

## Short Notices.

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*Among the Mongols.* By the Rev. JAMES GILMOUR, M.A., London Mission, Peking. With illustrations. The Religious Tract Society.

This is one of the very best books of the kind. It aims to represent whatever is most interesting in the manners and customs, occupations and surroundings, religious beliefs and practices of the Mongol tribes. The author has travelled with natives through the desert, shared the discomforts of their tent-life, and enjoyed the hospitality of their homes; he has gone in and out among them during the greater part of twelve years, noting, studying, and gaining experience; he writes like a man of sense and judgment, and his book is highly informing, while it is very readable and enjoyable from beginning to end. To quote the titles of some of his chapters, and give a couple of extracts will show the character of the work. "A night in a Mongol's tent," "Dining with a Mongol," "Doctoring the Mongols," with chapters on Marriage, Thieves, Prisoners, Native Whisky, Wolves, etc., may be named. From the chapter on the Mongol Mecca, Wu T'ai Shan, the great sacred place of Mongol pilgrimage, we quote the following:

On the altars before the images (writes Mr. Gilmour) were numerous little lamps trimmed and burning. The butter for the lights is supplied from the gifts of devout pilgrims. . . . The lamas of this temple were educated men, and we found them engaged in copying a large sacred book, in letters of gold on blue cardboard. The Mongols believe that to write out a sacred book in black ink brings much merit, to write it in red ink brings more merit, but to write it in gold brings most merit.

Among the other temples which we visited was one with a large tope or mound. At the base of the tope were mounted more than three hundred praying-wheels, which the worshippers set in motion one after the other as they passed round. Inside a building of the same temple, we came upon an immense praying-wheel about sixty feet high, containing shrines, images, books, and prayers. To the devout Mongol such a wheel is a most useful invention. It is filled with books and prayers which would take him a lifetime to read and repeat. Most likely he cannot read, or if he can read, he cannot find time to read so much, so he comes to the temple. Two or three together go down to the cellar, lay hold on the hand-spokes, and with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, round goes the wheel, and each one of them believes he gains just as much merit as if he had read the books, repeated the prayers, and knocked his head to all the gods that grin from the shelves and shrines of the wheel. No wonder that the Mongols travel hundreds of miles to reach so quick a method of making merit!

But the temple of all the temples at Wu T'ai is P'u Sa T'ing. It stands central among the others, and in it lives the Zassak Lama, who rules all the other lamas. The P'u Sa T'ing is built along the ridge of a hill, and is reached by a very steep path, at the top of which rises a flight of over one hundred steps. We climbed up and entered. We found a street lined on both sides with houses built in the Tibetan style, and evidently crowded with lamas and pilgrims. The houses and the people did not look clean, and the street looked worse than either, being partly blocked up with piles of wood and argol, to be used as fuel. We were taken to the room of the attendant of the great lama, and a snug room it was, being clean, comfortable, and kept warm by a charcoal fire in a well-polished brass brasier. Near the ceiling, just above the charcoal fire, hung a paper cylinder, like an inverted wheel of life, which kept constantly turning. This also was a praying-

wheel, and was kept in motion by the hot air ascending from the fire. In this way, whether the lama slept or ate, was at home or abroad, entertained his friends or attended to his superior, the wheel kept continually turning, and merit was always coming to his abode. Such was his idea.

"A night in a Mongol's Tent" is well described: "We had been travelling, uncertain both as to the time of day and the proper direction of our route. If we could have seen the sun," continues the author, "we should have known both the time and the points of the compass; but the air high up was loaded with very fine dust, which hid the sun and covered the earth with a dull twilight. At last the darkness began to thicken, and we knew night had come, and a short time afterwards we struck the great road, and my guide assured me we were not far from tents. Both our camels and ourselves were fairly tired out, and the hope of rest soon seemed pleasant; but on and on we went, and still no tents.

"My guide, being mounted on a swift young camel, kept so far ahead of me that I could just distinguish a dark mass away before me. After following the road a long time, I urged my camel on, overtook the guide, and asked him where these tents were; he simply pointed forward, and said, probably they were there. This was little comfort, but it was all that was to be had; his swift camel soon drew ahead again, and left my old animal far behind. Still no tent; still the distant black mass loomed in the darkness before, and I felt convinced that my guide knew little more about the tents than I did. Suddenly the black mass seemed to become broader. Was it the camel with his length across the road? Then it moved a little to the right. Had my guide spied tents? A very little urging now brought my camel alongside of his swifter companion.

"We had left the road, certainly, but where were the tents? Some distance off there was a streak slightly blacker than the rest of the darkness. The quick eye of the Mongol had noticed this. As we approached it, dogs began to bark, tent-doors opened, and fires gleamed. We had found inhabitants at last. We were soon seated by the bright fire of a Lama's tent. The Lama was about twenty-seven years of age, and lived with his mother, an old woman over fifty, and another little Lama, about fifteen. They were just at dinner, which seemed to consist of boiled millet, flavoured with a very acid kind of sour milk. The old woman urged the two Lamas to finish their dinner quickly, that she might heat some tea for the two travellers. After snuff-bottles had been exchanged, and the customary questions asked and answered about the personal health and comfort of our host, and the peace and prosperity of his flocks; and he, on the other hand, had been informed who we were, where we were going, and how our cattle stood the journey; my Lama guide ventured to ask if there would be room for us to sleep in this tent.

"Our Lama host did not seem altogether pleased at the request, and answered, '*I am afraid not.*' His fear seemed quite natural. The tent was small, and pretty well filled up round the north part with boxes, and the altar, on which a butter-lamp was then burning. Most of the west side was taken up by a lamb-fold, and the east side, in addition to the usual quantity of pots, water-holders, milk-vessels, that cumber that part, had a thriving calf tied up, which, for lack of something better to do, kept licking with evident relish everything it could reach. There seemed to be little enough room for three people to sleep, how then could other two find room?

"My Lama, nothing daunted, replied that I was not proud or troublesome, and could do with very little room; and it was finally settled that I should sleep where I was, and my guide should sleep in a neigh-

“bouring tent. This arranged, we drank our tea, the neighbours came in to see us, our Lama host soon thawed, and he and I engaged in conversation, while my guide superintended the cooking of our dinner.

“Our host proved more intelligent than Lamas usually are, and could read Mongolian—a very extraordinary thing for a priest. When I produced my satchel of gospels, catechisms, and tracts, he handed me a book he had been reading just before dinner. It was not printed, but written in a small character, and much thumbed and worn. It was some old historical legend, and the Lama pointed to the place where he had been reading, and asked me a word in it he could not make out. He next asked me to read the whole passage, which I did. It ran thus : “The hero (I forget his name), stuffing the mouth of the hole with his white bonnet, took a large stone, and “toong, toong,” beat the ground above. The fox, alarmed, rushed out, and ran off with the white bonnet on its head.’ I had got thus far, when a neighbour came in to let me see a Mongol prayer-book, used in presenting offerings to the god of the fire. I had to read a piece of this also, and then our dinner was ready.

“While we ate, our host applied himself to the Gospel I had given him, and he could make it out very well indeed. He asked many questions about Christ and our religion, and this gave ample opportunity of explaining to him and to all in the tent the way of salvation through Christ.

“After a good deal of interesting conversation on this subject, the time for sleep arrived. My guide went off to the other tent, and my host pointed out my place of rest between the lambs and the fire. I rolled myself in my sheepskin blanket, and found that the place given me was just large enough ; no more. I could see no place for the Lama to sleep ; and on asking him what he meant to do, he said he had to sit up and watch a cow that was expected to calve. The cold is so great, even in April, that a newly-born calf exposed all night is frozen to death. The Lama settled himself on the south-east of the fire, took the Gospel in one hand, and with his other hand from time to time kept throwing argols on the fire to keep up light enough to read with. Though very tired, I could not sleep except for a few minutes at a time ; and always when I woke up there was the Lama reading slowly away at the Gospel, and always adding a few more argols to keep up the light. Happily, the book was printed from wooden blocks by a Chinaman in Peking. This made it less neat than movable type would have been, but at the same time made it much larger and rounder, and much better adapted for the bad eyes of the Mongols and the dim light of their tents. All night through this Lama kept reading, going out at intervals to see his cow ; and when dawn began to come and people from the other tents began to move about, he went off to sleep, and we got up and prepared to depart.

“While the old woman was boiling tea for us, I read a chapter in Mongolian, and when I had finished this, and we were drinking our tea, the Lama roused himself and asked why we called the Gospel ‘the Joyful News.’ The reason, I told him, was that all men are sinful. This he admitted at once. I then reminded him of how the Mongols sought to wipe away sin, and escape hell by penance, pilgrimages, fastings, offerings, and other difficult works. Now this book says that when a man wants to get rid of his sin, he has only to look to Christ and his sin clears away ; that when he wants to escape hell, he has only to come to Christ, and Christ saves him by making him meet for heaven. Is not the book, then, rightly named ‘the Joyful News’ ? He at once assented, got up, expressed many friendly wishes, escorted us beyond the range of the dogs, and made me promise that if I came back that way I would call

“on him. As I left his friendly abode I could not help feeling that, notwithstanding the cold reception at first, the lambs on the one side, the fire on the other, and the sleeplessness, I had spoken the truth, when, in reply to the pleasant Mongolian salutation on waking, I replied, “Yes, I have spent a good night.””

*A Memoir of the Right Hon. William Page Wood, Baron Hatherley.* With selections from his correspondence. Edited by his nephew, W. R. W. STEPHENS, M.A., Prebendary of Chichester, and Rector of Woolbeding. Two Volumes. R. Bentley and Son, 1883.

We are glad to have, at length, a Memoir of Lord Hatherley. These two volumes are readable and instructive. One-third of the first volume is taken up by an autobiographical sketch, hurriedly written in 1863; it breaks off abruptly, with the words, “I really can write no more.” Selections from the letters to his life-long friend, Walter Farquhar Hook, beginning in 1818, and ending in 1875, compose the main portion of the work. As to the value of these letters, many readers will agree with the Editor; certainly, they contain much that pleasingly recalls the events of bygone days, and a memoir which traces “the career of one who by great ability, persevering industry, and singular purity of goodness, steadily found his way to one of the highest official positions in the country, although he never made it the object of ambitious pursuit,” can hardly fail to be read with interest and profit. Religion is the principal matter. Page Wood was a consistent Christian, deeply reverent, sober and staunch. He was besides a Radical in politics, while as a Churchman his views were “High.” His political principles do not lessen the interest or the value of the Memoir. It is most important in these days, while treating of Christian truth and Christian living, to keep free from political prejudice and party spirit. Again, as to the Church of England, Radicals as well as Tories may merit praise for loyalty and love. It would be an evil day for the Church did it come to be generally believed in the country that thorough-going Liberals in politics could not be worthy and devoted sons of the Church. We agree with a remark of Mr. Stephens upon this point. The example of Page Wood’s “long and consistent advocacy of the most advanced Liberal measures in politics, combined with his steadfast fidelity to the teaching and practice of the Church of England, will be deemed by many to be especially valuable in the present day, when the best guarantee for the preservation of the Church as a national establishment consists in her proving that she can be the common home of men of all political parties.”

William Page Wood was born in 1801, in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate. His parents were Matthew Wood (then carrying on business as a hop merchant) and Maria, daughter of the Mr. John Page, of Woodbridge, surgeon, to whom the poet Crabbe was in his early years apprenticed. William was the fourth child. Western, sometime M.P. for the City of London, who died in 1863, was the fifth; and the eldest brother, Sir John Page Wood, Bart.,<sup>1</sup> was Rector of St. Peter’s, Cornhill, and Vicar of Cressing in Essex. Sir John’s fifth son, Henry Evelyn, says Mr. Stephens, has achieved at the early age of forty-four a very

<sup>1</sup> A baronetcy, offered by Lord Melbourne, was accepted by Alderman Wood. A large fortune was left to Sir Matthew by an eccentric banker, who had admired his conduct in regard to Queen Caroline.

high military reputation ; but not higher than was confidently expected and predicted by his uncle, who watched his career with extraordinary interest from the beginning, when he distinguished himself, at the age of sixteen, in the Naval Brigade before Sebastopol. William Page Wood passed much of his childhood with his maternal relations, and in 1808 went as a day scholar to the Free School at Woodbridge. In 1809 he was placed as a boarder at Dr. Lindsay's school, near Bow. Dr. Lindsay was a highly respected Presbyterian minister ; but although William's father had been originally brought up as a Dissenter, all the children were baptized as members of the Church of England, to which Mrs. Wood belonged, and were trained pursuant to its doctrines. In 1812 he was removed to Winchester, where he formed a friendship with W. F. Hook which lasted throughout life. Hook was three years older than Wood ; but he had devoted himself so much to English literature that he fell below him in the school. After the famous Gabel rebellion in Winchester, in 1818, Wood was sent to Geneva, where he was well taught. A year before this his father, the well-known Alderman Wood (and Lord Mayor), had been elected member for the City. In 1816 he was elected mayor for the second time, the first instance of the kind since the days of Whittington ; he sat in Parliament as member for the City till his death in 1844, a period of twenty-eight years. All through Alderman Wood was strongly Liberal ; and his son William, the future Lord Chancellor, imbibed his political opinions. It is curious that while W. F. Hook was at Winchester the bosom friend of W. P. Wood, the Tory *John Bull*, under T. Hook's guidance, was attacking Alderman Wood with bitter satire. In 1820 young Wood returned to England, in the suite of Queen Caroline ; and shortly afterwards he went with the Chevalier Vasselli, one of her Italian suite, to collect evidence in Italy to establish that ill-fated queen's innocence. In 1820 he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he became acquainted with Macaulay, who was two years his senior, with Airey and others who have since become distinguished. Through ill-health he failed to take the place in the final examinations (January, 1824) which he had a right to expect : he came out 24th Wrangler. In the same year, 1824, the examinations for honours in classics were first held ; and he went again into the Senate House, but the cold marble floor made him so ill he was obliged to retire from the examination. To his great surprise, in October, 1825, he was elected to a College Fellowship ; he had been entered at Lincoln's Inn, in the Trinity term of 1825, Henry Brougham and Thomas Denman signing his recommendatory paper. After a tour on the Continent with a nephew of Bishop Philpotts, he settled down to his legal studies under Mr. Tyrrell. He was called to the Bar November, 1827 ; and without long delays was engaged in steady business as a conveyancer and equity draftsman. In 1829 he became engaged to Charlotte, daughter of Major Moor ; and in January, 1830, he was married ; for fourteen years they lived in Dean's Yard, Westminster. On his political and judicial career we need not touch. In the year 1878 his wife was taken from his side. The beautiful Latin couplet, which the present Bishop of St. Andrews wrote after the death of his wife at Winchester, may serve to describe the spirit in which Lord Hatherley bore his loss :

“ I, nimum dilecta, vocat Deus ; i, bona nostræ  
Pars animæ, mœrens altera disce sequi.”

*Our Eastern Sisters and their Missionary Helpers.* By HARRIET W. ELLIS, Author of "Toils and Triumphs," etc. The Religious Tract Society.

A really good book. Of work in Singapore, Egypt, Orissa, Persia, Burmah and other missionary fields, there is a well-written account, interesting and instructive. "Are missionary prospects bright?" was once asked. "Bright!" was the answer; "they are as bright as the promises of God!" We delight to recall this anecdote of a veteran; and this is the tone of the book before us.

*Illustrations and Meditations.* Flowers from a Puritan's Garden, Distilled and Dispensed by C. H. SPURGEON. Pp. 270. Passmore and Alabaster, 1883.

"Manton's sermons are not so sparkling as those of Henry Smith, nor so profound as those of Owen, nor so rhetorical as those of Howe, nor so pithy as those of Watson, nor so fascinating as those of Brooks; and yet they are second to none of these." So writes Mr. Spurgeon, one of the greatest preachers of this time, whose religious writings have had a circulation almost unparalleled. In his high estimate of Manton we agree with him; and we gladly commend this charming little book, in which some of Manton's figures are used as texts for brief meditations. The meditations are devotional.

*Lectures and other Theological Papers.* By J. B. MOZLEY, D.D. Pp. 300. Rivingtons, 1883.

The greater number of the original papers contained in this volume have been selected from the Lectures delivered by Canon Mozley in the Latin Chapel, Christ Church, as Regius Professor of Divinity. The article on Dr. Newman's "Grammar of Assent" appeared in the *Quarterly Review* of July, 1870. The paper on "Physical Science and Theology" was read at the Dublin Church Congress in 1868. A lengthy notice of such a volume is unnecessary. We are pleased to increase our store of this distinguished divine's writings.

*The Church, the Ministry, the Sacraments.* Five Sermons preached in Peterborough Cathedral, by J. J. STEWART PEROWNE, D.D., Dean of Peterborough. Nisbet and Co. Deighton, Bell and Co. G. C. Caster: Peterborough.

In heartily recommending this pamphlet (with which, in most respects, we thoroughly agree, and the arguments of which, from the undoubted learning and liberality of the author, will bear weight with many) we cannot do better than quote a passage from his Sermon on the Holy Communion. He shows what is the plain, positive teaching of the Prayer Book; he reminds his readers that "every expression which implied a real and proper sacrifice" was carefully weeded out; in the Second Book every allusion to an "altar" or to a material sacrifice was finally got rid of; at the last revision, when Bishop Cosin proposed to insert as a Rubric "the Priest shall offer up and place upon the Table . . . bread and wine" (although this offering up must have been that of the unconsecrated elements), the proposal was rejected:

And yet, in spite of all this (continues the Dean), we find the deliberate and disingenuous attempt made to obliterate this broad and palpable distinction between the two Churches. English clergymen do not hesitate to speak of the Lord's Supper as the Sacrifice of the altar or the Mass. Prayers from the Canon of the Mass are interpolated into the service which the priest is to say secretly; instructions are given how he is to consecrate the elements and pour water into the chalice, and how he is to make the oblation, viz., by placing the paten on the top of the chalice, and raising the latter with both hands whilst he says secretly, "O Holy Trinity, accept this Oblation which I, an unworthy sinner, do offer to

the honour of Thy Name, making mention of Blessed Mary and All Saints for the pardon of my sins and offences, for the salvation of the living and for the repose of all the faithful departed—In the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be this new Sacrifice acceptable to Almighty God.”<sup>1</sup>

English Churchmen are taught to pray after receiving the Sacrament :

“I thank Thee, O my good Jesus, that not only Thou art become my food, but also in the Blessed Sacrament offerest Thyself a continual sacrifice for my salvation to the Eternal Father.”

“I thank Thee, Divine Priest, for that every day Thou dost offer Thyself upon our altar in worship and homage to the most blessed Trinity, and dost supply for our poor and miserable worship.”

“I thank Thee, O my Saviour, because continuing in this daily sacrifice the very sacrifice of the Cross offered on Calvary, Thou dost satisfy the Divine justice for us miserable sinners.”<sup>2</sup>

What are we to say when we thus find Romish doctrine transplanted in all its unscriptural repulsiveness into our own Church? What are we to say when, in a Manual of devotion, recommended in a volume published with a preface by the Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology at Oxford, it is asserted that so soon as the words of consecration are pronounced by the priest, “Jesus our wonderful God is *present upon the altar*, that there is a continual offering and continual consumption of the Lamb without spot,” and consequently prayers addressed “to the spotless Lamb of God as seen on the *heavenly altar*” (a most gross perversion of the scene in the Apocalypse); or again, when in the “Altar Manual,” the Sacrifice in the Lord’s Supper is declared to be “a sin-offering,” that it is one of “propitiation,” that it consists of “the true Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ,” and that it is “part of the same offering” which He Himself made!<sup>3</sup>

“These Sermons,” says the Dean, in his preface, “are published in compliance with an earnest request addressed to me by a considerable number of those who heard them preached. They were not written with any view to publication, but I have the less hesitation in publishing them because they deal with subjects concerning which, as I believe, a vast amount of false teaching is current. A theology is become popular and dominant in the Church which I am fully persuaded is neither in accordance with Scripture nor with the plain teaching of our Prayer Book. This theology professes to rest upon the teaching of the Fathers, but picks and culls from their often-discordant testimonies such passages as only suits its purposes. It leans to Rome, and changes the meaning of language to put upon Protestant formularies a Romish interpretation. Against this disingenuous theology no protest can be too clear or too emphatic. We must blot out history, we must evacuate the language of our greatest divines of all meaning, we must suppose that they were ‘fighting with shadows, understanding neither what they defended nor what they assailed,’ if we are to believe that there is no vital difference between ourselves and Rome. This difference does exist; it cannot be obliterated. The idea of the Church, the nature of the Ministry, the virtue of the Sacraments—on all these points the distinction is broad and palpable. This I have endeavoured to show in the following Sermons.

“I have asserted that theory of the Catholic Church which was maintained and acted upon by our Reformers, and some of our greatest divines, which is expressly maintained by Hooker in his ‘Ecclesiastical Polity,’ which is over and over again asserted in the plainest language by our own Church. In the words of the Bidding Prayer in our Canons, I

<sup>1</sup> “English Priests’ Vade Mecum,” p. 49.

<sup>2</sup> “English Catholics’ Vade Mecum,” p. 57.

<sup>3</sup> Pp. 10, 12, 157, 161.

hold that the Catholic Church is 'the whole congregation of Christian people dispersed throughout the world.'

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"The explanation which I have adopted of the doctrine of the Lord's Supper is that which Dr. Vogan has maintained with so much learning and ability in his 'True Doctrine of the Eucharist.' Though different in formal statement it agrees essentially with the views of Waterland.

"The teaching of the Oxford School looks Romeward, and is conspicuously modern. It is certain that it is not primitive. Even if it had the support in antiquity which is claimed for it, I should still say, Scripture is before the Fathers, and the Church of England is not bound by them. But it has not; the earliest evidence is the other way."

The Dean proceeds as follows :

It will be said that in my recoil from Rome I have made too large concessions to Nonconformity. I am not afraid of the charge. I believe firmly that the Church of England, both in her Liturgy and in her Articles, is much nearer both to the Reformed Churches abroad (as has been again and again acknowledged by Bishops and Divines at and since the Reformation), and to the great Nonconforming communities at home, than she is to the Romish Church, or to the Greek Church. I believe that unity of doctrine is more than unity of government, and unity of faith and life more than unity of ritual and ceremonies. And if "the hideous sin of schism" be held up to startle and terrify us when we would draw near to these our brethren who have departed from us, forgetting the mother that bare them, then I say, the sin of schism may not be theirs only, but ours also; there may be a divided responsibility; we may not have quite clean hands. And if Protestant dissenters have been guilty of schism, Romish dissenters have been not less guilty. And further, we know that an impassable gulf separates us from the Church of Rome; whereas no impassable gulf separates us from the Nonconforming Churches. We can meet on common platforms for common ends; we may acknowledge freely the bond of a common faith; and if we cannot unite in all things we may at least forbear one another in love. So long indeed as so-called religious newspapers<sup>1</sup> keep alive the spirit of intolerance and animosity, we shall be kept asunder. But thank God there is a nobler spirit abroad.

*The Philosophy of Music considered as an Imitative Art* is an interesting lecture delivered in connection with the Southwell Literary Institution, by the Rev. A. C. GARBETT, M.A. (Southwell: T. Whittingham); well worth reading.—*The Gown in the Pulpit: is it Legal?* (Stock)—ten pages—is worth reading.—"The Mission Pulpit" *A question that Must be Settled*, and other discourses, by the Rev. HAY AITKEN (J. F. Shaw), form a series of which many will be glad to hear.—*Meet for the Inheritance* is a sermon on Coloss. i. 12, by the Rev. HENRY BRASS, M.A., a well-known Surrey Incumbent (Redhill: H. Sutton). The sermon is, we need hardly say, spiritual and vigorous. One passage of the exposition or application, new to ourselves, may be quoted, thus :

The man who dies (as did the penitent thief on the cross) an hour or two after he has truly received Christ, enters Paradise because he has the Title, and the

<sup>1</sup> It would be vain to look for a Christian spirit or even ordinary courtesy and fairness in certain papers, which carry conspicuously the name of 'Church' on their forehead. Happily there are others whose tone towards Nonconformists is neither bitter nor contemptuous. I know less of the Nonconformist press, but I have been painfully struck by the want of charity manifest in some portions of it, by the desire to exaggerate the defects and failures of the National Church, and almost to exult over her difficulties. I ought, however, to add that I have never seen any indications of this spirit in the Wesleyan or Methodist press.

New Nature required to make him "meet" for it, but *he enters on his Inheritance as a babe*. That friend of yours, suddenly taken away, who gave sufficient evidence of his conversion, and of some progress in the Christian life, but who yet was very far short of the standard Christ has set before us, he has entered on his Inheritance as *a child* or youth. But yon experienced Christian (he may be young in years, though old in grace), who has drunk in the Spirit of his Master, whose life has been consecrated to Christ, and the posture of his soul "waiting for the Coming of our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. i. 7), he enters on his Inheritance *in full age*, with all powers of "spirit, and soul, and body" developed, and adapted to its full enjoyment!

An ably-written and very interesting *brochure*, may be recommended as likely to be of much service with many readers. The Rev. W. ANDERSON'S *Scriptural Miracles and Modern Scepticism* (Bath: D. McWatters, Savile Row). Mr. Anderson is known as an independent thinker, and a vigorous writer of no small power. The preface to his present work, a real "multum in parvo," contains letters from Canons Liddon and Heartley concerning Miracles. Canon Liddon writes: "It is said, I know, that in the present state of men's minds you want the Gospel to warrant the miracles instead of miracles to warrant the Gospel. But this, I feel sure, is a passing phrase, produced by the singular effect which physical studies have exercised in a particular direction upon the imagination, as distinct from the reason, of large classes in the educated world. The suspension of physical law, whether through the intervention of a higher law, or in whatever other way, will surely in the long-run connect the voice of Him who speaks in conscience with the voice of Him who speaks through nature."

A book likely to be useful with many is *The Master's Service* (Religious Tract Society), "a practical guide for girls." To the chapters "Ladies' Work among Soldiers and Sailors," "What our Girls may do," is appended the name Alice King. Lady Brabazon writes upon "Rest and country air for the wearied and ailing." Other ladies discuss Savings Banks and Clothing Clubs, Sunday School Treats, and so forth. There is a good tone about these papers; they are really "practical," and—it may be added—are very readable.

Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. have published several useful little books as the "Long Life Series;" well written and cheap at a shilling. Dr. MANN'S *Familiar Lectures on Food and Drink* (Lectures delivered at the Battersea and Chelsea Training College) are very suggestive.

A cheap little book is *The Amethyst*, "a selection of Temperance Readings," by Mr. SHERLOCK (Wells Gardner, Darton and Co.).

*Guides and Goads* (Rivingtons) is a tiny, tasteful volume; selections from the Fathers and others, by Bishop CHR. WORDSWORTH. Some words are the Bishop's own. Here is a pithy saying: "On travail pour la gazette."

A selection from some of his former works which have been for some time out of print has been sent forth by the Rev. F. WHITFIELD,—*From Cana to Bethany* (Nisbet and Co.): a very cheap little book, which may prove a helpful gift to many. "Gleanings from our Lord's Life on Earth" is the second title.

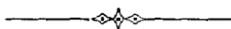
*Christian Liberty* is a recent Westminster Abbey Sermon, preached by Canon ELLISON; a reprint (price one penny) from the *Church of England Temperance Chronicle*.

In the *Quiver* the Rev. Dr. TRESTRAIL writes:—"To confine praise to a select few formed into a choir, however skilful they may be, is not worship. The proper function of a choir is to lead—to stimulate others to unite with them—and to secure the harmonious blending of the voices of all. When this is done there will be heartiness, sympathy, and power.

Nothing so thoroughly unites a numerous gathering of people as praise. Those who have good voices, who have cultivated their gifts, should be foremost in this exercise, instead of sitting silent as they too often do. It would be a great advantage if they took their place in the choir. Somehow, a feeling is abroad among us that this is scarcely respectable. We seek the best for the pulpit. No one is too cultivated or too respectable for that. And why should the choir be almost invariably occupied by those who move in the humbler walks of life? It is next in power to the pulpit itself. We should esteem it an honour and a privilege to assist in rendering praise more effective."

*Bradshaw's Illustrated Handbook to Paris* (W. J. Adams, 59 Fleet Street) is a well-known "Guide." Many of our readers are just now ordering a Continental "Bradshaw;" and *Bradshaw's Handbook to France* may be found very useful. All these books are carefully got up, and worthy of trust.

A review of the second volume of *The Old Testament Commentary for English Readers* (Cassell and Co.)—a very good volume—is unavoidably postponed, with notices of several other books.



The following hymns were written by CANON SAUMAREZ SMITH, Principal of St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead. There are not many good Baptismal hymns. We gladly publish these two.

"And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them."

1.  
LORD, this child we humbly lay  
In Thine arms of gracious love;  
Earnestly of Thee we pray  
Richest blessings from above.

2.  
Take him, Lord, to Thine embrace;  
Put Thy hand upon his brow,  
Healing hand of might and grace,—  
Seal him, save him, even now.

3.  
Saviour, unto Thee is known  
All the future of his life;  
Make him from the first Thine own;  
Strengthen him mid sin and strife:

4.  
May he live and die in Thee,  
Always know Thee as his friend,  
Hold Thy banner manfully,  
Faithful soldier to the end! AMEN.

"Into the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

1.  
FATHER, this child we give to Thee,  
Whom Thou to us hast given;  
And pray Thee that his path on earth  
May be the path to heaven.

2.  
To Thee, O SON of God most high,—  
Who didst to earth come down  
To bear for us the bitter cross,  
And win the heavenly crown,—

3.  
We give this little one, and pray  
That he may ever be,  
In valiant fight, and faithful work,  
True follower of Thee.

4.  
O HOLY SPIRIT, Fount of life  
And purifying power,  
To Thee we give this child, and pray  
That, from this sacred hour,

5.  
All that is good may grow in him,  
All that is evil die,  
Until the life on earth be changed  
For perfect life on high.

6.  
O FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST,  
Great God, whom we adore,  
Receive this child, and in Thy NAME  
Keep him for evermore. AMEN.