

religious press of Britain and America. It says much for our Church that we have in its ministry a biblical scholar so genial in style, devout in spirit, thorough in Scripture induction, and of such clear logical method, as the author of this manual. A great deal of serious thought and prayerful study must have been expended on "The Master's Memorial," which is admitted by unanimous verdict to be unsurpassed among eucharistic helps. It deserves to be adopted as the text-book of the entire Church.

A brother-in-law of Professor Macadam, is the Rev. Alexander Whyte, D.D., of Free St. George's, Edinburgh, which is the reason for bringing in at this point his handsome 86-page treatise, entitled "Jacob Behmen, an Appreciation," published by Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, of Edinburgh and London. The mystic shoemaker of Goerlitz, who died early in the seventeenth century, was a marvellous man. His sublime thoughts on the highest themes of theology and philosophy, which two things, like parallel lines, meet when carried to infinity, breathed out in his many works, sometimes with painful repetition, live to-day in the minds of the profoundest and devoutest thinkers. Such a thinker is Dr. Whyte, the worthy successor of Principal Candlish, whose rare hospitality I enjoyed as a student. How far Dr. Candlish would have relished Behmen I do not know. He was a many-sided man of large heart, but, theologically, he was cast in a narrower mould than Chalmers, who is responsible for much of the present enlargement of religious vision in Scotland. The enlarged vision may not be able to take in all the spiritual scenery of the Goerlitz cobbler's soul, but it is able to appreciate the picturesque bits it seizes upon here and there; and, changing the figure, is strong enough to burst asunder the swaddling bands of formal theology, of which the father of modern mystics was made free. Dr. Whyte's book is but a sketch, yet just such a sketch as

the general religious reader desires to possess, by an able and appreciative hand, of one who spoke and wrote as by inspiration of the Holy Ghost.

During odd moments, I have read the Rev. John Watson's (Ian MacLaren) "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush." It is a series of sketches of life in a country parish, Drumtochty, in Perthshire. There are seven of these, of unequal length, in the nineteen chapters of the 322-page volume. The Scottish dialect is admirably sustained, the humor is genuine and kindly, yet subtle and unobtrusive, and there is much elevation of thought in the conversations, and delicacy of touch in character drawing; but the chief characteristic of "The Bonnie Briar Bush," is its overwhelming pathos. This latter quality is most prominent in "A Lad o' Pairts," "The Transformation of Lachlan Campbell," and "A Doctor of the Old School." The love of God for man, and that same love shed abroad in man's heart, even in the midst of much that is harsh, narrow, and outwardly uncouth, are the writer's great themes. In his book, the new theology lives with the old. He discountenances the Higher Criticism in the pulpit, and rightly; but here is a modern touch. Kirsty Stewart tells the mother of the dying scholar, that making idols of children is provoking the Almighty, whereupon the mother retorts:—

"Did ye say the Almighty? I'm thinkin' that's ower grand a name for your God, Kirsty. What wud ye think o' a faither that brocht hame some bonnie thing frae the fair for ane o' his bairns, and, when the puir bairn wis pleased wi' it, tore it oot o' his hand and flung it in the fire? Eh, woman, he wud be a meeserable, cankered, jealous body. Kirsty, wumman, when the Almighty sees a mither bound up in her laddie, I tell ye He is sair pleased in His heaven, for mind ye hoo He loved His ain Son. Besides, a'm judgin' that nane o' us can love anither without lovin' Him, or hurt anither without hurtin'."