

The periodical performances of the Passion-play at the Ober-Ammergau has given rise to a prolonged and somewhat angry discussion in England. Ten years ago, Dean Stanley gave a vivid and captivating description of what was then a novel sight. On a late occasion tourists of all descriptions, from the Prince of Wales down to the banker's clerk, appear to have considered it the chief attraction of the season. They have come away with various and conflicting impressions. Clergymen, of whose piety and earnest devotion there can be no question, state that they have been greatly edified. Others, doubtless with equal sincerity, declare it to be "flat blasphemy." Of the perfect simplicity and reverent desire to illustrate the facts and meaning of the Passion, there is no doubt on either side. In truth, however, the Passion-play is an anachronism, and viewed by the lights of the age, it is variously regarded as ridiculous or profane. It seems hard that an exhibition, which supplies a vivid representation of Scripture truths to an innocent peasantry, should be perverted into an abomination by the morbid curiosity of sight-seers. We may well argue with a correspondent of *John Bull*, who "greatly deplored and was much disgusted with those who 'interviewed' Joseph Mair, the 'Christus' of the play. Ladies became boldly enthusiastic about him. However foolish, it is perhaps excusable in the softer sex; but men, especially the clergy, should have some better consideration." He concludes by saying that Mair is "one of the best and simplest of men;" and that "on Monday morning, before my host 'Petrus' was awake, there was an English lady at his door wanting his signature at the bottom of his photograph."

Literary Notices.

The "Independent" family seems to be multiplying on the face of the earth. Our New York contemporary is the first born, though it has long left the Congregational standard for more general service (it is pretty "evangelical" since Tilton was deposed); this modest journal was the next to see the light; then followed the *English Independent*; and now, our Australian brethren have at least two, the *Victorian* and the *Tasmanian Independent*. Of the last we have just received our first specimen. It is an English looking sheet, as all Australian papers are, much resembling the *Glasgow Congregational Miscellany* in form and style, published monthly, 12 pp. quarto, at three pence a number. It seems well conducted. We are happy to place it on our exchange list, and hope to gather some helpful hints from the antipodes.

As we are going to press, we receive a handsome volume, *The Life and Labours of Rev. W. McClure*, (New Connexion minister), edited by Rev. David Savage. (Toronto: James Campbell & Son). A striking likeness is prefixed. The subject of this memoir was widely known amongst our circle of readers, and wherever he was known, he could not fail to be honoured and beloved. We expect that many will be glad to possess themselves of this record of his life.

The *British American Presbyterian* is the name of the third weekly paper established within a few years by private parties, in the interest of the Canada Presbyterian Church. Such an organ is wanted by that large and intelligent body. We shall be glad to find that the present venture deserves and obtains better success than its predecessors, which soon came to an untimely end.

The confessed champion of Old School Theology, on the American Continent, for many a year past, has been Rev. Charles Hodge, D. D., Professor at Princeton Seminary. He is now "well stricken in years," and his work must be almost