

before the eyes of men in the real beauty and greatness of his character, does he not draw all to him? So with God,—show God to men in the loveliness and perfectness of his character, as Jesus taught us to see him, and does he repel any? Does he not sooner or later win all? So too with the Bible. Teach men true, rational, intelligent, worthy views of it, such as our broad-minded, forward-looking, reverent scholars are everywhere more and more teaching, and we need have no fear of infidelity concerning it. Such teaching will save the Bible, and will save the people.

When shall we have a Bible class in Massey Hall that will mean this? Does any one doubt that we need such a class? Does any one question that we have in Toronto Bible scholars equal to carrying it on?

Has not the time come when our churches of all denominations, our ministers, and the professors in our theological colleges, may well unite to maintain such a class, for the instruction of the teachers of all our Sunday Schools, and multitudes of other inquiring minds, in a knowledge of the Bible which will be in harmony with the best and most reverent scholarship of the modern world? Such a Bible class would protect us against such teachers as Mr. Newell. Such a class would be invaluable to all our churches and Sunday schools, to all our young people, to our whole city.

It is high time for all earnest, thoughtful people, who really care for religion, to open their eyes to the fact, that there are now in the world two Bibles. One is the Bible of Mr. Newell and men like him, whose religious thinking is that of the middle ages, when men believed in the Ptolemaic astronomy and a flat earth. The other is the Bible of the reverent, devout, truth-loving scholars of the twentieth century. One is the old and outgrown Bible of tradition and credulity. The other is the new, fresh, living, imperishable Bible of inquiry and knowledge.

The old Bible, of a darker past, is dead,—it ought to be buried. It has done its work. It cannot be brought to life again. It is fortunate that it cannot.

But in its place a new Bible is appearing, which in every way is nobler than the old; which is literature, not dogma; which is as natural as a mother's love or a father's prayers, and as fresh as the unspoiled human heart; in which all incredible stories are softened into legend, in which impossible history is transformed into myth and poetry; in which all low morals and unworthy views of God are seen to be simply the imperfect conception of an early time;—a new Bible which reveals, in a way that finds no parallel in history, the