

record of God's dealing with men. The first lesson they must learn is not to take their business too seriously. The next lesson they must learn is to take it seriously enough. They must strive, with all their might, to find out God, and at the same time be fully convinced that they cannot formulate the idea within the limits of any dogma.

It is the business of theology to help people in their efforts to believe what they have always believed, by making the transference of thought to new ideas so easy, that they do not become aware that the old is entirely replaced by the new, as a good bee-keeper would transfer his swarm to a new hive, when the old had become overcrowded or infected. In this, the theologians of our generation have failed us. They have allowed the people to scatter in the highway, which is not a favourite resort for the spirit of religion; or, like obdurate mariners, they held their course too long and cast away the ship. The history of religion must take account of the continuity of human experience. Christianity, itself, is merely a phase of human life, and the various forms under which we see it are merely phases of Christianity. This is a business with which religious men of the second class—those who are not really poets and creators—may profitably occupy themselves, to establish the identity of the new with the old, and the unity of the present with the past, to bring present knowledge into harmony with old surmise, and bind the ages, each to each, in piety.

It is a work of necessity, and not of piety alone, to save the old theology by transforming its meaning into terms agreeable to the modern mind. Theology must be rewritten continually, and that in terms of poetry. A new symbolism must be created. But how shall this be done? The unknown author of the Epistle to the Hebrews has shown us the way. The burden of his song is that the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, which had shined in men's hearts, is contained in earthen vessels. These might perish, but the treasure remained. The old, for him, had passed away. The mystical powers of a hereditary priesthood