

If, as our hearts tell us, there is a Supreme Being, he cares for us ; he knows our perplexities ; he has his plan. If we seek truth, he will enable us in due time to find it. Whether we find it cannot matter to him ; it may conceivably matter to him whether we seek it.

The reader will look for no attempt to discuss recondite questions, documentary or historical. Nothing is attempted here beyond the presentation of a plain case for a practical purpose to the ordinary reader.

It may be thought presumptuous in a layman to write on these subjects, though his interest in them is as great as that of the clergy. Would that the clergy could write with perfect freedom.

TORONTO, January, 1897.