

newspapers talk about it; while the car that kept the track is unnoticed and unknown. But the jumper spoils the track, dashes things to pieces generally, maims or kills its trusting passengers, and ruins itself.

The explanation of the parable is that sometimes a brilliant preacher thinks he is in advance of others. He scoffs at creeds and confessions, summaries of Bible truth prepared by Bible students of other days, and striking out for himself in a new line, he makes a sensation. Crowds gather to witness his theological somersaults. People talk about him; the papers write about him, while thousands who keep the track are unheard of. So long as the object of religious teaching and preaching is to bear the world onward and upward, to save men and women from sin and misery to holiness and happiness, and not to glorify the preachers, most people will choose the tried and proved. Every man should prove all things for himself, by the Word of God, but the great highways that have been laid out by the best of all the ages as the teaching of that Word, are presumably safer to follow for life and destiny than the newly blazed paths of some inexperienced theological prospector.

"Be not deceived" is of wide application. The immediate cause of its present use is the glittering advertisement in a certain religious magazine, published in New York, of splendid opportunities for safe and profitable investments of small savings, by buying building lots in New York and Chicago. The magazine is widely circulated among a comparatively poor but thrifty class to whom the prospect is attractive, especially when advertised by a religious journal. To any who may think of sending their savings for investment, in response to a foreign advertisement—"Don't."

The map of Presbyterian newspaperdom in Canada is like Europe in the early seventies, or South Africa in this year of grace—subject to change. Changes in advance are a token of life, and are welcome. The Presbyterian Review, of Toronto, has changed hands. It is no disparagement to its "good before" to say "better now." Rev. D. C. Hossack, late of Parkdale, Toronto, is at the helm, with a good staff of helpers. It enters upon its new era with modesty and confidence. It

does not want the world, or claim that it is big enough to fill it, but it believes it has a place and a mission, and will do its best to fill the one and fulfill the other. May it succeed in both.

London has her battles for the Sabbath, and it is gratifying to see the right so often a victor. Not long since two of the great London dailies began a Sunday issue. Public opinion was brought to bear; patronage on the part of readers and advertisers was withdrawn and the Sunday issue was discontinued. Another triumph has just been gained. A strong effort was recently made by the Crystal Palace Company to secure a Sunday license for the sale of strong drink. It, too, has failed. Never did the contrast between the busy Saturday and the quiet Sabbath seem more striking to the writer than years ago in the busy centre of London. That mighty city is the greatest Babel in the world, but it adds a new thrill to the joy and pride with which we call ourselves Britons to know that in that great city, the capital city of the world's greatest empire, the forces are so strong that make for righteousness. Per contra, the following.

A striking instance of the darkness and bigotry, which is usually credited to past ages, or to lands such as Mexico and Spain, is recorded of modern England in a recent copy of *The Christian World*. Not long since a youth died while kneeling by his bedside in prayer. He was a scholar in the Primitive Methodist Sunday school, and because he was unbaptized, the aged rector of the parish refused him Christian burial. He would not admit the funeral to the church, but was willing to take charge of the burial in the churchyard, as, he said, there was a service provided for such persons. Distressed at the idea of their son being treated as an outcast, the parents delayed the funeral a couple of days to obtain the services of a Nonconformist minister. Even then this old clergyman's scruple was not satisfied, for he must needs prohibit the Rechabite Lodge, of which the youth was a member, from placing an artificial wreath on the grave, referring the mourners to the bishop of the diocese. Evidently other lands than Mexico and Spain need light.