

unsettling tendency, seeing that so many of them are apparently inconsistent with received interpretations of the Bible. Whether we will it or no, people will read not only the volume of the Book, but the volume of nature, the volume of life, the volume of history, and these records are in the handwriting of God. Geologists tell us that they have discovered in the records of creation things that are at variance with the record of Genesis. Scholars tell us that there are inaccuracies in the text, and historians, in the history of the Bible. Popular literature is full of such statements. Is it any wonder, as George Eliot says, "that many young minds are dizzy with indigestion of recent science and philosophy"; or that the age is one of religious uneasiness and uncertainty? No one knows this better than the Christian minister, especially if he mingles much with young men. There are many of these who are troubled with difficulties which a minister, if he is to be a spiritual teacher and guide, dare not ignore. These young men—very earnest, many of them—will never be saved for the Church or kept for Christ, by our simply saying hard things of science, or giving them, as it has been well put, the stones of denunciation when they ask for the bread of sympathy. They are not unbelievers; they are not hostile to religion; they are not indifferent to religion. It is oftener the young men who put no questions, who are troubled with no difficulties, who apparently accept without question the whole creed of the Church, who are indifferent to religion. They are searching for truth, they are anxious to know how to remove the stumbling blocks to faith which science—much of it, I grant, falsely so called—has taught them to see in the Bible. It will only weaken the Church's power, and drive many an honest earnest spirit away, if the only answer she has to make to such inquirers is to denounce science as irreverent, and inquiry as dangerous, if not actually sinful. The defender of the faith will do little to keep the citadel if he rests satisfied with denouncing an opponent and peremptorily silencing a would-be friend. It is a miserably poor defence of any truth, and especially of a Divine truth, to charge the man who ventures to inquire about it, yea, to doubt it, with moral obliquity. Honest doubt is no sin: to many a truthful and truth-loving man it is an intellectual necessity.

"What matter though I doubt at every pore
 Head doubts, heart doubts, doubts at my fingers' ends;
 Doubts in the trivial work of every day;
 Doubts at the very bases of my soul
 In the grand moments when she probes herself,
 If finally I have a life to show.

When the fight begins within himself a man's worth something. The soul wakes and grows. Prolong that battle through his life, never leave growing till the life to come."

It can only create an uneasy feeling in the minds of many who still believe, when they see the supposed exponents and defenders of the faith