

but also a broader man than the other, and so he makes the effort to escape from the narrow precincts of Mr. McDonald's enclosure into some broader place. This, however, the other refuses to sanction, for the reason that such an act on his part would not only destroy his whole theology but, as we have seen, root out his very foundation of hope as to future blessedness.

And in this, after all, the first editor has the advantage of the other. If the theological cosmos of the one is small, still it is an explored one, whilst that of the other is not so. The one can define his, whilst the other cannot. Indeed, the latter would shrink from the thought of sending out an exploring party to learn the nature of its unknown parts, from a secret fear that the obtained knowledge would act upon it like the discoveries of Copernicus and Galileo did upon the geographical cosmos of Mediæval times.

And yet, like the editor of the *Christian Guardian* in his recent comments on this same controversy, we cannot but sympathize more with the theory of Dr. Steele than with that of the other, because of its being a mild protest against the gloomy, unnatural horrors of the other.

However, so long as either party conditions personal salvation, to the least degree, on the acceptance of the one or the other theory advocated by these disputants, so long will the spirit of Rome pervade all their writings on the subject, and that from the very necessities of the case.

ONE small life in God's great plan.

How futile it seems as the ages roll,
Do what it may, or strive how it can,

To alter the sweep of the infinite whole ;
A single stitch in an endless web,

A drop in the ocean's flow and ebb.
But the pattern is rent where the stitch is lost
Or marred where the tangled threads have
crossed ;

And each life that fails of its true intent

Mars the perfect plan that its Master meant.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

PITY THEM.

"Surely, surely, there is no worse fate possible for any man than to preach, week by week, any form whatever of dogmatic belief, and to live by it ; surely nothing can be more deadly than to stimulate zeal, to suppress doubt, to pretend certainty."—*Sel.*

WE, however, except many of this class from such sweeping denunciation. For example, where place the men who have become disappointed in the dogmas they once accepted to defend in the pulpit, but who know of none better? True, they are objects for sympathy, but scarcely for denunciation. Is not the philosophy which accepts the ills of the present rather than rush into those we know not of applicable to their case?

Then we have those who, although doubtful concerning their own former beliefs, are still positive that there are none better. Why should one give up what he still believes to be a good thing, although far from the good thing he once thought it to be, for what he thinks is still worse?

Of course, it does look like the path of true honesty for such to frankly own up publicly to the great change in their belief. But there are many plausible arguments against such a course, as anyone will readily discover who looks deeply into the question. The result of such investigation will, in this case also, act more on the sympathies than awaken indignation.

And so it will be easily seen that there is an infinite variety of classes to which the parties described in the above quotation may belong, most of which call for our deepest pity, and very few indeed for unqualified reprobation.

Still, there is a class who trample on the holy of holies in man whilst continuing to preach and teach that in which they themselves have lost faith. Men, who, in cold blood, trade on the conscientious convictions of their fellow men, for sordid gain,