



the Saviour; the other in the body of the Church representing Christ walking on the water.

WAS MOSES MISTAKEN?

From a New Tract, by H.L.H.

THE world is peopled with living, breathing, acting forms. Moses said that God made them; but Moses, we are told, was mistaken. From whence then, did they come? The theory has been advanced that life was generated spontaneously. A barrel of water, set in the sun, is soon teeming with life. But it has been proven by experiment that when you extinguish all traces of life in the water and exclude the floating germs from the atmosphere around, there will be no spontaneous generation. God has filled this world full of life, and earth and air and sea are flooded with its germs; but when you extinguish the life which He has lighted, then it is beyond human power to rekindle it. Life only comes from life. Dead parents cannot produce living children. Dead matter cannot develop living forms. All the men in the world cannot give life to a dead fly. And as for the forces of nature—electricity, magnetism, caloric, and sunshine might act for interminable ages on granite, and acids, and salts, and gravel, and not a blade of grass or a mosquito would be produced. Life comes where the seeds of life are sown; and if we are to find the origin of life, we must trace it back to the Fountain of life, where the Spirit of God brooded over the face of the waters, and where God, having formed man of the dust, "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul."

A French writer tells the story of a young man who, returning from his studies in Paris,—as so many young men return from school, knowing more than they ever did before or ever

will again,—called at the house of a neighbour where he found two young girls twelve and thirteen years old, sitting in the bay window, reading.

"What beautiful romance are you reading so attentively, young ladies?" said the student.

"We are reading no romance, sir, we are reading the history of God's chosen people."

"You believe, then, that there is a God?"

Astonished at such a question one of the girls blushing said, "And you, sir, do you not believe it?"

"Once I believed it, but after living in Paris, and studying philosophy, mathematics and politics, I am convinced that God is an empty word."

"I, sir," replied the girl, "never was in Paris, I never studied philosophy, nor mathematics, nor any of those beautiful things which you know; I only know my catechism; but since you are so learned, and say there is no God, you can easily tell me whence the egg comes."

"A funny question, truly. The egg comes from the hen."

"Which of them existed first, the egg or the hen?"

"I really do not know what you intend with this question, and your hen, but yet that which existed first was the hen."

"There is a hen then which did not come from the egg?"

"Beg your pardon, miss, I did not take notice, the egg existed first."

"O! there is then an egg that did not come from a hen?"

"Beg pardon—that is—you see—"

"I see, sir, that you do not know whether the egg existed before the hen, or the hen before the egg."

"Very well, then, I say the hen."

"Very well, then there is a hen which did not come from an egg; tell me then who made this hen from which all other eggs and hens come?"

"But for what object?"

"Well since you do not know, you will permit me to tell you. He who created the first hen, or if you will have it so, the first egg, is the same as He who created the world. This Being we call God. You, who cannot explain the existence of a hen or an egg without God, still maintain the existence of this world without God."

The young gentleman had taken all the sides there were to that question, there was little else