

impure pleasures and indulgences. But it is not fair to charge science and the spirit of inquiry it has awakened with this kind of unbelief, nor impute the motives that actuate such unbelievers to honest searchers after truth, and who in their very honesty have been constrained to call in question beliefs which we hold dear. It has not been with alacrity or joy that many have left the faith of their fathers, but with a poignant suffering and sorrow that they have been driven from the old positions through an intellectual necessity, we might feel inclined to call it disability, of their nature. Listen to one of these men as he describes the process by which he was compelled to abandon what he once believed. "The pursuit of truth is easy to a man who has no human sympathies. But the case is very different with the searcher whose affections are strong, whose associations are quick, whose hold upon the past is clinging and tenacious. He may love truth with an earnest and paramount devotion, but he loves much else also. He loves errors which were once the cherished convictions of his soul. He loves dogmas which were once full of strength and beauty to his thoughts, though now perceived to be baseless or fallacious. He loves the church where he worshipped in his happy childhood, where his friends and his family worship still, where his grey-haired parents await the Resurrection of the Just, but where *he* can worship and await no more. He loves the simple old creed which was the creed of his earlier and brighter days, but which inquiry has compelled him to abandon. The past and the familiar have chains and talismans which hold him back in his career, till every fresh step forward becomes an effort and an agony; every fresh error discovered is a fresh bond snapped asunder; every new glimpse is like a fresh flood of pain poured in upon the soul. To such a man the pursuit of Truth is a daily martyrdom: how hard and bitter let the martyr tell. Shame to those who make it doubly so; honour to those who encounter it, saddened, weeping, trembling, but unflinching still." A warmth of sympathy may yet win such a searcher back. No severity of denunciation will ever frighten him. To meet him only with abuse is only to manifest a fear that he is right. He is a man to whom Truth is as dear as life. We cannot help admitting that science has compelled us to go back to our Bible and re-read it in a new light, and re-interpret it in many a passage, and the re-interpretations have thrown a flood of light, and given a meaning, a power, a beauty that were hitherto undiscovered. Science has compelled us to consider such questions as the authenticity of parts of the Bible, the inspiration of the Bible, the miracles of the Bible, etc., and few are the men who have not been constrained somewhat to modify their views on all these questions; the modification not by any means necessarily lessening, but in much rather deepening faith. We cannot, even if we would. (and why would we?) close the eyes of the people to the new facts of science and history. Printing has brought these within easy reach of all, and it is only natural that one fruit of these should be an