

ST. CUTHBERT'S.*

This delightful book, replete with humour and pathos, is the story of a busy Presbyterian Minister's experience as he faithfully discharges the duties of the responsible office to which, in the providence of God, he has been called. It is told with all that charm and magnetic power peculiar to the author, which have, ever since his ordination, placed him in the front rank of pulpit orators or brilliant platform lecturers.

The congregation of which he writes is the well known Knox Church, Galt, Ontario, the largest by membership of Canadian Presbyterianism, and of which Mr. Knowles became minister, some seven years ago, when a young man, actively engaged as pastor of Stewarston Church, Ottawa. The co-partnership then formed is somewhat peculiar, the people for the most part being staid, canny Scotch folk, while he has all the wit of an Irish ancestor. Because of such conjunction some friends of both feared the result would spell disaster, but the very reverse has come about. No minister is more loved by his people; no people has so won the heart and affection of their minister. The writer has seen all this at close quarters, the generous, so generous kindness of the one, the whole souled service of the other.

In his book, Mr. Knowles shows a keen appreciation of, and insight into, the traits of Scotch character and in many chapters, this is cleverly brought out. The account of the minister's visit to Donald McPhatter, when given a tune on the bag-pipes, played with all the zest of the enthusiastic old Scot and the agonizing yet smiling endurance of the caller is very witty. The reader must have no fun in his make up who is not convulsed with laughter. For rare pathos and beauty "How Elsie won the gate" cannot be surpassed—the tenderness; the mother love and faith; aye the father love encrusted as it has been for the many years, like a torrent when the granite is broken; and the wayward laddie's heart affection bringing him home—these all cause the tears to flow. Young Angus Strachan, sane, level-headed, determined to do the right whatever happens is a strong Christian character, whilst the "Father's Cruifixion" because of Angus' successful wooing, is a telling word-picture of human pride and divine grace.

"St. Cuthbert's" is made up of such incidents, graphic portrayals of every day occurrences in a minister's life, giving abundant evidence of literary power of no common order. We are much mistaken if the reading public do not eagerly look for more books from the pen of its gifted author.

It has had and is having a large sale—the third edition being about exhausted and the book only out some six weeks.

J. B. H.

Congregationalist:—Old men, in peace and war, are as much in demand as ever they were, and bear their full share of the responsibilities of world movements. This is the sufficient answer to the statement that old men are not wanted. All the leading Japanese generals and admirals in the present war are past sixty years of age. The men who have been most influential in the Scottish Church troubles during the last year are more than fourscore. The judge who delivered the decision which created the troubles is approaching ninety years. The representative of the "Legal Frees," in the House of Lords, Lord Wemyss, is eighty-seven, a vigorous old man, while unquestionably the foremost champion of the United Free Church is Principal Rainy, whose eightieth birthday was passed before the union took place which resulted in disunion and disorder.

"St. Cuthbert's," by R. B. Knowles, Toronto and New York: The Fleming Revell Company, Edinburgh; Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.

QUEBEC AND ITS NEED.

Rev. Dr. Ross, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, London preached a sermon recently on "Quebec, and its Need of the Gospel." The immediate cause of the sermon was an editorial which appeared in the Globe, stating that the Catholic Church had made commendable efforts to educate the children of Quebec. There was scarcely a child in that province, the editorial said who did not know the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments, whereas the children of Ontario could scarcely show so good a record. The editorial criticised adversely the movement for the evangelization of the French-Canadians.

The preacher's text was taken from Mark, xvi, 15: "And he said unto them, Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

This command, said the preacher, no Christian could lightly regard. It was one of the conditions of faithfulness that they make their faith known. It was a peculiar tenet of Christianity. It was an integral part of their duty to their risen Lord. The text implied that everyone had the power to do it, and also implied that every man had the right and opportunities to do so. It further implied that every man the wide world over needs the gospel. It was adapted to every nation and tribe under the sun.

In speaking of the editorial, he said that as no election was pending, the subject could be treated dispassionately. Controversy was not very congenial to Dr. Ross. He was not a fierce polemic. But the challenge had been issued and he could not ignore it. He owed it as a duty to those of his church who had contributed to the fund for the evangelization of Quebec.

The Roman Catholic Church had produced many great scholars, many illustrious saints. Among the honor roll of great missionaries were the names of Francis Xavier and Father Damien. There was no need to tell of the kindness and neighborliness that existed at large. The saintliness of some of the members of the Catholic Church was known to all. The Protestants held many doctrines in common with the Catholics, such as the doctrine of the Trinity, the Incarnation, the death on the cross for sin, the work of the Holy Spirit. They were agreed on many points as to the origin of the Scriptures. The great difference was in the doctrines of the intermediaries between God and man.

If what the editorial said was true, there was but little difference between them, and the Reformation was a huge blunder. It was a terrible blunder that 50,000 men should lay down their lives for such a faith.

The preacher then dealt with the Church of Rome from an historical standpoint. Its record of persecution was known. The policy of the church had not changed. He explained some of the cardinal teachings of the church and their bearing on the life of the people of Quebec. There were no Bibles in Quebec, they had but few educated people, and the mass of the people could neither read nor write. The educated men of Quebec were not Catholics. They were infidels, and only held to the church for business reasons. The church was fighting the newer liberalism; the younger people were drifting to the United States, and when they returned their ideas were broadened, and they refused to accept absolutely the church's teachings.

In conclusion the preacher said the best way to prevent atheism in Quebec was to give them the gospel. The Roman Catholic Church would commit suicide in Quebec as it had done elsewhere.

The British South Africa Company, looking about for articles which will bear taxation in Barotsiland, has finally decided to tax wives. Every polygamist must pay each year \$5 per head for all his wives except the first.

VISION AND MEMORY

The Biblot for November (T. B. Mosher, Portland, Maine) is now to hand and as usual maintains its high standard of literary excellence. The subject for this month is "Vision and Memory" and is treated by Edward McCurdy, and to show the exquisite manner in which it is done I will quote two selections:—

1.—In a wild glen in Devon the water leaps in riot down the crags and swirls with deep murmur over the pools. The thickets of gnarled oak and beech and ash start from the Sater's brim, and bending shadow it, and then wind steeply up the hillsides. The verdure is the deep full green of late summer, scarred by the crimson clusters of the ash berries. On the moor above are long belts of bracken and the purple glory of heather stirs the wind gently in the glen, swaying with soft undulation the ferns and grasses that cluster in rock-crevices.

The soft temperate air breathes a solitude and supreme content. Only the music of the moving water breaks the silence with its eternal note of sadness. The fascination of its melody lures from the perfect pleasure of the present to memories. Memories called from the paths by some unlooked for turn of the wheel of remembrance; memories of other scenes in other lands; of hillside thick with olives gleaming silver to the sun, or shrinking, scorched by its embrace, of mossy undergrowth where the air is odorous with violets; of groves of palm and cypress; of plains of miles on miles on sun-steeped vine yards and all the rich-hued pageantry of the south. And in the scene of Syrian Emrich loveliness the wonder of the beauty of Italy seems to take a unity and meaning the more vivid by the sense of contrast. For memory sleeps but lightly, and the touch alike of pleasure and of sorrow is quick to awaken, and the light sleeper rises and hurries away, her eyes mist-wreathed with vision of sleep, a pilgrim to the present, "wandering between two worlds," and bound for a goal of far endeavor.

2.—Yet disillusionments there will be. Perhaps the entry into Rome will be one. I forget what my chosen form of entry used to be, but I am sure it was not by train. Now, however, I having had the experience of that method I can imagine no other, and if I speculate at all about the matter it is as to whether it will be the diretto or the direttissimo next time or whether I shall ever take a seat in the train de luxe. In the days of stage coaches at the end of a long drive you came suddenly to a turn in the road where the eternal city was spread out before you, pasture to your gaze, and the driver at the psychological moment cracked his whip and "marked" "Ecce Roma." Now the railway station and the painful newness of the Via Venti Settembre hardly offers the same facilities for poetic impressions, or will the sense of incongruity end here. The evidence of two civilizations in the Colossura inspired Gibbon to write the "Decline and Fall," as it had previously been the resolve of Villani that he would put on record the history of his native city. Perhaps you have indulged the fancy that the same spectacle may awaken in you some comparatively noteworthy thoughts or resolutions, and visiting it by moonlight for the heightening of picturesque effects you have found yourself playing involuntary hide and seek with a multitude of other tourists whose existence you would fain forget and by day have been an unwilling listener to peripatetic lectures. You yourself from adventitious aids, the immensity, the magnificence is and must be awe-impelling as long as the stones remain, but the girle of beauty, the wrappings of fern and grasses, with which a recurring spring would fain pay its tribute to the enduring of the fabric, all are torn ruthlessly away by its conservators, and the arena is freshly sanded smooth to tread upon, and the result is rather archeological than picturesque.