

what a medley of absurdities! Hell plays high carnival, decked in all the follies and vanities of the past. "What a man soweth that shall he also reap."

One thing is forgotten. "Do you marvel that I speak of God? Ah! me. He is still our God. And we know that there is a Son of God, who came into the world to save sinners, who loved them unto death, even the death of the cross. But we know nothing of the way of salvation. Everything is forgotten, even the name of the Saviour. We consume ourselves in efforts to remember were it but the faintest remnant of saving knowledge, but alas! it is vain. *Not even His name.* Could we but remember that name—call it back to our hearts—I doubt not—I doubt not—even we might be saved. But it is gone. It is too late—too late."

There is in this truly remarkable book a husk of improbable statement covering a rich kernel of truth. The motto verse is, "that he may testify unto them, lest they also come to this place of torment." The great run the book is having must do something to check the spread of that limp and lavender style of theology which is unscientific, because it is not sufficiently serious. Science, if it teaches anything, declares the seriousness of life. The laws, those undergirders of the world, which control the vastest and hold the minutest, are not to be trifled with. Nothing can escape from their power nor fly from their presence. They are as omnipresent and as inexorable as the Deity. Life, with all its hopes and fears, trembles in the bosom of great, grinding, cruel, all-crushing Nature—and is safe. Danger and Death sleep in the air we breathe, in the food we eat, in the ground we tread upon, and woe would be to us were there not protecting wings waving everywhere. Nature is grand and beautiful, but she is tremendously in earnest, and all theology which does not mirror her in this mood is unnatural, and therefore untrue. This book will waken many to the natural grandeur and sublimity of life.

We cannot escape from our past. We cannot shun the future into which we are plunging. In that future what awaits us?

PHAM.