

The Church-converted Toyner was very strict and rigid in all matters of duty, quite ready to sacrifice his prospective father-in-law and break his lady-love's heart in so doing, because the Church had given him that kind of God as a model. But the God-converted Bartholomew helped the old reprobate to escape, in return for which the daughter signed the pledge. Evidently drinking is excepted from the acts which converted men may be guilty of, but cards and dancing meet with Toyner's full approbation. The book is paradoxical but its intention is good, teaching this lesson which zealous Churchmen may deny, but which is nevertheless true, that there are children of God outside the Churches. This is a great pity, because it weakens the Churches and minimizes the influence of such good men. It is the result of weakness and a lack of charity on both sides. The outsider is as impatient of contradiction as is the orthodox church member. We all have to put up with a good deal we don't like in this wicked world. Let a man and a Church be judged by what comes out of them and not by what goes in, whether the latter be theology or *sauer-kraut*.

F. F. Montresor has written a sort of a Salvation Army book of 450 pages published in America by the Appletons of New York, called *Into the Highways and Hedges*. The heroine is Margaret Deane, a young lady of good family and well cultured, who,

being unhappy in her guardianship through the absence of her father, meets with and marries an itinerant preacher named Barnabas Thorpe. With praiseworthy fidelity she sticks to Barnabas, an enthusiast yet uneducated and passionate, and finally succeeds in rescuing him from the clutch of the law when charged with assault and robbery of the person of her former lover. The story is pathetic but improbable. It is bad enough for a man to marry a woman who is socially beneath him unless she possess exceptional powers of self-improvement, but for a woman to wed with a man, however religious, who is an uneducated boor must be to make for herself a hell upon earth. It is the small things of life that worry, the lack of taste and refinement, the want of delicacy, the coarse speech, the come down from drawing-room company to that of the kitchen and the stable. Women are angels, but angels don't care to stay long in the slums; certainly they do not mate there. Noble women of good breeding work among the Salvationists and do good work with the Halleluia Lassies but they don't marry either Joyful Dick or Praising Harry. Our Saviour gives much good advice as to the fitness of things in the wine and the bottles, the garment and the patch.

It should be refreshing and gratifying to the theologian, and to the earnest minded man though he boast little theological lore, to observe how present day novellists and story