

seen many reviews and flattering notices of "Trilby," with which my correspondent does not sympathize, but the book is not yet in my possession. It has not emerged from the bound to the paper covered stage. But the "Refugees" lies before me, "Harper's Refugees," in blue, and red, and gold. It is a tale of Huguenots hounded out of France by the clerical ill-advisers of Louis XIV., and betaking themselves to the wilds of New France, there to find a refuge and a happy ending. The story is historical and it is pure. Huguenot character and mannerisms were those of the Puritans, strong, brave, unflinching and vindictive, snuffing and Scripture-quoting, with a grand Old Testament flavor of Amalek. Those well-meaning, narrow fellows, who could not see beyond the imprecatory psalms, killed the Reformation. Their straight-laced consciences were such that they could not see "half a loaf is better than no bread." Yet they died well. They were not like the orator at a recent college jubilee, who was in words ready to die for his convictions, but whose chief work has been making other people die for theirs. Great men, no doubt, all of them, but lacking in the virtue that is above all virtues, even giving your body to be burned for the faith—and that is Charity!

I admire the three hundred Spartans of Thermopylae, the undespairing Romans of the Second Punic War, the patriot Maccabees of Judea, but I am very glad that I am not in spirit either Spartan, Roman, or Jew. I exceedingly appreciate the force of character of the English Puritans, the French Huguenots and the Scottish Covenanters, but should be exceedingly sorry to see their type reproduced in the Christians of to-day. There is something weak, artificial, outward and conventional in a Christianity that allows a man to talk through his nose, use cant Shibboleths, have his hair and habits, his dress and demeanor cut to order. The men were not weak.

Spite of many reverses, their spirit was unconquered and unconquerable. That spirit was one of firm determination to insist upon and struggle for the rights of the elect. It is a spirit that makes for liberty, until the rule of the elect comes; and then it becomes a spirit of righteous tyranny, no less odious and injurious to true manhood than tyrannies which bear a less sanctified name. We need to be on our guard against this pious tyranny which says, "You shall do as I do, and be good according to my fashion, whether you like it or not." "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth. Yea, he shall be holden up: for God is able to make him stand."

"Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." One very rightly retorts, "But not liberty to lie and steal, to practice indecency and intemperance!" Very true, O man; the Spirit of God frees people from these vices. Nevertheless there is a freedom which the churches have been slow to allow the Holy Ghost in the believer. The right to sing hymns and employ the aid of instrumental music in public worship, to marry a deceased wife's sister, if so disposed, to believe in universal atonement, these rights have been slowly and grudgingly conceded, although the concessions have not proved unfavorable to the growth of genuine piety. Bird-o'-Freedom Sawin was of the opinion that:

"Liberty 's the kind o' thing
That don't agree with niggers."

All churches have their Bird-o'-Freedom, whose duty and privilege it is to entangle their brethren with the yoke of bondage. I do not find them represented in Heber's "Salvation Army":

"The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar—
Who follows in His train?"