

Gospel "a theosophic romance of the first order"? He does his best to show that Christ never preached the "Sermon on the Mount," nor uttered what is known as the "Lord's Prayer." He will not reject the idea of Christ's resuscitation after a prolonged swoon, but discards all thought of a resurrection from death. The dissecting-knife is so freely applied to the records of Christ's life that we have no longer a symmetric form before us, but a mangled mass of fragments. We would therefore ask, most deferentially, where is the "undefiled spring" to be found, at least by those who have not the Professor's culture? One might say, "Surely that beautiful silver stream, bright with all its 'blesseds,' is the spring where I am to drink." No, says the Professor, not there; Mark does not relate it, so Christ cannot have said it. Is this not somewhat cruel, to ask "the people" to drink, and then tell them they cannot possibly know what to drink till they ("the people") have mastered the latest results of the "Higher Criticism"? This inconsistency, not uncommon in many minds, is between thought and feeling, and is evidence how much our hearts need the story of the Cross. Criticism may lead some minds to doubt details, but the heart feels that its longings can only be satisfied by a some one more than man, and so these sceptics cling to the Christ, even in their very rejection of Him.

OUR GREAT SALVATION AND OUR LITTLE EARTH.

Old at least as the time of David is the thought, "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?" If that were the natural feeling of the Psalmist when he imagined that the earth was the centre of the universe, how much more pressing does it become now, when our little world is placed in her right position, as a very small orb indeed amid countless mightier ones? If "geocentric" Christianity were improbable, how much more improbable becomes "heliocentric" Christianity. On the first blush the difficulty does not seem