

many as were possible before. Yet the marvellously fine work of this diamond-pointed machine is surpassed by that of the machine for measuring the width of these lines, which will detect an error of the one-hundred-thousandth of an inch.

If human inventions can be made to work with such preciseness, how accurate will the record of God's angels be of our good work and ill, and with what perfect adjustment to the demands of justice will God apportion to each one his share of reward—worthiness or blame. No one person is ever alone to blame for any single evil deed. The credit of no good deed belongs exclusively to one. We are members one of another. We have been helped to all our evil; we have been inspired to all the good we have done. God will unravel the tangle. Each will be rewarded according to *his* work, according to the part that is his and not another's.

That the world is not converted, whose is the blame? Partly ours. When the work is done, whose will be the praise? Partly ours. According to the enthusiasm and self-sacrifice we have given to the Master's work will be the reward. There will be no mistake in the fine reckoning that God will make. "Therefore be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor *is not in vain* in the Lord." How much are we doing ourselves? How much are we being helped by others? How much are we doing through others? How much of our work is made valuable by the qualities added to it by others? How much? Heaven's record will answer.

W. W. A.

A TIMELY BOOK.

IN these days, when so much is said about Christian unity, and when the idea of organic union seems to be in the very air, it is a matter of regret that religious controversy should be necessary at all. Unfortunately, however, it cannot always be avoided, and when it must be resorted to it is well it should be done thoroughly.

The most frequent provocation to controversy of this sort grows out of the assumptions of a certain class of Anglican divines, who are never weary of assailing the ministry and ordinances of Churches where Episcopacy and Apostolic Succession are alike disowned. If the results were not so sad, it would be very amusing to witness the juvenile confidence with which "priests" of the ritualistic type air their pretensions, and assume to lord it over God's heritage. Such assumptions have gained credence in certain quarters, because allowed, on account of their weakness, to pass unchallenged, and this has frequently emboldened the writers to publicly attack denominations

whose success they envied, but whose self-denying labors they could not emulate. Occasionally this course has drawn forth vigorous replies which for a time, at least, have silenced the guns of the attacking party. A case in point has recently occurred. Some two years ago a controversy arose in the Ottawa Valley, in consequence of some letters published by a High Church pretender. These were promptly met in a series of letters by the Rev. T. G. Williams, then of Pembroke, which have recently been revised and published in a volume of 282 pages, under the title of *Methodism and Anglicanism in the Light of Scripture and History*. The book shows evidence of wide and careful reading, and although written in occasional hours, amid the duties of a busy pastorate, the material has been well digested and well arranged. As a whole, the volume is one of the very best of its kind, and should be widely circulated, especially where Anglican proselyters are plying their nefarious trade. Citations from well-known authorities are numerous and well chosen; the line of argument is carefully developed, and the array of evidence against the unscriptural claims of High Churchism is overwhelming and unanswerable. Mr. Williams set out to do a certain thing; he has done it well, and deserves the thanks of evangelical Christians of every name. The book is at once a crushing exposure of the worthlessness of High Church pretensions, and a vindication of the just claim of Methodism to be ranked as a true and Scriptural Church.

NOTES FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

(Continued from page 180.)

ON the return journey from the Pacific coast, a Sunday was spent at Bro. John McDougall's mission. Morley station is not the most convenient point in the world to "stop over" at. The train westward reaches the station at three o'clock in the morning, while coming eastward the time is one o'clock. Moreover, the "witching midnight-hour," so near the mountains, is cold enough to send a shiver over one as he steps out of a heated car; but a kindly greeting from Bro. McDougall, who was in waiting with a waggon and pair of stout horses, raised the temperature considerably, and in a few minutes we were *en route* for the mission, three miles away. First a drive of two miles, by the feeble light of a waning moon, among rolling "foot hills," and then a short but steep descent brought us to the level of the river. A few hundred yards farther, and we plunged into the swift waters of the Bow. A heavy mist lay upon the water, making vision impossible beyond the distance of the horses' ears, and as the river at this point is over a hundred yards wide, we had to go on in faith. But McDougall seemed to