

DR. FAIRBAIRN, beyond doubt one of the foremost theologians in Britain, in a strong and stimulating address to Nonconformist students the other day, gave a glimpse of the fortune which raised him from the obscurity of a Scottish village to the principalship of Mansfield, Oxford. "In the morning, during the day, and at night, if I am sitting at home I feel bound to be at work, and cannot be idle. It is a hard thing to turn one's house into a workshop, but mark you, it is better than to turn one's workshop into a house. I never saw a morning paper in the morning; never allowed it to enter the house till late in the day; began work at six in the morning and worked up to two in the afternoon, when I thought I had earned a fair right to a fair rest. And if it had not been for work begun early, work well and persistently carried through, I do not think study in any degree, or work to any degree, would be possible for me to-day." And as a result Principal Fairbairn is making Nonconformity at Oxford a thing which no Churchman can afford to look loftily upon or despise.

THE first charge has been made on the Confession of Faith—a rattling fusilade. The smoke has hardly cleared away, but already sounds of the muffled drum, priming gunlocks, sharpening swords for a second attack are being heard. This question is up now and will not down. It may be postponed, or shirked. The present time may be inopportune but a time is coming when the Church will be brought up face to face with the question: Do our Standards express the living faith of our Church? A comparison of every man's real Confession of Faith with the Westminster Confession, might even now show that we are not as antiquated as many suppose. Some day that comparison must be made. The new wine of believing scholarship is beginning to move itself in our old bottles. Too tight corking might start fermentation and cause a "burst."

SOME of our Canadian theologians are becoming anxious about theology in Scotland. Dr. Keiloga thinks George Adam Smith's book on Isaiah, which has been so praised by leading British critics—A. B. Davidson, Marcus Dods, W. G. Elmstie, *The British Weekly*, et alia,—to be not only somewhat crude but decidedly heretical. If Smith is a representative of modern Scottish theology, it is thought that our Church should have her eye on the ministers coming across the Atlantic, or the bad heaven may begin working in Canadian meal. The sceptre of traditional orthodoxy has evidently departed from the Free Church—i.e., if a certain Scottish Mutual Admiration Society with publishing offices in London represents the Free Church.

It is interesting, however, to study Time's revenges. Canada used to follow Scotland in matters of doctrine, Church polity and practice. Whatever was not held or practised in mother Churches, was an innovation. Everything was looked at through gray Scotch mist. Now the child is getting troubled about the mother. The good old woman has been traveling rapidly of late, and at her age this is dangerous. She is quite out of breath now. It is useless to tell her to be calm; in her