

only to try to replace it. It is like trying to get enough candles together to make up for the loss of the sun."

Almost involuntarily we all went to the window again, and looked on the planetary glory of the night. Certainly the revelation was grand. Purity, peace, order, immensity—the words were all but legible on the unfolded scroll. To my surprise it was the junior scientist who said, as he reverently gazed on the scene: "In the beginning, God created the heaven and earth."

"I can almost hear the song," said one of our number.

"What song?" said the junior scientist.

Then I was moved to speak, for my spirit was hot within me. Said I:—

"You, junior, were right when you said you must assume something. The power which the Bible assumes is God. That Personality comes into the record as if by right eternal. Without explanation or apology it stands at the forefront. But this is not all. If this were all it would amount to nothing. The assumption is made possible by the moral character of the Being whose existence is assumed. From beginning to end the character is righteous, merciful, holy. The character of God is the defence of God. It is not mere power or mere majesty by which God is typified; it is holiness, love, justice. Human infirmity never dreamed ineffable holiness. If the holiness had been measurable it might have been one of the poor miracles of human imagination; but it is ineffable, unspeakable, infinite, and therefore, beyond the reach of limited faculties. On that character we have a right to found an argument. Such a character cannot be associated with an act of wild and misleading misrepresentation. God in the Bible is but the Personality of Truth, Justice, Honor, Love, Righteousness; for the Bible, therefore, to open its record with a lie is a moral impossibility. Hence we go on saying with tender reverence and thankfulness, 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.'"

"And the earth," said the senior scientist, laying significant emphasis on the first word. After a pause he added, "A wonderful combination: there seems to be a great loss of dignity to the heavens by associating them with so small a speck of matter as the earth, but in reality there is no such loss: we might read the verse thus: 'In the beginning God created the great and the small, the majestic and the insignificant, the grandeur of immensity and the simpler pomp of earth—all of them atoms in the sight of Him whose universe is but a diamond on the hand that made it.'"

Such a testimony coming from such a man made it easy for me to say, "Let us pray," and easy for others reverently to comply.

With science Christianity has no controversy. Each has a great place, and each must occupy it. Our only protest is against "science falsely so-called," or science trespassing upon other provinces, or science professing to know more than it can know. For true, large, wise science Christianity has no feeling but that of sincere and reverent admiration.

We never know what the Bible is until we try to amend it. What shall we have in its stead? Who will mind the sayings of Christ? Who will gild the gold of the Beatitudes? What shall we put up in place of the cross? Broken hearts must look to something. Lives tempest driven and shattered must either discover an altar or invent one: how can they improve the cross? It is not enough to criticize. Take all the intellectual liberty you want and show us the outcome of your inventiveness,—give us a sublimer history of creation,—give us a nobler descent of man,—give us a sweeter village than Bethlehem, give us a holier mound than Calvary. We await the new revelation, the novel nightmare, the blasphemous delirium; but until we see it, prove it, and accept it, we will say Lord Jesus, Son of the Everlasting Father, slain yet risen again, abide with us, and make Thyself known to us in the breaking of bread.—*Dr. Joseph Parker in the British Weekly.*

A THANK OFFERING STORY.

It was at a thank-offering meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of one of our city churches. A pile of envelopes lay before the secretary, the contents of which she read aloud, one by one. They ran something like this:

"For recovery from severe illness, \$5."

"For the granting of the dearest wish of my heart, \$10."

"For preservation from harm in the great railroad accident when so many were killed and injured, \$10."

"For the conversion of a son, \$5."

"For the dear baby that has come to me, \$3."

Mrs. Stanton sat listening to the reading, and blushed a little when her own envelope was opened, and the secretary took out \$2, enclosed in a blank sheet, accompanied by no word or comment.

The truth was, Mrs. Stanton's life had been very uneventful last year. It had gone quietly on, with few ups and few downs. She and her husband and her two children had been fairly well; by close economy they had