

revulsion of feeling, unless something can be found to bridge the chasm which yawns between theory and fact, the actual and the ideal. Utopia, as its name implies, is nowhere upon this earth. The spirit of reflective meditation alone, when it is carried into ordinary intercourse, will not be sufficient to raise us to the lofty standard of the heathen poet when he said : " I am a man ; and nothing that pertains to man do I think foreign to me." To the element of thought must be added the element of true emotion, as we go forth from the study into the school of life. " Knowledge puffeth up ; but charity buildeth up." The one alone inflates like a bubble, which is always in danger of bursting ; the other produces a true and even development, and rests the whole character upon a firm foundation. We are in unhappy case if we think more highly of ideas than we do of men. For men are moved most by an intelligence which is loving, and by a love which is intelligent. They may feel, for a time, the influence of great mental powers which have no warmth about them, and seem to evince little concern for the welfare of the race. So, too, they may feel, for a time, the influence of genuine, impulsive affection, even though it is not sustained by sound judgment, and may forgive many stupid follies, because the unconscious blunder is well-meant. But neither the cold philosopher nor the shallow reformer can long maintain a hold upon the throbbing life of men. He who would realize the highest possibilities for himself and for others must possess what Mrs. Browning calls " a brain-lighted heart," with intelligence to discern and love to supply the supreme needs of humanity.

This is the symmetrical and harmonious life towards which it is our business to aspire. This is the life which is revealed in its perfection in the man Christ Jesus, whom one scene discloses alone by night upon the hill, and another engaged in His loving toil, going about doing good ; whose hours of contemplation rang with His heart's great cry for the world, whose hours of action were made sublime because He carried into every one of them the strength of quiet converse with the Father who is in Heaven.

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Rev. W. T. Herridge, B.A., B.D., pastor of St. Andrews Church, Ottawa, is too well known to the people of Montreal, and to the readers of the Journal generally, to call for special notice at our hands. Suffice it to say that from the commencement to the close of his academic career Mr. Herridge ranked among the ablest students of his classes. He took honour courses in Arts and Theology, carrying off prizes, scholarships, and medals. He is a B. A. of Toronto University, and a B.D. of the Presbyterian College, Montreal.