

"In my youth I had been accustomed to hear all non-Christian religions described as 'inventions of the devil.' And when I began investigating Hinduism and Buddhism, some well-meaning Christian friends expressed their surprise that I should waste my time by grubbing in the dirty gutters of heathendom. After a little examination, I found many beautiful gems glittering there; nay, I met with bright coruscations of true light flashing here and there amid the surrounding darkness. Now, fairness in fighting one's opponents is ingrained in every Englishman's nature, and, as I prosecuted my researches into these non-Christian systems, I began to foster a fancy that they had been unjustly treated. I began to observe and trace out curious coincidences and comparisons with our own Sacred Book of the East. I began, in short, to be a believer in what is called the evolution and growth of religious thought. 'These imperfect systems,' I said to myself, 'are clearly steps in the development of man's religious instincts and aspirations—interesting efforts of the human mind struggling upwards towards Christianity. Nay, it is probable that they were all intended to lead up to the one true religion, and that Christianity is, after all, merely the climax, the complement, the fulfillment of them all.'

"Now there is unquestionably a delightful fascination about such a theory, and, what is more, there are really elements of truth in it. But I am glad of the opportunity of stating publicly that I am persuaded I was misled by its attractiveness, and that its main idea is quite erroneous. The charm and danger of it, I think, lie in its apparent liberality, breadth of view, and toleration. In *The Times* of last October 14, you will find recorded a remarkable conversation between a Lama priest and a Christian traveler, in the course of which the Lama says that 'Christians describe their religion as the best of all religions; whereas, among the nine rules of conduct for the Buddhist, there is one that directs him never either to think or to say that his own religion is the best, considering that sincere men of other religions are deeply attached to them.' Now to express sympathy with this kind of liberality is sure to win applause among a certain class of thinkers in these days of universal toleration and religious free trade. We must not forget, too, that our Bible tells us that God has not left himself without witness, and that in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with him. Yet I contend, notwithstanding, that flabby, jelly-fish kind of tolerance is utterly incompatible with the nerve, fibre, and backbone that ought to characterize a manly Christian. A Christian's character ought to be exactly what the Christian's Bible intends it to be. Take that Sacred Book of ours; handle reverently the whole volume; search it through and through, from the first chapter to the last, and mark well the spirit that pervades the whole. You will find no limpness, no flabbiness about its utterances. Even skeptics who dispute its divinity are ready to admit that it is a thoroughly manly book. Vigor and manhood breathe in every page. It is downward and straightforward, bold and fearless, rigid and uncompromising. It tells you and me to be either hot or cold. If God be God, serve him. If Baal be God, serve him. We cannot serve both. We cannot love both. Only one name is given among men whereby we may be saved. No other name, no other Saviour, more suited to India, to Persia, to China, to Arabia, is ever mentioned—is ever hinted at.

"What! says the enthusiastic student of the science of religion, do you seriously mean to sweep away as so much worthless waste paper all these thirty stately volumes of Sacred Books of the East just published by the University of Oxford?