

from its torpor. And above all the war spirit, which some once thought forever quelled, of late years developing itself again with fierce activity. All these, to some extent peculiar to the present time, are foes, mighty against the Gospel of salvation. But not only so. Man must have a religion of some kind. Many reasons might be named to account for this desire. In ancient times it was and now in Pagan, Mahomedan or Popish countries it is deemed sufficient to supply this craving with some monstrous form of superstition which satisfies the great majority; but where the mind is enlightened, the taste cultivated, and, above all, where the truth is preached, the enemy is wiser. The refined intellect is disgusted with the monstrosities of superstition, and desires something of a more rational character; and the demand is well supplied. Doctrines which are called reasonable are preached. Openly to oppose the Bible might be too rash and hasty, but its foundation truths are quietly put aside. The atonement, the Divinity of Christ, the necessity of regeneration, the power of the Holy Spirit, are denied, and some system of error, gratifying to man's pride adapted to leave him in sin while professing to make him better, is presented and gladly received.

Thus we have the various delusive systems of Unitarianism, Universalism, Rationalism and many others. The mode of attack is changed, but the enemy is none the less deadly. Of late years attacks on Inspiration have been multiplied, and one most striking peculiarity of these attacks is that they come from the sworn defenders of the faith—"wounded in the house of His friends." Error, false doctrine, attacks against Christianity are to be expected from open enemies. Celsus might compare the miracles of Christ with the work of magicians, it was not to be wondered at;—Celsus was a pagan, zealous for the old idolatry. Voltaire might cry, "Crush the wretch." Voltaire was a bold, bitter, blaspheming infidel. The mischief resulting from such attacks is great and baleful; but, less baleful, less mischievous, than we may anticipate when one of the Bishops of England's Church is found assailing the Book of God. When men wearing her garb and deriving their support from her revenues are seen to be denouncing her most important tenets, denying the authority of Revelation, sneering at the doctrines of the Cross. "For it was