Correspondence.

LETTER FROM KOLAPOOR.

My Dear Sir:—In my last I mentioned some indications of wavering interest in idolatry, but found myself diverted into grievous lamentations that this God-dishonoring system derives its chief support from the prestige and money grants of a *Christian* nation. I do honestly believe that this support of idolatry by the British Government is now the most formidable hinderance we have to the progress of the Gospel in India. On the large and increasing class of enlightened Hindus, Government officials and others, who see the folly of idolatry, and are more and more inclined to neglect and discard it, this Government support operates as a powerful check to keep them from showing any disrespect to the idols in word or act; while to the priests, poozanis, and more bigoted of the people, it furnishes a ready, powerful, practical argument in favor of idolatry. To the hesitating, doubting mind, they have only to plead: "Who are *you* to object to what Government sanctions and supports? Even these Christian rulers favor and support our gods. Then how dare you, a Hindu, neglect or revile them?"

This argument is felt most keenly when pressed on the mind of an inquirer convinced of the truth and almost persuaded to avow his faith in Christ.

Mahadoo Trudum is one of our most intelligent inquirers. He has committed to memory the Catechism, Ten Commandments, the Christian Creed—more Christian truth than most orthodox Christians in your long established churches. He seems thoroughly convinced of the truth, and as thoroughly dislikes Hindu idolatry and superstition. But he is wofully stumbled by this Government support of the gods and priests. His family has a large pecuniary interest in idolatry. His brother is a poojari of the famous goddess Toolsabac. This brother and all his friends reproach him for neglecting the idols and daring to think of becoming a Christian. They say: "What, *you, a Hindu*, forsake Toolsabac, when even the Christians dare not withhold her support?" Mahadoo feels this argument keenly. He fails to apprehend the political motive and reasoning of the Government, and cannot understand how a Christian people can give their prestige and money to support idolatry, and at the same time believe it to be offensive to God and destructive of human souls.

This inquirer is now here, visiting me almost daily, and in my anxiety to win him wholly to Christ and the truth, I some days spend two, three, and even *four* hours conversing and praying with him. He paints, with painful eloquence, the degrading, cruel, hopeless bondage in which the minds of the great mass of these ignorant people are kept by their fear and worship of the idols; and then, in view of this unanswerable argument from Government support, urged by such men as his brother, he begs me, in most touching terms, to represent the case to the Governor of Bombay, and get him to withdraw this support from the idols.

I tell him that the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but moral and mighty only through God. He at once replies: "True, if our rulers were heathens, we would try to enlighten them, and pray God to convert them and make them Christians, so that they would cease to support false gods and worship the true God only. But if, after becoming Christians, they should continue to support the idols, what would be the gain? Might they not as well have remained Hindus? * * * Does the true God, indeed, wish you Christians to support idolatry with your money and great power? Then, how can it be offensive to him? And why has He forbidden it?"

I urge him to be true to his own personal convictions—to confess Christ before men, and help me to enlighten the people, to persuade them to forsake the idols and believe in Jesus and the true God. He replies: "But how can I persuade the people to forsake the idols, when you Christians are building and repairing their temples, and constantly giving money to the priests and poojaris to worship them?"

I pray with him, making a special petition that God will so enlighten and impress his mind with His own blessed truth, that he will see and feel the priceless value of a treasure in heaven above all earthly good, and may at once have grace and courage joyfully to confess Christ before his countrymen. He always prays with me, and very intelligently, but with a special petition that God will reveal to me the terrible enormity of this great sin of idolatry, and give me grace and courage to go to the Governor and Queen Victoria and persuade those Christian rulers no longer to support with their power and money this masterpiece of Satan for blinding and destroying human souls.

I wish, with all my heart, those Christian rulers, and other Christians, too, could hear this poor Hindu pray, and listen to his entreaties on this subject. His importunity is very hard to bear. He seems to talk, entreat, and pray with a full conviction of the terrible enormity of this sin, and that Christians, in supporting it, are responsible before God for all the present misery and eternal ruin its continuance may entail. Mahadoo declares his wish and purpose to receive baptism and confess Christ before men as soon as Government ceases to support idolatry. It is quite possible he sees that such Government action would diminish "the offense of the cross" to him in so doing. But even on this supposition, the strength of his feeling and entreaties reveal in clear light the thoughtful Hindu's view of this support of idolatry by a Christian people, and the enormous hinderance it opposes to the progress of Christianity in India.

I had in mind to speak of the eagerness of the people for our Christian tracts and books, and of some other facts and impressions connected with this tour. But the length of these letters and pressing duties forbid. Let me say, in closing, one impression, not new, but vivified and deepened, on this tour is, that

5. *We need more men for this work.* The scale of effort by which we are attempting to evangelize India is a very mockery. With 3,000,000 of idolaters around me, reached by no other missionary, how is my influence to be felt? Thousand of my hearers on this tour never saw or heard a missionary before, and *never will again.* What is one short discourse in a life-time to avail with minds so besotted with sin and superstition, so ensnared in this crafty network of this arch-deceiver? Calculating results on any scale of human reasoning, and to conquer India for Christ we need an army of 300,000 missionaries. But we will not lose sight of our moral vantage ground. The elements of the human conscience, as well as of God's truth, and the promised aid of His own Spirit, are all in our favor. Give us "one to chase 1000 and two to put 10,000 to flight," and we will ask no more. This would give me 550 for my parish proper, and five times that number for the wide wastes around me. Give us these—nay, give us the tenth part of these—one to chase 10,000 and two to put 100,000 to flight—and, with God's blessing, you shall soon have results to quicken your own faith and cause joy in heaven.

But, my brother, believe me, this need is very urgent. On our present scale of effort what right have we—what right have you—what right has the Church of God in Europe or America—to expect results? If Christians would not mock God with their prayers for the world's conversion, the *men* and means for this work must be forthcoming. Would to God I could make this cry heard in every church of Christendom—in every school of the prophets—by every young man girding on his armor for Christ's service—Brethren, *we need more men for this work.* Your soldiers are fainting and falling on the battle-field. *Send us more men.* Pray, pray ye the Lord of the harvest to send laborers into this harvest. *And when he sends you,* come.

In the loved service of the Gospel, yours most sincerely, R. G. Wilder.

Kolapoor, India.

ALL THINGS ON TRIAL.

BY REV. E. E. ADAMS, D.D.

"*Prove all things*"—is not only a Divine command, but a law of the universe. Everything that lives has its trial; is under this law. The germ struggles into existence against manifold resistances, and rising into the full corn, or to the stately tree, it overcomes a thousand hostile forces. By these it grows vigorous, gains maturity, and realizes its highest utility. All sentient creatures suffer, from their own species, from other orders, from the severities of Nature, from the invading hand of man. It would seem that God does what he demands of us. *He* proves all things, not for the enlightenment of his own mind, nor for the confirming of his views, but for the noblest end—the complete development and life of the universe.

God tests this planet. He fills that rage in the earth's centre. The vapors which expand in its caverns, the fearful forces which rock the islands and continents, and expend themselves in volcanic action, are the processes by which the worth and quality of our globe are tested. Other planets are subject to the same law. They, too, are sustained by internal conflict, and their surfaces indicate the probation through which they have passed. And the fact that earthquakes, whirlwinds, fires and floods have not crushed nor consumed this globe, and others in our system, is evidence that they will survive until they shall have answered the Divine purpose of their creation.

God has proved angels. It was desirable that the virtue of the moral universe should have a trial. Had it met no resistance, there could be no visible proof of its genuineness. God would indeed know, but angels and men might not know. Some of the principalities and powers failed. Their virtue was not genuine; could not withstand such resistances as were needed to prove it. Others passed through the ordeal unscathed, and their virtue is confirmed forever.

God has proved—*is* proving man. His virtue needed proof. He failed; he still fails; he would fail fatally but for the power that God gives. The trial of angels and of man originally proceeded not by an *arbitrary* law; it was submitted to reason and to will. It was not greater than, by the offered aid of God, they were able to bear. Those whose virtue survived the trial, stood by their own will and purpose; those who failed, yielded by choice to evil. They could suffer evil in no other way than by their own spontaneous election. We get and keep it in the same way. Now, if there may be less virtue in the world, there is a better quality, and so more in value. It is a proved virtue. God had a right thus to test his moral creatures. We claim that right with our works, our property. There is need of this. But for the testing of some inventions, where, if they fail, they will do no harm, they might fail where the result would be utter ruin to many No doubt the trial of angels and of primeval man was made just when and where failure resulted in the least possible evil; and success, so far as it was realized, secured the greatest good.

God is now proving us and all creatures. We are in probation. We have not yet learned all we need to know of ourselves, of the creatures, and of God. We are learning the principles of the Divine government, the power of sin, the wants of our moral being, the way of preparation for God's loftiest purpose in behalf of man, for the noblest development of our being. We believe that every sorrow which enters the heart, every pain that tortures the body, every agony which the mind feels and masters, every struggle of soul with temptation, every failure of hope, every pang of remorse that plows its deep furrows into our hearts, and every joy that lights up our spirits with transitory rays, is an element in the process of our discipline, a part of the deep, earnest probation which precedes our eternity, and in which we are to fail or gain a glorious victory.

THE EVANGELICAL SCHOOL IN NAPLES.

The *Esperance* contains an interesting letter, dated Naples, January 19th, written by Pastor Koller, who is constantly engaged in the work of evangelization. From this letter we select the following:—

With thanks to God, and the joy of an overflowing heart, I write these lines. On my return here, I am enabled to record a fresh impulse to the work of evangelization, in which I have been engaged for the last five years. The fruits are palpable, undeniable. That you may be convinced of this, I need only invite you to accompany me in imagination to a festival, such as Naples had never before witnessed.

During the Christmas holidays, the ladies who assisted us in the management of several evangelical schools, resolved to assemble, from every part of the city, in one room, all the children who belonged to the schools, that they might partake of an entertainment provided for them. Christmas trees were to be brilliantly lighted, and presents were to be distributed among the children of the Lazaroni—the very poor, who live by begging—in memory of the Child who was the root and the offspring of David. But where was a room to be found large enough to contain the hundreds of our youthful friends? How wonderfully had their numbers increased! Neither our place of worship, nor our other gathering places sufficed for their accommodation. It was necessary to obtain a large public hall, in which to celebrate the triumph of the faith but lately progressive, and still secretly opposed. Well for us, that in this land there is no reason to doubt the protection of the Italian magistracy in such public demonstrations of the advancing liberty of conscience. One of our evangelists went to the Chief Magistrate of the city, who very gladly placed at our disposal the vast hall of Montoliveto, where only a short time before the royal princess presided at a similar festival. He did it with the words: "You are engaged in the instruction of the young. You are endeavoring to do good to the country. This satisfies us, and we wish you great success."

Forthwith our schools received the necessary directions. Each took the badge assigned it, and with ribbons on the arm and flags unfurled, they moved, the boys on foot and the girls in omnibuses, through the streets of Naples. The immense hall was soon filled to overflowing. All around stood long tables full of presents, and upon these tables were also tall Christmas trees; upon the walls hung Italian inscriptions, among which were the words: "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

Religious songs now arose. More than five hundred children praised the Lord in their native language, at one time altogether, at another, those of each separate school. All these joyful, cleanly-dressed children were gathered from the streets, and rescued from indescribable ignorance. This entire multitude of youthful minds is already the second or third generation brought under the influence of our Neapolitan schools. Numbers of the earlier scholars, male and female, many of them as under-teachers, took part in this memorable festival.

I mentioned that it was five years ago when I timidly endeavored to gather a few young boys in the first schools that were opened. With fear and trembling I asked myself, Will they come? Will our effort be tolerated? Will not prejudice, ignorance, and fanaticism endeavor to take our scholars from us, and to close our schools? But behold! The Lord has protected us with his mighty arm. The thirst for knowledge has led the children to us by hundreds. Some two thousand have, through the learning of the alphabet, found the way to Jesus. The confidence of the parents has overcome the malignant influence of the priesthood. We have been permitted to come into the pure light of day. Our schools are protected by law. They celebrate their festival with evangelical songs under the protection of the magistrates. The celebration is marked by the greatest order. Only one policeman is to be seen, and he is stationed at the door to keep back the too eager parents. The children themselves wait patiently until the address is finished, and then come to the table, one after another, in order to receive the presents so earnestly desired. The most valued are pens, paper, and lead-pencils.

Seven of our schools are assembled here, and we regret that we could not also invite those of Salerno and Caserta. What progress in so few years! What elements of strength! We have been frequently compelled to change our locality. If we are driven from one place, we take fresh hold upon another at a short distance. Every attack of our adversaries has imparted new strength to us. The Lord be praised!

His servants have not been idle. Many teachers have performed apostolic labor May their zeal remain humble, and become more faithful than ever! One lady of my congregation supports a girl's school, the first in Naples, at her own expense; with her money she gives her time, and withdraws herself from the splendor of a life of wealth, in order to instruct the daughters of the fishermen of Mergelina, not only in Italian, but also in French. An English lady teaches classes of grown-up girls in her own house every evening, and Sunday-school classes every Sunday. Our Committee of Evangelization has been equally active. With their, unfortunately, too limited means, they maintain four schools independent of the evening classes. It is due to their perseverance that our work can live and grow. The great efforts of Pastor Appia have produced living fruits. Italian evangelists have trodden in his footsteps. Some have left their civil callings, others the silence of the cloister, in order, with us, to watch over and instruct these youths. At another time I will give you an account of their labors among those of maturer age To-day I have only the beaming countenances of the children in memory; their youthful voices in my ear, and thanks to God in my heart.

"WHAT DOES IT MEAN?"

The above question is asked with reference to the fact reported, that the only pastorate within the bounds of the Presbytery of Steuben has just been dissolved. The implication is, that the Presbytery are lacking in the true spirit of Presbyterianism, or there would have been a larger number of installations. It is acknowledged that the churches do not seem to be possessed of a spirit of change; but the query is raised, Why are there no more pastors, ecclesiastically so called? Now, the query arises whether an installation is a fulfilment of the great Presbyterian idea of the pastorate? Is it not rather *permanency?* And it is certainly true that installation, at least within the bounds of this Presbytery, has not always insured any great degree of permanency in that relation. Our good Brother Gelston, as a "Stated Supply," has outlasted a goodly number of pastorates during his ten years of faithful labor at Naples. There is Brother Vorhis, too, who has recently left Hammondsport, after a service of about eight years as "Supply." Rawson, at Jasper, and Niles, at Corning, are now just completing their seven years of pastoral service in their fields of labor. And Laine and Bradbury have each supplied the churches of Canister and Howard for four years. Corning has had three "pastors," good men and true; the longest pastorate of which was four years, the other two pastorates covered periods of two years each. It is believed that in the matter of *stability* in the pastoral relation, the Presbytery of Steuben will not compare unfavorably with other Presbyteries whose records indicate a larger number of installed pastors. Is there not another question of higher importance which needs to be considered, namely: What means it, that of the whole number of installations within the bounds of our Church, so few of them indicate permanency in the pastoral relation? Said a witty "Stated Supply," of the importance of the pastoral relation, "I fully believe in being installed for life over a church, it has such an air of stability. Now, there is my good Brother ——— has been installed for life thirteen times, over as many churches, and now has another call on hand." Can we blame any particular church if it does not indicate any very great veneration for the solemn services of installation, after having enjoyed several such occasions within the period of ten or a dozen years? Yours for Permanency

THE LIQUOR-SELLER'S DREAM.

I am a man of literary turn; my readings have been extensive and varied, for my father designed me for the Gospel ministry; and yet I am, after all, but the keeper of a third-rate tavern, obliged to get my living by selling rum and lager beer.

My theological training brought me early to study moral and religious subjects, and pry into the occult sources of human thought and feeling. As may be supposed, my quiet reflections in regard to the rightfulness of my business are often very unpleasant. Perhaps you will inquire here why a man of my turn should thus continue employed in a manner so at variance with my early tastes and convictions? I can give you no better answer than to state, what is strictly true, that in early life I inherited the calling, with the house I live in, from my father—never having had sufficient decision of mind to make a change.

As all know, our business of selling liquor brings us in contact with the very worst classes of society; with those whose moral natures have been hardened, till I have sometimes fancied these blasted wrecks to be but devils, remaning yet a little while in the flesh. O! if I could blot from my memory what I have *heard, seen,* and *felt* in the past twenty years, I would reckon myself prepared for the kingdom of heaven! And yet, unlike other inn-keepers, I am myself a strictly sober man, having my mind clear and self-poised I sell liquor only as a *lawful* mode of getting money, realizing all the time that I return no valuable consideration; but often, rather, sending others unprepared to their final account. The mere employment in itself is irksome and disgusting to the last degree; and yet, Prometheas-like, I seem chained to it.

Taking up a paper, a few evenings since, after I had closed my bar-room, I read the following incident, recorded of a man named John Seaver, who undertook, on a wager of $500, to walk (without sleep) one hundred miles in as many consecutive hours, at Porstmouth, N. H. I read:—

"In the ninety-fifth hour he fainted and fell. Every hour of the last four he was bathed all over with rum and alum. In the ninety-ninth hour he again fell in faintness. The last hour at length arrived, and with his assistants he completed his forty-two circuits in thirty-three minutes. In an hour's time he was at his home, and on his pillow, no doubt like Sancho Panza, 'blessing the man who first invented sleep' But for him sound sleep was not safe. His medical attendant, Dr. Perry, was with him through the night, awakening him every hour. He was under so strong nervous excitement, that he at times had to be held in bed by his attendants. *His dreams were fearful—of more miles to travel, and that his bandages were lost, and that his bathing material had given out.* This was evident by his exclamations."

The closing sentences of the above impressed me deeply; I thought of my business; and the horrors of twenty years' experience in a tavern loomed up, a panorama, as distinct as a painting could make it to my eyes.

Seaver had quit his task, *and yet the mental and moral impressions remained stamped on his being as active as before!* Suppose, thought I, the experiences of my bar-room life should remain with me after I die! It was horrible! It reminded me of Clarence's dream, which I had read when a young man. I reached up into the closet and took down an old copy of Shakespeare, and turned to the passage in Richard III., Act 1, Scene IV.:—

"Methought what pain it was to drown,
What dreadful noise of water in my ears;
What sights of ugly death within my eyes!
——My dream was lengthen'd after life;
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
——Methought a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impresson made my dream."

The words of Richard, also, under similar circumstances, came into my mind:—

"O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
My conscience has a thousand several tongues
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain."

I shut the volume, went to bed, and tried to sleep. At length I dreamed; I thought I was dead, and my soul went

——Forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air.

I was surrounded by myriads of poor, ragged drunkards, and, like the pedestrian, I thought I was employed at my usual task of slaking the unquenchable fire, as of old. I was the proprietor of a vast drinking palace, lighted by a lurid, yet dingy flame, that gave every face an awful expression. I never had looked upon so vast a crowd of human forms before; and every face was familiar to my eye. Men whose countenances were yet youthful and unlined by passion or care, came up to my bar. I recognized them as those who had "commenced" with me in early life, but some of whom had, years ago, passed out of my field of observation and labor. To each in turn I handed the bottle, and as they drank, their faces grew old and haggard, and they disappeared, as in a dissolving view, only to make way for the next trembling customer. But what astonished me most of all was, that I possessed the faculty of remembering all the previous occasions that I had thus served them. They were all familiar faces, and I had a clear recollection of every word and transaction that had ever occurred between us! I soon began to realize that my business was perpetual, and one that was mine against all competition. I thought I had ceased to observe times and seasons in the progress of my labors. I never shut up the bar or the house; the customers came and went just as fast as I could wait on them; and what was most wonderful of all, I never seemed to tire of my occupation, but had the wonderful power to continue it without lassitude or nourishment; in fact, I began to realize that my whole being, with every faculty of my soul, were concentrated in one thing—*forever to quench an unquenchable fire!* As the money dropped in my till the coins were glittering gold; but as I took them thence they either fell into brittle dust, or turned into creeping reptiles! Like Milton's hero at Hellgate, I convulsely shrieked at the contemplation of my life-long task, and awoke. A.

Miscellaneous.

THE EXPERIENCE OF COWPER.

An unconscious testimony to the Divine indwelling occasionally exhibits itself in strange—yes, in fearful—forms; for it is contrasted with strange and fearful forms of suffering. I can never listen to the singing of some of the hymns of Cowper without a thrill of reverence for the grace of God which could work so mightily in a diseased soul. Some of Cowper's most affecting lyrics, to which millions of Christian hearts have turned lovingly as to the most truthful expressions of their own experience which they have ever found, except in the Psalms of David, were composed during those eleven years in which, as he tells us, not a solitary moment of hope of his own salvation ever cheered his soul. By those rivers of Babylon he sat down and wept; and his wailings have been heard in thousands of the sanctuaries of Zion to-day. O, mystery of grace—that regenerating love should thus gleam out and make radiant the path of sympathizing beholders, when not a ray of it could find ingress to the bleared and swollen eye of the unconscious believer!

May I venture to probe the mystery?—Can it be the object of such a phenomenon to give to the universe a monument of God's triumph over Satan, in a conflict the severity of which *submerges* weak human nature to depths which light cannot pierce? In the shock and struggle of that warfare, in which the supremacy of man's soul is contested by unseen beligerents, may it not be that God sometimes suspends the hiding of his power, and lays out the forces of his will in majesty which human consciousness cannot bear to look upon? Shall men *see* God in such conflicts and live? But the reflex influence of such experience upon the usefulness of the believer is more intelligible. I have heard it said by one, the fragrance of whose memory yet fills this place, that "no man could be qualified to write a commentary on the Psalms of David, who had not known some great sorrow." So, when God regenerates a chosen one who is to become dear to the hearts of many generations, the secret method of grace sometimes is to work out the change by processes which shall disclose its reality to all minds but his. To him the volume is sealed until the time of the end. Yet his tremulous fingers have written it that Scriptures might be fulfilled: "I will lead the blind by a way they know not; I have surnamed thee, though thou hast not known me."

Even upon the insane experience of such a soul, we may reasonably found our faith in the divinity of the power which dwells in it. We turn from the testimony of such a one in his despair, to his testimony as we doubt not he rehearses it to awe-struck angels. "Poor Cowper," as thy friends used to call thee—"Our guide, our teacher, our brother," rather would we name thee—what thinkest thou now of God's dealings with thy soul? Dost thou not understand those mysterious eleven years? Was it not worth eleven years of sorrow to be thus enabled to express some of the experience of God's people in all coming time? Was it not worth eleven years of conflict, to be thus disciplined as the witness of God to unborn millions among whom this shall be told as a memorial of thee? Was it not worth eleven years of bondage to the power of darkness, to be thus led to the composition of one such song of Zion as that in which thou hast taught us that "God moves in a mysterious way?" Was it not worth eleven years of despair, to be thus moved by the throes of thine own anguish to assure all other believers, as thou hast done, that "There *is* a fountain filled with blood?" Dost thou not now see that when thou didst say for our comfort,

"Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,"

thou didst speak words of unconscious prophecy?—*Bibliotheca Sacra.*

SPIRITUAL VICTORIES

WON BY DISCOURAGEMENT AND FAILURE.

Blessed are the souls in whom not the strength of nature only, but that of grace has been so brought low, even to the very dust, that they have learned to call nothing that they have their own. Often must the believer, like Antæus, grow stronger for having touched the ground; often must he experience the sentence of death in himself, must feel himself a being without heart or hope, incapable and even insensible, so that he may learn to trust, not in himself, nor in any other, but in Him who raises the spiritually dead. The Christian must hold on to God, through conflicts and agonies; he must fight while his blood runs down and glues his hand to his sword. So must he hold on when that hand is benumbed and stiff with cold; when strength and consciousness seem gone together, and only an instinct remains through which the soul is able to fling itself like a dead weight upon Christ. Yet even here is "an overthrow worth many victories." Through being chilled and mortified in the smallest, most inwardly humiliating things; through being beaten away from the broken cisterns of self and of all creatures, we learn, as we could never without this have done, to look to Christ as our well of life, and so to find all our fresh springs in him as to be able to say with a simple and sincere heart, "Lord, give me ever more of this water, so that I thirst not."

I know not how to speak of that great era in the Christian's soul when, through the strength of a patient following, or through the sweetness of a loving recognition, it *finds* Him whom it has long loved, and passes, in that finding, from the straitened life within itself into the free outlooking from self into Christ. When it ceases to confer with flesh and blood, to watch over its own changes and fluctuations, for the sake of attaching itself implicitly to Him who is the whole of what we have in part; when it lives no longer by faith, but by Christ, holding Him too surely to think of that it holds by, when it has done with self-questioning, with self-analysis, *believes in the love by which it lives,* and can appeal for all answer to the fact of its own life.—*Patience of Hope.*