

propose to worship God in a hall until the need and the means shall come for building a house again; for the promotion of social and church life and work we propose to take a house that shall be a home—open all the day and every day, and for the comfort of each member.

Are we wise in deciding to find riddance from our burdens, and the enlargement of our sphere? I think we are. May I say, without being charged with the sin of vanity, that we have undertaken a special work. We have broken very manifestly with the orthodoxy of the churches—we have boldly declared that religion is reasonable—may be wisely thought, and deeply felt and honestly lived—and have been praying, working and preaching for a revival of religion on the intellectual side. I am satisfied that our churches have lost their hold upon their people—that many of those who attend our services take no heed of them—attending from habit, or from deference to family and friends, but regard it as a painful sacrifice at the shrine of duty. Our prayers do not kindle a spirit of devotion in their hearts—our sermons do not cause them to think more of God and to live more of Christ. Infidelity is more widespread than most of us imagine; there is a spirit abroad which scoffs at our "old foggy" ways and our unreason. Can that be met with convincing argument for God, and religion, and man's justness of life? I am sure it can. But not by overbearing men's reason—not by smiting down their judgment—not by insisting upon manifest impossibilities—but in a manner that shall commend itself to their reason and command their faith. We have not been carrying on this work in the direction of liberality of thought and intelligent belief without results. If I were in the spirit of talking of my work I could tell you of many instances of what has been accomplished which perhaps would surprise some people in Montreal. If you want to know the real value of our work, you will be best able to judge from the misrepresentations, and opposition it has met. If you want to know the amount of influence it has had you will be able to judge of it from the abuse heaped upon us, and the idle gossip which has been indulged in by mean-minded people at our expense. For you may judge of a work by its enemies as well as by its friends. The devil never runs his head against a lamp-post, nor spends his time in stirring up strife against nonentities. Do nothing, say nothing, be nothing more than others—move along in the common ruck of humanity, and nothing will be said of you; you will provoke no criticism, and make no enemies—if spoken of at all they will call you that flavourless, boneless, nerveless mollusc—a *nice man*. But try to do something—try to quicken the blood a little—try and give an old truth new force—set ancient hymns to new music—get inside the house in which the dull spirits dwell and begin to brush down the cobwebs, and throw open the doors to let in the fresh air, and to clean the windows to let in the light, and they will begin to complain of you at once that you are disturbing things, and raising a blinding, choking dust. But you had better clean those windows, and stir the dust, complaining notwithstanding. Never a man yet did good work for God and the people, but he was met by misrepresentation and enmity; any attempt to reform the church is always opposed by the church—as I have been telling you lately, Jesus Christ deliberately broke with the church of His day, and fought against the church, and died at the hands of the most eminent professors of the time. Men and women of the world understood him when Priests and learned Scribes hated Him—the common people heard Him gladly when Rabbis cursed Him at the altar and in the street. Pilate could find no fault in Him—but the archbishop of the day declared Him fit for nothing but a malefactor's death. And from my heart I believe that what is called orthodox Protestantism is not one whit more liberal—one whit less wedded to its creeds and forms—or one whit more prepared to see the working of fresh developments of the Divine plan for the salvation of the world, than was Judaism when Jesus Christ came with His word of emancipation and life. Knowing *that* we need not be astonished that men have at times not spoken well of us and our work.

And that leads me to say that in many respects I am glad of this new departure. For while I am satisfied that while instead of having less social life and less church fellowship, we shall have vastly more, and far better opportunity for doing real church work—we shall have a better opportunity for doing that to which we have set our hands. The conviction has been borne in upon me, and I may as well say it, that I am not well constituted for the work of building upon another man's foundation. I have tried hard to move along in a groove, but it always ended in some erratic outbreaks. I have allowed myself to be harnessed, and promised, and meant to move along as steadily as any old hack on the streets, but it always ended in a break of some kind. We have been putting new wine into old bottles, and the usual result has followed. But still more, I want to be, for a time at least, on neutral ground. Outside of the ordinary rank and file of church-goers there is a class of people who entertain a profound contempt for the churches; they sneer at our humdrum homilies; they smile at our creeds, and use strong language when we speak of church members. They do not scoff at religion; they believe in God, and Justice and Truth—but they do not believe in our dogmas—nor do they admire our exemplification of them in daily life. I want to meet those people and discuss these matters with them. I want to appeal to their reason. I want to give them the conclusions I have reached, and say by what lines of

thought I have moved; to use arguments and not anathemas; to treat them as men and women, and not as children; to ask from them the right to utter freely my own thoughts; to follow truth wherever it may lead, or seem to me to lead; and to give them the right to accept my word or reject it as their own reason and judgment shall dictate. That is work to which we ought to set our hands. As churches we have been content to provide for our own ease and comfort; we have *our* pews, *our* preachers, *our* meetings; but I hold that the first duty of a church is to provide for the preaching of the Gospel to the people. We mount the rostrum to call the righteous to enjoy themselves by hearing their favourite themes discussed, passing by the outside sinners who are not sufficiently advanced in Christianity to rent a pew. Jesus Christ sent His disciples forth to preach, and to teach by preaching; the great apostle declared that by the foolishness of preaching God would save the world. Do you say that by going to a hall for a time it will be making it a preaching station? Very good, I want a preaching station,—a place where people will come to hear a reasonable word of life. Do you say, there cannot be as much church life? I have not yet been able to find what is meant by that, but let me tell you what I mean by church life—meetings for mutual enlightenment, prayer and consultation, and then—work outside—work for the drunkard and the thief, the harlot and the beggar. Do you want to do real church work? then go and try to persuade the infidel, that, at least, he might hear what the preacher has to say; and go to the careless, and the cold; go to the young men, who are drifting into evil ways, and bring them along, and give up your seats to them, if need be. Don't take from other churches, but take from the world of folly and vice, and send them, or take them to whatever church may seem to be most adapted to help them; bring them under genial, gladdening influences—not so much church as *Christian*; let love shine in upon them to chase dark passions out; take them, not into gloom, but into sunshine. Can we do that? We can, and God helping us, we will. There is a great work to be accomplished in the way I have indicated—a work of soul saving—a work of self-saving by saving others. But it will be hard. I expect more misrepresentation—more carping criticism—more imbecile sighing and gossip; and timid people will draw back, preferring their ease some other where; many, not wanting to reduce religion to earnest thought, and prayer, and sentiment, and conduct, will hold aloof; many good, sincere and honest Christians will think it their duty to find fault with us—but courage friends, and face the storm. Tempests root the oak more firmly and harden its fibres. Good soldiers are made, not on the drill ground, nor in the tent, but on the smoking battle-field. Disappointment is the salt of life. Are your hands cold, and is there no fire? then thrust them into the snow, that will warm them. We may wish for ease, but God calls us to service. Up, my friends, and gird yourselves for any duty; meet each trembling moment as it comes with a manful, patient courage and a fervent trust in God. We have a thought of God, of Christ, of man's sin and the way of salvation, of man's responsibility and destiny; let us give it form of speech, and form of life, that we may win the thoughtful and the thoughtless, the vicious and the man of sober habits, by giving to their ears our word of power and peace, and to their eyes our life of uprightness, that by eyes and ears, by speech of reason and of love, and by holy conduct we may win their mind and heart and convert them to truth and to God.

MILK.

Owing it is said to the operation of some of the new regulations of the Metropolitan Board of Works between 2,000 and 3,000 cows have been lately driven out of London. Milk is an article of food which undoubtedly tends much to the comfort of existence. It seems, no less than bread, to be the support, though it cannot with any consistency of metaphor be called the staff, of life. In the "Wisdom of the Son of Sirach" it is mentioned as one of the principal things for the whole use of man, in conjunction with oil and honey, fire and clothing, wine and wheat, and a few more articles equally necessary to our well-being. No more significant expression occurred to the inspired writer of the Pentateuch, to describe a prosperous country, than a "land flowing with milk." The chorus of Bacchantes, in the well known play of Euripides, in their panegyric of Bacchus, forget not to make mention of it. In the good time coming, as they conjecture, the whole earth will flow, so runs their song, with milk, and wine, and the nectar of bees, and a smoke as of frankincense. And so, too, Ovid could think of no sweeter imagery to express the happiness of the golden age before Saturn was sent to Tartarus, than to declare that in those old days all the rivers were of milk.

Most people of the present are accustomed to the consumption of the milk of cows rather than of other animals. In past times a different custom prevailed. Among the Sarmatians milk was understood to be that of the mare. This people milked their mares in the morning, and added flour to make a cake. On festive occasions the cake was enriched with horse's blood. The ancient Hebrews seem to have preferred the milk of the goat to that of any other beast. Jacob's present to Esau of thirty milch camels was a present of milk which occupied perhaps the second place in their estimation. Pliny, indeed, says that camel's milk is the sweetest of all milks when mixed with a certain