

fetters of the apostasy and set the nations free from spiritual despotism; which encountered the course tibaldry and flippant raillery of scepticism, and answered their shallow cavils by holy deeds of earnest effort to bless the human race. Seeing then this church, now in the midst of the hurry and the strife of the world, borne along in its anxious rapid whirl, we well may ask, what is her present duty, the work of the church in these days, and by what instrumentality is it to be accomplished. Oh, for the wise Christian heart "with understanding of the times." Oh, for the voice of an Elijah, to bring back the hearts of the children. Oh, for the preaching of a John to tell each baptized disciple what he should do.

The world, with its steam and electric wire, its daily papers and hurried summary; its speculations and adventures; its sensations and excitements; its associations and combinations—is invading [the church. Short sermons, too short to discuss a doctrine or unfold the blessed word, are demanded; prayers must not exceed five minutes, and amen must follow the bell clink; meeting must follow meeting with breathless rapidity; information from all parts of Christendom, and mission-visited heathendom must be condensed into a monthly article that will take no time to read, and will get no time for consideration; pulpit oratory is a premium, and churches are built as a paying concern. The plain Gospel Story of God's love, must give place to elaborated art; eloquence on nature's grandeur; political harangues; laudatory orations; bold perversions of God's truth. or unwarranted predictions, to satisfy the unhealthy craving for excitement, which the experience of the past week has engendered. Wholesome experimental and doctrinal literature is laid on the shelf, and the monthly, with its medley of sacred and profane, or the inferior tale with a gilding of godliness or a plating of morality must take its place—associations and conventions must swallow up, override and control church organizations, and to avoid giving offence to any who hate evangelical truth, must eliminate peculiar doctrines from their constitution, and in the name of our common Christianity call churches to meet on a platform where their Christ is not known—something attractive must be devised, clubs and billiard-tables, concerts and reunions, and Christian life must be made broader to permit the worldly leaving the so called narrow way. Discipline must be relaxed to prevent a confession of ignorance, forbidden knowledge must be culled from a literature corrupting and emasculating; and in the name of innocent amusements the youth, who have Christ's name on their forehead, must be introduced to good society and be set on the perilous edge of the deep abyss, over which thousands have slipped to eternal ruin. Satan has succeeded well in our day. *He will give no time to think; what else can we do?* the tempted say. We cannot see the line which divides the church and the world. Alas, too true, the world has arrayed herself in counterfeit virtues which formerly were worn only by the church, and an inexperienced eye is deceived. And alas, again, the church has not blushed to put on the world's tawdry vestments, and thus has concealed the beauties of holiness.

Of old a single-handed Hector or Achilles could do wonders, but now the soldier sends his death-charged bullet with dread rapidity in concert with hundreds and his individuality is lost. He is only one of a band. So in the church, too much in our day is the individuality of Christ's soldier lost. The solitary prayer which did wonders has too much given place to the prayer-meeting; the private alms to the poor-rate or contribution to some benevolent society; the loving word and invitation, to paying a minister for preaching and a missionary for looking up the lapsed; the sick visit and angel ministrations are turned over to elders, deacons, and committees. "We have no time for it," the Christian says; oh be honest—and