

ing. A river to the Hindu is a living thing, with a power and an intelligence of its own. It listens to, and sympathizes with, and answers mortals, when they appeal to it in their distresses, and rejoices in their joys and accepts their thanksgivings, while yet they have no temples or priests to profit by the illusion.

Sir John Malcolm has gathered all the lands immediately east of Scinde into one group called Central India. This district contains a superficial area of 350,000 square miles. Jessalmere and Merwar being the low or valley portions, while Agmere, Oodypore and Malwa are on the high or table-land. In Malwa is Indore state or principedom, with an area of 8,000 square miles, and a population of about half a million. Of Indore state the city of Indore is the capital, and here also resides the real king of all the central provinces, viz., the agent to the Governor-General, or British Resident. Touching Indore is the native state of Gwalior with an area of 33,000 square miles, and a population of 3,000,000 souls. Bhopal, an adjoining Mohammedan state, contains full a quarter of a million people; there are several other lesser states; and in all that vast field, besides the few missionaries at Indore we have only one other European at work, viz., Mrs. Warren, at Gwalior. Since the death of her noble husband, Rev. Joseph Warren, D.D., she has, single handed, with her catechists and teachers, bravely taken up the work he laid down when death called him. One woman to three millions of people! I need scarcely remark she is an American Presbyterian.

Gwalior lies on the low ground and reaches up the mountain side until it touches Indore. Its climate is one of extreme heat, and it is liable to fierce sand storms from the desert. Indore, upon the plateau, 2,000 feet above the sea, and as the crow flies only a little over seventy miles from the sea coast of Goudgerat, has a climate dry and invigorating, with nothing approaching either the heat of summer or the cold of winter experienced by the dwellers on the plains. Of course it is malarial both at the commencement and termination of the rains. M. F.

(To be continued.)

THE "BYSTANDER" AND CHRIST.

In a late number of the "Bystander" Prof. Goldwin Smith has given a remarkable extract from a recent work of M. Renan. Having quoted a sentence from Christ's conversation with the woman of Samaria, Renan exclaims, "On the day on which Jesus spoke these words He was truly the Son of God. He uttered for the first time the saying on which the edifice of religion will last forever. Not only was His religion that day the religion of humanity, it was religion in the absolute sense; and, if other planets have inhabitants endowed with reason and morality, their religion cannot be different from that which Jesus proclaimed by the side of Jacob's well." Prof. Smith gives this quotation in evidence that Christianity and religion need not perish even though we surrender—as Renan has done—our faith in the dogmatic and supernatural. "Even though, under the destructive touch of criticism, the woman of Samaria, the well, the very speaker Himself, should disappear, or become doubtful forms in the mist of legend, the truth of the words spoken would remain. It would remain even if we could be constrained to believe that they were the utterance of an unknown teacher recorded by an unknown hand."

We would like to know what Rationalists gain by the hypothesis that the supernatural must be eliminated from the Gospel narrative. According to them the stories of the incarnation, the miracles, the resurrection and ascension of our Lord, are only myths that gradually clustered around the name of some merely human teacher. Modern criticism has destroyed all faith in the historical character of these miraculous incidents. Well, leave these out of account, and what difficulty is the sceptic relieved from? *Scripta litera manet*. The words spoken by Christ, the truths taught, still remain. The Rationalist tells us that no testimony, save that of his own senses, will suffice to convince him that a miracle has occurred. We cannot now show him the miracles of Christ, but we can let him hear the gracious words that proceeded out of His mouth. What is the character of Christ's teaching? Such—even our enemies themselves being judges—as never before nor since has been heard among men. A sentence, thrown out casually in a passing conversation, is, according to M. Renan, the

"foundation of the absolute religion." This unknown teacher for the first time announced, and that too in the most simple, incidental, almost unconscious way, the truth on which all intelligent beings, whether in this or in other worlds, must build their faith and worship! And this truth announced by Christ is no solitary instance. It is but one of many. "There are a hundred more elsewhere as worthy of our wonder." All through the record of His teaching and that of His disciples, we find others quite as profound, as original, as striking and sublime, as that one singled out for praise from the conversation by Jacob's well.

It is not long since the destructive critics would have had us believe that the books of the New Testament had been compiled in the second or third century of the Christian era. They have been compelled on closer investigation to shift forward the date of publication to a much earlier period. We believe that all who are candid and competent judges acknowledge that many of the epistles are without a doubt genuine apostolic documents; and that the gospels must have been written not later (and probably earlier) than 70 or 80 A.D. We have then documents attesting all the great facts in the life of our Lord, issued very near to the time when these miracles occurred.

Is it credible that, in such a brief space as that intervening between the death of Christ and the issue of the first books of the New Testament, so many myths and legends could have gathered around the name of Jesus—could have gone into universal circulation—and been held with such undoubting assurance, and such fervid and passionate devotion, that, everywhere, martyrs were ready to suffer to the death in attestation of their faith?

But even if we surrender the question of the supernatural to the extent demanded by the Rationalist, does he get quit of his difficulties? Separate, as Prof. Smith suggests, the sayings of Christ from the miraculous incidents of His life—are we not compelled to recognize in these sayings of His the voice of a God? *Never man spake like this Man*. It is folly to say that His teaching could have had a merely human origin. We know what genius and talent can accomplish. We know what to expect from culture and training. And we fearlessly assert that no amount or quality of human effort or natural endowment will account for the teaching of Jesus. His discourses, as well as His doings, demand the hypothesis of a superhuman and divine origin. Who can believe that a poor Galilean peasant, hedged in from infancy by every sort of narrowness and prejudice; without books or training or intercourse with the world; one, too, who had to labour for His daily bread, who can believe that such a one could have excogitated a system of doctrine and duty such as we have in the New Testament, a religion adapted not merely to his own time and country, but fit to be preached "among all nations," and in all times—nay even, according to the French sceptic, among all the inhabitants of the most distant parts of God's universe? The calm judgment of unprejudiced inquirers revolts against the sceptical theory, and finds it far more easy to believe that Jesus was what He claimed to be, and what many converging lines of argument prove, "God manifest in the flesh," and our Saviour.

We cannot but wonder at Professor Smith's present attitude towards Christianity; and we deplore the results that are likely to ensue from his later writings. Why will he go on asserting that modern science has completely disproved the inspiration of the Old Testament, when many most eminent scientists, refusing to be carried away with theories that have a temporary popularity, still cherish it as divine? Why should he continue to assert that modern criticism has destroyed the historical character of the New Testament, when the genuineness and authenticity of the greater number of its books are as unassailable as those of any other works that have come down to us from antiquity? W. M.

MOVEMENT IN THE CHURCH OF ROME.

REV. FATHER CHINQUY.—Dear Brother in Christ,—You have, doubtless, heard and read something of the Independent Catholic Church. As one of the priests engaged in this cause of religious freedom and independence of Romanism, and as pastor of the only church of our organization, I beg to invite you to visit us and observe what we are doing. Should you desire to lecture and preach in the city the coming

season, every facility will be afforded you. We have a very fine church in the heart of the city, large crowds attend all our services and especially our evening meetings. During the last year Father McNamara and I have addressed more than 150,000 persons on this movement, in this city and in Boston. Half that number were Roman Catholics, principally Irish of course. Without the Irish element the Italian Church would present a very sorry figure to-day. We, Irish Catholic priests, seek to lead our people out of that false system of Christianity into the truth as it is in Jesus.

Come and observe our methods. They are novel and striking and eminently successful. During the last ten months I personally received the names of three hundred persons out of Rome into the church. *New York, July 27th, 1880. J. A. O'CONNOR.*

REV. J. A. O'CONNOR.—Very dear Brother in Christ,—Your kind letter of the 27th inst. is before me. It was addressed to Montreal, Canada, when my place of residence is now in my colony of Illinois, Kankakee county, which I founded in 1851, and where I left the errors of Popery with my whole people in 1858.

Since the day that our great God selected Father McNamara and yourself as the blessed instruments of His mercies toward so many precious souls, I have followed your progress with the greatest interest and spiritual joy, and I have desired many times to make his and your personal acquaintance. But, these last two years, the hand of Providence had taken me to the distant lands of Australia and New Zealand, from which I returned only lately.

I accept with gratitude and pleasure the honour you confer upon me by your invitation to unite my feeble efforts to your great labours in that part of the vineyard of the Lord, which the good Master has entrusted to your care. Be sure of it, I will consider it a great privilege to be allowed to work and fight side by side with two of the noblest soldiers whom the great Captain of our salvation has enrolled under His banner in New York.

Allow me to ask you to pray at the mercy-seat for the work to which I am determined to consecrate the few days which are in store for me.

You know as well as I do that there are hundreds, I dare say thousands, of honest and intelligent priests who are absolutely disgusted with the lies, superstitions, idolatries, and immoralities of Rome. Their minds are troubled and their hearts sad, for, day and night, they hear the mysterious voice which troubled the soul of Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus: "Saul, Saul, why dost thou persecute Me?"

"Why do you preach doctrines in which you do not believe? Why do you sit in that confessional box which you know well to be a snare and a pit of perdition to you and to your female penitents? Why do you make your poor deluded people adore a god which you well know to be nothing else but a contemptible wafer? Why do you uphold the sacrilegious pretensions of that bishop whom you know to be the most heartless tyrant and the vilest impostor? Why do you not break that degrading yoke which binds you to the dust, to accept and follow and preach the glorious and divine Gospel of Christ which will make you free and pure and happy as the angels of God?"

Yes, you know it, thousands of priests hear these voices, and with Paul they cry, "What must we do? Where can we go? If we make a step outside the filthy ways where the Pope drags our enslaved souls and intelligences, we will fall on the ground bruised and wounded, if not killed by his thunders! . . . Cursed by the Pope and his 200,000,000 slaves, hounded as the vilest of men and the most wicked of rebels, we will become outcasts all over the world! What must we do? What can we do?" cry those thousands of priests to God, "in order to become the free children of light, the happy redeemed of Christ?"

Is it not quite time that the echoes of this wicked world should be forced to repeat to those distressed priests the dear Saviour's answer to Saul, "Go to such a place; there you will find a home and shelter against the rage and malice of the enemy; there you will find a friend who will press you on his bosom; there you will find an Ananias who will tell you what to do."

That work is much above my means. But the good Master for whom we work is rich. He will speak to those of His children, all over the world, to whom He has entrusted His treasures of gold and silver, and they will come to our help.

What can we not expect if several hundred converted