

such a conception, prayer seems a mockery, worship a delusion. Verily we think they are. Yet we have lived to see an attempt to build religion upon a mere basis of Nature, on the denial that there is a higher world at all, and that man himself in his varied activities is the highest form of being, above which there is nothing, or nothing at least which we can ever know. Unless all the past expressions of the religious instinct are a delusion, this must be a delusion. We believe it is amongst the saddest which have ever beset the human intellect. Religious aspiration cannot live on Nature. If there is nothing beyond himself to which he can lift his eyes, he will not lift them at all. The only object of religion which can at once engage his intelligence and affection is a Father in heaven. If we worship at all, we must worship a Glory that is above us. If our hearts move in prayer at all, they must move towards another Heart that liveth for ever, in which there is all the love, and far more than the love that is in us, and yet in which there is none of the weakness which mingles with love in us. If we bow in adoration at all, we must bow before a Personal Presence—a throne at once of mercy and of judgment, of righteousness and of grace—a Will higher than our own, whither our wills, feeble and wavering, yet amidst all these fluctuations pointing beyond earth and flesh, may ascend. Such a Will it is, such a Presence, such a Heart, such an enthroned Personality that is revealed to us in Christ: a Father, yet a judge; a Saviour, yet a Lord; near to us, yet infinitely transcending us; “having respect unto the lowly, yet inhabiting eternity and the praises thereof.” Towards such a Presence and Person should we worship when we pray “after this manner,”—“Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name.”

In conclusion, let us bear in mind that we cannot claim God as our Father unless we are willing to be His sons. His will towards us changes not. His name remains for ever the same. But we cannot know His will, we cannot claim His Name, if we reject His Love. To them who reject His Love, His will is no longer one of Love, but of wrath; His name is no longer a name of endearment, but of

terror. It is of the very essence of the Divine Love that it should not spare the impenitent and unbelieving, the contemptuously selfish and guilty, who say in their hearts, “Who is the Lord that He should reign over us?” It is of the very nature of the Divine Fatherhood that it should cast from its embrace those who disown its solicitations. The more “our Father in heaven” loves us, the more fearful it is for us to reject His Love—the more must we suffer if we do so. Brethren, it is the very Love of God which, despised, makes the Wrath of God. It is the very Fatherliness of the Divine which makes it a “consuming fire” against all uprightness and unrighteousness and ungodliness of men.

JOHN TULLOCH

MISSION DAY AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

As in former years, St. Andrew's-day was set apart at Westminster Abbey for special services for missions. The morning sermon was preached by the Dean, who, we are happy to add, looks none the worse for his recent tossing about on the Atlantic. The lecture in the nave, after the evening service, was given this year by the Very Rev. Principal Tulloch, D. D., Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. It is the delivery of this lecture, we need hardly remind our readers, which forms the great feature of these services. Sympathies too wide and generous to be repressed by ecclesiastical conventionalities, and a truer catholicity than that of Rome, or of her imitators within the Anglican Church, have led Dean Stanley to invite, from year to year, distinguished laymen and clergymen, belonging to different communions, to occupy the honorable position of lecturer. Protestant Christendom has been thus seen presenting a united front to the heathen world, and a new chapter, it is not too much to add, has been opened in the history of the Church of England.

The scene on Saturday was not the less impressive because of the simplicity of the service. As we looked from the seat above the choir, with which we had been accommodated by the courtesy of the Dean, over the great congregation which nearly filled the nave, we could not forget that they were standing upon the ashes of Livingstone, and in that thought and the memories it awoke there was more than enough to stir the imagination and the heart. The grand old tane, too—and never does Westminster Abbey look grander to our thought than amidst the gloom of a winter's day—seemed a fitting one in which to summon the followers of the risen Saviour to go forth, in obedience to a command that has rung through all the ages, to the spiritual conquest of the world. The hymn, “From Greenland's icy mountains,” having been sung, and a brief but appropriate prayer been offered by the Dean, Dr. Tulloch took his place at the lectern, and proceeded to read his lecture. The clergy sat robed, with the exception of Canon Farrar, who was in plain clothes, on one side below the lectern. Dr. Stoughton was also present, and sat next to the Dean. Amongst other notabilities, we remarked to Mrs. Oliphant