

without family worship and edifying Christian conversation, she said: "Me own sister's choild had a birth-mark aall round about its faace, as if it had been set in a picter frame, and distracted she was to know what to do for the poor thing, whin I says, says I, 'Take a red herrin and split it open and lay it round the mark in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost'; so she did as I tould her, and the choild was as clane-faced as you or me." One of my students, many years ago, when I was lecturing on Natural Theology, said that his mother had seen a hoop-snake on the Illinois prairie trundling itself along after a man, who got behind a tree just in the nick of time, when the hoop-snake took its tail out of its mouth, and struck it so savagely into the tree by mistake for the man, that it could not extricate the caudal weapon, whereupon the man killed it. What can be done in such cases as these, cases of strong delusion, leading to faith in unmitigated lies?

The Rev. J. Edgar Hill, B.D., M.A., of St. Andrew's Church, has kindly sent me *Queen Charity and other Sermons*, a handsomely printed and bound octavo volume of over 400 pages, published by Messrs. Drysdale & Co. The sermons, twenty-three in number, are arranged under five heads, *Queen Charity*, *Jesus, our Light and Life*, *We see, as we are*, *The Seasons*, and *Special Sermons*. The first seven discourses illustrate, like Drummond's *Greatest Thing in the World*, the thirteenth chapter of *First Corinthians*, but in an entirely independent spirit. The next seven set forth Christ as the compassionate guest, the mighty worker, the neighbour, the glad Master, in the Mount, the agonized Messiah, and the rejected of Gadara. *We see as we are* has a threefold illustration, in nature, in man, and in God. Under the heading of *The Seasons* come *The Rossigul and the Anemone*, *The Oak and the Leaf*, and *His Cold*; while *Thanksgiving Day*, *The Holy Sabbath*, and *The Angelus*, complete the series. Mr. Hill's views on the Sabbath are those once held by Dr. Norman MacLeod. He believes in miracles, but rightly directs attention to their moral and spiritual character rather than to their property as wonders or mere manifestations of power. Yet he gives in a little too much to Huxley, when he says concerning demoniacal possession, "we know nothing either physiologically or psychologically, of the actual indwelling of a distinct and separate evil personality, within a human being." This being said, I have nothing but commendation for the Sermons. In his Forewords, the author says "These sermons claim to be simple, practical, religious, and nothing more." But they are a good deal more; they are thoughtful and suggestive, beautifully, often poetically, expressed, evidencing wide culture, and the work of an earnest, spiritually minded man who has got into the heart of Christianity. I trust that they will be extensively read, and be made the means of lasting good.

I am afraid my old friend, and for a short time, student, Mr. David Currie, would not harmonize with Mr. Hill in all he says on the Sabbath