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Vacation.

THE holiday season is here and all who can afford it are bound on change. The change may not be great, yet it is a change, that breaks up the stereotyped plate of life, that goes on at every turn of the machine sending out the same impression. Change is good for body and for brain. Change freshens and adds new force. Change gives a new view point, where life may be looked at with great advantage to the one who scans it; whence it is seen more clearly in its meaning, its importance, its solemnity, and its sacredness, for "it is not all of life to live nor all of death to die." Life has vast issues, and the smallest events bear on these. The veriest commonplaces touch them with a moulding power. Things of which we think nothing are like the woof driven across the warp forming the closely textured web with all its pictured and potent beauty.

It is well, therefore, to take a calm view of life from a new standpoint. To consider it outside the stir and the confusion and the heat of its fierce battle. To go apart for a space so as to come to it anew taking hold of it with a hand nerved by a noble purpose. Do not the parent, the man of affairs, the minister of the gospel—all to whom life is a serious business—see life and its grand possibilities in a new light in a time of resting and reflection. Out of the whirl, aside from the strife, how differently things appear. They come into their proper place. They have attached to them their right values. They are discerned as the touchstone of the Spirit; as the elements the spirit of man works with; as the means by which character is developed. They spring up out of their seeming meanness into a majesty that is commanding. In a word, life loses its humdrum, and grows into a springlike greenness, and is laden with flowers of loveliest hue, and fruits of choicest flavor.

It is worth much to go apart and rest awhile even tho' it be but for one week in the country, or a couple of weeks at the lake shore, or a month at the seaside, or a trip across the sea. The length of the purse and the pressure of engagements must rule here. But all the same, a relieving of the strain of constant duty, that is so oppressive, a breaking up of the routine that grows so wearisome, an arrest laid on the grinding worry that eats up the spirit is an incalculable benefit, even though it be only for a few days.

It is truth the poet sings,—

"The world is too much with us
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers."

We need a vacation for change, for renewal of heart,

for recuperation of the physical and mental powers, for, humanly speaking, the lengthening of our days. Therefore to all our readers we wish a pleasant and happy vacation—merchants who have closed their ledger for a little, doctors who have turned over their cases to an assistant, teachers who have laid down the ferule and the frown, mothers who have put off the apron of office and ministers who hung up their gowns in the vestry closet—to one and all we wish a joyous vacation. Come back with recruited health, and thankful spirit and larger views of life to work the works of Him who has sent you here on a mission.

Philips Brooks as a Theologian.

The time has perhaps not yet come for appraising the value of Bishop Brooks' work as a preacher and theologian. He was such a princely man, such an idol of the people, that adverse criticism would have been regarded as an impious act during his life time. His memory is still fresh to his generative, his royal personality has lost none of its distinctness and authority, has rather gained in power, and it cannot therefore be expected that an impartial judgment will yet be accepted. There is however an able criticism in the last number of the *Presbyterian and Reformed Review*, by a writer who is himself an able theologian, as well as a warm and appreciative admirer, of the eminent qualities, of the distinguished preacher of Trinity Church, Boston, although Philips Brooks left no complete statement of his theological views yet he was a doctrinal preacher—claimed that no preacher was ever great who was not doctrinal,—and the six volumes of sermons that remain, as well as his published lectures and addresses, give a sufficiently varied statement of fundamental doctrines, to enable his readers to discern his attitude on the great cardinal dogmas of the Christian faith. These writings are quoted copiously in order that by many witnesses the views ascribed to him may be established. It is difficult to refuse credit for fairness and candour and even affection to the critic, and yet his conclusions are startling and almost incredible. It appears that this distinguished man, so greatly trusted and beloved had departed from the articles of the Church, of which he was a Bishop, in almost every particular, as to the Person of Christ, he believed in the "Eternity of Humanity"—that in the Divine nature, there was in eternity a union of humanity with divinity, and thus humanity, as it exists in earth is "a pale reflection of the Divine nature." When Christ came to this earth he did not become man, for he was that already,—he simply established a mysterious connection with that part of his nature that had become sinful. Men were always and are ever the sons of God. Christ's special mission was to persuade men to believe that fact, "All man needs is to have awakened within him a sense of sonship." There is no original sin, in the orthodox sense, it is a vague and indefinite tendency to sin, and the New Birth is "a restoration to the first idea of our existence as His child." Justification, as a legal acquittal, has vanished and adoption is a theological figure—for why adopt such as are already children of the home? Even Sanctification, has changed its character and has become "the development of the original goodness, nature in all men." As will be anticipated, his views of inspiration were such as to