

burnished mirror, we see how to pray, and preach, think, feel and do. The religion of Christ is in the New Testament. Nowhere else do I see it in its spotless purity, its sublime simplicity. Where else shall we find it as *He left it* with us? Nowhere else! The religion He gave us is buried deep in *shams*.

And what have we as its *simulacrum*? A thing without a soul. A conglomeration of jarring interests. *Oneness*—the very life of the visible church—was gone long ago. To-day we see a superabundance of "churches"—really fragments, the *disjecta membra*, of the Church. Sects and "denominations" everywhere; all in a state of chronic rivalry. Would not a still more felicitous title be "*denominators*," as showing the number of parts into which the unit is divided? There is no lack, either, of war-notes, called sermons—no scarcity of dogmas, opinions, "views": any quantity of "polemics," *i.e.*, theological pugilistics, speculations about another world, to the neglect of fitness for it or this: speculations as to the flowery fields and "golden streets," whilst earth bristles with brambles demanding the ploughshare; and the mire of sin is deep on all her highways. No lack of devices how to "get to heaven" without losing one square inch of earth! No scarcity of societies, bazaars, church-meetings, fussy activities, leaving little leisure for quiet thought and real God-