

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Canadian Methodist Magazine.

For next Samuel Rose.

The May number of the "Canadian Methodist Magazine" contains a large number of readable pieces in prose and poetry, and it is very fully illustrated.

Joy Bells for the Sunday School.

Toledo, Ohio: W. W. Whitney.

This collection of Sabbath School Hymns with music occupies 160 pages. The selection of hymns is suitable, and the melodies are in general simple and pleasing.

Sketches by Mark Twain.

Toronto: Belford, Clarke & Co.

This Canadian edition of the American humourist's inimitable sketches is well printed and beautifully bound, and will no doubt well reward the enterprise of the publishers.

Harper's Magazine.

New York: Harper and Brothers.

The May number of "Harper" contains a variety of interesting articles, aptly illustrated by over one hundred engravings. The high literary character of the publication is well sustained.

The Nemesis of Faith.

By James Anthony Froude. Chicago: Belford, Clarke & Co.

The historian has made a raid on the field of the theologian. His book is in the form of a series of letters, and is written in that free and easy style which worldly-minded people so much affect when they speak of religion. We have glanced into it here and there and are nearly satisfied. It is considerably "advanced." Mr. Froude asks more questions than he can answer. He had better fall back upon the catechism of his childhood—if he ever learnt one.

The Princeton Review.

New York: 37 Park Row. Agent for Canada: Rev. A. Kennedy, London, Ont.

The May number of the "Princeton" contains articles on the following subjects: "Force, Law and Design," by President Porter, D.D., LL.D., Yale College; "Continental Painting at Paris in 1878," by Philip Gilbert Hamerton; "University Work in America," by Prof. B. L. Gildersleeve, John Hopkins University; "Science and a Future State," by Balfour Stewart, LL.D., F.R.S., Manchester; "The Final Philosophy," by Dr. Francis L. Patton, Chicago; "The Critical Estimate of Mosaism," by Rev. Alfred Cane, D.D., England; "The Idea of Cause," by Francis Bowen, Harvard College; "A Plea for Free Trade," by Arthur Arnold, London; "The Supremacy of Conscience and of Revelation," by Lyman H. Atwater, D.D., LL.D., Princeton College. These are all subjects with which the minds of the thinkers of the present day are occupied, most of them are of very great importance, and the names of the writers furnish a sufficient guarantee for their being ably treated.

Abbott's Commentary—John.

New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

This is a book of 245 pages, octavo, well printed, tastefully and strongly bound, and copiously illustrated. The full title is "An Illustrated Commentary on the Gospel according to St. John; for family use and reference, and for the great body of Christian Workers of all Denominations." The author, Lyman Abbott, D.D., son of Jacob Abbott, the well known writer, is himself already well known as a commentator. The commentary now before us, from the brief and fragmentary perusal which we have hitherto been able to give it, appears to be one of the best for general use which we have seen. Few will dispute the principles of interpretation enunciated in the introduction, and these principles are well carried out in the body of the work. The author does not occupy space in detailing the processes of thought, but he gives the results; and although he states the conclusions of scholars, he troubles his readers as little as possible with their controversies. In order to render the work intelligible and serviceable to all classes, even to those who know no language but the English, the many references to the original Greek which are to be found on every page are in every case accompanied by the English equivalent; and all quotations from foreign or ancient writers are translated. In this way the book adapts itself to the unlearned, while at the

same time it preserves its character as a learned work. The spirit in which Dr. Abbott approaches his work, and the feeling with which he regards it, are plainly manifested in the concluding paragraph of his Preface, which is as follows:

"No work is more delightful than that which throws us into fellowship with great minds; of all work the most delightful is that which brings us into association with the mind of God. This is the fellowship to which the student of the Bible aspires. I can save for those who use this work no higher hope than that they may find in its employment some of the happiness which I have found in its preparation, and that it may serve them as it has served me, as a guide to the Word of God, and through that Word to a better acquaintance with God himself."

A commentator who thus feels will do his work faithfully, heartily, and with due respect for the sacred character of the material in his hands. The illustrations in the book are numerous and well executed, and they are always of such a nature as to throw considerable light on the text. Intending purchasers can be supplied by Messrs. Hart & Rawlinson, King street, Toronto.

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

So soon, my God! to try my mission down,
To have my body chained to this dark house,
My desert home, vast, toothless, wild and free,
Changed for a cell like this, where neither ray
Of sunlight penetrates, nor breath of air
To cool my throbbing brow can find its way.
Oh! dull, dark, compassless, these walls
Keep staring at me with their sickly, foul,
Uncouth adorning, great black filthy stains,
And mould of countless years, white overhead,
Around, and underneath me, drape, with soft
And noiseless weaving, cobwebs intricate.
Such death-like stillness reigns, my very sighs
Seem to reverberate between the bounds,
The narrow limits, of my dismal home;
And when to God my cry is poured out,
The words seem but to strike the low black roof,
And straightway back are thrown upon me.
Yet all is well, He doeth all things well,
Who bade me carry forth the joyful news
Of peace and pardon to a guilty world;
Nay, more, to tell of the Messiah, nigh at hand,
Who, coming from a land of holiness,
From presence of the One Omnipotent,
And bringing with Him of that holy power,
Should set the long-bound prisoners free,
Should change the darkness into light, and bring
A new glad life to souls that dead in sins
And trespasses, were passing on, by slow
But certain progress, into death eternal.
Dear Lord! I did not tire of that sweet toil,
That Thou shouldst bring me hence to pine
Perchance long years in idleness, with lips
That might have made the lands acquainted with
The wonders of thy name, closed evermore;
Nay! for a season only; afterwards
In lands where no dark prison walls shall cage
My faculties, my tongue shall sing uncured
The new grand song of praise and victory.
Shall I complain that for a space of time
He bids me stand and wait with closed lips?
O no! for well I know that even this
Dark shadowed silent service He receives;
And if a doubt crept in upon my soul
By subtle working of man's enemy
That this might not be He, the promised Lord
And Saviour of mankind, I humbly pray
That He may pardon that dark thought.
Before my troubled brain there crossed a vision,
Shadowed and yet visible, the semblance
Of a lamb, gentle and quiet, who rudely borne
Along by cruel hands, nor cried, nor gave
By sound or action movement of resistance;
This I beheld and wondered at, while tears
Unbidden came to ease my scrowling heart,
A voice I heard, whose burden this, "He is
To slaughter brought, even as a lamb, and as
A sheep before her shearers still is dumb,
So openeth He not His mouth." O Christ,
Thou Lamb of God, who takest sin away,
Even sin of the world, if Thou shalt thus be slain,
Thou before whom angels veiled their faces,
And worshipped trembling, Thou whose word can change
The storm into a calm, and troubled waves
Make still; from chaos can bring form and light,
Thou! who from death can rescue quick
And sure, must Thou so die? O love, so strange,
So high, so deep, so vast, incomprehensible!
Then welcome suffering, confinement, shame,
Or cruel death! and thanks to Thee, O God,
For but a faint resemblance of this pain.
Thus to lay down my little all for Him
Is no small boon, and thus to die is gain.
The narrow tomb is but the gateway bright—
Straight opening into light, and rest, and heaven.
Gospel, and April, 1879.

J. S.

NEED OF MORAL DISCERNMENT TO APPREHEND GOSPEL TRUTHS.

The great truths of the Gospel require for their apprehension some moral discernment. How can a thoroughly selfish man understand the truth of Christ's divinity? Divinity to him means force or quantity

rather than quality of being. How much would you know about the Apollo Belvidere if one should simply tell you that it consisted of so many cubic inches of white marble, and weighed so many pounds? What idea of its beauty would those words convey to you? Some such quantitative notion of Christ's divinity a selfish man may get, and it is the only idea of him that we find in the writings of many theologians. Such a notion may well be disputed about, but it is of no practical value. To apprehend the beauty of Christ's character, in which His divinity chiefly resides, one needs much schooling in the services of obedience and love. And the more men know of this the less they will be inclined to dispute about it.

Christ is our example; but he who supposes that Christ's work consists simply in furnishing us an example has a very inadequate idea of what man needs and of what Christ is. It is true that we have some power of copying, by observation and volition, the conduct of those that are better than we are; but it is also true that the lives which are mainly the result of imitation are defective and unlovely lives. "That peculiar character," says Dr. Mozley, "which would mire in another, would become quite a different one in ourselves could we achieve the most successful imitation. The copy could never have the spirit of the original, because it would want the natural root upon which the original grew. We ought to grow out of our own roots; our own inherent propriety of constitution is the best nucleus for our own formation." This, then, is what we need—the healing, the quickening, the replenishing of our spiritual life. It is not a model to grow by; it is "more life and fuller that we want." This is what Christ came to bring: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." By faith in him we are made partakers of his nature, and thus the very elements of virtue in us are reinforced. The tulip bulb does not need a full grown tulip to look at that it may learn how to blossom; it needs to feel at its own heart the warmth of the sun and the moisture of the soil. Not Christ before you as an example, but "Christ in you," communicating to you the vitalizing energy of his own eternal life, is the power of God unto salvation.—*Sunday Afternoon for May.*

FAITH IN JESUS CHRIST.

No better, no simpler definition of faith has been given than that of the late Horace Bushnell: "It is an act whereby one person, a sinner, commits himself to another person, a Saviour." If we lost our way and met with a trustworthy guide, we know what it means to trust ourselves to his knowledge and guidance. We know what it is to have our children trust themselves to our wisdom and love. It is just the same, this religious faith; we commit ourselves, lost and ignorant, to one who loves us, and knows, even to Christ; what princes and peasants must do, if they want the pardon and the adoption and the eternal blessedness.

BE thyself blameless of what thou rebukeest. He that cleanses a blot with blotted fingers makes a greater blot.—*Quarles.*

WITHIN the last year Queen Victoria has given \$25,000 to the temperance cause. Four members of the Royal household are total abstainers.

THE London "Christian" states the deplorable fact that 1,885 of the 5,241 shares of a recently registered brewery company at Carlisle are held by clergymen. Ministers of the gospel in this country would not thus abet the great source of domestic misery and crime.

LORD COLERIDGE, in his recent charge to the Grand Jury in Bristol, England, before whom two murder cases were to come, said: "Drunkenness is the vice that fills the jails of England. If we could make England sober, we could shut up nine-tenths of her prisons."

ONE day a Christian man was pressing on some Roman Catholic neighbours the danger of neglecting their soul's salvation, and in doing so set before them the terrors of the hell that awaits the impenitent. One of them turned on him and said, "You are a father; could you make one of your children unhappy for his whole life, even if he had offended you ever so deeply? And will God be less merciful to us than an earthly parent would be towards his children? If we have been so unfortunate as to offend Him, still will He not spare us?" "Spare you!" answered the other; "how could He do that, when He spared not His own Son!"