

escape. A man may be awakened against his will, but it remains for his will to decide what shall be done with the duties and responsibilities upon which his eyes open. It were better not to awake, than to awake and not to rise; and yet we must waken men if it be possible, that the blood of souls be not upon us.—*United Presbyterian.*

A Eoon Remark. We never knew a workman to throw away his plumb line because it did not agree with the wall he was building, but we have known a good many people to throw away the Bible for a similar reason.—*The Bible Reader.*

Gift for Glasgow By the efforts of Rev. William Ross of Collogo. Cowcaddens, backed financially by two generous friends of the church, an interesting and valuable Celtic library has been secured for the Glasgow College. Among the volumes, which number nearly 500, are several rare books, one being Carsewell's Gaelic translation of Calvin's Catechism, published in 1631, whose very existence has been denied.

Salvation Army. Rev. Wm. Booth administrative head of the Salvation "Army" received respectful attention at the hands of the representative clergymen in Toronto, who, however they may differ as to the methods pursued by the "Army," recognize that the good accomplished is not inconsiderable. Mr. Booth explained the system on which his organization was based and was emphatic in the statement that the "Army" was not antagonistic but subservient to regular church organizations. Mr. Booth's visit to Toronto proved a successful one.

The Corn and the Margaret's estimate of the Bible is "Cauf." commended to young preachers: "It's a strange buik the Bible, and no the buik we wud hae made, tae judge by oor bit creeds and confessions. It's like the head o' aits in the harvest time. There's the ear that hauds the grain and keeps it safe, and that's the history, and there's no mickle nutriment in it; then there's the corn lying in the ear, which is the Evangel frae Eden tae Revelation, and that is the bread o' the soul. But the corn maun be threshed first and the cauf (chaff) cleaned off. It's a bonnie sicht tae see the pure grain fallin' like a rinnin' burn on the cornroom floor, and a glint o' the sun through the window turning it intae gold. But the stour (dust) o' the caufroom is mair than onybody can abide, and the cauf's worth neathin' when the corn's awa."

A Word to Contributors For contributors whose able articles have been delayed in publication, the following explanation, given by the *Mid-Continent*, is quite to the point: "No editor wishes to displease or disappoint a single contributor. Literary articles, mission news and church items, not to speak of "pomes," are received in this sanctum with open arms. But editors are bound by laws almost as fixed as those of the universe. However strong the editors' desire to do so, it is often a physical impossibility to comply with the request, "Kindly insert in your next issue," and the matter must hold over till a later date. Sometimes a dozen such requests come in when the "next issue" is being "locked up," and the pressman is taking a preliminary canter, so to speak, to see if the wheels are going around all right in his big toy. There is a limit of space, as changeless as the laws of the Medes and

Persians. There is a limit of time, as fixed as the phases of the moon. And then there is the question of timeliness, news value and suitability to be taken into consideration. California fruit is not a whit more perishable than news. What is eminently suitable at one time, is eminently unsuitable a fortnight later.

The Civil Jurisdiction. Once again the power of the civil magistrate in ecclesiastical cases is on trial in Scotland. The parties are of the United Presbyterian Church,—Rev. J. L. Skerret recently suspended from the office of minister, on the one hand, and the Moderator and Synod of the Church, on the other. Mr. Skerret sues for declarator that the Moderator and Synod exceeded their powers in his case. The respondents hold that they had acted within their rights and therefore Mr. Skerret has no case, that, and this is an important position, no patrimonial interests are involved, and that no court of law could restore the status of the pursuer. These preliminary objections have been over ruled by the court, and respondents ordered to satisfy the production before Lord Knicaireney, in the Court of Session. Much interest has been aroused in the case the issue of which will establish a precedent in the U. P. body.

A Good Church Member. What constitutes a good church member? says the *Mid-Continent*. This is a definition from an unknown writer: "He believes in his church. He loves it. He gives himself to it. He prays for it and speaks kindly of it. He does not put a stumbling-block in the way of his brethren, but avoids those things which grieve or cause them to offend. He is charitable in his judgments and promotes peace. He feels it a duty to build up his own congregation. He cheers his brethren and his pastor by regular attendance upon the public services. He helps his pastor and does not leave him to preach to empty pews with an aching heart, or to carry on the prayer-meetings alone. It is no slight excuse that keeps him from the Lord's Supper. The appointments of his church and the memory of his Saviour are sacred to him; he does not trifle with either. He keeps his covenant solemnly made with his church when he entered its fellowship. God bless our good members, old and young, and cons'antly increase their number."

A Prayer in Gaelic. Dr. Pentecost, of Marylebone Chapel, London, the other night spoke of a revival gathering at which there was one man who refused to be converted. It was determined, therefore, to pray for him. Several gentlemen present—including Dr. Pentecost himself and Lord Overtoun—tried what they could do in that way, but apparently without success. Then they asked a Highland parson named Ross to put in a word. The rev. gentleman rose and at once commenced to pour out a torrent of sounds which no man understood. It resembled an amalgamation of a tornado, a whirlwind, a hailstorm, a conflagration, a roar of waters, and the breaking of the ocean against a rock-bound coast. When the prayer was ended, Mr. Ross was asked what language he had been using. "Gaelic," he answered. "But," it was urged, "why pray in a language which no one understood?" "Ah," cried the Highland enthusiast, "it was a serious case, requiring special measures, and none but the Gaelic language would be effectual above. I was not praying to you, you know."