

SONNET.

What can I do that others have not done ?
 What can I think that others have not thought ?
 What can I teach that others have not taught ?
 What can I win that others have not won ?
 What is there left for me beneath the sun ?
 My labour seems so useless, all I try
 I weary of, before 'tis well begun ;
 I hate to grovel and I cannot fly.
 Hush ! hush ! repining heart ! there's One whose eye
 Esteems each honest thought and act and word
 Noble as poets' song or patriot's sword.
 Be true to Him : He will not pass thee by,
 He may not ask thee 'mid His stars to shine,
 And yet He needeth thee ; His work is thine.

J. R.

SOME THOUGHTS ON "ECCE HOMO."

Very conflicting are the judgments which the Reviews and other organs of the various Church and no Church parties have passed on this remarkable book, which we are told Mr. Gladstone sat up a whole night to read, and which has awakened the interest of the higher class of readers to a degree rare in the case of books of a religious character. This interest may be partly accounted for by the charm of a style of rare grace and power, a style vigorous, manly and lucid, owing little to rhetorical ornament ; partly from the zest which even a religious book seems to derive in our day from a *soupeon* of heresy, and from the perturbation which the work caused among critics, orthodox and heterodox. But, perhaps, the chief reason for the popularity of "Ecce Homo" is to be found in what may be called the psychological interest of the book—like Newman's *Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ*, it is the record of the struggle of an individual mind, a mind of no ordinary gifts, and to judge from internal evidence of the book and its method, of no ordinary love and appreciation of the great English virtue, Truth.

There are many expressions throughout "Ecce Homo," especially in the early chapters, which, if taken in themselves, have unmistakably the tone of modern Rationalism ; that questioning spirit which stands up as the *Advocatus Diaboli* against all old beliefs, and which having lopped off the heads of the long received historic legends, has of late years made efforts to trench on the belief in the supernatural, in Christianity itself. Such passages as these have been brought together in a trenchant article in the *London Quarterly*, and, with far less ability, in a vituperative one, in the *American Church Review*, wherein the author of "Ecce Homo" is arraigned not only for heresy, but for want of candour and un-