley is right, ought not an expurgated edition to be used in all Episcopal Seminaries?

Not long ago the Catholic authorities that have cultured Boston in charge, objected to the use in the city schools of such histories of the Reformation as criticised in any way the Catholic Church of the middle ages, or suggested the need of reformation. And now Dr. Whittitt's resignation as president and even as professor in the Louisville Baptist Seminary has been accepted, and the trouble all came from certain unlucky discoveries of his, in his researches among the musty records of the past, which proved to most people outside of the Southern Baptist Convention that the spiritual fathers of the modern English and American Baptists did not think so much of immersion after all. That they did not practice it themselves and that when the modern custom began to come in vogue the immersed and unimmersed must have communed together. So, to the original historical difficulty, how the Baptist churches of the first century became the Paedo-Baptists of the second is added this other: How to baptize? And where did "close baptism" begin?

Yes, church history ought to be abolished. People may read it if they have a mind to, and of course its private study cannot be prevented. But all teaching of it in the schools and colleges of Church and State ought to be stopped by law in the interests of the public peace.

Unless, of course, a church should happen to base its claims upon the Bible and not be subject to the evils of historical research by improperly instructed persons.—Presbyterian Standard.

The Pulpit and The Pew.

Between a minister and his congregation there is an action and a reaction, so that the minister makes the congregation, and the congregation makes the minister. When one speaks of a minister's service to his people one is not thinking of pew rents, and offertories, and statistics, and crowds; nor of schools and guilds and classes and lectures. The master achievement of the minister is to form character and to make men. The chief question, therefore, to consider about a minister's work is: What kind of men has he made?

And one, at least, of the most decisive questions by which the members of a congregation can be judged is: What have they made of their minister? By that one does not mean what salary they may give him, but how far he has become a man and risen to his height in the atmosphere of his congregation. Some congregations have ruined ministers by harassing them till they lost heart and self-control, and became peevish and

ill-tempered. Some congregations, again, have ruined ministers by so humoring and petting them that they could endure no contradiction, and became childish. That congregation has done its duty most effectively which has created an atmosphere so genial, and yet so bracing, that every good in its minister has been fostered, and everything petty killed.—Ian Maclaren, in the *July Ladies' Home Journal*.

As a Little Child.

Rev. Andrew Murray having raised that question, What is it to receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child? answers it beautifully and impressively as follows: "Have we any illustration of this in nature? Yes, How did the Prince of Wales become heir to the throne of England? By his birth as a little child he received the kingdom. He was born to it. And so we must be born by the Holy Spirit into that disposition of heart or childlike simplicity which will receive the kingdom as a little child. When a little child receives a kingdom, it does so as a feeble, helpless little thing. As it grows up and hears of what is coming to it, it does so in simple truthfulness and gladness. Even so, Jesus calls us to become as little children, and as such to receive the kingdom. Oh, how hard it is for men and women, with their will and their strength and their wisdom, with all the power of self and the old man, to become as little children! It is impossible. And yet without this we can not enter the kingdom and its heavenly life. We can know about its powers, we may work for it, and often rejoice in it—but we can not enter in fully and entirely until we become as a little child. And with men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible."

Rock of Ages.

A recent letter to Dean Lefroy, written by Sir William Henry Wills, of Blagdon, and published originally in the *Times*, has excited a great deal of interest in the circumstances connected with the first inspiration of the world-famous hymn, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." The author, the Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady, was born in 1740 at Farnham, and ordained in 1762, was curate-in-charge of Blagdon from 1762 to 1768. Burrington Coombe, a deep indenture in the dark, swelling hill known as Black Down, which, rising to the height of 1,100 feet, forms the summit of the Mendip Range, is within easy reach of Blagdon parish church, the restored tower of which bears witness to Sir W. H. Wills' solicitude for objects of archaeological interest. It was in Burrington Coombe that Toplady conceived the thought that has immortalized him. There is probably no more beautiful spot on this side of Cheddar. The road winds between lofty, and, in some places, precipitous slopes, where the grey rock shows boldly among the bracken. At one point there is a conspicuous crag of mountain limestone seventy or eighty feet in height, a prominent object on the right hand to any one approaching from the Blagdon road. Right down the centre of this mass of stone is a deep fissure, in the recesses of which grow many a fern, while on the hillside around are trees, whose stunted growth and wind-worn appearance tell of the scanty soil and the exposed situation. In this fissure Toplady once took refuge from a thunderstorm, and it was this "cleft," and this rock, which suggested the central idea of his beautiful hymn. Mr. Wills says: "Toplady was one day overtaken by a heavy thunderstorm in Burrington Coombe, on the edge of my property, a rocky glen running up into the heart of the Mendip range, and there, taking shelter between two massive piers of our native limestone rock, he penned the hymn of 'Rock of Ages.'" Since the publication of his letter Sir William has received a great many letters from people, both in Great Britain and the United States, anxious to know as much as possible about Toplady and "Rock of Ages."

Fortnightly Review.

The Fortnightly Review opens with the article "Russia's Great Naval Enterprise," the undertaking of which—the establishment of naval and commercial communication between the Baltic and Black Seas, by means of a waterway deeper than the Suez Canal, from Dunamunde, in the Gulf of Niga, to Kherson on the estuary of the Dnieper—is understood to mean not only the development of the great country, but also to imply the vigorous suppression at home of the great Peace doctrine that Russia is preaching abroad. Havelock Ellis writes of Valesquez, the Spanish painter, by whom it is said every modern movement in painting has been forestalled. In "Two Cities: London and Peking," occidental order and solidity are contrasted with Oriental grace and simplicity. London with its polluted river and clean streets; Peking with its pellucid waters and filthy, ill-paved roadways—the pet names for the city to Europeans, according to Sir H. Parker, should be "Dirt, Dust and Disdain." H. C. Shelley writes an article appreciative, sympathetic and murmuringly inimical on Thomas Hood, of whom he says, "Humor and pathos a century ago linked their hands across the cradle of Thomas Hood to row him for their own. And he was theirs till death." There are two articles in which the English educational system is severely criticised; the writer of "Made in Germany," How to Stop It," complaining of the overlapping and unnecessary competition of the many English schools—technical, higher grade board, county, organized science, etc., as being distinctly inferior to the continental methods which provide a carefully organized system of elementary and higher education. As things are the English are made to be as a rabble of well-meaning but unversed recruits against an army of trained and disciplined soldiers. "Uttlander," as one who knows, being one of the 21,000 Uttlanders of British descent and nationality who petitioned Her Majesty's Ministers to intervene on their behalf with the authorities of the South African Republic, gives in "The Transvaal Crisis" their side of the question, while they are waiting, in suspense enough, for Mr. Chamberlain's decision, and asks for a firm tone with the President for the grievances complained of to be redressed; failing which he says it is hardly likely the Uttlanders will henceforth regard Great Britain with any particular sentiment of loyalty and gratitude. In his explanation of the counter-petition signed by 9,000 Uttlanders, and in which the status quo in the land was approved of, he describes those who signed this petition as the creatures of the powers that be, and so leaves his readers to draw their own inferences as to the worth of this opposition. Andrew Lang, racy and sarcastic as of old, "suggests objections" to Mr. Fruzer's recent articles on "The Origin of Totemism." Other papers of interest more particularly to specialists, make the June issue of this magazine very readable.

The Chicago Penny Savings Society, operating through the public school teachers, last year received from the children of that city over seventy thousand dollars. This means, says The Youth's Companion, that at least forty thousand dollars less a year is being spent for candy and chewing-gum, and that over four thousand children are becoming capitalists at the rate of five cents a day.

Our opportunities for doing good are not limited to those we know well, nor even to those we meet occasionally, but extend to the multitudes we pass without a word, as a lamp set in a window not only brightens the room for the home circle, but cheers the heart of the stranger passing by.—Anon.

Regarding the importance of the Sabbath day, Dr. Dwight remarked recently: "But for this day earthly things would have engrossed all our thoughts; the world as a canker would rust, corrupt and consume all disposition to piety and all hope of heaven; the soul would be benumbed; religion would die; God would be forgotten, and mankind would cease to be saved."