

ARTICLE V.

SCIENCE AND CHRIST.

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I NOW call attention to the second and third divisions of my theme, whether it was absolutely necessary for a Divine Visitant to come, and whether we have in the characteristics and career of the historic Christ convincing evidences that he was the Messiah foretold by Jewish prophets and by the world's most pressing needs.

Every plant is an organic unit. Its parts are complementary and are linked so intimately that no one can be separated from the others without fatal results. Root, stem, branch, and leaf are vitally essential, each to each, must remain in intimate union, and each play its part. There is a life-current flowing from the tiniest rootlets that weave their network in the dark and damp of the underworld, to the veined leaves that hang, wind-shaken and sun-kissed, from the outermost branches that reach toward the sky. Sever the connection and you stop the flow and end the life. The very forces which, before the severance, were invigorating and developing become destructive. The sunlight now scorches and withers, and the moisture in the air and soil rots the plant into unorganized dust again.

There has been established a vital union between not only the different parts of an organism but also between the organism and its environment, the ingredients of the soil, the air, the raindrop, and the sunbeam,—severance here being attended with equally fatal results. The central germ-

force reaches with vitalizing influence to the remotest corner of the organism, directing where every particle of matter shall go and precisely what office it shall perform in perfecting the embodiment of the divine ideal entrusted to its keeping. There is thus an interplay, an interdependence, binding together not only the different parts of an organism, but the clod of the valley with the cloud of the sky, even reaching through space the almost inconceivable distance of ninety-five millions of miles.

A more perfect and complex organization may be observed in the higher realm of animal life. Not only is every body, whether of mote or mammoth, an organized whole, a combination of parts by whose joint action a certain pre-determined purpose is carried out, but each organ also in the combination is made up of interdependent parts, each differently endowed and commissioned and having significance and efficiency only when conjoined with the others into one harmonious whole. The human eye, for example, has been found composed of hundreds of such complemental parts, some of the more noticeable being a self-adjusting window, carefully curved and accurately placed lenses, an elaborately prepared plate, susceptible of the slightest impression, consisting of a closely woven network of the frayed ends of the optic nerve, oil and tear glands, sets of minute muscles to roll the balls and lift the lids with their fringed edges, and change the curvature of the crystalline lens. These have evidently been built with reference each to each, as only by a concert of action can they effect an outlook to the spirit housed within. In this highly organized body of ours, we find the brain in such close telegraphic communication with every fibre of flesh that nowhere, over the wide area which the skin covers, can even the fine point of a cambric needle find entrance without a message of warning being flashed over the wires to the central office. Along the motor nerves the will reaches, with its mandates, thou-

sands of waiting muscles in that vast army that lies encamped throughout its kingdom.

The vital organs are also most closely conjoined, and are constantly sending out, along canals that ramify everywhere, rich cargoes of vitalized atoms, that, under the supervision of the all-dominant, organizing central force, are incorporated into muscle and bone, tendon and nerve-fibre, cuticle, cord, cartilage, and brain tissue. Here, too, break the union, and you end the life. Any part of the body wrenched from this quickening contact with the controlling germ-power soon falls a prey to the ever-waiting, hungry hordes of chemical forces, which tear it in pieces and despoil it of its glory.

And, also, between every animal organism and its environment there must be maintained an equally constant union, or life will cease. It seems to be the special, if not sole, office of those marvellous animal instincts which are unquestionably none other than a divine informing, to promote and regulate this union as God first planned it.

This scheme of organization, which we find to prevail thus universally in these lowest kingdoms of vegetable and animal existences, has been discovered to be equally dominant in the higher realms of self-conscious thought and of moral choices. Careful grouping of parts, the widely reaching centralization of purpose and of power, is here as unmistakably present and as ineradicable. For example, our powers of reasoning and reflection cannot be exercised without the aid of the memory; for we must be able to recall and retain former conceptions, in order to pass our thoughts in review, institute comparisons, draw inferences, reach conclusions; and for the exercise of the memory the imagination is indispensable, for we must picture whatever past incident or idea we recover to consciousness. The imagination must have, as its ready servitors, the mind's powers of association and suggestion, of comparison and contrast, and of memory,

for its office is not to create outright, but to fashion new combinations, selecting its material from former perceptions and experiences. Thus the mind acts as a unit, thought being the result of a combined operation of its faculties. As the brain is the instrument used in all thought-processes, and as all crude thought-material must come through the five bodily senses, the union of the intellectual world with the physical is also close and constant, and the deeply laid plan of organization in the one leaves its indelible impress on the other, is fairly inwrought into its very structure, so that the two may safely be considered parts of a still wider organization, all of whose vast multitude of members are in vital union with each other and with some central Over-Soul, its author and organizing spirit.

This union has been found to extend still further, linking mind with mind, each individual endowment of personality being essential to the healthful and efficient exercise and unfolding of the others, each having its peculiar fashioning with reference to this world-wide relationship. Here, too, the penalty of severance is death. This was not known until revealed by quite recent results of state prison discipline. Solitary cell confinement has so uniformly ended in hopeless insanity or idiocy, that the authorities have felt compelled to abandon this mode of punishment. While occasional solitude serves as a tonic and regulator, as a positive medicine to the mind, it will, if obstinately persisted in, turn into deadly poison. We must maintain communication with the ever-flowing thought-currents of the world and of nature, must never suffer to wholly cease within us that beat of pulse which is but God's beat of heart, by whose mighty enginery the world's thought-arteries are fed with a divine vitality. This fact of a world-organism is brought out still further, and with ever-increasing emphasis, in the unmistakable drift of modern civilization towards a more intimate and organized interplay of all individual forces in society, as may

be noted in the increased facilities for travel and for interchange of thought, the multiplication of machinery, closer combinations of industries, the formation of great trusts and co-operative associations, the international federations for reform and for the forwarding of the researches of science. The Duke of Argyll in his "Reign of Law," but more recently in his work on "The Unity of Nature," has presented certain phases of it with great learning and force. Walter Bagehot has attempted to show the extension of natural law to the political world; Herbert Spencer, its application to the social; and Professor Henry Drummond, its reaching up even into the spiritual life of the soul.

The fact that we are parts of one vast, closely linked organism in our intellectual as well as our physical nature is again made evident, whenever we attempt to develop any theme of thought. We work most effectively when we place ourselves as far as we can in a receptive frame, freeing our minds from all trammels of passion and preconceived opinion, being resolved to know only the truth and fearlessly to state and stand by it, then inform ourselves as to all discovered pertinent facts, institute original investigations when possible, search through nature, among the world's libraries, its customs, industries, its religions, political and social institutions, its exhibits of art, all the multiform phenomena of its ever-varying life, and after having thus thrown open every avenue of approach, placed ourselves in closest vital union with the thought-movements of the planet and through them with the God of the planet, the great central thought-source, and having thus become fairly alive with our theme, quickened and filled, we hold our attention unswervingly to the subject of our purposed contemplation, and suffer our mental faculties to evolve their thoughts-products according to the methods predetermined by their Creator. Our minds are, we shall find, most consummately constructed pieces of mechanism, with most complicate yet most nicely adjust-

ed parts, working with as perfect regularity as characterizes the processes of vegetable or animal growths. All we have to do, all in fact we can do, is to provide them with this fitting environment, this proper spiritual sustenance, and then hold fast the attention. God does the rest, we know not how. The mystery is as profound as that which envelops the unfolding of an acorn into a thousand-armed, million-leaved oak, or of the apparently structureless white of an egg into a plumed songster. The environment is instinct with divine life; the constructive mental germ-force is the product of a divine quickening; the processes have been determined by a divine order. To us is intrusted simply the choosing of the departments of thought in which they shall work their wonders. It is impossible for us to stop the unfolding of thought or to change the laws of the unfolding. We simply have directive power, and power to throw wide open all mental avenues, and keep up all necessary vital unions with this vast world-organism, of which we form part. We plant, we water, but God gives the increase. Thoughts spring up into consciousness, and unfold finally into flower and fruit, in strict conformity to methods and models devised in the inscrutable councils of the Almighty. As spiritual chemists, we may exercise a choice as to the ingredients of the solution, but along what lines of symmetry the precipitated thoughts shall arrange themselves will depend on pre-established laws of crystallization, in determining which we are permitted to take no part. Or as spiritual gardeners, we may enrich and moisten the soil of the mind, and select and sow the seed; but with that our work ends, and God's begins.

Dr. Carpenter cites a fact that happily illustrates the automatic, unconscious action of the mind. An eminent mathematician one evening toilsomely attempted the solution of a long and intricate problem, without success. He retired and after a while fell asleep. In the middle of the night his wife was awakened by his leaving his bed. She watched, but said

nothing. He went to his study table and busied himself for a time with his papers, and then returned. The next morning, when about to resume his studies, he found to his astonishment all the mysteries of his vexed problem unravelled in plain figures on the sheet before him, and to his greater astonishment he found, on inquiry, that he himself had, in the unconscious hours of sleep, accomplished what, while he was wide-awake, had baffled his utmost endeavors.

I have often availed myself of this most marvellous property of mind by presenting to it whatever subject perplexed me and eluded my grasp, in as clear and forcible a light as lay in my power, and then deliberately turning my attention elsewhere with the intent, after an interval had elapsed, of again calling up the question. I have almost invariably found that the mind has, without any conscious effort on my part, in some secret and silent way, with clarified vision and unwonted concentrative energy, performed most difficult tasks without any discoverable fatigue or friction. There is rarely a person that has not had frequent and pleasant surprises of this sort. They are genuine surprises to most, because the existence of these mental laws is not generally known, and a deliberate attempt to thus turn them to account is a rare occurrence. People generally puzzle and study until, in a fit of discouragement or pressed by other cares, they toss the themes aside, only to find afterward, upon some chance recurrence, the much coveted prizes fairly thrust upon them, coming out of their hiding-places like sudden flashes of intuition, though unquestionably they are the result of long processes of unconscious ratiocination.

On one occasion I had revealed to me with what lightning speed the mind works when thus left untrammelled in its organic action. I had made quite laborious preparation to write a character-analysis of a certain literary celebrity. I had read what I could find on the subject and had taken quite extensive notes of facts and suggestions. I had also

jotted down whatever had come up in my own reflections, from time to time, without regard to order, without any plan of treatment. After I had thus gathered my material I set myself to the task of evolving order out of this wild chaos. After long study I could discover only one line of treatment that to me seemed at all possible, and still with that I was quite dissatisfied. I finally shut my desk, heartily discouraged, and began some vigorous manual exercise, leaving my mind seemingly in a state of vacuity, of absolute rest. To my utter astonishment and delight, while still swinging my ax, a hitherto entirely unthought-of plan flashed upon me. It came wholly unbidden, for I had not then learned of this unconscious automatic mental action. The plan proved to be precisely what I needed.

I have had recourse frequently to the same methods, when desirous of recalling any past thing or thought.

The fact of our being parts of a wide-reaching organism again becomes manifest when persons of reflective, studious habits have taken a careful review of their thought-history, for they find that it possesses a very noticeable symmetry and system, and that too without any conscious purposing on their part. The mind when left free to work naturally and healthily will fall into methods which are the outgrowth of their peculiar organic structure, their environment being assimilated and transformed into it.

An analysis of the works of great literary geniuses will confirm this statement. The minds that are the most gifted will be found to be those of greatest intuitive power, in closest sympathetic communication with nature and the great throbbing intellectual life of the world; those that are characterized most by this unconscious action, and untrammelled by conventionalisms, and unawed by public opinion; that stand loyal to their own individuality, and independently assert what they candidly believe to be true. Such are pre-eminently divinely led, because they implicitly trust in and fol-

ow the promptings of a nature divinely bestowed. They may not be devout, may not design to be under divine leadership or realize that they are. They are simply healthily self-reliant and self-asserting, candid, impressionable, assimilative. They are something more than echoes of their age; for their large susceptibility is accompanied with equally large assimilative capacity, and their strong natures vitalize and transmute their intellectual environment into finer forms of spiritual essence, into their own unique personality. But this transmutation is wholly an unconscious process, under the conduct of divine methods and instrumentalities. They simply follow out the promptings of their instinctive impulses, or, as we are wont to phrase it, follow the bent of their own genius.

Shakespeare is a notable illustration of this. It is universally conceded that his was one of the most original, creative minds ever placed on this planet. Yet he so little realized his peerless powers, that he used them simply for purposes of livelihood, and when a competence was secured he left the London play-houses, retired to his estate at Stratford-on-Avon, and was so unconcerned about his fame, so careless of his manuscripts, that he left them scattered about the theatres, and it was not till some time after his death that two appreciative friends collected what of them they could find and identify, and handed them over to literary immortality, to be the delight and wonder of all nations in all succeeding centuries. He was not a product of the schools, yet he seems to have been wonderfully conversant with literature and with the living thought of his age, so great were his absorbent powers. His conceptions took on dramatic forms, for that was the one then generally prevailing. He was the glory, the consummate flower, of the Elizabethan era, his pages glowing with the enthusiasm of its literary renaissance, with its bright awakening from the darkness and thrall with which the bigotry of the Romish Church

had cursed the Middle Ages. The Bible had under Henry VIII. been unchained, and the world's rich stores of classic learning broken open and again made free to all. He drank in the spirit of his time as naturally and freely as his lungs filled with the air about him. This quickened spiritual pulse of old England beat strong and full in Shakespeare's veins. The breadth of his knowledge, the depth of his insight, the intuitional quickness of his perceptions, the exuberance of his fancy, were excelled only by the outspoken, unstudied naturalness with which his thoughts burst into bloom and filled the world with their fragrance. He surely had no purpose of building up a system of philosophy; he never dreamed that his dramas had any connection with each other, yet a keen critic of to-day has shown us that they are actually bound together in close organic union, that Shakespeare "built better than he knew," was as profound a philosopher as he was gifted poet. I once expressed to this commentator great incredulity as to the soundness of his interpretation, remarking that he had seemingly injected into these writings his own thought-life, had displayed his own fertility of invention, but he stoutly contended, and, I found after more careful reflection, contended with good reason, that Shakespeare did actually, though unconsciously, construct and illustrate a most profound system of philosophy, that his dramas, so far from standing alone as utterances of wholly disassociated moods, were complementary parts of one grand organum.

This writer told me further, that he believed that he had discovered a still wider generalization, and had nearly ready for the press an extensive work, reaching through seven or eight volumes, on "The Four Literary Gospels," in which he maintains that Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe, the great apostles of the world's literature, have embodied in their productions the four great stages of the world's intellectual evolution, and should be considered together as com-

ponent parts of one vast world-system of thought, so vast that long centuries of world history have been required for its full unfolding and embodiment.

Do we not see here the stately steppings of Divinity? Is there not here all the consummate regularity of organic action, all the oneness of plan we note in the unfolding through time of an amorphous bank of cosmic vapor into a peopled planet?

If we extend our inquiries into the phenomena of spiritual life, we shall also find evidences everywhere of this same most thorough organization, the different parts constructed with a view to concert of action, under the directive control of some central organizing power with which they are all vitally joined. The most cursory glance will reveal that our spiritual experiences are but the outgrowth of our multiform and intimate relationships. Indeed it seems that it was for just such glorious, consummation of moral character, of healthful individuality, that all this marvellous system within system was at the first devised.

On close inspection it will be found that all the virtues are but the protean forms of a single attitude of the soul, that of self-forgetting sympathy. It is this which, as I have shown in another paper, "knits together friends, endears home-circles, incites philanthropy, fires the breasts of patriots, and consecrates the Cross."

When this feeling prevails, a unity of purpose binds together the widest diversities of gifts. Friends find themselves halves of one whole, and become mutually helpful, supplying by their complementary parts each other's lack, inspiring and consecrating each other's efforts and aspirations. Souls in an environment of unselfish love flow together in obedience to laws of spiritual affinity as exact and inexorable as those which control in the chemical unions which are effected in nature's laboratory. The differently endowed and tempered members of a household being once

imbued with this spirit find their place as readily and inevitably as do the crystallizing particles of some solution. Led by a central organizing force, they follow lines of social and spiritual symmetry as mathematically exact, and as divinely predetermined, as those which fix the contours of crystals. They soon discover that they are as vitally joined to each other, and to some central directing power, as are the parts of a plant or the members of an intricately constructed animal organism. Families are combined into communities, and communities into commonwealths, in unsuspecting obedience to similar laws of divine order. Just so soon as this vital love-union ceases, the several souls sink into spiritual disintegration and death. As diseases of the body mark a partial severance, so petty jealousies and heartburns and pride, the changing of generous emulations into covert, selfish ambitions, outcroppings of sharp criticisms, a spirit of greed, a love of display,—all indicate a partial severance, a process of devitalization which, unless arrested, will end in death. So many of earth's friendships, family circles, and commonwealths have fallen prey to these disintegrating forces of selfishness, that we cannot turn our eyes to any age or clime without finding the plains strewn thick with their bleaching skeletons. The truth that voluntary, unsympathetic isolation, even under the most favorable circumstances, will uniformly end in lamentable spiritual disaster, has been proclaimed in burning words by Tennyson in his "Palace of Art." To illustrate and enforce it, this foremost poet of the age has placed under tribute his finest pictorial power. He builds for the hermit soul a lordly pleasure-house, looking out on a landscape full of most entrancing beauty, looking in on open courts where fountains leap and murmur, with walls hung with speaking canvas fit for every mood and change of thought, with marble-carved forms of angels far overhead among its spanning arches, with rich mosaics underfoot choicely planned into suggestive pictures of the past,

with apartments redolent with choicest perfumes and echoing with silver notes of self-swung bells. Here for three years, with every bodily want, every æsthetic craving, satisfied, away from the turmoils and troubles of earthly human life, this seemingly highly favored soul throve and prospered in her isolation.

But

“ on the fourth she fell,
Like Herod, when the shout was in his ears,
Struck thro' with pangs of hell.

“ Lest she should fail and perish utterly,
God, before whom ever lie bare
The abysmal depths of Personality,
Plagued her with sore despair.

“ When she would think, where'er she turned her sight,
The airy hand confusion wrought,
Wrote 'Mene, mene,' and divided quite
The kingdom of her thought.

“ Deep dread and loathing of her solitude
Fell on her.”

From out dark corners in her palace-home phantasms glared, nightmare shapes appeared, and blackened corpses. She seemed to herself shut up as in a crumbling tomb. At last

“ She threw her royal robes away,
' Make me a cottage in the vale,' she said,
' Where I may mourn and pray.'”

With this vital, sympathetic touch with our fellows,—without which we can do nothing, enjoy no spiritual health, make no spiritual progress,—there at once becomes operative the law of spiritual assimilation, which has the same divine origin, and is as inexorable, as the laws that control in chemical combinations of affinitive molecules. Companions whose inner spiritual lives commingle, inevitably grow into each other's likeness, the stronger nature producing the deeper, more lasting spiritual impressment.

There is no influence in the world that will at all com-

pare in potency with this of personal presence. Indeed all others combined are outweighed by it. Every soul which secures to itself spiritual vigor and enlargement will be found to be intimately linked with stronger and nobler natures, out from which course currents of irresistible, vitalizing power. From our cradles, by the very instincts of our being, we become hero-worshippers, and our hearts' heroes are the moulders and masters of our hearts. Some personal presence, then, without and above humanity, must be in vital contact with it, to insure to the world permanent moral elevation. A chain of influences must reach up to God's throne. Otherwise, by this very spiritual law we have announced, the whole race would soon sink into a state of spiritual equilibrium, the lowest and the highest finally meeting on a common level. Whatever of spiritual life the world possesses to-day must have come originally from this divine source, and human companionships have been but channels of its dissemination. The fact that the human race has made moral progress through the centuries can be explained only on the ground that it has been blessed with a divine companionship. That it has not made far greater progress is clearly chargeable to a voluntary failure fully to avail itself of this most inestimable privilege. Spiritual deterioration in individual lives because of this withdrawal from God's proffered presence is, alas, too frequent to require any confirmation. Not a single instance can be cited, either in individual or national history, of the developing of the supposed inherent promise and potency of spiritual life without this divine environment. The Duke of Argyll has, in his "Primeval Man," challenged evolutionists to prove that any people has ever risen out of savagery into civilization without being incited and helped to it by influences from without.

To develop the God-likeness in human souls through this very law of spiritualization, what more effective way could be devised than to have a God-man enter human his-

tory? To bring the divine heart into closer sympathetic relation with men, to present incontestable evidences of God's loving estimate of man's infinite possibilities, of his longing to enter into closest intimacy with these his cherished children, an Emmanuel must come, and by thus transfusing his own spirit he would transform theirs. As soon as they permit his tears and smiles to mingle with theirs, clasp his hand of friendly greeting, open with glad welcome the door of their hearts as he stands waiting, look into his face radiant with a self-forgetting love, listen to his voice as, in tones gentle and winning as a mother's, it asks, as it speaks their name, "Lovest thou me?"—then, but not till then, will their spirits begin to thrill with that divine vitality that has in it the power of an endless life.

Thus we can see how firmly based on the deep principles of this world-organism would be his warning, that without him we can do nothing, as also his promise, that with him we can do all things, that he is the vine and we the branches, and that we must abide in him if we would have life and bear fruit. These utterances of the historic Christ were bold and startling. If he was mere man, they were blasphemous; if God, then profoundly true, for under this law of spiritual assimilation no spiritual blessing within the range of our asking lies without the reach of his giving. Even the feeblest and least gifted rise, under the influences of such a companionship, into the fulness of his stature.

This statement is so astounding that it is difficult, well-nigh impossible, for us to realize or credit it; but we shall find ourselves wonderfully reassured, if we note the well-nigh limitless capacity for being uplifted possessed by everything God has made, and the power to uplift bestowed upon the various forces he has commissioned to bring finally into full perfection the embodiment of his creative thought. In an Oriental proverb, we find the conception of this divine

plan crystallized into a gem worthy to be worn in the crown of our rejoicing: "I was but common clay till roses were planted in me." Into this sentence is compressed the profoundest philosophy of all the ages. We may use it as a Rosetta Stone to decipher the many mysterious hieroglyphs written on the world's walls by the finger of God. I still watch with wonderment and awe the unfolding phenomena of the vegetable world. These tiny architectural artists of nature are enveloped in such unfathomable mystery. Their mantles of invisibility are never unclasped. Their deft fingers move as noiselessly as sunbeams. Their lips are as mute as the lips of the dead. Yet without confusion, without hesitancy, without mistake, they transform amorphic matter into symmetries and tints and flavors and perfumes that become to us speaking symbols of God's love. Out from the foul stagnancy of the marsh a lily lifts its pure white lips to receive the kisses of the sun. What delicacy of fragrance, grace of form, charm of color, fineness of texture, marvellous etherealization of gross substances, evidencing the well-nigh limitless uplifting power of this divinely commissioned germ-fairy that has been sent into this most unpromising part of God's kingdom! Similar miracle workings fill the earth; indeed, as the modern microscope discloses, the capacities of matter for refinement are practically infinite.

Animal germs take these same gross elements after they have been thus uplifted by the vegetable, and carry them still higher, even to the very border-land of spirits, weaving them at the last into a veil of so ethereal a texture that sometimes, in privileged moments, we catch glimpses through it, we are well-nigh persuaded, of the spirits themselves of our loved ones, for the human face at times seems not only to reflect, in its mobile features, changing colors, flitting lights and shadows, the thought-life within, but to be suffused with some strange preternatural radiance,

that suggests the outshining of the glory tints of the soul, of the halo of its very essence.

So universally prevalent throughout nature are these displays of matter's capacity for being uplifted, only those peculiarly gifted with poetic perennial freshness of thought and reverent interpretive insight are properly impressed with the deep significance of promise and of prophecy they possess for every one of us.

We are taught, not only thus by the marvellous movements of life below us, but by the whole course of life about us, forming the incidents of the world's individual and national histories, that if we come into vital union with spirits superior, live in their personal presence, thrill to their talismanic touch, bask in the sunshine of their sympathy, we shall grow into spiritual exaltations of purpose that will eventually ripen into permanent traits of character of whose possibility of development we before had never dreamed. Let the seed of Christ's divine love be planted within us, and the common clay of our natures, that would have forever remained but common clay were it not for this union, will under its magical power be uplifted and transformed into roses whose graces of form, of tint, and of perfume will win for us by-and-by glad welcome into the Paradise of God.

Thus we see that the advent of just such a personage as the Christ of the Gospels was absolutely essential to consummate the plan of organization divinely purposed from the beginning; that just such a spiritually vitalizing influence was needed to be infused into individual experiences to prevent the whole fabric so elaborately built through the long centuries from falling into wreck. This unmistakable necessity of the coming of a God-man, living such a life of loving self-sacrifice, making such a revelation of the yearning sympathy of the divine heart, coming into such vital union with waiting souls, contain in itself the sure promise of his

coming, and testifies that the historic Christ is the veritable Christ of prophecy.

The necessity which scientific inquiry has disclosed of this quickening touch to thus complete God's vast plan of world-organism, reveals to us Christ's place in nature. It was not that his sacrifice was essential to satisfy the demands of a broken law, to pay its penalty so as to render possible and safe God's forgiveness and man's reinstatement—such a thought finding no warrant, so far as I can see, either in science or sound philosophy—but to work such change in human hearts, exert over them such ennobling influences, reach out with such tender, life-giving sympathies, as to win men back to loving obedience, and thus fit them for the forgiveness God is ever anxiously waiting to bestow upon the repentant and believing.

Science in thus discovering the indispensable need of such a work witnesses to the reasonableness of the Christian faith in the divinity of his Lord.

[To be continued.]