

Books and Bookmen

"The Lord of All Good Life." By Donald Hankey. London and New York: Longmans and Co. (90c. net).

The title says that this was written by a Sergeant in the Rifle Brigade, and it is dedicated to the laity of the Church of England. The author calls it "a study of the greatness of Jesus and the weakness of His Church." It is a curious book and it is to be feared no one will be satisfied with it. It criticizes all churches and parties alike; it is inaccurate on some matters of fact and occasionally reveals ignorance of the simplest theological ideas. It makes a very free use of the Gospels, accepting just what the author likes, and rejecting what he dislikes. His general view of religion is altogether unsatisfying, and in spite of its dedication it is difficult to see that the book can be of any real service. Certainly it is not the Christianity of the New Testament and of our Church.

"Students and the World-Wide Expansion of Christianity." Edited by Fennell P. Turner. New York: Student Volunteer Movement (pp. 41, 743, \$1.85).

The addresses given before the Seventh International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement held a year ago in Kansas City. They are grouped by themes so that the reader may study subjects discussed by leaders of thought in the missionary world. The needs and opportunities of the various Mission fields are vividly shown, while medical Missions are specially treated. Some of the most striking addresses are on the preparation and training required for missionaries. Interesting testimonies and addresses from prominent professional and business men are included. The amount of information packed into its pages is marvellous and constitutes a series of interesting discussions of the most vital questions before Christians of the present day. A carefully prepared index makes the contents of the large book easily available for the busy worker and a selected list of the latest missionary books adds greatly to the usefulness of the volume. The price is so astonishingly low that all who are interested in Missions will doubtless possess themselves of a copy. It will prove of great assistance to missionary study.

"The Princeton Theological Review," January, 1915. Princeton University Press, N.J. (\$3 a year, 80c. a copy).

The first article is by Professor Loetscher on "Church History as a Science and as a Theological Discipline," and is a very valuable and informing piece of work. There are two other articles, one by an Anglican, the Rev. E. S. Buchanan, dealing with a recent discovery of a sermon by St. Augustine. The reviews of literature are as usual decidedly good, indeed this is the special feature of an always welcome Quarterly Review.

Received: "Scribner's Magazine"; "The Chronicle" (Protestant Episcopal Church); "The Modern Churchman"; "The Teachers' Assistant"; "The Canadian Co-operator"; "Tithing and Tithing Reminiscences," by a layman; "The Divine Reply to Bernhardi's Challenge," a pamphlet by F.W.H., published by Elliott Stock, London, England, 6d.; "Annual Reports of the National Sanitarium Association of Toronto and from the Hospital for Consumptives."

The Family

"Thy Touch Has Still Its Ancient Power"

PART II.

It was while Grace's favourite hymn, "I am so glad that our Father in Heaven," was being sung, that footsteps were heard at the door. Instantly the little ones ceased their singing, as Grace joyously shouted, "It's daddy; Santa Claus will come now, won't he, mother?"

For a minute or two before Grace's glad shout two men had stood in the darkness outside the Roande home. After he had been turned out of the "Kelby House," Jack had staggered and stumbled around the streets for some time, and at last lay prostrate in the snow not far from the home of one who had often befriended him. A woman hurrying along the street suddenly saw the dark form on the snow, and with a cry of fear ran

to the near-by house. The minister who resided there, at once recognizing poor Jack, dragged him into the house, and after securing a neighbour's sleigh and a driver, started for Jack's home.

From the sleigh to the house he managed to conduct Jack safely, but when the strains of "I am so glad" from childish voices reached his ears, he stood still for a moment. How could he take such a father home at such a time! The tears came unbidden, and the "lump" in the throat persisted in rising. But it was impossible for him to remain long outside with Jack as he was, and so he guided the poor drunken father onward. Jack stumbled and fell heavily against the door just as Grace's glad shout silenced the hymn-singing. The minister was dragged almost to the floor as the door sprang open and Jack lurched into the room.

A DREADFUL HOME-COMING.

Few words were spoken, for all hearts were sad as the stupefied man almost immediately fell asleep on the floor of the sitting-room, and filled the air with the drunkard's stench. The little ones were tenderly told to go to their beds.

"Had he a parcel when you found him?" whispered the mother as soon as she could control her voice. Then followed the narration of her plans to fill the three stockings that had already been hung up at the back of the stove. And now it was too late to find out what had happened to the parcel. The minister looked into the mother's face, and then at the three empty stockings with their mute appeal for a visit from Santa Claus.

"I could bear this, hard as it is," she continued, glancing at the drunken sleeper, "but the poor children—" The head dropped on her arms which were resting on the table, and quietly she wept over the bitter disappointment the little ones must bear on Christmas morning.

"Mrs. Roande"—a hand touched her shoulder lightly—"if you are not too wearied to wait up I'll do my best to locate the parcel." The look from the grateful mother was all that was needed to send the minister forth on his errand of love.

The store from which the toys were secured was closed, but the proprietor had not yet retired, and was able to reassure the midnight visitor that Jack had procured the parcel shortly before supper-time. It was not long before the clue led the minister to the home of the bar-tender. Wearied, but with mingled sorrow and anger, he rang the door bell. The man he was looking for came downstairs partly disrobed, and was manifestly surprised at a pastoral call, especially at such an hour. The minister stepped unasked into the hall. "Mr. Klint, I apologize for disturbing you, but Mr. Roande left a parcel somewhere that I must find to-night, and I understand he was in your bar-room. Do you know anything about it?"

TACKLING THE ENEMY.

The answer not being satisfactory, a further question was put.

"No, sir, he left nothing; we had a square deal, but that's nobody's business but mine and his."

"May I, then, ask if a parcel containing toys had any place in that deal?" No answer being given, the minister said with quiet firmness: "I must have an answer to that question before I leave this house. Mr. Klint, this is Christmas Eve! There are three empty stockings hanging in the room where Jack Roande lies drunk, and the things intended for those stockings must be there before morning."

"I'm not obliged to tell you or anybody else anything about my business," answered Klint surlily; "but if you are so anxious to know, then I can tell you that I bought that parcel to oblige Jack, and it was his deal, not yours."

"This is not the time for much talking. Be good enough to tell me where the parcel is now, and what you paid for it." Again there was hesitancy, and again there was pressure. At last the information was elicited that the toys were beneath the roof that sheltered them, and that the price paid was fifty cents.

"Be good enough for the children's sake, if not for your own, to take back your fifty cents and let me take the parcel."

Eventually the deal was consummated. When the toys were safely in his possession the minister said: "Mr. Klint, if you were dealt with as you deserve, you would spend Christmas Day, not in your own comfortable home, but in the hospital or in gaol; I only hope you are not as contemptible as your deed. I shall see you again some other day."

The hand-clasp from the thankful mother was ample repayment for the midnight search, and in

the early morning the exclamations of delight from her little ones in turn lifted something of the burden from her trouble-worn life.

Thus had it been, sorrow after sorrow, for poor Nell Roande for over eight years, and at times she felt there was little hope of any change, but the new day was soon to come, and the night of weeping was to be turned into the morn of song.

On the Tuesday night following the commencement of special services, as a little group of young men were leaving the Poolroom adjoining the Opera House, Jack Roande came stumbling along. It was a great joke, so Bill Thornton thought, to "jolly" Jack into believing that there was a "free show in the Opera House, with pretty girls and swell dancing." Inside of a minute Jack was sitting with eyes as wide open as he could get them, ready to take in the "swell dancing." He quickly realized that he had been fooled, and catching the word "religion" he shook his fist as he departed saying, "Religion! it's all foolish rot. There's nothing in it." The missionary was was down the aisle in a few seconds, and as Jack was passing through the swinging doors a kindly hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a voice, tendered by acquaintance with the Friend of sinners, said, "Good-night, friend; you have the marks of a gentleman although you have made a slip to-night. I hope you will come again."

Returning to the platform he continued his message, but it was easy to see that the speaker's heart was out in the night wherever Jack was. Was it that yearning that brought Jack back again in less than half an hour? Be that as it may, the man who had left with a curse, staggered in again before the closing hymn, and made not the slightest disturbance after he reached a seat. At the close he conversed in as intelligent a way as his intoxication permitted. The conversation need not be recorded. It was one of several. Five nights later, twenty minutes after the clock had made its lengthiest strike, a subdued knock was heard at the door of the home in which the missionary was being entertained. The burner of midnight oil hurried downstairs. Jack stood in the doorway. "Mr. Williams, I've got to settle it, and I've got to do it now." Two souls tarried in the upper room, and while they tarried He came. At last the broken cry ascended. "My Father, I want to get back to Thee. Help me to walk in the paths of righteousness, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

It was a great night for the fisher of men. Like the wearied disciples of old, he said, "It is the Lord."

The following night Jack, jun., Mamie, and Grace accompanied their father to the service, and happily united their voices in the service of praise.

Grace—they called her "Gay" for that was the best pronunciation wee Jean, now departed, could once give—told several of her schoolmates confidentially in her mother's words that she had a "new daddy." And the subsequent days have proven the truth of her assertion.

The closing night arrived. The Opera House was crowded, and from the opening words, "Our Father," until the "And now I commend you to God," every one present seemed to feel that this was no ordinary religious gathering. An opportunity was given for a word from new converts. Tenderly, prayerfully, these were urged to in some way publicly confess their new-found Lord. There was a hush as Jack stood erect. In a low, clear voice he addressed himself particularly to the half-hundred young men at the back. "I do not need to tell you what I was. Two weeks ago it would have been inconceivable to you and to me that the change I have experienced could take place. There is only One who could do it, and He has done it. I cannot say more now, but if you want to know all about it, come to me at the close of this service, or come to my home."

The eyes of the wife at his side were red again, but the tears were tears of joy. "It is very wonderful; we are all so happy. Oh, how glad I am that these services have been held!" were her farewell words.

Jack's hand was the last one the missionary clasped. "Jack, you will be God's man. I go, but He remains. This change is all His doing, and He will hold you fast if you only trust Him. Many a day I'll pray for you, Jack. Remember that your feelings may change, but your purposes must endure. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Mr. Williams; God helping me I won't fail. It'll be no easy business, but I'm not in the fight alone; God's in it too. Good-bye."

And the days that have passed since these words were spoken have shown clearly enough that Jack is not fighting alone. Once again prayerful hearts are returning thanks for the touch that "has still its ancient power."