



HOW, WHEN, WHERE AND WHY WE GOT OUR BIBLE.

Another man, who made the Gospels shine brighter and brighter when he thought he was destroying them forever, was Celsus. He wrote a book full of scornful ridicule of what he calls the "writings of the disciples of Jesus," in which the events and teachings of that sacred record are held up to the bitterest sneers and contempt. This book, too, is unfortunately lost; but an ancient historian has preserved extracts from it. These extracts refer to the story of the Wise Men, of the Flight into Egypt, of the Dove at the Baptism, of the Agony in the Garden, of the Thirst on the Cross, and of the Resurrection; as well as to the fact that this Jesus, whom he scorns, was known as "The Word of God," and that He was asked in the Temple to perform miracles.

Celsus is welcome to his very small jest. "The Writings of the Disciples of Jesus" may have been detested by him. They may have been scorned at, and sneered at by him. But what concerns us chiefly at present is, that in order to meet with such treatment at his hands they must at least have *existed*.

And, yet, some men ask us to believe that the Gospels were not written so early; that they were not written by the evangelists; that there were perhaps *some*, but not *four*; that they were not held as sacred; and that they had little influence over the lives of men.

So far, then, we find, beyond all doubt that by the year A. D. 150 or 200 the Gospels were regarded as *sacred*; that their number was *four*; that their place in the New Testament was *first*; and that they had been *translated*.

Now, let us take another event which happened, or which is said to have happened, 150 or 200 years ago from our own time. The man would not have an easy task who undertook to prove that John Milton had never lived, or that his great poem *Paradise Lost* was written by somebody else; that Oliver Cromwell was a myth, and had never been Protector of England; that William Prince of Orange never was born, or that he had never come to England to be made King. And yet, not one of us ever saw Milton, or heard from his own lips the wonderful verse which has charmed so many generations, or fought under Cromwell, or welcomed William. Or, to come to our own country, who could deny that about 150 years ago Canada belonged to France instead of to Britain; that many years before that, Montreal, Quebec, Halifax stood just where they stand now? And, which of us built the first settlement at Halifax, or drove the Indians from their village of Stadacona to found Quebec, or sailed up the beautiful river St. Lawrence with the Sieur de Maisonneuve, or held up the cross for him as he converted the village of Hochelaga into Montreal, and blessed the little colony in the name of the Holy Family, the wild flowers and bursting foliage of the month of May joining their praises with the hymns of his followers?

We simply believe to be true what our fathers believe to be true. Our fathers go back to the beginning of this century. That takes us back to the 18th, the 18th to the 17th, and so on. We do not depend now upon what we hear, or upon writings which are sometimes not very exact. The invaluable invention of printing does all that for us. But we may be sure that the craving for exactness and permanence which compelled men to invent printing, must have compelled men, in the absence of such a blessing, to seek out the very best substitute for it which they could find.

CANADA FOR ME.

Before old England's snowy head
In reverence we bow;
We see the light of centuries shed
Its glory on her brow;
We feel it, that to her we owe
More than our love can pay;
And yet our young life cannot grow
In bonds of yesterday.
'Tis Canada, young Canada,
Canada for me.

The story of old England's deeds
On many a page is writ,
And it must stand as now it reads,
No power can alter it.
Chequered it is with good and ill,
With mercy and with blood;
Ours is unwrought, unwritten still,
And we can make it good.
'Tis Canada, young Canada,
Canada for me.

Nowhere beneath Old England's flag
The slave can live a slave;
No hapless serfs their fetters drag
Where her free banners wave;
And yet the yoke of rank and blood
Sets heavy on her neck,
While our more stalwart freemanhood
Bows but at virtue's beck.
'Tis Canada, free Canada,
Canada for me.

The Lion's roar afrights the earth
And sets the world ashake;
Strong are the nations which their birth
From that strong mother take;
And we who are to manhood grown
Learned from the milk we drew
To face the shafts of fate alone
And a new path pursue.
'Tis Canada, brave Canada,
Canada for me.

Fair are Old England's holy spots
Where poets mused and sang,
Where sprang to birth world-moving thoughts,
Where shouts of freedom rang;
But fairer is the prairie wild
That waits the patriot's tread;
The promise of our Northern child
Is more than England's dead.
'Tis Canada, my Canada,
Canada for me.

Benton, New Brunswick. MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.