

sins," is not a doctrine, but a fact, and the same may be said of the announcement that he "was buried," and of that, also, which completes the gospel, viz: that "he rose from the dead." These are statements of fact, not doctrines, tenets, or deductions of human reason from premises scriptural, or unscriptural; not matters of speculation to engage the intellect, but divine realities to control the heart. Or, it may be compared to the seed which includes and enwraps, but does not display the future plant which it is designed to produce, with its branching stem its verdant outspread leaves, its flowers and fruits. It is this seed of the divine word, in all its intact simplicity, that the true evangelist seeks to implant in the human heart, confident that while "he sleeps and rises night and day," it will "grow up, he knoweth not how," for "the earth bringeth forth of herself first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." But the doctrine, loving religionist must, forsooth, presume himself to unfold that seed, to separate its parts, to give to them a new arrangement, to mingle with them the germs of his own philosophy, and endeavor to implant this bulky and complicated substitute in the minds of men. But this dissection has destroyed the vitality of the seed. It cannot vegetate. On the other hand, it is the germs of human philosophy that grow and flourish in the name and stead of the gospel and faith of Christ. It is this philosophy, this doctrinal opinionism, which, like the larva of a parasite in the body of an insect, feeds upon the gospel into which it has been introduced, until by destroying the life of the truth, and consuming its materials, it has succeeded in effecting its own developement, and in establishing itself in the room of that divine faith which was designed to save the world.

R. R.

Bethphage, Va.

NOTES ON A TOUR.

That we may present some truths to the brethren, and state some facts of which some may not be fully aware, we present the following narrative of a short tour among friends, brethren, and churches in the western part of western Canada.

On June the third, after taking farewell of the friends and brethren of King, we were borne speedily along the iron highway by the power of steam, controled by human skill, till we arrived at Edwardsburgh, a