

know why but it so happens that you shoot through a dreary, ghostly, rattling tunnel, and then there is the terminus, and your father there, or your wife on the platform, or some of the children, and then the embrace and the kiss and the hearty welcome.

We are going through the tunnel, and at the end of it is the terminus, and, please God, we shall soon be there. It may be dark and noisome and spectral, and a little awesome and fearsome at times. Sing. Sing this Psalm of heart-confidence, and the shadows will become somewhat luminous with the glory that is about to reveal itself—the light of heaven, our eternal home.—  
MCNEILL.

### THE BIBLE THE REVELATION OF GOD.

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 sceptics who dispute its divinity are ready to admit that it is a thoroughly manly book. Vigour and manhood breathe in every page. It is downright 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 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? No, not at all, nothing of the kind. But we warn every missionary that there can be no greater mistake than to force these non-Christian Bibles into conformity with some scientific theory of development, and then point to the Christian's Holy Bible as the crowning product of religious evolution. So far from this, these non-Christian Bibles are all developments in the wrong direction. They all begin with some flashes of true light, and end in darkness. Pile them, if you will, on the left side of your study table, and place your own Holy Bible on the right side—all by itself—all alone—and with a wide gap between.

And now, with all deference to the able men I see around me, I crave permission to tell you why, or at least to give two reasons for venturing to contravene, in so plain-spoken a manner, the favourite philosophy of the day. Listen to me, ye youthful students of the so-called Sacred Books of the East; search them through and through, and tell me, do they affirm of Vyaso, of Zoroaster, of Confucius, of Buddha, of Muhammad, what our Bible affirms of the Founder of Christianity,—that He, a sinless man, was made sin? Zoroaster and Confucius, and Buddha and Muhammad, one and all bade men strain every nerve to get rid of sin, or at least of the misery of sin, but do their sacred books say that they themselves were sinless men made sin? Understand me, I do not presume to interpret the proposition put