

Record of the Growth of an English Gentleman during the Years 1685-1687," etc.) is not only full of action and stimulating to curiosity, but tells a quite original plot in a clever way. Perhaps in its literary kinship it approaches more closely to "The Prisoner of Zenda" than to any other recent novel, but there is no evidence of imitation; the resemblance is in the spirit and dash of the narrative. The merit of this awkwardly named story is not solely in its grasp on the reader's attention and its exciting situations; it is written in excellent English, the dialogue is natural and brisk, the individual characters stand out clearly, and the flavor of the time is well preserved. As a story-teller, pure and simple, Mr. Mason is sure to receive recognition. The scene of the story shifts from England after the Monmouth rebellion to a wild part of the Tyrol. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Mrs. Hinkson (Katharine Tynan) is at her best in those sketches in *An Isle in the Water* which deal with every-day Irish character and talk. These are truly charming; they reproduce nature with mingled realism and imaginative quality. The tales which have a basis in the supernatural appeal less strongly to us; they are so somber as to be a little disagreeable and fantastic, and the note seems at times a little forced. There is, notwithstanding, much of the author's best work in this book, and the literary quality is distinctly of a high order.

All lovers of the Irish peasant in literature will be pleased that William Carleton's *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry* have been republished in two tasteful volumes. A memoir of Carleton and excellent notes have been furnished by Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue. Carleton may be classed as falling half-way between the excessive joviality of the Charles Lever style of Irish writer and the minute realism of the recent school. He is sometimes a little prolix, but he knew his subject thoroughly, was steeped, so to say, in Irish folk-lore and character, and he may be read to-day with both profit and entertainment. Both Mrs. Hinkson's volume and the Carleton sketches are published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

Mr. W. Pett Ridge, in *The Second Opportunity of Mr. Staplehurst*, gives us a successful, middle-aged literary man who is happily married, but sometimes thinks that if he could live his life over he could do more with it, a chance to try the experiment. It results in moral, intellectual, and financial disaster, and Mr. Staplehurst is only too happy to obtain from Jupiter (who has manipulated the transformation to youth as a reward for Mr. Staplehurst's very handsome references in type to his Olympian Majesty) a quick return to his original status. The idea is humorously worked out, but the lesson is rather too obvious, and the story is but a clever trifle. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Mr. Robert Barr tells a lively and entertaining story in *A Woman Intervenes*. An American woman reporter, an ingenious mining engineer and his partner, an equally ingenious skilled accountant, an English "promoter" of the fraudulent type, a rich and business-wise English girl, and other characters are deftly managed, but have little real solidity of existence as characters. The tone is cheerful and the story holds the attention fairly well. (F. A. Stokes Company, New York.)

Mr. George Gissing's *Sleeping Fires* is a short novel, simply constructed, and with a good deal of real feeling. The methods are those with which his more extended novels have made the reading world familiar, but in this case the atmosphere of hopelessness and realistic oppression is less dense than usual. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Mr. S. Baring-Gould has so many of the qualities of a good novelist that one earnestly wishes that he possessed that of making his characters talk and act more naturally. In *The Broom Squire* he has a strong plot, faithful local color, decided originality, and an interesting interplay of motive and character, but the dialogue is artificial and dull. Mr. Hardy would have made a great novel out of this same material. (F. A. Stokes Company, New York.)

Messrs. Ginn & Co. are doing an admirable work in putting a large and choice selection from the best literature and the best thought in forms especially adapted for the reading of children. The abridgment of Long's translation of *Epictetus* addresses itself, of course, only to the most mature boys and girls. It cannot be said in any way to belong to the literature of childhood, and there is some question whether it will be attractive even to youth of an older growth. It is, however, so noble a work that one is glad to see it reproduced in any form. About Gilbert White's *Natural History of Selborne*, which is also published in an abridged form with an introduction by Mr. Edward S. Morse, there can be no question. Boys and girls who have a love for nature and for the observation of natural life can hardly fail to be interested in this pioneer of out-of-door literature. The volume contains a brief introductory sketch. (Ginn & Co., Boston.)

Lovers of Dr. Johnson will find a special pleasure in the large, clear type and the convenient form of the new edition of the *Lives of the Poets* which is now coming from the press of the Messrs. Scribner, and which, when completed, is to fill six small volumes, compact in form, well bound, and admirably printed. The notes and introduction by Mr. Arthur Waugh will add to the value of this excellent edition by helping readers to understand the place in Johnson's life of his most mature and in some respects his most extended literary work. In no other work are the strength and weakness of Johnson more clearly indicated. His sound sense, his practical sagacity, his sanity, on the one hand; on the other, his lack of imagination, his deficient sense of melody, his failure to appreciate the spontaneous elements—all these are strikingly illustrated in this group of brief biographies.

A volume of infinite delight and resource to lovers of English verse is Mr. A. S. Martin's comment *On Parody*. (Henry Holt & Co., New

York.) Mr. Martin has made a collection of the best parodies in English, and prefaced them with a very interesting introduction on the general subject, in which he points out the different kinds of parodies and gives the reader some account of the development of the parody. The selections of verse are in many cases accompanied by prose comments describing the occasion, presenting historical and personal facts, and containing critical comment. The selections are made with admirable taste, and the book is an addition not only to the literature of literary study, but also to the literature of pleasure.

The fourth edition of Mr. John Addington Symonds's translation of *The Life of Benvenuto Cellini* has recently come from the press of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, and presents in an admirable form, both as to size and typography, one of the most interesting books of its kind in the literature of the world. The volume contains the mezzotint portrait of Cellini and sixteen reproductions of characteristic works from his hand. It contains also the extremely valuable and interesting introduction from the hand of Mr. Symonds. Of the translation at this late date it is unnecessary to speak.

Those who are looking for a brief manual of ecclesiastical history may find *Outlines of Church History*, by Rudolf Sohm, translated by Miss May Sinclair, the book that suits their want. It is brief, but it is not a mere outline. The author has chosen to treat only the greater events and personages, omitting matters of lesser interest. In this way he has produced a book that is readable. His standing-point is that of evangelical faith and liberal culture. He discusses the doctrinal movements of the past in a calm and impartial spirit. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

## Literary Notes

—Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, has placed in the hands of his publishers the manuscript of his new book. It will bear the title "The Ambassador of Christ."

—Philip James Bailey, the author of "Festus," is now living at Nottingham. Although in his eightieth year, he is wonderfully hale and hearty. It is considerably over half a century since "Festus" appeared.

—One of Victor Hugo's grandsons was a sailor for three years, and is soon to publish his first book, "The Recollections of a Sailor," some of the chapters of which have already appeared in one of the Paris newspapers.

—The fresh transcription of part of the Sinai Gospels, which was brought by Mrs. S. S. Lewis from Mount Sinai in the spring of last year, will be published by the Cambridge University Press in the course of this month. It will be accompanied by a new and complete edition of her translation, and will take the form of a reprint of about one hundred Syriac pages hitherto defective.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Charles, who died on March 28, at the age of sixty-eight, at Hampstead, England, was born in Tavistock, Devonshire. The list of her works is a long one, and foremost among them stands the famous "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family" (which appeared in 1864). Others of her writings are "The Victory of the Vanquished: A Tale of the First Century," "Against the Stream: The Story of an Heroic Age in England," "Joan the Maid," "Three Martyrs of the Nineteenth Century," and "Martyrs and Saints of the First Twelve Centuries."

—A new edition of "The Question of Copyright," compiled by Mr. George Haven Putnam, Secretary of the American Publishers' Copyright League, is in press for immediate publication. The book has been thoroughly revised and brought down to date, and new material has been added. An important feature is the full text of the copyright law of the United States, with the amendments adopted and considered up to March 1, 1896, and a summary of the copyright laws at present in force throughout the world.

—The "Westminster Gazette" says: "Every effort is being made to secure that the forthcoming Burns Exhibition to be held in Glasgow during the summer months shall be a success. A sum of upward of £2,500 has already been subscribed to the guarantee fund. The Committee, of which Lord Rosebery and Lord Provost Bell are respectively President and Vice-President, desire, however, that the guarantee fund should amount to £5,000, and they now appeal for further subscriptions, and also for loans of pictures, manuscripts, relics, books, and other articles likely to enhance the interest and the value of the exhibition. What, one wonders, would the bard himself think of it all?"

—Mr. Clarke, of Apia, Samoa, who conducted the late Robert Louis Stevenson's funeral service, is now in England. Speaking of the novelist in an interview, he said:

"I met Mr. Stevenson the first day he landed at Samoa, and our friendship dated from that time. Rarely a day passed but some member of his family was at our house." Mr. Clarke said he did not think the religious side of Mr. Stevenson's character had received due recognition. "Every Sunday night he conducted family worship. A chapter from the Samoan Bible was read verse by verse by the members of the household; Mr. Stevenson followed with a collect and the Lord's Prayer from the English Prayer-Book, and then one of the Samoans prayed in the vernacular; finally, Mr. Stevenson read a prayer which he had composed during the week for this service; and the prayer read at his funeral was the one that had been offered the preceding Sunday." Mr. Clarke stated that Mr. Stevenson was a regular attendant at the English church, and, speaking from most intimate acquaintance, characterized him as "a deeply religious man."

[For list of Books Received see Table of Contents]

## For the Little People

### Marble Time

By Clinton Scollard

Hurrah! hurrah! it's marble time!  
And every boy who's got a dime  
Or nickel somewhere stored away  
Will, after school, be out at play.  
What if the wind blows chill?—it's fun!  
And there are corners in the sun.

Now bring your "allies" bright, and bring  
Your bag of "mibs," and make a ring,  
And if it's little or it's big,  
There's not a feller'll care a fig;  
But if you "hunch," no boy in town  
Will play, and you must "knuckle down."

Oh, don't I wish that I might go  
Unto the land where marbles grow  
Upon the trees like fruit, and pull  
Them off, and fill my pockets full!  
Though I can't find that country, I'm  
Just jolly glad it's marble time.

### April Sunbeams

By Mary H. Fisk

If there was one thing Father Sun loved, it was the beautiful world where happy boys and girls lived, and where his Sunbeams went every day to work and play.

April was coming, and the dear little April Sunbeams were wild with delight to think it would soon be their turn to go to work.

"Please, Father Sun, let us go first," said some bright Sunbeams.

"You!" said Father Sun; "why, you are hot little Sunbeams, and ought to go last."

"Yes, Father Sun, we know that, but we want to go the very first day of April. The children have such fun on April Fool's Day, and we love to hear them laugh, and see the jokes they play on each other, and then we want to fool them, and make them think summer has come."

And the children were fooled.

"Mother," said one little boy, "I can't keep my coat on another minute; it's as hot as summer out."

The Sunbeams just danced up and down on the wall when they heard that, and could hardly wait till night came to tell Father Sun what a good joke they had played on the dear little boy.

"Now we must go to work," said Father Sun. "Who wants to shine on the trees and call to the buds softly and gently that Jack Frost has gone home, and that April has come, and that it is time they took off their overcoats and began to grow?"

So many Sunbeam Fairies wanted to go to visit the trees that Father Sun's heart was filled with joy at the sight.

Some were dressed in green—such a dainty tint of green—and they spoke lovingly to the leaf-buds, and helped them awaken from their long winter nap. Some were dressed in red, and they whispered their secret to the tiny red flower-buds on the maple and elm trees, and laughed to think such great big trees should have such little flowers. Some went to the willows and called the "pussies" out. I cannot begin to tell you all the different trees they visited, there were so many; but to each one there came a troop of Sunbeam Fairies, and not one little bud was overlooked.

Another set rested lovingly on the ground. Do you think they were going to make the ground grow? "Such funny children to think that!" said these Fairies. "Let us not tell them about it, but make them wait and see what comes up out of the ground after a while, and then see if they can guess why we worked and played there every day."

"I am afraid," said one thoughtful little Fairy—but so softly that the children on the porch could not hear her—"that I am shining so hard on my spot of ground that it will be baked hard, and the dear little seed will never be able to send its stalk up into the air."

"Never mind," said another, "Father Sun

told us to shine just as hard as we could, so it will all be right."

"I wish he would send a shower," said another.

"I know what the children would say if he did," said a third. But before the fourth could say anything, down came the rain, and all the children shouted, "April showers make May flowers."

The Sunbeams were so anxious to hear what the children were saying that back they came before it had stopped raining.

"There is the sun, and it is still raining," said one little girl with bright eyes. "There ought to be a rainbow."

"I was so afraid they would not see it," whispered a Sunbeam.

"But they did," said another. "Let us ask Father Sun to send a shower and a rainbow every day—it makes the children so happy."

As Father Sun watched his April Sunbeams, his heart glowed within him.

"They are brave little workers," he said. "The world will soon be ready for the beautiful May flowers."

### Gyp

He is a Skye. You wonder, when you look at him, how he can ever see to walk, his hair is in such a tangle over his eyes. His tail is the most amusing part of him. It really seems as if his constant wagging would wear it out. It is never still. When he is glad, you can hardly see it—it goes so fast that it is like a yellow streak. He is full of tricks. He jumps as high as your shoulders when you go to see him. If he has had his bath, he seems to say, "Just see me! Am I not handsome?" Perhaps he has found out how handsome he is from the mirror in the house where he lives. It reaches from the ceiling to the floor; and he has learned, in some way, that this is not another dog he sees jumping about, but a reflection of himself.

Gyp has his trials. One of them is that he cannot run out in the street alone. He stands by the window and sees the other dogs run up and down the block, playing with the children and having a delightful time, but he is not allowed this freedom. Then he has to have a bath every day, and he hates it. He struggles and cries and whines, though he must know by this time that it is useless, that he must submit. Not the least of his trials is caused by the little boys and girls. Why is it that they should do the very thing to Gyp that they hate to have done to them? When Gyp stands in the window, feeling very unhappy because he cannot run out and play, those children lean on the iron fence in front and bark and jump at him until he is nearly frantic. If they would only remember how they feel when all the other children on the block are out playing, and they cannot go, they would not torment dear Gyp as they do. Now what has happened is that Gyp hates little boys and girls. He cannot bear to have them come in the house. The moment one comes in he growls and scowls, and looks as fierce as if he were a big lion instead of a tiny dog about twelve inches long. He thinks all boys and girls are his enemies. They miss a very great pleasure, for Gyp is so affectionate that he is worth having for a friend. If you were his friend, you would not give up the friendly wag of his tail for a large sum of money. How much happier Gyp would be, and the boys and girls on his block, if, when he saw them, he barked in joy as he does at his friends, and wagged his ridiculous tail to show how much he loved them! Now his tail stands out in anger, and he growls and barks his hateful bark the moment a small boy or girl appears.

### The Accident

She is such a dear little girl that you cannot resist the temptation to watch her. She is the most loving little mother you can imagine. She pushes before her, as she comes down the

street, a beautiful baby-carriage. Some big folks who do not understand little girls might be cruel enough to say that it is a doll-carriage. The little girl avoids all the rough places in the sidewalk, so that her darling baby will not be jarred or annoyed by the roughness. When the sun shines, she carefully adjusts the white silk parasol so that the sun will not shine in her baby's eyes. It is certain that if she knew how very bad for the eyes a white parasol is she would not use one. This little mother and her precious baby are in charge of a big nurse. The nurse is one of those disagreeable big people who will not see what a precious baby a doll is, and she calls the carriage a doll's carriage.

Yesterday there was a sharp cry of distress, and then a sweet little voice full of tears saying, "Save her! save her!" In the street, just over the curb, was the baby-carriage. The beautiful baby in her long white dress lay in the gutter; the lovely little mother stood wringing her hands on the sidewalk. The nurse picked up the baby by her skirts, and jerked the carriage back on the sidewalk, and threw the baby in it, saying to the little mother, "Stop crying! your old doll is not broken." The little mother could not believe it; she cried harder than ever as she smoothed out the pillow and straightened out her baby comfortably in the carriage. She felt her all over, and put her cheek down on her baby's face. Then the nurse, big and coarse and strong, like an ogre in the fairy stories, shook the little girl and said, "Stop your noise," and the little girl gave a frightened sob and pushed the carriage as far from the curb as she could roll it.

Perhaps some good fairy will tell the little mother's mamma how disagreeable the nurse is, and then she will have a good nurse who will believe that little girls' dolls can be just as dear to them as real live babies are to their real mothers. If the fairies would only wave their wands over all the nurses in the land, and make them gentle and kind and good, what a lovely world this would be for children!

### Mournful Jane and Happy Sue

By Ruth Underhill

Once on a time there were two twins  
Whom everybody knew,  
And one of them was Mournful Jane  
And one was Happy Sue.

And Happy Sue would laugh and sing,  
And run about and play,  
But Mournful Jane would mope and groan,  
And cry all through the day.

A stranger coming to the town  
Was struck by this, and said  
To Sue, "What are you thinking of  
That makes you laugh, my maid?"

And Susan smiled, and happily  
And gayly made reply,  
"I think of all the cakes and pies  
To-morrow will supply."

And then the stranger turned to Jane  
And said, "My little one,  
What do you think of all the time  
That makes you sob and groan?"

Jane answered with a burst of tears  
And face all woebegone,  
"I think of all the cakes and pies  
That are forever gone!"

An exchange says a gentleman invited some friends to dinner; and as the colored servant entered the room, he accidentally dropped a platter which held a turkey. "My friends," said the gentleman, in a most impressive tone, "never in my life have I witnessed an event so fraught with disaster in the various nations of the globe. In this calamity we see the downfall of Turkey, the upsetting of Greece, the destruction of China, and the humiliation of Africa."



## The Religious World

### A Noteworthy Conference

The wish for a closer fellowship between the Congregational churches and those of the Christian connection seems to be in process of realization. On the 14th and 15th of this month, at Piqua, Ohio, a joint Conference, consisting of representatives of two local Conferences of Congregationalists and two of Christians, gave to this movement a strong impetus. The Christian church at Piqua entertained the Conference, and a good delegation from both denominations was in attendance. Two presiding officers, the Rev. J. B. Weston, D.D., of the Christian Biblical School at Stamfordville, N. Y., and the Rev. Washington Gladden, divided the direction of the assembly between them, and the secretaries were the Rev. J. J. Summerbell, D.D., editor of the "Herald of Gospel Liberty," and the Rev. R. S. Lindsay, of Columbus. The opening sermon was delivered by the Congregational president, upon the mission of the Church as the promoter of unity and peace in society. Such questions as "Are Congregationalists Christians?" "Are Christians Congregationalists?" and "How Can we Help Each Other?" and such topics as "The Essentials of Christianity," "Converging Lines," "Unity a Product of Life," "Unity a Condition of Growth," and the gains of unity in the nineteenth and in the twentieth centuries, were discussed in admirable papers and addresses, and the voluntary speaking was extremely vigorous and effective. The spirit of the whole meeting was the very best. From the beginning to the end not one discordant note was struck. The purpose of all seemed to be to find a way of closer fellowship and more practical co-operation. The fact of the essential unity of the two bodies was made so plain that a wayfaring man could not help seeing it. The only obstacle in the way of the complete unification of the two bodies appears to be the question of name; and there were few who were inclined to put emphasis upon this. No attempt was made, however, to secure organic unity. Such action would have exceeded the powers of the local bodies represented, and it was the unanimous feeling that the unity ought to come as the product of life, and not as the result of any well-contrived agreements. The Conference unanimously resolved that meetings similar to this with a larger constituency should be arranged for in the future, and appointed a committee to take the matter in charge. It also recommended that local Conferences of either body should take pains to invite to their meetings members of the other living in their neighborhood; that, when practicable, the local Conferences of the two bodies should be held at the same time and place, and joint sessions arranged for; that fellowship be promoted by exchange of pulpits; and that the home mission boards of the two bodies be requested to confer for the maintenance of comity and co-operation.

### A Good Union Work

One form of Christian activity which knows no division into orthodox and heterodox in Massachusetts is what is called "The Convention of Congregational Ministers." It has issued its annual appeal in behalf of its charitable fund. The income of this fund it distributes, with such additional sums as may be intrusted to it, to the widows and unmarried daughters of the Congregational ministers in Massachusetts who died without pastoral settlements. About thirty such persons are receiving assistance. Last year the amount which could be given each one was only \$34. The committees are anxious to lift it to \$100, and to do this they need to have the income considerably increased. The appeal is made to both Trinitarian and Unitarian churches, which for years have united in this work. On the committee we see the names of such a Congregationalist as Dr. Alexander Mackenzie, and such a Unitarian as Dr. E. E. Hale. The treasurer of the fund is the Rev. Henry F. Jenks, of Canton, Mass. Are there not other ways in which not only these churches but all others could co-operate in what surely should be regarded as common work?

### Professor H. P. Smith and the Cincinnati Presbytery

The "Evangelist" of April 16 contains a courteous and generous-spirited article by the Rev. Rollin A. Sawyer, D.D., in which he makes an appeal to the Cincinnati Presbytery to rescind its action in regard to Professor Henry Preserved Smith. Dr. Sawyer says the sentiment, in brief, is this: The trial was hasty and impassioned, and the sentence was on something which Professor Smith was presumed to represent rather than upon himself. The vote by which sentence was given does, not to-day represent the judgment of the Presbytery nor of the Church at large. Why, then, should it be suffered to stand? He then goes on to show that the Presbytery has the initiative; that the fact that judgment was affirmed by Synod and Assembly does not take from the Presbytery the privilege of reversing the sentence. He then

shows that the confidence of the members of the Presbytery of Cincinnati in Professor Smith is unimpaired and freely confessed; that they have urged him to accept a certificate of good standing to be taken to a Congregational church; he shows that the Professor is believed and trusted everywhere; and that his friends in the Presbytery of Cincinnati who are ready to move for a reversal of his sentence, if not in the majority in the Presbytery, surely have the majority of the people of God with them. The article then shows that the feeling throughout the Church is in favor of the action suggested. Dr. Sawyer says: "The good sense of our whole Church demands a change. It would hail such action by the Presbytery of Cincinnati as would show a consciousness of the presence and rights of their brethren." The article is written in the peculiarly strong and vigorous style characteristic of the author. He speaks as a Presbyterian. We have no doubt, however, that in his appreciation of Professor Henry P. Smith he voices the sentiment not only of the members of his own denomination, but of most Christian people who are familiar with the facts.

### A Silver Jubilee

The Mount Vernon Church of Boston, of which the Rev. Samuel E. Herrick, D.D., is the pastor, has long been one of the landmarks of that city. In recent years it has been removed to the Back Bay, and a new church edifice has been erected. The twenty-fifth anniversary of the settlement of Dr. Herrick as its pastor was celebrated on the 11th of April. Dr. Herrick is one of the most eminent and scholarly as well as one of the manliest and truest men in the ministry of our country. He succeeded the Rev. Dr. Kirk in the pastorate of the Mount Vernon Church. The position was a difficult one, but the work has steadily advanced, and to-day is most encouraging. On Sunday, April 12, Dr. Kirk preached an anniversary sermon, and on the following day numbers of his friends gathered in Mount Vernon Hall to offer him and to the church their congratulations. Professor J. W. Churchill, of Andover, presided. Dr. George A. Gordon declared that the grandeur of Dr. Herrick's ministry lies in the fact that he has saved Mount Vernon Church from the doom that awaited it in its old location. Other speakers were Dr. A. S. Twombly, General F. A. Walker, of the Institute of Technology, Judge Chamberlain, of Chelsea, Dr. Alexander Mackenzie, Dr. Winchester Donald, of Trinity Church, Dr. Edward Everett Hale. The work which Dr. Herrick has accomplished is worthy of all the good words spoken concerning it. After listening to his friends, he said: "These lovely things you have been saying about me are not true, but that you should think them true touches me very deeply."

### Dr. Herrick's Sermon

One part of Dr. Herrick's sermon on the anniversary mentioned above is particularly worthy of being reproduced in our columns. We quote from the report as it is given in the "Congregationalist": "The most masterly portion of the discourse, however, was his review of the changes in fundamental conceptions and ruling ideas which he believes have taken general and permanent possession of the thinking of mankind. Formerly men said: Christ died, therefore God is our Father. Our belief now is just the reverse: God is our Father, and therefore Christ died. In the same way men held that the Bible is an inspired book, and must therefore be accepted from beginning to end. Not so; the Bible is a book full of profound truths which appeal to the judgment and conscience, and therefore must be given of God, inspired. The ethical relations of God and man are as parent and child who stand with mutual rights and mutual duties, while the cross is the supreme expression of God's eternal altruism in relation to his children. Heaven and hell are here. 'I have been in both,' said the preacher, solemnly. With a new conception of the corporate unity of mankind, theology has become more altruistic, and a new theory of preaching, which holds that man must be a follower of Christ not merely to save himself, but to be a savior in his own place and measure, has been adopted of inward necessity."

### Missionary Policy

The meeting of the Vermont Congregational Club recently held in Bennington had an open discussion on the subject of Missions, in which there was greater freedom of utterance than is common in the consideration of that subject. The Vermont Congregationalists have opened a door through which we imagine many others will soon pass. The question of missionary policy demands instant and serious consideration. The Rev. George W. Phillips, D.D., for instance, in the discussion at Bennington emphasized the duty of concentration upon fewer fields. That is important. The previous policy has been to extend as rapidly as possible, but Dr. Phillips argued that if one country could be evangelized at a time, in the end the work would be more swiftly accomplished. Finish Japan, China, and India, and then go on to other countries. But really there need be no undue concentration if there is only proper co-operation. This is the point which we would emphasize. The missionary treasures are embarrassed,