

THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK ABROAD

By EMILY FERGUSON

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

London, Jan. 15th.

EVERY Thursday, I go to the City Temple, to hear Dr. Joseph Parker, and each time I am more impressed by his trenchant utterances and strong personality. A craggy, leonine head, with a tawny mane of hair, a massive outline of countenance upon which sixty years have printed their tale, and a broad majestic forehead give him a great dignity of appearance. He is dramatic in gesture, and speaks as one having authority. Sometimes his voice drops to a whisper, and again, it is raised in ringing emphasis. He has a vigorous vocabulary, and a sense of most exquisite irony.

Yesterday he preached on Eccles. vii., 25 and 29. "Men," he said, "have always sought to know a reason. It was so in a memorable interview, in a memorable garden. Ah, Eve! nothing between you and complete success, *but just one mouthful of fruit*. Yes, Eve! You will know all about metaphysics and physiology and psychology. You will get behind the north wind. Eat and be defied! Man has always sought a philosopher's stone, a lost key, a missing link. He is a foolish man who prys too much into the reason of things. Light is only one syllable, but it holds all literature as a dewdrop holds the sun. We cannot explain God: He comes to us in condescension. He lays His glory by, that we may not be afraid. Comprehend God! We cannot measure beyond our arithmetic, and at times it goes mad, and our minds fail to comprehend its jibber and jabber, and immeasurable cipher. We try to

climb the stars when we have no ladder. Why not say, 'I am five feet high, and beyond that I cannot reach, except part of the length of my own arm. If ever I walk on the stars, it will be God's good time, but in the meanwhile, life is duty.'"

"True, God is a mystery, but a mystery of supreme light, but we must choose between a mystery of light and a theory of darkness. The negative is more troublesome than the positive. No prison is so awful as darkness. God did not say there was a God. He would have belied His credentials. He assumed God. He did not say, 'You must pray.' He assumed the religious nature of man and said, 'When ye pray.' We degrade the sanctuary when we preach regarding the existence of a God. We satisfied ourselves of that before we built the church. We did not build the church to prove it. In the dim path of the search for truth, the place for us to halt, is Faith, 'Lord increase our faith.'"

Dr. Parker sent us away with the words of this benediction ringing in our ears: "Mercy, Truth, and Faith, the threefold gift of the Triune God, teach us to know the reason of things." The congregation, which is made up of all sorts and conditions of people, frequently applauded his burning words. The singing is always hearty. Indeed, I am constantly struck with the singing powers of the chapels as compared with the churches.

The pulpit, which was presented to the Temple by the Corporation of the City of London, is a beautiful thing of colored alabasters, *lapis lazuli*, cornelian, and malachite. The stained windows do not display the usual saints with impossible drapery, splay feet, goggle eyes, and dis-