

terly magazines are largely pervaded by the subtle poison of this German Pantheism which came first to us by Cousin and Coleridge and then by Emerson and Carlyle. The poison is all the more dangerous because it speaks in a lofty way of God and of "the true, the beautiful and the good." But its God is nature, its Bible is the human consciousness, its eternity a "leap in the dark."

2. Let us give the Word of God its due supremacy in our families and public schools. We stood one evening, many years ago, listening to "Daddy Flockhart," the eccentric street preacher, whose little lamp fixed to the iron railings of St. Giles' Church, Edinburgh, shone out, wet or dry, all through the summer and winter weeks. Above him, Edinburgh Castle reared its head, bearing a-top the huge cannon called "Mons Meg;" below him lay the Cowgate full of Irish-Roman Catholics, some of whom greatly annoyed the good old man, by their Sabbath-breaking, their drunkenness, their profanity, and their gainsaying, sometimes, his discourses. The Cowgate lay like a heavy load on his mind. Talking, one evening, of the Irish Catholics, a bright idea came into the preacher's mind, and he gave it utterance in his own inimitable way, in which solemnity and humor were often largely combined. "If I had my way of it," he said, "I'll tell you what I would do. I would fill Mons Meg with Bibles and shoot them, shoot them down into the *Cowgate*."

Under that grotesque way of expressing missionary work (for Flockhart was an old soldier) there lies a great truth, pressed home on the nations of the world, by Ireland, by France, and now by the experience of Germany.

What Ireland has all along needed is Bibles. The Bible received and obeyed as God's word would have saved France from the last hundred years of riot and revolution. When Germany abandoned, at the bidding of Pantheism, first a personal God, then miracles, and then inspiration, it sowed the seeds of its present disasters, when its rulers dare not venture abroad in daylight for fear of the bullets of the Pantheistic Communists who fear neither God nor man, because there is, in their estimation, neither God, nor sin, nor crime, all beings, events and actions forming the great *All*.