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Under the Direction of the Upper Canada Bible Society.

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1890.

TO THE OFFICERS OF BRANCHES.

The Permanent Agent, Rev. J. G. Manly, has commenced the visitation of the Branch Societies in the field assigned to him for this year, which includes all east and north-east, with a portion north, of Toronto; and as the Provisional Agents appointed to visit the Branches west of Toronto are now making arrangements for their work, it is earnestly desired that the officers of the various Branches will endeavour to arrange for the holding of their annual meetings in regular course, so that each Agent may be enabled to accomplish the work in his district without being obliged to go over the ground a second time, causing extra travelling, and additional expense. In order to facilitate the arrangements of the Agents the officers of the Branches are respectfully urged to respond promptly to all communications received from Agents, and thus materially assist in this arduous work.

Six Agents have been appointed to visit Branches and organize new Branches in Manitoba and the North-West Territories, so that aggressive work may be anticipated in that section this year.

Colportage work is being carried on with marked success by our faithful Colporteurs. During the past five months the following sales have been made:

	BIBLES.	TESTIM'TS.
Mr. Cromar, in Counties Bruce and Grey.....	258	235
Mr. Dean, in County of Kent.....	199	291
Mr. Lockhart, in Counties Frontenac and Addington.....	163	210
Mr. Sinclair, in Muskoka and Parry Sound.....	199	210
Mr. Armstrong, in Simcoe and Victoria.....	318	352
Mr. White, in Algoma.....	367	385
Given away free by the Colporteurs.....	78	234

A special engagement was made with Mr. Thos. Paton (formerly Agent for the British and Foreign Bible Society in China) for a few months' work along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway between Calgary, N.-W.T., and Vancouver, B.C. Although Mr. Paton's sales were not very large, his personal contact with so many persons who have not had the benefit of Sabbath services for lengthy periods, as well as his visits to the men employed in constructing railways, at cattle ranches, mines and canneries, and especially among the Chinese and Italian labourers, will, we trust, be productive of much good. The principal sales were made to the Chinese, over 1,700 copies of the Scriptures or portions in their own language having been sold and distributed in a short time, the English-speaking portion of the community being pretty well supplied with the Scriptures, yet through force of circumstances and surroundings, it is feared that the Bible is but little used, while in many places and in various ways the Sabbath day is desecrated, if not entirely ignored. The urgent need in that vast section of our country seems to be regular Sabbath services, spiritual instruction and Gospel ordinances. Shall we not do our part in the endeavour to supply those needs, and assist in saving thousands of our fellowmen who are like shipwrecked passengers in open boats, helplessly drifting on the mighty ocean?

BOARD MEETINGS.

The regular monthly meeting was held on Tuesday, the 15th April, the Rev. Dr. Potts in the chair. The Rev. Robert Wallace led the opening devotional exercises, after which the minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed. A report from the Agency and Colportage Committee was submitted and adopted. Letters were read from the British and Foreign Bible Society, thanking the Board for the handsome remittances received; from Mrs. John Macdonald, thanking the Directors for their resolution of sympathy with her in the loss of her husband, the late Hon. John Macdonald; and from the Rev. Arthur J. Cobb, applying for a grant of Bibles for free distribution in a poor settlement in Parry Sound District. Thirty-six Bibles were granted. A statement of Financial Receipts for the fiscal year 1890-'91 was submitted by the Permanent Secretary, showing a gratifying increase in revenue over any former year.

The Permanent Secretary reported that all arrangements for the Annual Meeting to be almost complete. It was decided to request the Permanent Agent, Rev. J. G. Manly, to give at the annual meeting some information respecting his work on behalf of the Society.

The meeting was adjourned to the 29th April, to receive draft of Annual Report, and was dismissed with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Thomas.

The adjourned meeting of the Board took place on the 29th April, Dr. Geikie, in the chair. The meeting was opened by the Rev. J. J. Hill leading in prayer, and reading from the Scriptures.

The Minutes of the meeting of the 15th inst. were read and approved.

Letters were submitted from Rev. J. Cobb, of Parry Sound District, and the Secretary of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of Sault Ste. Marie, thanking the Board for its donations of Scriptures to them. The Treasurer, Mr. John K. Macdonald, submitted a report of the finances of the Society for the past year, showing a net balance of \$5,288.81 at credit, which was appropriated as follows:—

£600 stg. on account of purchases from the British and Foreign Bible Society.

£400 stg. as a grant to the Parent Society for general purposes.

\$500 as a grant to the Quebec Auxiliary Bible Society.

The Permanent Secretary submitted a draft of the report of the Society for the year just ended, which was adopted, and ordered to be printed for distribution at the annual meeting. It was resolved that the Secretaries write to the Branches which had not reported operations during the year, and that if desirable the Permanent Agent visit them in order to keep alive in them their interest in the work.

The list of Office-Bearers and Directors for the ensuing year 1890-'91, and the programme of proceedings at the annual meeting, were both approved.

A resolution of condolence with Mr. Thos. McCracken, one of the Directors, for the loss of his wife, was passed. It was resolved to adjourn till June unless pressing unforeseen business should make a meeting before that time necessary.

The Rev. Professor Gregg closed the meeting with prayer.

The Directors' monthly meeting was held on 17th June, the Rev. Robt. Wallace in the chair. The opening devotional exercises were led by the Rev. Chas. Duff.

The minutes of the meeting of the 29th April were read and confirmed. The Society's solicitor submitted the joint lease from the U. C. Bible and U. C. Tract Societies of premises, No. 106 Yonge Street, to Mr. Riordon, which was approved and returned to the solicitor to have it signed. Letters were submitted from the British and Foreign Bible Society and from the Quebec Auxiliary Bible Society, for the liberal donations made to them.

The Permanent Secretary presented a detailed statement of the remittances made to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Montreal and Quebec Auxiliary Bible Societies during the past year. Letters were read from Mr. Thos. Paton, accepting the appointment of Colporteur in British Columbia; and from John S. Waterfield, applying for work as Colporteur. Both letters were referred to the Committee on Agency and Colportage. A donation of \$50 was received from William Mason, Esq., of Weston, who was made a life-member of this Society. An application from the Methodist Missionary Society for a grant of Scriptures to the Norway House Indian Missions, N.-W. T., was read, and the grant made. The Standing Committees for the year 1890-91 were named, and the Auditors appointed. The Rev. Mr. Burton and Messrs. Hoyles and Evans, having announced their intention of visiting London during the summer, they were requested to call on the Parent Society's officials and convey to them the cordial salutations of the Board. It was resolved that the meeting adjourn till the third Tuesday in September, unless called under emergency by the secretaries.

The Directors separated after Benediction pronounced by the Rev. H. Grasett Baldwin.

The September meeting was held on the 16th, the Rev. Professor Gregg, D.D., in the chair.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed. The Permanent Secretary announced the death of the Rev. Drs. Castle and Rose, both Vice-Presidents of this Society, and read a letter from the Senior Honorary Secretary, Mr. Warring Kennedy, in connection with these events. It was decided that, in conjunction with the Rev. Manly Benson, the Secretaries should prepare and forward a letter of condolence to the relatives of the Rev. Dr. Rose; and in conjunction with Rev. Dr. Thomas, also prepare and forward a similar letter to the relatives of the Rev. Dr. Castle.

A report from the Agency and Colportage Committee was submitted and adopted.

The Permanent Secretary reported the receipt of the following bequests: From Mrs. Jane Laycock, \$100, per Ignatius Cockshutt, Esq.; from Mrs. Barbara McCrmack, \$20, per Mr. G. A. Lacy; also a special donation from

Mr. Thomas Kirkpatrick of \$105, per Rev. Dr. Reid. It was resolved to add Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick's names to the list of life members of this Society.

Mr. James Thomson was appointed Collector for this Society in Toronto during the current year. The usual routine business was disposed of, and the Directors dispersed, after prayer led by the Rev. Manly Benson.

Bible Society Recorder.

TORONTO, 1ST OCTOBER, 1890.

U. C. BIBLE SOCIETY ANNUAL SERMON.

PREACHED BY THE REV. C. J. LITTLE, D.D., OF SYRACUSE, N.Y., IN THE BROADWAY TABERNACLE (METH.), TUESDAY, 20TH MAY, 1890.

And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.—JOHN xii. 32.

The most remarkable prophecies about Jesus Christ are those made by Himself. He predicted, for instance, that He would rise from the dead, and lo! once every year the Easter anthems of mankind repeat the story of His triumph over death. He predicted that after His departure from the earth a comforter would come to keep alive His name and multiply the power of His disciples: and lo! the pentecostal flames that played about the heads of His chosen ones have never ceased since then to stir the hearts of mortal men; the spirit still beareth witness at the birth of every child redeemed to God and to himself. He declared also that He came to bring a sword and not peace, and lo! for centuries the struggles of mankind have raged around His name. He declared that the stone which the builders rejected would become the head of the corner, and behold our modern life is built upon His teachings, and our modern progress is sustained and quickened by His transforming power. And He predicted in the words of the text, that lifted up from the earth,—crucified by men for men—He would draw all men unto Him—He, the Galilean carpenter, without wealth, without arms or soldiers, with no attractions for the senses, and no enticements for the lust and pride of men, and behold it has surely come to pass. How preposterous it would seem if it had not been fulfilled! What a laughing stock, then, were Jesus for the scoffers of the highway, and how preposterous these predictions, anyhow, for any son of man unless he had been also the son of the living God? Now, in treating of the fulfilment of these words, I desire to show two things:

1. That, wherever and whenever the Jesus of the Bible has been declared and manifested among men, they have turned towards Him for life and power. This I shall try to show by touching upon the struggles of the Cross with the Roman empire, with the ancient philosophy, with the barbarism of our German forefathers, with the returning paganism of the middle ages which provoked the Reformation, with the sensualism of the eighteenth century, which was confronted with the great revival.

2. I desire to show that in proportion as men have turned to Christ, they have been lifted up into His own glorious being, that just as far as humanity has apprehended and comprehended the meaning of His incarnation and His death, has humanity been wrought again into His glorious image and inspired with His divine mind. And thus I hope to show by a brief comparison of

the moral forces of society as it existed when He came with the forces operating in the society of which we are a part.

One of the early Christian apologists laid great stress upon the fact that the appearance of Jesus in Jerusalem was nearly co-incident with the foundation of the Roman empire under the Cæsars, and urged that the glory and permanence of the one was dependent upon the shelter and protection it might offer to the other. This kind of speculation upon the relation of Christianity to the Roman empire has been indulged in by Christian writers to the top of their bent, so difficult is it for men to find place in their thoughts for any kind of dominion that declines the use of external pressure and works wholly by spiritual agencies. Far from needing the Roman empire either as a shelter or a stimulus to its development, the Gospel was from the start the deadliest foe of all that empire represented. History presents amid its many surprises no more striking contrast than this simultaneous appearance of Christ the redeemer of men, and Cæsar the saviour of Roman society, of the kingdom that is within, and the empire that cometh by observation of the service that is perfect liberty and the apotheosis of brute force. The instincts of the persecuting emperors never went astray. This dead Jesus who could command such allegiance was more potent for mischief than Scythian or Celt or German. Force could be vanquished by superior force, but this subtler enemy moved among their subjects like a disembodied spirit, everywhere present and everywhere invulnerable. Sheer cowardice and ferocity may have moved Nero to his tortures, but a surer presentiment of danger, the uneasy consciousness of an overshadowing power, whose roots had struck down deeper than they could delve, alone explains the intensity of the emperors in the later struggles. Despising the Gospel at first they advanced from contempt to wonder, from wonder to alarm, and from alarm to hatred in their dealings with the new faith. The struggles then begun have been renewed again and again.

The system of repression, of serving the world by force, of reorganizing society from without, is even to-day believed in alike by statesmen and doctrinaire. Imperial coteries and socialistic clubs agree in this, if in nothing else, that the remedy for all evils is to be found in force externally applied in new machinery, which is somehow or other to develop its own motive power. If the Son of Man were to come to-day he would find but little faith on the earth in the threshold principle of his teaching, that except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God, a principle in which lies the prophecy of all individual possibilities and the secret of all social regenerations—for if you take care of the units the masses will take care of themselves. It is a strange conception of the Gospel which leads men to attribute to such human accidents as Constantine or Clovis or Charlemagne a triumph which they probably did more to retard than to accelerate; which mistakes the politic acquiescence of a great chief for the regeneration of a whole people, and which, from the partial disappearance of the Pagan ritual and the partial transformation of the Pagan temple, infers the entire transformation of the Pagan character; which mistakes the patronage extended to a subservient organization for the triumph of a new principle and the statesman's attempt to capture and employ a growing power for the new birth of an entire empire. But singular as such a conception is, it is no more surprising than that notion of early Christian history which leads men to think that the disciples of Jesus owe anything to imperial patronage. On the contrary, in all their struggles against the empire they had but one victorious secret—their power of preaching and of realizing Christ. They were stronger than the emperor, because they could do without the emperor, and his very hostility made them increase and multiply.

“Go on, magistrates; condemn, strike, torture, exterminate our bodies. Your injustice is a proof of our innocence; lately when you condemned a Christian virgin to prostitution you confessed, yourselves, that the strain of

vice was more frightful to her than all your tortures. Your cruelty, however, is powerless to harm us. It becomes an attraction for courageous souls. We multiply faster than you can cut us down; the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. Your wise men, Cicero, Seneca, have exhorted men to meet grief and death with patience; their philosophy made fewer disciples than our examples. The very stubbornness with which you reproach us is an education. What man at sight of it is not stirred within him to learn its cause? Who does not wish to come near to us? And after being among us, who does not wish to suffer with us to obtain the mercy of God, and to win, even at the price of his own blood, the pardon of his faults? And so we hail your sentences of death with joy, knowing that there is now war between heaven and earth, and that in the very moment you condemn us, God absolves and crowns us." This spirit is not only characteristic of Christians under the heathen emperors, but shows itself again and again under the so-called Christian emperors. Chrysostom and Ambrose were worthy successors of this noble ancestry, as brave as they were eloquent, never quailing before the insolence of power. Living as they did in a time when the ecclesiastical system was becoming hopelessly involved with the secular authority (an involvement from which it has not yet escaped), these men and many others with them were true to their confession, and held fast with unflinching courage to their right to denounce wrong and their allegiance to the enemy of all oppression. And to the invisible company of those who never bowed the knee to Baal, of whom these great men were only the leaders, do we owe it that our faith was not exterminated by the hostility or smothered by the friendship of the Roman emperors. To their courageous proclamation of the truth we owe the development amid the corruptions of the decaying empire of a moral power strong enough to conquer and control the coming barbarism. For Utilas, who gave the Teutonic race their first knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, was a contemporary of Chrysostom, who made the Bible so effective in the desperate struggles at Constantinople. But, again, in the existing Greek philosophy, the early confessors encountered a subtler and more dangerous foe than the headsman of the empire. Organized brute force is terrible enough and every great spiritual movement must encounter and reckon with it; yet not unfrequently the encounter gives prominence and power to what, if left alone, might perish of inanition, while creeds and systems which have grown strong amid the fires of persecution have afterwards shrunk aghast and yielded up the ghost to the first strong clutch of intellectual criticism. Even where this can not destroy it often paralyzes and dissipates the energy of a new movement by poisoning the air on which it lives. Able itself to thrive upon the mere wind of controversy, it has countless advantages in any struggle with a movement which feeds upon nourishment so rare as faith and truth and love. Let us, though, not undervalue the Greek philosophy or depict it as a purely critical and skeptical energy. It was not the puny thing so often spoken of by flippant talkers who fancy they are gloryfying their faith in minimizing its chief foe.

This philosophy was no dwindled offspring of nerveless speculation, powerless alike for evil and for good; it was the great initial movement of the human intellect. Nay, upon the shores of the Ægean Sea first loomed up those awful questions which issue from the fact of conscious existence, and yet seem to be born of eternal mystery; questions which no sophistry can elude, and no incantations banish; vague, solemn, portentous in their fathomless suggestion. Whence and what are we? And whither do we go? To these early Greek thinkers belong the merit of having been the first to perceive and clearly to state the problems of life and mind; and the currents of suggestion which began with Thales and Pythagoras have sent their thrills through every nerve of modern thought. But philosophy was for all that no whit less hostile to the early teachers of Christian truth. It had just brought its struggle with the old mythologists to a triumphant end. Epicurus, so

Lucretius boasted, had dethroned the gods. Yet this victory had been for nought if the old Olympus was to see enthroned a dead Christ in the place of a pros'rate Jupiter. Moreover, philosophy was in a place of power. Oracles had grown dumb, it is true, but there was still a potent voice in the earth claiming to speak with wisdom and authority. Lucretius brought to its help the greatest poetic genius which Rome can boast. Seneca and Juvenal, Agricola and Tacitus, statesman and poet, soldier and historian, openly avowed their allegiance to it and clung to its precepts in a kind of wild despair. It had its plans of reform and its systems of morality; it had its defenders, whose influence and very means of subsistence were involved in its supremacy. St. Paul could no more escape conflict with the Stoicism and the Epicureanism of his time than he could have escaped the Mediterranean moisture in the air he breathed. But he neither compromised with them or attempted to out-argue them. The holy man, speaking as he was moved by the Holy Ghost, lived them out of countenance. He saw the hopelessness of trying to build a system of morality upon speculative quicksands. The principles of such a system he perceived could at best be accessible only to the instructed few, and moral elevation must in that case wait on intellectual culture. He saw with equal clearness that there is no necessary connection between knowledge and conduct; that there is indeed an irreconcilable conflict between what I do and what I would, that man's lack of power is even greater than his lack of moral ideals; he saw that these philosophical systems were destitute of both, destitute of any central personal figure, divine embodiment of all its aspirations and destitute of any central personal force strong enough to seize and tear the soul from its entanglements and to transform it with the glow of spiritual energy. The highest possible reach of these systems he saw to be a refined and elegant selfishness, cold and incommunicative, powerless to purify and powerless to inspire: hence he lost no time in argument. He came not with the enticing words of any man's philosophy; his word was in the demonstration of the spirit and with power. A faith that claims to be a new energy among men must establish itself by new miracles every day, and the one miracle that no logic could dispute away was the triumphant splendour of Christian virtue. The records of the early church are monotonous in the recurrence of the same experience. "I was won from my philosophy by the invincible patience and the indomitable courage of the Lord's disciples." Tacitus might give credence to the wretched slanders hawked about Rome to extenuate the devilish ingenuity of Nero's torture; but later students of philosophy, like Justin Martyr, who had wandered from school to school in search of peace and power, were astonished to find both in such intensity among the despised and persecuted Christians. True, not every student of philosophy had Justin's candour and the early opposition to the Gospel from the philosophic side has never been surpassed for malignity and strength. To read the fragments of Celsus yet extant is like reading the pages of Voltaire. All the secrets of dialectic skill were exhausted by this early writer to distil a criticism sharp enough to eat into the very heart of the new faith. And had the Christianity of Celsus' time possessed no more life and power than the French caricature thereof, upon whose head Voltaire poured his scalding satire, it is hard to imagine how it could have survived hostilities so terrible. But so long as Christ was lifted up, so long as witnesses testified to the Law of the Spirit of Life which was in Christ Jesus, so long no hostility however virulent, no criticism however malignant, could keep back the increasing multitude of those who sought the secret of this power.

Incidentally I have mentioned Tacitus the historian, and the reproach so often urged against him that he, the first thinker of his time, should have had no presentiment of the power of Christianity, that superstition which he dismisses with so slight a notice that he should have accepted vulgar rumour for his description of the Christians, and have made no effort to discover for

himself the oracles of their faith. But the antique Roman was utterly unable to appreciate a spiritual and intellectual movement working its way from beneath; the conception of glad tidings for the poor, of a kingdom of patience, of the weak things of this world confounding the mighty, were foreign, nay, impossible to the haughty patrician mind. How little could he foresee that the Germans, that he so dreaded, would be subdued by the Christians that he despised. These Germans were a people strong, brave, ferocious, capable of the intensest personal devotion, but equally intense in their love of liberty, whose gods inherited no temples, but filled with their awful presence the trackless forests which hid their village houses. A people with a strange respect for women and for truth, wild but uncorrupted, stained red with all the brutalities of the savage nature, but not gangrened with the vices of a decaying civilization.

With their bursting over Europe begins another great epoch in the life of Christ in Europe. The first epoch had been a struggle for bare existence on the part of the new faith—a struggle with organized brute force and with a hostile philosophy. The coming struggle was one for supremacy over barbarous violence and for controlling influence in the development of a new civilization. Christianity was from the start a missionary faith. Of Semitic origin it soon leaped the boundaries of race and language, and with the cloven tongue of the Spirit soon talked in every dialect of European men.

Nothing in its whole history is so extraordinary as the splendid strength with which St. Paul broke down the wall of partition between Jew and Gentile, and freed himself from the traditions of his birth and of his early training. And this missionary spirit blazed out again among the Goths and Germans of the north. Monasticism in the East had grown up out of the contemplative character of the Oriental mind and the love of personal purity which had been created by the new faith. But Western Monasticism, whilst largely due to the same longing to be free from carnal vileness, was an active intellectual and missionary movement. In the turbulence of barbarism and the consequent upheaval of society a monastery alone afforded shelter and quiet to the studious mind, and the active character of the Western nature breathed upon by the Spirit of Christ produced a line of men of whom this world was hardly worthy. Sometimes, when I pore over the records of these times, I am seized with unutterable sadness to think how impossible it is to know these men as they really were; how impossible to disperse the mist of legend and tradition that hangs about and obscures their memories.

In those days bishops were made with difficulty; men even maimed themselves to escape the onerous office; candidates for honours were rare and missionaries plenty. They gave up the joys of life as they had already given up the delights of home; they faced the perils of barbarism with unshrinking hearts, traversing the wilds of Europe unarmed and unprotected, and exposing themselves daily to a ferocity more cruel, because more ingenious, than that of wolves; they preached the truth, to be sure, not always in its purity and power, yet with power enough to compel the attention and the submission of thousands; all over the North they became the friends of the poor and the oppressed; the hunted victim rushed instinctively to the nearest monastery; they were the first to set their faces against that slavery which had been the curse of Greece and Rome and which existed throughout Europe; they educated men into the arts of life and literally beat spear into pruning-hook and sword into ploughshare. The terrible German, wild, greedy for blood and power, ungovernable in his passions and in his revenge, slow to learn, obedient only to the strong, was tamed into a strange awe of these men who could die so grandly, and who, dying, prayed for the hand that smote their lives away.

Historians are just beginning to learn to record the life of a people rather than the fortunes of a dynasty; are recognizing at last the importance of those sub-social forces which work like the unseen currents of electric energy,

noiseless and inconspicuous in their restless potency and only at rare intervals covering the cold North with a blaze of fire. We are apt to treat the great epochs in which these long active influences flame out into unwonted splendour as though they were the creation of the few men who are made conspicuous by them. The disposition to worship the buried prophet so that we may the easier stone the living one, leads us to attribute every great movement to some one man rather than to its more hidden and more widely distributed causes. The Reformation, as we call it, was a movement to which hundreds of unknown spirits contributed their thought and inspiration. Poets like Bernard of Cluny are only indications of that fervid aspiration which glowed in many a breast; historians and translators like Bede were the forerunners of Tyndale and of Luther in their later work of lifting the thought of man to grasp the thought of God. Social and political reformers like Wycliffe were the beginners of that line of prophets who fearlessly confront the problems of organized society, and sit in judgment upon the iniquities created and perpetuated by unjust law. Roger Bacon was only a type of that intellectual method which was to change the face of the material world; the preaching friars who were the first after the Conquest to renew the story of Jesus in our English tongue, were only forerunners of that later missionary movement which is the glory and safety of the modern Church. The life and aspirations of centuries culminated in the struggle of earnest men to shake off the Paganism and barbarism which threatened the existence of Christ in Europe. The true and faithful men called upon to lift up the truth in the presence of a hostile world, and once more it was verified that lifted up He would draw all men unto Him. For it was not the destructive but the positive teaching of Huss and Zwingli, of Savonaroli and Wishart, of Calvin and of Latimer, which gave them their increasing power. Destruction spends itself in single outbursts, or if it grows in strength it hurls good and bad into a common ruin.

Only constructive reforms ever lift the human race to higher planes. In vain stop the sale of indulgences, if you have discovered no fountains of divine forgiveness; in vain abolish mass and sling down crucifix, if you have no living Christ to take their place. For this reason I find in Tyndale and in Latimer a power greater than is usually accorded them. Of all the glorious forms which shine out distinct and clear as if pencilled by the hand of God in lines of light against the blood-lurid back ground of those persecuting times, none is more glorious because none more like his Lord than that of Latimer. Simple as any child and brave as Michael of the flaming sword, loving the peasant as he loved the king, and both the more because he loved his Christ so much; scorning all subtleties and all obscurities, his speech flowed clear as mountain brook, and yet dug channels for itself in mortal hearts far deeper than any ocean bed. No riches could allure him, no threats alarm him, no starvation weaken him, no hair-drawn disputation vex his soul, or for a moment becloud the glory of his Master's eyes which were leading him straight homeward. "Cheer up Brother Ridley, for by God's grace we shall light such a candle in England to-day as they shall never be able to put out." "Art thou there yet, Old Truopenny?" cries Hamlet to his father's ghost, which stirs beneath his feet. So the soul of Hugh Latimer stirs to-day beneath the life of all England and cries to his spiritual children wherever the English tongue is spoken. Now the influence of Christ in Europe has been a steadily increasing one. But the struggle with hostile elements has been so intense that men have overlooked this fact, and have been disposed to regard it as a thing of fits and starts, to fancy that this or that period could be sharply cut off from all preceding ones. But Christ is a permanent and not an intermittent force whenever he is lifted up. The various movements which have followed the Reformation, resulting externally as they ultimately will in freeing the Church from all entanglements with secular authority, in permitting to the preacher access to

all ears and to all hearts, and resulting internally in that great movement to spread scriptural holiness throughout the world which characterized the England of the 18th century, have been the gradual growth of century-old impulses which have at last broken all barriers and worked out for themselves their natural channels.

The Puritan movement inside and outside of the Church, the various forms of dissent, John Bunyan and George Fox, Jacob Bohme and the Moravians in Germany were all fore-workers in that great revival which covered England with a baptism of power, and which has changed practically the conception of true religion wherever the English language is at home. John Wesley summed up the spirit of this great movement when he said he wanted life, he was tired of opinions. It meant Christianity not only in earnest but in reality. It meant Christ within, the hope of glory. It meant burial with Christ and resurrection with Him. It meant a new creature. It meant the power of an endless life. It meant miracles of grace and miracles of character. It meant the witness of an indwelling spirit whose testimony was righteousness and joy and peace. It meant not the letter that kills but the spirit that makes alive. It meant the two great commandments upon which hang all the law and the prophets. It meant the salvation which begins to-day and the glory which is brighter yet to-morrow. It meant the love of God before whose splendour human fear shall shrivel like a scroll consumed; it meant a constraining Christ whose love embracing all shall shame all men into brotherhood; it meant a Holy Ghost whose baptism shall bathe the soul with strength so that though the outward man perish the inward man is renewed from day to day. It meant temples more splendid than any dream of Grecian Phidias or Medieval Goth. It meant the new city upon earth where there shall be no temple because the Lord God and the Lamb are the temple thereof. Contrast this great spiritual movement in England with the nearly simultaneous but totally different intellectual movement in France. There, philosophy had undertaken the regeneration and reconstruction of society, and whilst the Revivalists were teaching Christ to English colliers, Voltaire and Diderot, the nurslings of the Jesuits, with all that group of extraordinary men that the latter organized were editing the famous Encyclopædia. I concede the greater difficulties of the French problem, the hopeless character of the Gaelic Church, the corruption of society, the weakness of the political government. Never did men of unexampled powers engage in a more arduous task; nor were they without generous and noble aspirations. Their impotence was in their method. Their teachings were utterly inadequate to the necessities of the hour. Here, if ever, was a chance for philosophy to prove its power, and yet it seems to be one of the chief tasks of philosophy in the nineteenth century to explain the failure of philosophy in the eighteenth. For that philosophy produced, on the one hand, a sentimental egotism which evaporated in effusions of melting sensibility—an exaggerated faith in logical necessities which expect to redeem the world by paper constitutions, and fancied a legislative decree strong enough to compel the maddest social chaos into beauty; and developed, on the other hand, that distrust and suspicion of human motives which always follows a loss of faith in the unseen, that hunger of the passions, that greed for sensual pleasure, that frenzy for revenge which rushes into the void of the human heart when the sanctions of authority are destroyed, and no moral convictions, no spiritual forces are at hand to take their place. Destitute of spiritual power themselves, the leaders of the French movement could communicate none to the surrounding society. What if Rousseau with his burning eloquence had possessed the moral grandeur of a Latimer; if Diderot, with his unflinching courage, his intellectual grasp, his titanic energy, had possessed the spiritual fibre of a Bunyan or a Butler, what if this whole group had drawn their inspiration from the face of God in Christ, who could estimate their place in history to-day?

Standing where we do to-day, we have neither reason to complain nor to be discouraged at the progress of our faith, measured I mean by the true standard, measured by the actual increase of moral power among men. Certainly the Mediterranean civilization of Greece and Rome had quite as much intellect and quite as much energy as the civilization of Northern and Western Europe. Had the problem of social life been soluble to such elements they would have been solved two thousand years ago. Only the grandeur of a system depends not more upon the impulses generated among its units than upon their co-ordination and correlation. The solar system is not strong because of the appalling swiftness with which Jupiter or Mars spins forward in its tremendous curve, but because of that invisible and subtle energy which, beginning its influence upon each single atom, holds easily the mightiest planet to its appointed path. There was neither cohesion nor attraction in the ancient civilization strong enough to admit of permanent life. What little there was, was contributed by such religion as it had, and when this yielded to the searching analysis of the growing philosophy the old structures dropped to ruin and to dust. It was a mad attempt to fill this void that led to the apotheosis of the Roman emperors satirized in Vespasian's dying jest: "Well, well! I must be growing to a God, I think." But it is just such harmonizing and regulative forces that Christianity supplies, for no better summary of its spiritual contents will ever be found than that made by the great Apostle of the Gentiles: "Now abideth these three—faith, hope, and charity—but the greatest of these is charity." These forces were either absent altogether from ancient life, or were present only under such limitations as to render them powerless for any protracted period, and hence the impulsive and transitory character of all great social movements in antiquity. Faith, for instance, was diffused among a throng of countless beings, and even if centreing in one higher than the rest, centred in a conception of persistent and triumphant physical force, unilluminated by wisdom made dreadful by consuming passion and glorified by no exalted conception.

Contrast the story of Prometheus, in which the constructive power of the Greek religious imagination reached its highest achievement with the simple but overwhelming grandeur of the cross. Prometheus is a god and a friend of man, yet his behaviour is not only resented but punished with all the terrors at Jove's command. This helper of mankind, fastened to the bare and bloomless cliff, is scarred and seared with lightning blasts and tortured by the fire-beaked vulture that eats away his ever-growing heart. But Jesus, the Saviour of men, is the Son of the everliving God who so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him might not perish, but have everlasting life. Prometheus, amid screams of superhuman agony, still hurls defiance at the omnipotent brutality that shatters itself to shreds upon a will that no terrors can alarm and no lightnings scorch, while Jesus utters that triumphant cry of joy that rallies the whole human race in its upward climb toward God. "In the volume of the Book it is written of Me, I come to do Thy will, O God." The Christian conception of God in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself excludes all strife and all variance of purpose in the Divine nature, and in it the grandeur of condescension is as overwhelming as the exhaustless plentitude of power. It not only transcends all previous conceptions but it is utterly unlike all others, and men must rise to attitudes of spiritual grandeur as yet unknown before they penetrate the outer brightness of this great globe of splendour. We must be like Him before we see Him as He is. But once fairly in the world this conception can never pass away, can never by any possibility outgrow its meaning. It alone is intense enough to become the centre of a universal faith, it alone is strong enough to hold together all men in a single family, community of speech being but a rope of sand compared with community of thought and faith. It alone can hope to defy the power of victorious analysis, and compel it either to climb upwards to its own

mysterious grandeur or to fall back expiring into the ceaseless whirl of mindless atoms. No discovery can eclipse its brightness, though each may contribute to its significance. Far as men may press their inquiries, outward or upward or inward, explore what secrets and solve what mysteries they may, the face of God has shone upon the world in Jesus Christ, and the old dimness and darkness and confusion of the Pagan world is gone forever. With such a faith men can find life now worth the living. But Lucretius counselled suicide. What say Milton and Browning, Schiller and Whittier?

And so beside the shoreless sea,
I wait the muffled oar ;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.
I know not where His islands lift
Their fringed palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

But contrast again the hopes of modern society with the despair which had settled down upon the old Mediterranean civilization at the beginning of the Christian era. Who can read the later literature of Rome without sharing the sadness with which the nobler thinkers of that time contemplated life and human destiny? Look where they would destruction threatened. Life had grown with many to be an intolerable burden. Men, writes Tacitus in one awful passage, had come to be their own survivors, and moved about like silent spectres among the ruins of all they once held dear. Reflection made the burden heavier. The noblest spirits became the saddest, and the stoutest hearts grew sick with hope deferred. Plato, like Milton's eagle mowing his mighty youth, had for a moment kindled his undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam, purging and unscaling his sight at the fountain of heavenly radiance; but few could follow Plato, and those who did returned delirious from the fight. Men were without God, having no hope in the world—no hope for themselves, no hope for the human race. When Alexander the Great died, Demades exclaimed: "Greece, like Polyphemus, has lost its only eye." When Cæsar fell, he seemed to the wisest of his contemporaries to carry with him all the hopes of Rome, so desperate had men even then become, so prone to lean upon some single man, to stake their all upon the triumph of some astounding personality. Such faith in single natures still survives, just as skepticism survives or ignorance or superstition or brutality, but somehow or other there has gone out among men the cry that to the race belongs a future brighter than the brightest dreams; a future dependent upon no accident of human birth, upon no startling or unusual apparition of individual genius, but upon the slow and certain movement of the masses upwards towards light and power. This hope acknowledged or unacknowledged inspires all our science, gives wings to enterprise, and stirs in every movement for juster law and purer intelligence. I shut my eyes to no existing evils, I see famine sometimes destroying its thousands in distant lands and gaunt misery pinching pale women's cheeks at home. I see the restless ghost of war disturbing Europe with his bloodshot eyes, and honest poverty too often writhing in the clutch of selfish opulence. I see crime unpunished and innocence too often unavenged; but though it all and in spite of all I know I share the feeling of the noblest of my age that the vision is for an appointed time. If it tarry, wait for it; it will not tarry, it will surely come. Tell me, what mighty spirit has breathed upon these dry bones? Is this hope that animates us and drives us ever onward only the yet unexhausted energy of our Celtic and German ancestors? If so it cannot last much longer, and it is doomed to a catastrophe as terrible as that which fell upon the older civilization. For who will breathe a second time upon the slain? Or is this new hope perchance a product of intellectual speculation? Has some new Plato soared higher than the old, and in discovering

for us the fountains of all knowledge discovered too the secrets of perpetual youth! Alas, no! As yet we are upon the threshold of physical mystery; we know not what an atom is, whilst human history and human fate are, to our speculation, a hopeless tangle. No! but hope that holds our modern life together was breathed into it from the mouth of Jesus Christ. The first Adam was a living soul, but the second Adam was a quickening spirit. Could these hopes be lost, could this vision of coming peace and knowledge fade out from men's mind, there would fall upon this earth a darkness as black as any night that ever nursed wild chaos in its lap. But, said St. Paul, if in this life only we have hope in Christ then are we of all men the most miserable. Without Christ there would be little hope even for this world. Surely without Him there is none whatever for the next. Now, here again contrast the feeling of the older civilization with our own. There was a yearning after immortality among the Greeks and Romans, intense and passionate among a few, but, you may argue from this yearning, to nothing more than a dread of death among the more intelligent, not to the existence of a widespread hope. Listen to these lines about death written by Lucretius: "Now no more shall thy house admit thee with glad welcome, nor a most virtuous wife and sweet children run to be the first to snatch kisses and touch thy heart with silent joy. No more mayest thou be prosperous in thy doings; a safeguard to thy beloved. One disastrous day has taken from thee, luckless man, in luckless fashion all the prizes of life." This do men say, but add not thereto: "And now no longer does any craving for these things beset thee withal. Thou, even as now thou art, shalt continue so to be in all time to come, freed from all distressing pains; but we with a sorrow that would not be sated, wept for thee when close by thou didst turn to an ashen hue on thy appalling funeral pile, and no length of days shall pluck from our hearts our ever-enduring grief." Such I do not hesitate to say, whatever might be the desire, was the conviction of all to whom the poet spoke. Now listen to this invocation of Robert Browning to his sainted wife:

Can thy soul know change?

Hail, then, and hearken from the realms of help.
 Never may I commence my song, my due
 To God who best taught song by gift of thee,
 Except with bent head and beseeching hand
 That still, despite the distance and the dark,
 What was, again may be; some interchange
 Of grace, some splendour once thy very thought,
 Some benediction anciently thy smile
 Never conclude, but raising hand and head
 Thither where eyes that cannot reach, yet yearn
 For all hope, all sustainment, all reward
 Their utmost up and on. So blessing back
 In those thy realms of help, that heaven thy home,
 Some whiteness which I judge thy face makes proud
 Some wanness when I think, thy foot may fall.

The chasm that lies between Lucretius and Robert Browning is filled up with the empty sepulchre of Jesus Christ—not empty quite, for the angels are in it yet if men had only eyes to see. But the greatest of all is Charity, saith St. Paul; greatest because without it neither Faith nor Hope could live. Fear kills faith, but perfect love casteth out fear. Fear kills hope, kills it, to use Milton's phrase, in the very eye; but perfect love casteth out fear. Charity is greatest as God is greater than the ladder up which we climb to reach Him; for God is love. With justice might the ancient poet speak of that religion which thrust its face from out the skies and darkened human life with its dread visage; but no such religion can ever again hold sway over the minds of men. The love of God in Christ Jesus we are no more going to surrender than we are going to surrender sunshine by putting out our eyes. Were this love a mere proclamation, it might in time lose somewhat of its

power. Were it mere inference, it would shake with every breath of disputation, but the love of God in Jesus Christ is a permanent revelation and continuous fact. If a man love Me he will keep My commandments, and I and My Father will come unto him and make Our abode with him. Could the eyes of the modern world be blinded to this glorious presence? Could we lose our Father in heaven, our elder brother, our blessed Holy Spirit, whose intercession for us is with groans unutterable? Could our lips grow cold and clammy, and amid this woeful dark no longer dare to plead, "Our Father who art in heaven," how soon the pale horse with his rider Death would come trampling down our civilization with all hell following him!

But Christ and His Bible are in the world to stay. He has not found us to forsake us. And so the relations of men with each other are no longer those of ancient times. Relations of husband and wife, of father and child, of master and servant, of ruler and ruled, of man to man. Granted that these are far from perfect now, still he must be strangely ignorant of ancient life who does not see that in contrast with the old they seem like new creations. The mind of Christ has so penetrated the thoughts of modern life that conditions which excited no surprise to the purest of antique minds are simply impossible to us. How could infanticide, whose common practice brought no shock even to Plato's soul, persist in the presence of that all-sheltering love which took the little children in its arms and proclaimed, "Of such are the Kingdom of Heaven"? How could men be butchered for a Roman holiday, when disciples of Him who died for men rushed into the arena to separate the combatants and left behind their own mangled bodies, to witness of their love for man? How could vengeance continue to be a virtue in presence of the miracle of Divine forgiveness? How could cunning and duplicity, the spoiling of the weak by the strong, survive the influence of Him that preached glad tidings to the poor? Slavery has passed away, might is no longer right, woman's love is next to God's, collisions of rank and race are vanishing, and a brotherhood is forming that must take in the world. Oppression still exists, but it no longer goes unchallenged. The weak are still destroyed, and innocence is often wronged, but they are not always undefended. Mighty voices swell the chorus of all good men's anger at every public wrong, and kings and statesmen are compelled to-day to reckon with a force that sometimes smites them as with the wing of death, the force of moral sentiment. War exists and avarice exists. Crime goes unpunished and the poor are yet with us.

The complexity of modern life has multiplied the problems of social happiness much faster than we can solve them. But an ever increasing number of earnest thinkers are grappling with every problem that organized humanity involves, and will neither faint nor let go their hold until they learn the angel's name. Workers here and workers there are busy with hand and brain to multiply the sum of human bliss, to lift their fellows up to the healing eyes of Christ, for love is the mainspring of all this thought, of all this noble stir. The mighty heart of Christ is sending its current to the utmost extremities of his mystical body, the world that he redeemed. Were that heart to stop its wondrous beating, were love and all its energies to perish from our social being, who would not wish to die, who would not be already dead? It is a long, far climb to that good will to man, that peace on earth that has been promised us. When I think of what is yet to do, my heart grows faint, my arms fall down, the blinding tears come gathering in my eyes. But love is mighty and must prevail. The trees shall yet clap their hands for joy, the waste places shall blossom as the rose.

Dark night and chaos faced him, and God said, Let there be light. And that word quivers and undulates to-day in every plant and flower, in every form of brute or human life that drinks in existence from the sun. Not all at once they came, but in the path of ages each day our planet turned a newer and lovelier face towards God. Gross darkness fell upon all the people, a chaos of struggling passions, of despair and wild clamour, of violence and sin;

but Christ said, Let there be love, and to-day in every noble aspiration and every generous deed, in every sacrifice of self, in every courageous struggle against ignorance and wrong and sin, in every proclamation of His grace and power there trembles and vibrates the will of Him, our Lord of Life and Glory.

Not all at once, but in the roll of ages the world of thought and feeling is each day growing lovelier to our Christ. Lifted up, He is drawing all men unto Him, up into the splendour of His own being, into the unutterable joy which He had with the Father before the world was. To be labourers together with Him, to proclaim the significance of His death, and the power of His life, is our glorious calling. For the Jesus of the Bible is the light and life of men, and what can be more blessed than to make His splendour and His salvation known?

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