

foot or limping gait. It will be read with pleasure by all, and will be pronounced one of the very best of that exceedingly good series of *American Reformers* edited by Carlos Martyn.

A MEMOIR OF ADOLPH SAPHIR, D.D. *By Rev. Gavin Carlyle, M.A.*
New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Co. Toronto: Willard Tract Depository. Pp. 448.

Had the Jewish mission to Hungary reaped no other fruit than the conversion of Adolph Saphir, the expenditure of time, talent, and money would have been fully justified and amply rewarded.

When the mission was started in Hungary his father, wishing to extend his knowledge of English, went to it, taking his son, Adolph, then twelve years of age, with him, by the hand. But both father and son were alike led by the Spirit into the higher knowledge; and from the day when, having asked for and obtained permission to ask the blessing at breakfast, he poured out an earnest short prayer *in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ*, whom he thus confessed as the Messiah, to the great consternation of the family, Adolph Saphir was a faithful herald of the cross who possessed the courage of his convictions.

When he went to Berlin to study, he found the whole atmosphere of the gymnasium thoroughly rationalistic. Then began for him, as a Christian, a new experience. "He never lost his confidence and his Christian faith, but he passed through many sharp conflicts, and dark and gloomy experiences." The trial was, doubtless, a severe one, but it was a very necessary part of his education to prepare him to be the stalwart defender of the divine unity of the Bible. Much of his power in combating unbelief arose from the ordeal through which he passed in these Berlin years.

As a pastor he was faithful in the discharge of his duties, in which he took great delight, being much beloved by his people, until sickness compelled his resignation. For some time husband and wife in feebleness of body walked side by side, true helpmates. At length the message came that called the wife home. The day succeeding her death, although he repeatedly and with emphasis quoted the passage, "God is light, and in him is no darkness," he described his condition in these words: "My brain and heart are both petrified; I dare not think of the future; I ought to be thankful for the past and for eternity. My head and heart are so sore. My overwhelming sorrow and desolateness of heart!"

The night following the funeral of his wife he was attacked with *angina pectoris*, caused by the sad excitement through which he had passed, and the next morning he passed away to join her who had labored by his side for many years, and had preceded him into glory only four days.

Those who have read his works do not require to be told how