

minds of many, than some learned work on the evidences of Christianity. A reporter took it down word for word, and the next day it was printed in the *Daily Express*.

While in Montreal, Robert Ingersoll had arranged to deliver one of his lectures in that city. The very evening that he lectured I repeated and commented upon this dream. It was taken down verbatim for the *Daily Witness*, and printed next morning; and I heard incidentally that Robert Ingersoll read it. Would that he had been led, not only to see, but to feel the importance of abandoning those teachings, which, if fully practiced, must result in the ruin of every "Ingersoll City" like the one described.

When I was in Dumfries, in Scotland, in 1861, the infidels sent for a man from Glasgow, as famous for his infidelity in that country, as Ingersoll has been in the United States, to come and fight against the work of grace in progress. I remember that three churches were filled nightly. The work which began there spread over the southern part of Scotland. 'Tis safe to say that many thousands were converted. The infidel lectures of Mr. Baker rather helped than hindered the work. It is well known that a slight head wind drives the mighty engine faster across the ocean, because it intensifies the fire under the boilers. Much prayer was offered that Mr. Baker himself might be converted.

My heart was greatly rejoiced when finally we heard that the Spirit of God had convicted that champion of infidelity of his lost condition, and taught him that there is, indeed, none other name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved but the name of Jesus. He afterwards became a valuable defender of the truth. His sermons were printed in book form in this country, and he lived to win many souls to Christ. God grant that the many prayers offered for Robert Ingersoll, son of a Christian minister, may yet be answered. May we still hear the Lord saying to us, "*Call upon Me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not.*"

Here is Chaplain McCabe's "dream":

I had a dream, which is not all a dream. I thought I was on a long journey through a beautiful country, when suddenly I came to a great city with walls fifteen feet high. At the gate stood a sentinel whose shining armor reflected back the rays of the morning sun. As I was about to salute him and pass into the city, he stopped me and said: "Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?"

I answered: "Yes, with all my heart."

"Then," said he, "you cannot enter here. No man or woman who acknowledges that name can

pass in here. "Stand aside!" said he, "they are coming."

I looked down the road, and saw a vast multitude approaching. It was led by a military officer.

"Who is that," I asked of the sentinel.

"That," he replied, "is the great Col. Robert I——, the founder of the City of Ingersollville."

"Who is he?" I ventured to inquire.

"He is a great and mighty warrior, who fought in many bloody battles for the Union during the great war."

I felt ashamed of my ignorance of history, and stood silently watching the procession. I had heard of a Colonel I—— \* \* \* but, of course, this could not be the man.

The procession came near enough for me to recognize some of the faces. I noticed two infidel editors of national celebrity, followed by great waggons containing steam presses. There were also five members of Congress.

All the noted infidels and scoffers of the country seemed to be there. Most of them passed in unchallenged by the sentinel, but at last a meek-looking individual with a white necktie approached, and he was stopped. I saw at a glance he was a well-known "liberal" preacher of New York.

"Do you believe in the Lord Jesus?" said the sentinel.

"Not much!" said the doctor.

Everybody laughed, and he was allowed to pass in.

There were artists there, with glorious pictures; singers, with ravishing voices; tragedians and comedians, whose names have a world-wide fame.

Then came another division of the infidel host—saloon-keepers by the thousand, proprietors of gambling hells, brothels and theatres.

Still another division swept by; burglars, thieves, thugs, incendiaries, highwaymen, murderers—all—all marching in. My vision grew keener. I beheld, and lo! Satan himself brought up the rear.

High aloft above the mass was a banner, on which was inscribed: "What has Christianity done for the country!" And another on which was inscribed: "Down with the churches! Away with Christianity—it interferes with our happiness!" And then came a murmur of voices that grew louder and louder, until a shout went up like the roar of Niagara: "Away with Him! Crucify Him—crucify Him!" I felt no desire now to enter Ingersollville.

As the last of the procession entered, a few men and women, with broad-brimmed hats and plain bonnets, made their appearance and wanted to go in as missionaries, but they were turned rudely away. A zealous young Methodist ex-