wronged by another brother, to tell the wrong to the Church, and thus appeal to a larger constituency. But this I will say, that no man has a surer knowledge that the Spirit of God is in him than he who has grace to keep his temper down, and allow an injury to pass unavenged. This, like Count Tolstoy, I know from experience, better than that gained in a thousand class meetings and holiness conventions.

Tolstov has the Spirit of Christ, but his theology must not be judged by the omissions in his "Christ's Christianity." He says the churches do not teach what Christ taught. says that, by trying to harmonize with it the Old Testament, Paul's doctrines, and the decrees of Councils they minimize the force of divine obligation, and surround the plain rule of life with mystery. There is much truth in this. writes evidently for those who are seeking, as he once sought, in doubt and darkness, for the rule of life. Hence he does not trouble his readers with the Trinity, although he believes in God's spiritual presence, and says it is easier to prove that Christ is God than that He was a mere man. He does not press the atonoment, but shows that vicarious sacrifice is the lot of all in whom Christ lives. Angels, good and bad, he passes by, regarding Ohrist's temptation in the wilderness as the imaginings of self as opposed to the higher self or spirit. He does not offend the doubter with any miracle, not even that of the resurrection, but this does not mean that he disbelieves miracles as premonitions of human scientific attain-The verbal inspiration even of the ment at the highest. Gospels, he does not credit, and he draws a marked line between Christ's teachings and that of the Old Testament, but' allows that Jesus fulfilled the prophecy of Isaiah. In reading this book, one must always remember for whom Tolstoy wrote it, and his holy aim to conform men to Christ. put complex theological intellectualities, half of which they don't understand, in place of the living Christ, formulas of belief in the stead of conscientious practice, adorations in the room of self-denying altruism, until independent, earnest, truth-seeking souls are repelled even from the traditionalist