

But, as a species of "remainder," it is urged that there "may be" an immortal life "apart from all physical function." If that turns out so, it will form a very small item of the "strange burden," and should prove light enough to rise over the heights of reason's mountains. At any rate, such a life is a long way above my reason.

"Faith and Criticism" is a collection of essays by well-known Nonconformists, and in that the old-fashioned Christianity becomes a classic myth. The late Bishop of Peterborough, in a famous magazine article, made the faith much lighter by recommending the Sermon on the Mount to be taken spiritually, not materially,—a sort of fiction, instead of reality, like cutting off an offending member with an imaginary chopper.

Christianity as expounded to-day appears to me much like the stories which, after all sorts of incidents and accidents, finally settles down the leading characters in a married state to be happy ever after. Perhaps, after all, that's right—Paul was to be ultimately a king—a crown was laid up for him—and all the twelve (including Judas?) were to be made judges sitting on thrones. What could be nicer than that?

Then again, distinguished persons hereafter, like "the powers that be" here, were to be "ordained of God." But, as though there might be some doubt, they are advised to make their calling and election sure.

As to future elections, there are two agents in our village, Roman and Anglican, both of which are sure of winning the elections. Byron once offered to enter the lists in this important profession. Some shameless bards are pleased to say that I have no devotion, but let them down with me to pray and I'll show 'em which has the properest notion of getting into heaven the shortest way. Nothing like competition at election times. Christian elections follow the earthly rule—there may be many candidates, but only a few chosen; still there are chances for some folks. The beauty of Christianity is the gratification it affords of getting to the top, and being able to look down on unbelievers in the pit, among the rich acquaintances of poor Mr. Lazarus. Investments in Christianity are always increasing in value, now in this time one hundred per cent., of which Mark furnishes a detailed account. No man who has parted with them "But he shall receive a hundredfold of houses, brethren, sisters, mothers, children and lands." It seems inexplicable why the Jews did not buy up the whole concern, and thus prevent it falling into the Gentile market. Every penny given to the Lord was to be returned at the resurrection of the just—so no losses could be feared. Dean Swift preached a charity sermon from "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," and all he said was—"Come now, if you like the security, down with the dust."

The Jews, knowing Jesus as only the son of a carpenter, might have doubted if that 100 per cent. dividend would be paid. Historians, sacred and profane, have omitted to mention the annual meeting of investors and how pleased they were. One thing Christianity offers which is almost unique: the powers of faith by which believers can do "greater works" than Christ. They can feed more thousands on less loaves and fishes, and not only smooth the waters of the lake, but control the storms of the Atlantic. So I read the

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