

heads. It could be easily established that Scottish writers are pre-eminent for their wit and humour. The immortal Sir Walter, the poet Burns, and Christopher North of the old school, and Robert Louis Stevenson, J. M. Barrie, S. R. Crockett, Annie Swan and the writer of this volume, to mention but a few recent writers, are striking refutations of the outworn saw. "James Inwick, Ploughman and Elder," represents the emulation, not to say strife, between the rival Kirks of Scotland—

The Free Kirk, the wee kirk, the kirk
wi'out the steeple,
And the Auld Kirk, the cauld kirk, the
kirk wi'out the people.

It recites, as a matter of history, the disestablishment of the Auld Kirk which is yet only a matter of anticipation. It discusses the live political issues of the times in a very humorous manner. It abounds in pithy proverbs dressed in quaint Scottish dialect which accentuates their humour and sharpens their point.

To attempt to set forth the humour in this book by illustration is like using a brick as a specimen of a house. Take these as sample bricks:

"I wad rather keep the door in the Free Kirk," says our hero, "than dwell i' the tents o' the Establishment."

"The Hoose o' Lords is juist the draff of the kintra. A wheen auld wives, an' lunies, an' wastrels, sittin' in their gilded chawmer, like clockin' hens on cheeny eggs, no able to hatch onything theirsels an' pitin' a stop to a' reforms!"

"It's because oor Kirk's like Awron's rod that turned into a muckle serpent, as we're tellt in the Buik o' Exodus, an' wan the warlock bodies caist down their staves an' they turned into serpents tae, Awron's aye stude up on its hind legs an' devoored them a', an' left naethin but their tails."

"Div ye no ken what's the beginnin' an' end o' the politics?—grup a' ye can, an' haud on by what ye've gruppit!"

"I hae learned to no' discuss politics wi' a woman, especially when

you are married till her. And this is reason enough in my opeenion for not giving her the vote. What wad be the use?—she wadna ha' understude it, for thae things are ower deep for the minds o' weemen folk."

Recollections of a Long Life. By JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D., author of "Ecclesiastical History of England"; "Stars of the East," etc. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27 Paternoster Row.

This is a most enchanting volume. The author was born November 18th, 1807, so that he is, now nearly eighty-eight years of age. He has seen much of the world, has mingled with all classes, and in this volume of "Recollections," he has described the principal events of the century in a most graphic manner.

Dr. Stoughton was born of an excellent parentage. His father was reputed to be an "honest lawyer," and would never undertake any cause if he did not believe in the justice of his client's claim. His father was at least an adherent, if not a member, of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. His mother was a "Quakeress," but when she married she was dismembered from the "Friends," and worshipped in the same sanctuary as her husband. Her father was a Methodist, and she often told her son how she remembered John Wesley visiting at her father's house in her childhood days, and was dandled and caressed by the founder of Methodism.

As our author's father died when his son was young, the training of the lad largely depended upon his mother and maternal grandfather, who was a staunch Wesleyan. He received a good education in Norwich, and was intended for the legal profession, but he soon renounced the study of the law, and prepared to become an ambassador of Christ.

The preaching of such men as Joseph Benson, Dr. Adam Clarke, and some local preachers who officiated at Norwich in those days, was made a great blessing to him. He joined the society, and, to use his