

## BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

*The Improved Sunday School Record.*

Chicago: Adams, Blackmer &amp; Lyon Publishing Co.

This is a strongly bound blank book suitably ruled and arranged for a Sabbath school register. It has been prepared under the direction of Mr. Edward Eggleston, an experienced superintendent, and is well adapted to its purpose.

*The Sunday School Concert: a General Service Manual for the School and Congregation,*

Chicago: Adams, Blackmer &amp; Lyon Publishing Co.

This is not a music book, but a book containing a series of exercises somewhat like "Bible Readings," in which the whole school joins, including superintendent, teachers and scholars, each individual having his or her part assigned. It might be employed to advantage, if used judiciously, and where there is no danger of its running into mere rote and ritual.

*The Manual: a Practical Guide to the Sunday School Work.*

By Edward Eggleston. Chicago: Adams, Blackmer &amp; Lyon Publishing Co.

The author of this book is the editor of "The National Sunday School Teacher." By means of suitable arrangement and condensation he has supplied a great deal of valuable matter in small bulk. His professed object was to furnish a practical guide to the Sabbath school work in all its departments, and he has been very successful in carrying it out. His views of the true aim and object of the Sabbath school, and of its relation to the Church and to the family, are correct; and every page of the book manifests thorough knowledge of the work, and a very extensive experience.

*The Canada Educational Monthly for February 1879.*

This second number of our new educational serial will doubtless find general acceptance with those who wish Mr. Adam's enterprise to succeed. The main articles are clearly and ably written and deal with most important educational questions. As a religious journal, and convinced that without recognizing the revealed will of God, no philosophy, no legislation, no science of anthropology, psychology, or ethics, no system of education, can be complete, we cannot but regret that in Professor Wells' article alone, and even there not as fully as it might have been, is reference made to this highest of all elements in knowledge, culture, training and education generally. It is true that this subject need not always be distinctly enunciated. At the same time we desiderate a theistic and Christian conception underlying discussions on educational matters. The able article of the editor on culture, while justly exposing the prevalent want of culture in Canadian society of every class and grade, points as a remedy to "enthusiasm . . . some highly magnetizing influence," as if we had not this and a great deal more, in the words of one who has done more for education and culture than any modern theorist, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things pure, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." In this higher range of subjects, ideal, not material, and the study of them, alone will culture be found. The article by Prof. Grote inculcates a sensationalist philosophy in its spirit and excludes all knowledge of spiritual being or of supra-natural revelation. The commendation of Herbert Spencer's views by Mr. Gundry is too unqualified, and it is to be hoped that our teachers will not be tempted to regard him as an infallible exponent of all knowledge, or accept his views of religion, while he avows that the knowledge of God is impossible. We hope also that the quiet assumption of the doctrine of evolution in reference to man's intellect, conscience, speech etc., or the views given of moral discipline, justice and law will not generally be acquiesced in by our teachers. Perhaps Mr. Gundry may know more about Mr. Spencer than we do, for we have not read all that he has written; but we have read enough to appreciate the great service he has rendered to science, and to wish his books to be read, and at the same time to know that his science is the "wisdom of this world, and of the princes of this world" which, in so far as it differs from revelation, "cometh to naught." We wish

the "Monthly" success, but we can assure Mr. Adam success in the highest sense will be attained not by ignoring God's revealed will, but by asserting for it a place among the facts of history, and recognizing it as an element in the education of mankind, a factor in the evolution of character, and indispensable in the construction of science and philosophy in the highest sense of these words. We regard with apprehension and discomfort the tendency which our national system is showing of becoming godless, not by saying "no God" but by teaching our children as if there were no God and no revelation of His will.

## BE FRANK WITH THE MINISTER.

"It is too bad." "What can we do about it?" "Can't do anything." "Speak to him, some one." "Who?" "Never would do in the world." "Would make a church row." "Well, it's too bad."

There was a little group before the church door, discussing some church question with very unaccustomed earnestness. The question was this:—

Our service opens with the long metre doxology, followed by an invocation. The parson, who is a universal favourite, then proceeds to find the morning lesson, which occupies but a moment. Belated worshippers, who have piously remained in the vestibule during the prayer, and of whom unhappily we have many in our country congregation, now begin to pour in, and "trouble begins." The minister, having found the lesson, stops, looks seriously—and some of us, if we are a little late, think severely—along down the aisles and waits, while the uninstructed in church proprieties turn to stare at the late comers and smile at the loud creak of the Sunday boots, and with confused haste seats are found and the service proceeds; the feelings of the minister and many of his flock ill-suited to the occasion, if facial expressions are any criteria by which to form a judgment.

The irruption had been larger and the interruption longer than usual that morning; and the dormant feeling had been fanned into quite a little flame by the fact that among the late comers was one wealthy family who had lately moved into the neighbourhood, whom our church is very desirous to secure, and who somebody said that somebody else said, that somebody else had heard, that some one else thought was mortally offended and would never come to church again.

"Sh!" said some one, "here comes the parson now."

The deacon and I had been standing on the inner edge of the little circle looking on. The deacon, silent hitherto, spoke up. "Hullo! Parson," said he, "look here a moment. We're discussing you."

I wish you could have seen the electricity gleam from the many eyes at the delightfully unconscious deacon, and the red flush mantle the faces; but the deacon had caught the crowd. If he had had a net and they were all fishes he could not have done it more effectually.

"Well," said the parson, coming up good-naturedly to the group, and greeting them all with one general and comprehensive smile. "What about me?"

"We don't like your way of conducting the service," said the deacon.

"Now, hold on, Deacon," said Mr. Greer. "Speak for yourself, please. I do like the parson's way of conducting the service. I care more for his service even than for his sermon; I often receive enough good from his prayers and his reading of a hymn to well repay me for coming to church."

There were several murmurs of assent, and the parson's face which had been suddenly clouded at the deacon's broad statement, as suddenly lightened again.

The deacon is a strategist; by his second sentence he had set the group to defending the parson.

"Well," said the deacon. "I will speak for myself: there is one thing we don't like about your conduct in the service."

"That is not quite so serious," said the parson. "What is it? Perhaps it can be remedied."

"Well," said the deacon, "a few of our people are sometimes a little late to church."

"A few of them?" echoed Mr. Greer. "Half the congregation."

"And instead of going on with the service you stop and wait for them all to get their seats."

"While we look round to see who they are, and how

they are dressed, and what seats they are going into," said Mr. Greer.

"Seems to me," said the parson, good-humouredly, "that is your part of the conduct of the service."

"Now," said the deacon, "it seems to us that it would be a great deal better for you to pay no attention to them, but go right on with the service."

"Why Deacon," said the parson, "it would be a positive profanation for me to read the Bible labouring all the time to drown"—here the parson looked stealthily around—"the creaking of Mr. Wheaton's boots, and the rustling of his daughter's silk's; and they never come in till after the invocation."

"But consider," said the deacon, "your congregation. We could by an effort listen to you instead of the boots and the silks; but you give us nothing to listen to. And by the time the irruption of the—the —"

"Goths and Vandals," said a prompter in the crowd.

"Is over," continued the deacon; "we might just as well not have had any doxology or invocation, for any effect that is left on our minds."

"I remember that Mr. Moody," said the timid voice of Mrs. Hardcap, "used always to give out a hymn and have the congregation singing when the doors were opened to admit the crowd. He was criticised for it once; and he replied that if he were once to let the audience get looking after the late-comers, it would take him ten minutes to get them back again."

"That is a good idea," said the parson. "We might do that."

"Then, another thing, Parson," said the deacon. "To be frank with you, you set us a bad example."

"I!" said the parson, more amazed than ever before.

"Yes," said the deacon, very serenely; "by your inattention during prayer."

"Why, Deacon, you amaze me!" said the parson. And he evidently amazed everyone else too.

"Yes," said the deacon; "this morning when we were singing 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,' and if that is not a prayer I do not know what is, you came down out of the pulpit, walked down to my pew for a consultation with me—a very necessary matter, I know; but still it was a consultation during prayer-time and half the congregation were looking on and wondering what we were thinking about—and then you went back and took out your pencil and wrote something, I suppose some notes on your sermon, during the rest of the hymn. That's a bad example, Parson, for the rest of us."

"Well, Deacon, you're right," said the parson; "I never thought of it before, and I'm obliged to you. And as to the other matter," continued he, after a moment's pause, "I will see the chorister and try and arrange to follow Mr. Moody's plan."

"And I," said the deacon, "will see Mr. Wheaton and ask him if he can't get to church five minutes earlier. He never is five minutes late to the train; I wonder if his watch always oversleeps itself Sunday."

As the parson moved away to join his wife, who was waiting for him, the group turned on the deacon.

"How could you do such a thing, Deacon," they said with one voice. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. What will the parson think!"

"My friends," said the deacon, "my father was a minister; and I know ministers pretty well. They don't like to be criticised any more than other men. But they can take it kindly—decidedly better than the average of men. The unkind thing to a minister is to let a little criticism grow into a great dissatisfaction without letting him know anything about it. The kind thing is to be frank. The parson will be much obliged to us all; much more obliged than if we had grumbled behind his back and kept silent before his face or than if we had appointed a delegation to wait upon him, as though he were a prime minister and we were his humble constituency."—*Laicus, in Christian Union.*

It ought to be the great care of every one of us to follow the Lord fully. We must follow Him universally, without dividing; uprightly, without dissembling; cheerfully, without disputing; constantly, without declining; and this is following Him fully.—*M. Henry.*