

the tropical heat covers it with the rankest vegetation. Dense vapors are exhaled from the corrupting mass. The atmosphere thus created is charged with every element of death. Instinctively the very animals depart from the deathly scene. The few inhabitants fly to other regions. It is said that in the seasons subsequent to the rain not a sound is to be heard in the dreary regions. The forest utters no echo of a living creature. All is awful silence—the stillness of death. Were we called to represent the spiritual state of India by a physical emblem we would choose this scene. The Hindu mythology is distinguished by an unparalleled licentiousness. It desecrates the pure, degrades the lofty, and makes everything wanton and filthy. The stars of heaven, before its desecrating touch cease to shine. The sun is extinguished, the moon gives no light. It attaches to all that is beautiful and gorgeous in nature, abominable myths or filthy analogies. Hindu mythology leaves no spot in the wide world pure, no space in the blue heavens clean. Within its sphere all beauty becomes hideous, all glory base, all purity defiled. Never was a curse more withering, never a blast more pestilential than that of this foul demon, first-born of hell. Its horrible abominations dare not be uttered."

As stood the Roman heathenism in the days of Paul (described by him in the 1st chapter of Romans) so stood India when first laid open to the Gospel. And as stood India so now stands Africa, slowly unfolding itself to our gaze with a heathenism that degrades men to the level of brutes, and horrifies us with its unclean and bloody rites, casting to the four winds of heaven all the romantic notions about the natural native dignity of man, and the possibility of salvation without the strong hand of God.

For let us remember that the question to be considered by us as Christian Churches, is not the speculative one whether men that never heard of Christ

can be saved by living a good life. Leave that question with theological debating clubs. The point that stares us plainly in the face is this, that a good life without the Gospel is an unknown thing under the sun. Let us suppose that *only* twenty yards lay between a man and his own fireside on a stormy night wherein it was death to be abroad: but if the man has not strength to walk these twenty yards it is all the same to him, practically, as if his home was twenty miles away. Let us suppose that, by leading a good life, the heathen who never heard of Christ, could find favour with God. Where is the good life? Where, or when, or how has it been reached without the Gospel? America says it is not in me; and India and Africa say it is not in us. It is not simply that there is no heaven without the Gospel, but there is not even decent morality. The Churches of Christ will never feel and pray and work as they ought for the heathen world, till they get rid of the false sentiment about noble savages, and till they are profoundly impressed that heathenism always has been, is and will be, a state of hopeless and helpless moral degradation, without God and without hope.

THE THREE GREAT HERESIES.

The revival of religion, of which we have often written in these pages, has one distinctive feature that ought to be noticed with joy by all good Christians. That feature is the place and prominence that is given in this work to the Spirit of God. The meetings are opened, carried on and closed under the over-awing belief that the Spirit of God is necessary to all Gospel worship, and all Gospel preaching, that His presence is promised in all assemblies of His people, and that in our day as of old, He fills His own house often with His glory, so that men may say as Jacob on the memorable night at Bethel—"How dreadful is this place."