

it and, indeed, sympathizes with it—that is, so far. His quest is for authority—something definite, unchangeable, apostolic. He is opposed to subjectivism as being too individual, variable, untrustworthy, and yet recognizes that it cannot be excluded. The plea of the book is for "the gospel", "the Word" (not the Bible), "the evangelical message." He does not commit himself to a definition. He thinks there ought to be a short written creed, but does not give us one. The impression produced is that he considers the substitutionary view of the atonement to be the one thing absolutely necessary. He leaves the impression that Biblical critics and theological students may have a free hand, so long as they do not touch this central doctrine. "Faith" means accepting that. "Freedom" is a gift which men receive through that. The "Future" of the church depends on its holding to that. The writer would be a reconciler of the old and new—a conservative and a liberal—a defender of the old theology and a champion of the new. It is questionable if he has succeeded. The book is well worth reading. It is not easy, for the antithetical style which the writer affects does not make for lucidity. But it is full of history and good ideas. These ideas well repay the trouble of digging them out. To those interested in the genesis and development of the independent churches the book will prove helpful and suggestive. Principal Forsyth has studied the mighty movements of the Reformers and Puritans to some purpose. His spirit is all that could be desired. He deals with a large subject in a large way. If we cannot accept all his conclusions, we can learn much from his argument.

**The Old Nest**, by Rupert Hughes, author of *Excuse Me*, Zal, Miss 318 (Toronto, Copp, Clark Co., 178 pages, \$1.00 net), is a sweetly told story of a sleepy, happy Middle West village, with the fledglings flying away one after another from the village Doctor's house,—the young lawyer to New York, the young doctor to Denver, the young artist to Paris, the elder daughter to become a society woman in a home of her own in New York, and, as the story opens, the baby Emily to a sweet and rather rapid romance which carries her, also, off to Paris, and leaves the old doctor and his dear, domestic old wife all alone in the nest. It is all very sympathetically told,—the old doctor plodding away at his daily tasks, the old mother watching the birds building their spring nests in the trees under the windows, and longing, oh, so yearningly for her absent children, who all are so busy in the rush of their lives, and so far away, till by and by the lawyer who has become a judge of the Supreme Court, brings heavenly joy to the "old folks at home" by hurrying back to share with them the first intimation of his appointment to the great honor. The book does not lack Rupert Hughes' well-known humor, and ends with an interpretation: "If you who read it should remember piously your mother—if she is dead; or if she lives, if you were impelled to sit down and write her a letter or send her a long telegram saying, 'I am well, I am thinking of you and I want you to know how much I love you!' or, above all, if you should be persuaded to go home and see her—why, then, this story would have given more real joy than perhaps any other story ever written."

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