

PROF. BRIGGS ON DENOMINATION-
ALISM.

Denominationalism is the great sin and curse of the modern Church. *Denominationalism* is responsible for the elaborate systems of belief which are paraded as the banners of orthodoxy and which by their contentions impair the teaching function of the Church and destroy the confidence of the people in its possession of the truth of God. *Denominationalism* is responsible for all those variations of Church government and discipline, for all those historical tyrannies and wrongs which have undermined the faith of the people in the divine authority of such imperious, self-complacent and mutually exclusive ecclesiastical institutions. *Denominationalism* is responsible for all that waste of men and means, all those unholy jealousies and frictions, all that absorption in external, formal and circumstantial things, which disturb the moral development of the individual and the ethical advancement of the community, and especially retard the great evangelistic and reformatory enterprises at home and abroad.

"The denominations have accomplished their historic task. There is no longer any sufficient reason for their continued existence. They should yield their life and their experience to a more comprehensive and more efficient Church plan, one that will embrace all that is best in each, combining the executive Bishop with the legislative presbytery and the electing people in one comprehensive organization."

"Hard times!" says Mr. Gunibag, and he reduces his religious expenditures. But to the clergymen, it is always "hard times," and why make them harder now?

"ROCK OF AGES."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sang as little children sing;
Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me;
'Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully;

Every word her heart did know—
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me;
Lips with trembling sung the hymn,
Trustingly and tenderly.

Voice grown weak, and eyes grown dim—
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

Trembling though the voice, and low
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow:

Sang as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

If the business of bomb-throwing continues to result as disastrously for the throwers and their friends as has been the case recently, it will be considered that even the worst things have their compensations. A man in the outskirts of London falls down and is blown to pieces by the infernal contrivance with which he had designed to destroy the lives of others. Another entering a crowded church in Paris to spread death and destruction among the worshippers, is himself killed by a premature explosion at the very door. And now a bomb set off in a restaurant in the same city has inflicted the chief injury upon an anarchistic poet named Taillada, who was severely wounded in the head and had one of his eyes put out. In this case the perpetrator himself escaped for the time. It is needless to say that the poet is no longer an anarchist. He finds his old friends too indiscriminating in their operations.