

than Thomas
says. "It is
not man, who-
ever, does not
in manner. His
God, is foolish ;
powers are at
the side that
wisdom which
recession only

cannot but feel
it, to illumine
and destitute
thus led and

ceptions of the
enabling powers
which we turn
This I shall

the root of all
there be no God
the world must
large majority
finds from the
the mad dreams
visions of the
of a maniac.
why, the whole
worth naming,
since the time
knowledge of the

sayings and doings of our race. And even to-day upon this supposition, the truth is not known to one man in a million—the rest are still in the darkness of old errors, and misled by the superstition of their fathers. To say the least of it, this is not a pleasant state of things to contemplate, when we take into consideration the unparalleled consolation that religion has in all times brought to the suffering, the friendless and the distressed, the persecuted and the afflicted, the sick and the dying. Not easily will men give up their faith in God until something higher, nobler and better adapted to human needs and human wants be offered in its place. Show us that God is not, and the loss is incalculable. Then shall we feel what has been so graphically described by the great German—Richter—so well rendered into English by Thomas Carlyle. He remarks—it is Christ who is supposed to be speaking—"I went through the worlds, I mounted into the suns, and flew with the galaxies through the wastes of Heaven ; but there is no God. I descended as far as being casts its shadow, and looked down into the abyss, and cried, 'Father, where art thou ?' But I heard only the everlasting storm which no one guides, and the gleaming rainbow of creation hung without a sun that made it, over the abyss and trickled down. And when I looked up to the immeasurable world for the Divine *Eye*, it glared on me with an empty, black, bottomless *eye-socket*, and Eternity lay upon Chaos, eating it and ruminating it. Cry on, ye dissonances ; cry away the shadows, for He is not. The pale grown shadows flitted away, as white vapour which frost has formed with the warm breath disappears, and all was void. And then came, fearful for the heart, the dead children who had been awakened in the churchyard into the temple, and cast themselves before the high form on the altar, and said, 'Jesus, have we no Father ?' And he answered, with streaming tears, 'We are all orphans, I and you : we are without Father.'" Then came loud shrieking of dissonances, parting asunder of quivering temple walls, "grinding press of Worlds, the torch dance of celestial wild-fires," "glimmering souls upon the sea of Death," "void of immensity," "Dead, dumb, Nothingness," "Cold everlasting Necessity,"