

Surely not. With a majority of five to one, we certainly ought to be able to hold our own by honourable and straightforward means, and if Protestantism and so-called liberty can be maintained and defended only by treating such men as Christopher Finlay Fraser as pariahs, or lunatics, or rascals and by chasing all Roman Catholics from all positions of public office and trust, then Protestantism is on its last legs, and it may fairly be questioned if liberty of such a kind be anything but tyrannical intolerance, masquerading in some other party's stolen, tattered and long-ago cast off clothes.

We don't say that there is no blood upon the skirts of Rome; quite otherwise. Nay, we don't add, "but that blood is dry," for it is not. But if Protestantism is to live and thrive and conquer, it will not be by fighting intolerance with intolerance, as some ill-balanced minds and somewhat weak heads would have it. The grand old law is still the best: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." By this let us stand, and if this has lost its power to make us stand, then with this let us fall. The Protestants of Canada have surely not yet come to such a pass that having caught the church of Rome at her ablutions, they have been fain to run away with her clothes.

Of course we are assured that such a thing was never thought of, but the plan that would shut men like Christopher Fraser out of our legislatures—and if the P.P.A. means anything it means that—would justify all the intolerance of Spain and all the dragonnades of France, for there is involved in it a principle which, carried to its logical and legitimate consequences, would condone the one and endorse the other.

DOCTRINAL PREACHING AT A DISCOUNT.

WE often hear the remark made that doctrinal preaching is in these days at a discount and deservedly so. It is said to be very "dry" and very "tiresome," not fitted to fill the church, and of very little if any use for any purpose whatever. What is wanted, it is said, is something which requires little or no thinking; which does not even demand continuous attention and interferes in no appreciable degree with a comfortable feeling of self-satisfaction, if not of absolute self-righteousness. A rather distinguished Canadian still living, when a few years ago choosing a preacher "under whom" he could "sit" comfortably, frankly avowed that as a brain worker for six days in the week he required rest on Sundays. "If," he added, "I go to Dr. So-and-So's church I get no rest, for I must think for all I am worth; and therefore I have chosen another church home where I am entirely suited, for I can take a short doze or go off for a little in thought on week-day affairs and when I come back to the matter in hand I can always pick up the dropped thread of religious homily without effort and without fatigue." This may be convenient, but is it profitable? And can it in the long run be safe?

Doctrinal preaching has no natural connection with the well-known valley of dry bones, though with too many that connection seems to be both very evident and very intimate. How often it is said with a self-satisfied smirk, "We Presbyterians of the present have in the matter of preaching, drifted very decidedly away from the Confession of Faith and its *Dryasdust dogmata*." And there is only too much reason to fear that there is more truth than poetry in the observation. Such language as the following is popular and has a learned yet practical aspect—"Ethical preaching is best. What have we to do with the dead Egyptians and Amorites and Hittites of the long ago? We want to be warmed up with a good blast on present duties and pleasant prospects." Yet, after all, when one comes to think of it, is it not doctrinal preaching that has revolutionized the world, so far as it has been revolutionized for Christ? For what, after all, is doctrinal preaching, but the statement and restatement with indefinite frequency of a certain body of facts or supposed facts upon which the whole superstructure of emotional and practical Christianity rests? To talk of eliminating dogma altogether, or of lightly passing it over in ordinary Sunday prelections as something of little value and of amazing tediousness, is something as sensible as beginning to build a house from the garret, but not a whit more so. The history of the Christian church, from the first century to the last decade of the nineteenth, has proved beyond all question this as a fact, not to be gainsaid, however

explained, that whenever and whereon mere ethical or quasi-emotional preaching has supplanted the proclamation of fact and the full round of scriptural doctrine, there and then at once as cause and consequence have crept over that church a spiritual lethargy as of death, and a code of morals not much higher than what Confucius taught and what Seneca professed to admire, but failed to practise.

So the Confession of Faith, in the estimation of not a few Presbyterian "advanced thinkers," has become a musty old tradition which has outlived its usefulness, even as a collection of articles of peace! Is it signed without being believed? Birds of the air whisper that in cases not a few such is the fact, or at least, that in the phrase which William Ward made famous more than forty years ago, not a little of it is taken in a "non-natural sense." Troubled consciences cry for relief, it seems! New wine we are assured must not be put into old bottles! Young Canada, professedly, cannot stand the dreary and dull teaching that stimulated and strengthened and purified the men and women of other days! If so, so much the worse for young Canada, and so much less the influence, even as a matter of morals, of that "ethical" preaching and "cultured" prettiness which "advanced thinkers" declare are indispensable to the "modern pulpit" remaining either attractive or useful to the "classes" and the "masses" of these highly educated and æsthetic times.

The often quoted words of Dr. Chalmers, as he read his celebrated recantation in Kilmany church, will bear one more repetition. "For twelve years no one could have denounced more strongly than I have done, the meanness of falsehood, the horrors of drunkenness, the degradation of impurity and the far-reaching baseness of dishonesty and fraud, and yet after all my efforts I have never known a liar through my teaching becoming a man of truth, a drunkard sober, the licentious pure or the dishonest upright and reliable. "But," added that good and great man, "since I have learned the great doctrine of Jesus Christ crucified and risen, I have seen and rejoiced in many such."

The same story has always had to be told and always will be. Every thing in its own due order—first correct thinking; after that correct and corresponding feeling; and both issuing and then only in the production and maintenance of correct acting and sanctified Christ-like lives. Curious, paradoxical yet unquestionably true, the preaching that apparently has been most concerned about morals has had least effect upon their elevation, while that which apparently has given "ethics" a very subordinate place has most noticeably resulted in an ethical elevation of which the wisest and purest heathen has not even so much as dreamed.

REV. JAMES MILLAR: To be good is better than to be famous. Fame is alluring, and the desire for it is inspiring, but even when it is honorably gained and well deserved, it is a very uncertain quantity, less certain than the life upon which it depends. But goodness never dies. There cannot come a condition of existence—here or in the next world—where goodness will not be the supreme virtue, the highest glory, the crown of all perfection. Some people strive to appear well in the eyes of their fellows; they wish others to think well of them. Be it your purpose rather to be all that you would have others think that you are. There is rejoicing both in heaven and on earth over the building up of character and the attaining of this virtue; while some are aiming at being brilliant, make it your aim to be good.

MR. WILLIAM QUARRIER, of Scotland, well known in Canada, has had again to defend, as Dr. Barnardo, of London, has so often done, his right to keep children committed to his charge by lawful relatives, though afterwards claimed by the Roman Catholics. The case was tried recently in the Court of Session, Edinburgh, and decided in Mr. Quarrier's favor. The *Glasgow Daily Mail* has an article, deploring that the society which instigates these vexatious lawsuits, should devote its energies to harassing earnest workers, instead of seeking to save other destitute children.

WE see it is announced that the meetings to have been held in this city in October, under the auspices of Mr. D. L. Moody, evangelist, have been abandoned. Mr. Moody could not attend.

Books and Magazines.

GODFREY BRENZ. A Tale of the Persecution. By Sarah J. Jones, Philadelphia. The American Sunday School Union.

The stories of persecutions on account of religious belief in the sixteenth century are well told in authentic histories. The author of this book thinks that the spirit of persecution which then prevailed is not yet dead, nor even sleeping. We venture to differ from her, in this at least, the spirit of tolerance in this age will not be strengthened by tales of intolerance and persecution in past ages. The spirit of tolerance is something yet to be acquired by some protestant churches, or rather by many members of all protestant churches. If we are striving "diligently for the spread of Christ's kingdom of peace," to quote from the author's introduction, it seems inconsistent to open old sores and revive half-forgotten memories.

FOLLOWING THE STAR; OR, THE STORY OF THE WISE MEN. By Y. L., Philadelphia. The American Sunday School Union.

This is another attempt, so often ventured before in verse and prose, to portray the personal appearance and mental and moral character of the three wise men of the East who followed the star and hailed the birth of the Saviour. The wisdom of writing and publishing such books, especially for the young, is doubtful, to say the least. The young are very apt to take fiction for fact; and unless the fiction is founded on the surest historical basis there is a danger that their views on the matters treated of may be permanently distorted.

A prominent feature of the September *Century* is a continuation of the unpublished correspondence of Edgar Allan Poe, and dealing this month particularly with the Philadelphia period of Poe's life. This series contains three portraits of the poet, and four striking drawings by Sterner, typifying well-known stories and poems. The present instalment contains a portrait from a daguerreotype owned by Mr. Thomas J. McKee, which is well authenticated. There is also a portrait of N. P. Willis, and the writers besides Poe himself are Washington Irving, Charles Dickens, Willis, and others. Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant contributes a paper on "Addison, the Humorist," this being the last of her papers in the magazine on the characters of the reign of Queen Anne, which are to be published in book form by the Century Co. during the autumn. A portrait of Addison, and one of the Earl of Godolphin, accompany the paper. There is also the first of two papers of "Recollections of Aubrey De Vere," the English, or rather the Irish, poet; the present paper being devoted to his childhood and boyhood, and the second to his youth. This paper contains some humorous stories of life in Ireland a generation ago, with anecdotes of Daniel O'Connell, of whom an engraving is given.

It is always a pleasure to cut the leaves and turn over the pages of a new number of *Scribner's*, and one certainly has no excuse for lack of delight when examining the number for September. A poem by Harriet Spofford Prescott; "Bar Harbor," an illustrated paper by F. Marion Crawford; the first part of a short story by Thomas Nelson Page; "Tar-humari Life and Customs," illustrated paper by Carl Lumboltz; Philip Gilbert Hamerton's critical and biographical notice of the Spanish painter Ulpiano Checa, whose painting, "An Unlucky Meeting," is reproduced as frontispiece, and Mrs. I. T. Field's charming paper entitled "A Third Shelf of Old Books," with illustrations from photographs and prints in the possession of the author, make up with serial fiction, verse and editorial notes, a number of which the publishers may well feel proud.

The September *Harper's* contains "A New England Prophet," the story of an Adventist alarm, by Mary E. Wilkins; "The General's Bluff," founded on a frontier campaign of General Crook, by Owen Wister; "The Tug of War," a tale of English men and women in Greece; chapter of "The Golden House," Charles Dudley Warner's novel of New York society, and the first of a two-part story of Narragansett Pier, by Brander Matthews. This excellent magazine not only holds its own among many competitors but adds, month after month to its attractive features. Mr. Julian Ralph, one of its popular contributors, is now, we understand on his way to the Orient to investigate and report on the troubles that are disturbing the almond-eyed inhabitants of the world's further side.

Prof. Theodore W. Hunt, of Princeton, opens the September number of the *Homiletic Review*, with a strong paper on "The Mental Demands of the Ministry"; Dr. C. B. Hibbert writes on the "Importance of Declaring all the Counsel of God"; Dr. David J. Burrel discusses "The Second Service" in a practical way, and Prof. Wilkinson gives his final contribution on "The Imprecatory Psalms." Dr. Ward has a brief paper on "Who are the Hittites?" but does not answer the question which, he quite correctly declares, is "still a puzzle." "Panics and Hard Times" is the title of an able and exceedingly opportune paper by F. S. Hayden, D.D. Many other papers that we cannot even enumerate make up a good number of a very useful publication.

The September issues of *Harper's Bazar* will be enriched by elegant gowns and hats for walking and driving, and by beautiful calling costumes. As a fashion paper, the *Bazar* is unequalled, but its literary merits should not be forgotten. Its editorials are always thoughtful and suggestive; while its short stories and serials belong to permanent literature. A novelette by M. McLelland, "St. John's Wooing," will run through several numbers. The scene is laid in the far south, and the story promises to be intensely interesting.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* is not, as some people may imagine, a mere fashion paper: it is filled with first-class reading matter contributed by some of the very best writers. The September number is exceptionally good. The cover is a work of art and the contents should satisfy the literary taste of the most critical. The tenth instalment of Mr. Howell's "My Literary Passions" is especially interesting.