

which has linked theology with every science and branch of human knowledge and made it the true *scientia scientiarum*, would that some way might be found to the enemy's heart, enriching Christendom with that which is of more value than all increase of human knowledge, that very heart itself. They tell, in more than one old story of hand to hand engagements, of a sister who, seeing the battle go hard with her brothers, dashed into the fight weaponless and threw her arms about their knightly antagonist. He dared not strike a woman, nor could he free himself from the unwelcome embrace that pinned his sword-arm to his side; so he fell, an honored guest rather than a prisoner, into the hands of his enemies, and, when he went forth again, rejoiced less for his liberty than that his captor had become his bride. Something of this kind we need in the apologetic warfare of to-day, if indeed this day be in such respect different from any other day in the world's history; something that the enemy's manhood will not let him strike and which will cling to him with such a tight embrace that he will be content to link his fate with it forever. You have read the old Arthurian legend that Tennyson has versified, how Galahad and Bors, and Percivale and Lancelot went forth from the hall of Camelot to seek the Holy Grail, and after many a dread experience were rewarded with the wondrous vision. But you nowhere read of Galahad beating Gawaine to his knees, and at the sword's point, bidding the unbeliever swear that he had seen the cup of Arimathea. Again it was the woman, the nun, the sister of Percivale, that with a gentle woman's voice sent him and Galahad on the sacred quest of what she had herself beheld. The heart of Christianity beats in Exegetics, for analyse as you will your Hebrew and Greek constructions you cannot eliminate the grace of the Incarnate Word; in Dogmatics, for all dogmas revolve about the doctrine of the Divine Love as the planets about the sun; in Ecclesiastical History, the record of lives made sublime by faith, hope and charity; in Homiletics, the gift of the golden mouth for winning souls to Christ. Why should Apologetics differ from its sister sciences and arts, and remain beside these graces a cold, stony-eyed Minerva, with crested helmet and dreadful Gorgon's head and threatening shield and spear?

We do not need now to plead for toleration, for the world is very long suffering with many aspects of Christianity. The Church itself has grown weary of an oft unprofitable and never ending polemic, the weapons of which, after a short flashing and clashing in the light, find their limbus in the cobwebby corners of the bookseller's shelves. Life is too short and men are too busy for the scientific systems with their demonstrated propositions that exercised the ingenuity of subtle minds in bygone days. The Apologetic that we need, scientific or in other words truthful, for truth is science and science is truth or it is nothing, scientific in every feature, must be at the same time an art, the noblest of all the arts that call for exercise to the greatest powers, the most cultivated minds of an earnest, vigorous utilitarian age, the art of leading souls to God.

This art is one requiring great wisdom and great pains, but it is far from being encompassed with the difficulties that many Christians and more unbelievers imagine they behold. It would be hard indeed to take in hand a number of careless and half educated opponents of the Truth and make them accurate reasoners or intelligent metaphysicians, scientists or critics. A man or woman may stand very well in the kingdom of God without any such qualifications, valuable as they may be in themselves. This is not the aim of a true Apologetic. The apostle of advanced thought charges the Christian teacher in general with seeking to revive an ancient superstition, to renew a contest over a dead issue, to institute a search after an exploded theory. True it is that Peter the Hermit would find a difficulty in mustering a corporal's guard for a 19th century crusade, and Ponce de Léon would be as badly off in a modern attempt to discover the Fountain of Youth. He might fare little better who should assert the inspiration of the Hebrew vowel points, or the twenty-four hours' duration of the six days of Genesis. But the relation of the soul to God is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Nor is the Apologist's theme a new thing, calling for constant agitation that men may become habituated to its sound. He is to be no

"Poet hidden
In the depths of thought,
Singing songs unhidden
Till the world is wrought,

To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not."

It has the sympathy, felt if not always expressed, of every human heart, for its very theme is the yearning of humanity from the beginning. Let Paul stand on the world's Areopagus and tell us what was truth to the Athenians of 19 centuries back:—"God that made the world and all things therein..... hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation, that they should seek the Lord if haply they might feel after Him and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us." Man was made to seek God as he was made to see and hear, to smell and taste, to feel and speak. He is the friend of man who aids him to find the true object of his search, and he is his worst enemy that would either persuade him to desist from seeking, or endeavour to satisfy him with something less than that which he has been formed to obtain.

That the natural instinct of man leads him to seek the presence of

God, even the positivist, great enemy of the supernatural, is forced to confess. The world, we are told by Comte and his followers, in its progress in knowledge, has passed through two great stages, and has now entered upon a third, that, namely, of positive science, in which no place is found for anything but phenomena, and these the phenomena of the senses. Thus the positivist, who is just the materialist of to-day, believes in no soul, no immortality, no heaven, no God, for these are not things that appear to our sensuous nature. Yet he confesses this is not the original nor the common belief of humanity. The first stage of human thought was the Supernatural, when man saw God in everything, when events in national and individual history were regarded as the interpositions of the world's great judge and benefactor, when He, who is not far from everyone of us, rode upon the wings of the wind and uttered His voice in thunder, or lifted up the light of His countenance in the clear shining after rain. For thousands of years men were content to live in this stage of thought, believing in present divinity immanent in phenomena, whom, however, they degraded by every unworthy conception, until, some seven centuries before the Christian era, philosophy arose in the great seats of old world learning, and a few out of earth's teeming millions of thinkers entered upon the stage called Metaphysical. They did not deny divinity, with a few exceptions, but they removed the supernatural from the sphere of the present in space and time. Phenomena after all were but natural phenomena, yet, natural though they were, they must have a great first cause, and that great first cause was God. The mythologist, the poet, the sculptor, the heathen priest had degraded the heaven-born notion of divinity, but it was reserved for the philosopher to complete that degradation. They indeed had never severed from that notion personality and theophany or revelation, but the philosopher relegated the divine existence to a region far beyond human ken and made it an abstraction, a metaphysical entity, an impersonal thing for logic to conjure by, the unseen and unknown cause of phenomena. It is no wonder that the Positive stage was reached by such a process and the work that metaphysics had commenced completed by the entire removal of God from the sphere of human knowledge. The metaphysician's God is the creation of logic, and by logic it can be annihilated. The God of Locke was overthrown by Hume, and the God of Descartes received its death blow from Kant. The Positivist is perfectly welcome to the graves of all the metaphysical divinities that ever owned a paper existence. But for all that there is a God, whom, through all so-called stages in knowledge, the earnest and truthful are seeking after and finding.

The agnostic now divides the field with the ordinary materialist or positivist, and stretches forth a dissuading hand to stop the search for God. He does not deny the possible existence of the unphenomenal, but maintains that for all practical purposes, as far as we are concerned, it might as well not exist, inasmuch as by our very phenomenal nature we are utterly incapable of comprehending it. Does it not seem a contradiction in terms that there should be a God, an omnipotent and all-wise Creator, and that He cannot make Himself known to His creatures? But let us take the question on the agnostic's own ground. Are we not capable of knowing that which manifests itself in phenomena, and of declaring its existence, though itself be not phenomenal? Does not the very word biology, denoting the great science of the materialist, the positivist, the evolutionist, present to the mind as a subject of knowledge that which no sense can apprehend and which no language can define, what in plain English we call life? Is life a phenomenon? Can you picture it, analyze it, resolve its forces, store it up in your laboratory, or artificially create it? The manifestations of life are phenomena, but not life itself. The poet is right who sees in life something as unphenomenal as God:—

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

Then do we not know the life? Most certainly we do. We know the incomprehensible life, the simplest child as well as the greatest man of science. What have the senses discovered in this connection? They have found protoplasm, the physical basis of life, that which is as necessary to its manifestation to our senses as the rails are to the motion of the locomotive and nothing more. Protoplasm is not life.

Is there anything unscientific, unphilosophical in seeking the source of life—not the metaphysical cause—not that which is itself not life but the creator of it—but the great life which is the infusor of all the minor vitalities that manifest themselves in the world of phenomena? You can watch the upbuilding of the curiously wrought plant or animal as you can trace the growth of an inanimate crystal form, and tell to a nicety whence came all its constituent elements; but whence comes the life, the vital spark? The plant, the living creature, decays, and the chemist will account for every element decomposed; but who shall localize the departed life that bound them all in one? Life again is a thing of degrees—the vegetable, the animal, the rational. It manifests itself in intelligence and will, in taste and morality, and in a spirituality that energizes toward God. Whence these higher forms? They have been evolved out of the lower through countless ages of biological progress, we are told. We go back as far as historic monuments take