

plation of the grand, solid and eternal VERITIES? Thus is the visible church splintered, crippled, palsied. And councils and synods bewilderedly ask, "What ails her?"

The Inquisition is not *quite* a thing of the past. In several quarters its spirit still breathes, the intellectual thumb-screw still crushes. The faintest deflection from "orthodoxy" subjects the delinquent divine to the wrath of church session, committee or synod. Let him in one denomination, but gently suggest the humane hope—

"That good shall fall,
At last, far off, at last to *all*,"

and lo! a thousand voices yell, "Retract, or resign!" In another he has but to shake his head at "prohibition," and not all the orthodoxy of St. Paul and the sweet godliness of St. John will save him from furious disapproval! In another, let him but recognize "Dissenters" as brethren in Christ, and forthwith is he scouted and labelled, "No churchman"! Truly, as the poet has said, "We are a little breed."

Is there not something seriously remiss in the Church when it looks on in silence as a handful of men acquire the bulk of the wealth of a continent, distilling it from the sweat of struggling millions? It is right to be rich. It is right to be a millionaire. But it is wrong to *grind*. When vast acquisitions are the result of labor