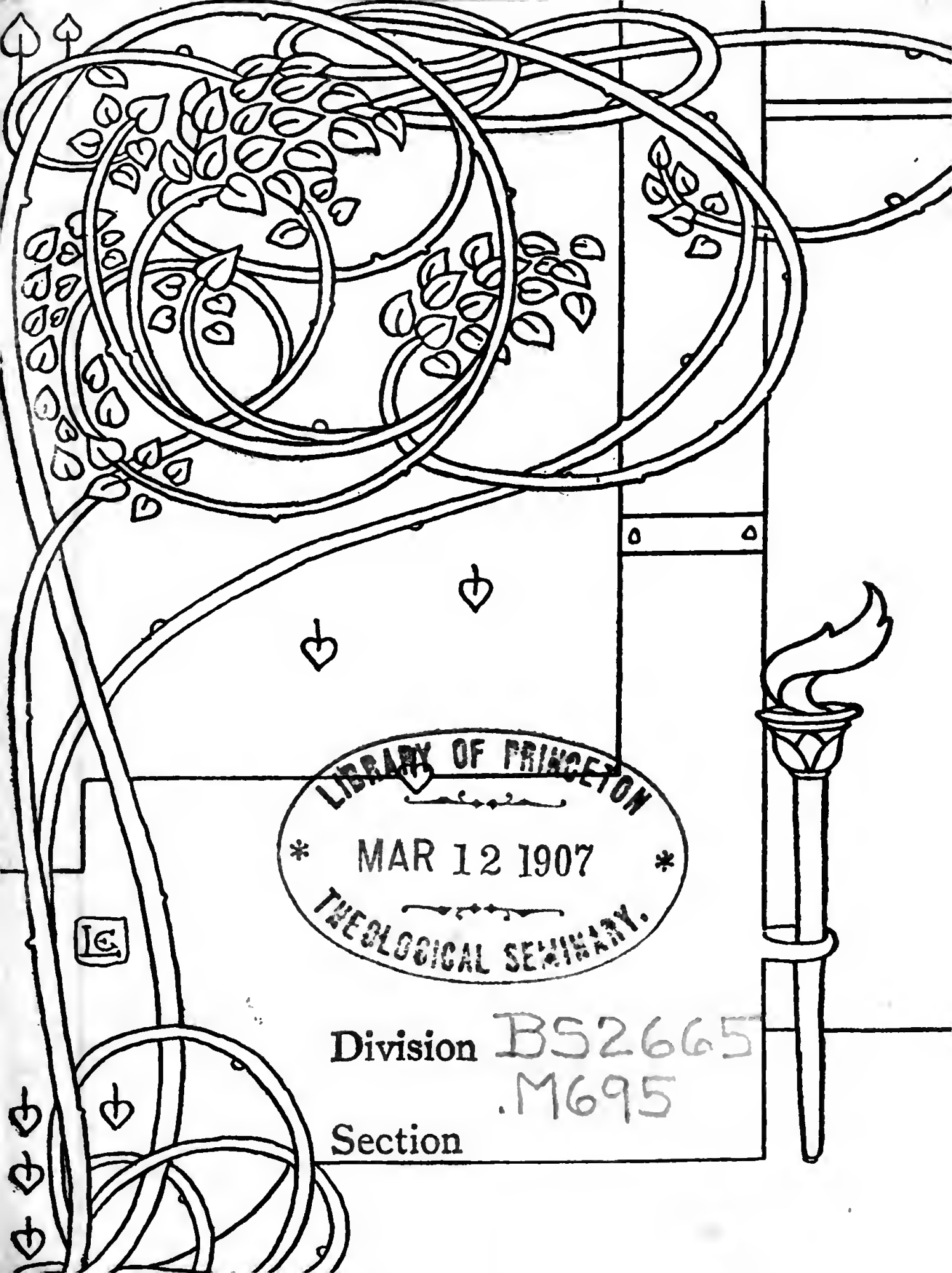

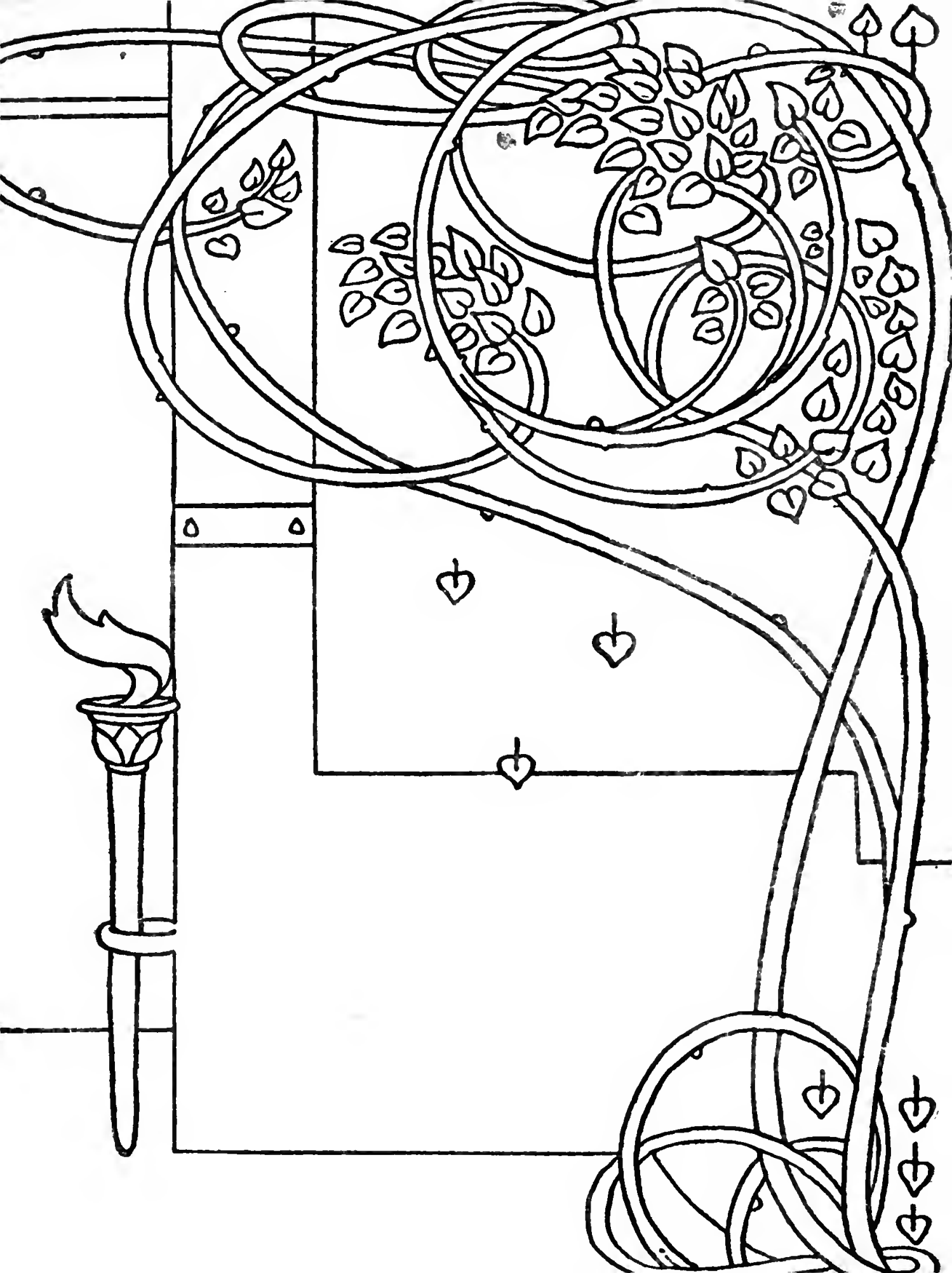

LITERARY ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE

Edited by James Moffatt, D.D.

THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS

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The Book of Ecclesiastes

The Book of Daniel

The Gospel of Saint Mark

The Gospel of Saint Luke

The Epistle to the Romans

The Book of Revelation

THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS

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LITERARY ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE

THE materials for these volumes are of two kinds. On the one hand, I have set down passages of verse and prose in which some text of this book of the Bible has been used or applied in what appears to be a forcible or notable manner. Some of these are drawn from history and biography, others from general literature. In the second place, I have admitted passages which develop aptly and freshly not the words but the idea of a Biblical verse. It is hoped that both classes of illustrations may prove interesting to the ordinary reader by enriching the associations and eliciting the significance of the Bible. Sometimes the materials printed here will serve as lighted candles placed beside the text of Scripture, while in other cases I trust it is not too

presumptuous to expect that the juxtaposition of text and quotation may help to set in motion the minds of those who have to use the Bible constantly in the work of preaching or teaching throughout the Christian churches.

JAMES MOFFATT.

'He turned to the Epistle to the Romans, a favourite epistle with him, and deservedly so, for there we come face to face with the divine apostle, with a reality unobscured by miracle or myth. And such a reality! Christianity becomes no more a marvel, for a man with that force and depth of experience is sufficient to impose a religion on the whole human race, no matter what the form of the creed may be.'—MR. HALE WHITE in *Miriam's Schooling and Other Papers.*

'I think St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans the most profound work in existence; and I hardly believe that the writings of the old Stoics, now lost, could be deeper. Undoubtedly it is, and must be, very obscure to ordinary readers; but some of the difficulty is accidental, arising from the form in which the Epistle appears. If we could now arrange this work in the way in which we may be sure St. Paul would himself do, were he now alive, and preparing it for the press, his reasoning would stand out clearer. His accumulated parentheses would be thrown into notes, or extended to the margin.'

COLERIDGE, *Table-Talk.*

ROMANS

'I MET but one human being that forenoon, a dark military-looking wayfarer, who carried a game-bag on a baldric; but he made a remark which seems worthy of record. For when I asked him if he were Protestant or Catholic——

'"Oh," said he, "I make no shame of my religion. I am a Catholic."

'He made no shame of it! The phrase is a piece of natural statistics; for it is the language of one in a minority. . . . You may change creeds and dogmas by authority, or proclaim a new religion with the sound of trumpets, if you will; but here is a man who has his own thoughts, and will stubbornly adhere to them in good and evil.'—R. L. STEVENSON, *Travels with a Donkey*.

'IT is an immense blessing to be perfectly callous to ridicule; or, which comes to the same thing, to be conscious thoroughly that what we have in us of noble and delicate, is not ridiculous to any but fools, and that, if fools will laugh, wise men will do well to let them.'

From DR. ARNOLD'S *Letters*.

KÖSTLIN, in chapter i. of the second part of his *Life of Luther*, describes the reformer at Erfurt as bent upon the study of the Scripture. 'When looking back, at the close of his life, on his inward development, he tells us how perplexed he had been by what St. Paul said of the "righteousness of God" (Rom. i. 17). For a long time he troubled himself about the expression, connecting it as he did, according to the ruling theology of the day, with God's righteousness in the punishment of sinners. Day and

night he pondered over the meaning and context of the apostle's words. But at length, he adds, God in His great mercy revealed to him that what St. Paul and the gospel proclaimed was a righteousness freely given to us by the grace of God, who forgives those who have faith in His message of mercy, and justifies them, and gives them life eternal. Therewith the gate of heaven was opened to him, and thenceforth the whole remaining purport of God's word became clearly revealed.'

The second part of this verse is also connected with Luther's experiences. During his visit to Rome in 1511 upon convent business, 'whilst climbing, on his knees, and in prayer, the sacred stairs which were said to have led to the Judgment hall of Pilate, and whither to this day worshippers are invited by the promise of papal absolutions, he thought of the words of St. Paul in his Epistle to the Romans, *The just shall live by faith*' (Köstlin). It started a train of reflection that led to grave questioning of the Roman ritual.

'THE sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills, and the plains—
Are not these, O soul, the vision of Him who reigns?'

TENNYSON.

See Keble's lines on 'The Sunday called Septuagesima.'

'ASPECTS of nature in different ages have changed before the eye of man; at times fruitful of many thoughts; at other times either unheeded or fading into insignificance in comparison of the inner world. When the apostle spoke of the visible things which "witness of the divine power

and glory," it was not the beauty of particular spots which he recalled; his eye was not satisfied with seeing the fairness of the country any more than the majesty of cities. He did not study the flittings of shadows on the hills, or even the movements of the stars in their courses. The plainest passages of the book of Nature were, equally with the sublimest, the writing of a Divine hand. . . . The apostle, in the abundance of his revelations, has an eye turned inward on another world. It is not that he is dead to Nature, but that it is out of his way; not, as in the Old Testament, the veil or frame of the divine presence, but only the background of human nature and revelation. When speaking of the heathen, it comes readily into his thoughts; it never seems to occur to him in connection with the work of Christ. He does not read mysteries in the leaves of the forest, or see the image of the cross in the form of the tree, or find miracles of design in the complex structures of animal life. His thoughts respecting the works of God are simpler and also deeper. The child and

the philosopher alike hear a witness in the first chapter of Romans, or in the discourse of the apostle on Mars' Hill, or at Lystra, which the mystic fancies of Neo-platonism and the modern evidences of natural theology fail to convey to them.'—From JOWETT'S *Essay on Natural Religion.*

'THE Sidonians agreed amongst themselves to choose him to be their king who that morning should first see the sun. Whilst all others were gazing on the east, one alone looked on the west. But he first of all discovered the light of the sun shining on the tops of houses. God is seen sooner, easier, clearer in His operations than in His essence. Best beheld by reflection in His creatures. *For the invisible things of Him are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made.*'

THOMAS FULLER.

'I too have strength—
Strength to behold Him and not worship Him,
Strength to fall from Him and not cry on Him,
Strength to be in the universe and yet
Neither God nor His servant.'

Lucifer to Gabriel in MRS. BROWNING'S
A Drama of Exile.

'A SELF-CONTENTED man is the hardened swelling on the breast of society. He is my sworn enemy. He fills himself with cheap truths, with gnawed morsels of musty wisdom, and he exists like a storeroom where a stingy housewife keeps all sorts of rubbish which is absolutely unnecessary to her, and worthless. . . . These unfortunate people call themselves

men of firm character, men of principles and convictions, and no one cares to see that convictions are to them but the clothes with which they cover the beggarly nakedness of their souls. On the narrow brows of such people there always shines the inscription so familiar to all: "Calmness and confidence." What a false inscription! Just rub their foreheads with firm hand and then you will see the real signboard, which reads: "Narrow-mindedness and weakness of soul."'

MAXIM GORKY.

'IF goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast.'

GEORGE HERBERT.

'PREACH to these men as one may,' thundered Savonarola to the Florentines, 'they have got into the habit of listening

well and yet acting ill. This habit has become a second nature, and they contrive to listen without obeying. And it is as hard to change this course of things as to change the course of the waters. Thou hast made a habit of always hearing the command? Then do justice, do justice. Else thou wilt become like a rook on the steeple, that, at the first stroke of the church bell, takes flight and is scared, but afterwards, growing accustomed to the sound, perches quietly on the bell, however loudly it be rung.'

The text of Butler's two sermons on 'The Natural Supremacy of Conscience.'

AS Jowett, in his introduction to the *Gorgias*, observes, 'Men are not in the habit of dwelling upon the dark side of

their own lives; they do not easily see themselves as others see them. They are very kind and very blind to their own faults; the rhetoric of self-love is always pleading with them on their own behalf. Adopting a similar figure of speech, Socrates would have them use rhetoric, not in defence but in accusation of themselves. . . .

'Under the figure there lurks a real thought, which, expressed in another form, admits of an easy application to ourselves. For do not we too accuse as well as excuse ourselves? . . . In religious diaries a sort of drama is often enacted by the consciences of men "accusing or else excusing them." For all our life long we are talking with ourselves'

IN a much-criticised passage in his *Enigmas of Life*, Mr. Rathbone Greg attempts to describe one of the retributive

pangs falling to the sinful soul, which belong to the nature of the future world, namely, 'the severance from all those we love who on earth have trod the narrower and better path.' 'What,' he asks, 'can be more certain, because what more in the essential nature of things, than that the great revelation of the Last Day (or that which must attend and be involved in the mere entrance into the spiritual state) will effect a severance of souls—an instantaneous gulf of demarcation between the pure and the impure, the just and the unjust, the merciful and the cruel—immeasurably more deep, essential, and impassable, than any which time or distance or search or antipathy could effect on earth? *Here* we never see into each other's souls; characters the most opposite and incompatible dwell together upon earth, and may love each other much, unsuspicious of the utter want of fundamental harmony between them. . . . But when the great curtain of ignorance and deception shall be withdrawn—"when the secrets of all hearts shall be made known"—when the

piercing light of the spiritual world shall at once and for ever disperse those clouds which have hidden what we really are from those who have loved us and almost from ourselves, when the trusting confidence of friendship shall discover what a serpent has been nourished in its bosom, when the yearning mother shall perceive on what a guilty wretch all her boundless and priceless tenderness has been lavished, when the wife shall at length see the husband whom she cherished through long years of self-denying and believing love revealed in his true colours, a wholly alien creature; what a sudden, convulsive, inevitable, because natural separation will then take place! One flash of light has done it all. The merciful delusions which held friends together upon earth are dispersed, and the laws of the mind must take their course and divide the evil from the good.'

'PERHAPS some of the most terrible irony of the human lot is this of a deep truth coming to be uttered by lips that have no right to it.'

GEORGE ELIOT.

Charles Lamb, writing of his cousin James, observes: 'It is pleasant to hear him discourse of patience—extolling it as the truest wisdom—and to see him during the last seven minutes that his dinner is getting ready. Nature never ran up in her haste a more restless piece of workmanship than when she moulded this impetuous cousin—and art never turned out a more elaborate orator than he can display himself to be, upon his favourite topic of the advantages of quiet, and contentedness in the state, whatever it may be, that we are placed in.'

CONTRAST the picture of the poor parson in Chaucer's *Prologue*:—

'This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught. . . .
Christes lore and his apostles twelve
He taught, but first he folwed it himselve.'

'HIS life,' says Macaulay of Steele, 'was spent in sinning and repenting; in inculcating what was right and doing what was wrong. In speculation, he was a man of piety and honour; in practice he was much of the rake and a little of the swindler.'

'PERSONS blessed with Mrs. Crookenden's description of temperament are not easily convicted of sin. Reproof usually presents itself to them rather as the result of an impertinence upon the part of somebody else, than as the result of misdoing on their own. Conscience, indeed, in them is magnificently altruistic—active merely in respect of others. In respect of their own conduct it is finely tranquil.'

LUCAS MALET.

'THEY, sweet soul, that most impute a crime
Are pronest to it, and impute themselves.'

TENNYSON.

'GOOD my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.'

SHAKESPEARE.

'THE world smiles when we complain of Russian aggression. The Asiatic subjects of the Queen of England are two hundred millions. The Asiatic subjects of

Russia are forty millions. The right on both sides is the right of conquest.'

FROUDE'S *Beaconsfield*, p. 244.

'SENECA'S fame as a moralist and philosopher was due, perhaps, in the first instance to his position about the Court, and to his enormous wealth. A little merit passes for a great deal when it is framed in gold, and once established it would retain its reputation, from the natural liking of men for virtuous cant. Those lectures to Lucilius on the beauty of poverty from the greatest money-lender and usurer in the empire! Lucilius is to practise voluntary hardships, is to live at intervals on beggars' fare, and sleep on beggars' pallets, that he may sympathise in the sufferings of mortality and be independent of outward things. If Seneca meant all this, why did he squeeze five millions of our money out of the provinces with loans and contracts?'—From FROUDE'S Essay on *The Norway Fjords*.

'THIS I well remember, that though I could myself sin with the greatest Delight and Ease, and also take pleasure in the vileness of my companions; yet, even then, if I have at any time seen wicked things by those who professed goodness, it would make my spirit tremble. As once, above the rest, when I was in the height of my Vanity, yet hearing one to swear that was reckoned for a religious Man, it had so great a stroke upon my Spirit that it made my heart ache.'

Grace Abounding, sec. 11.

'RELIGIOUS ideas have the fate of melodies, which, once set afloat in the world, are taken up by all sorts of instruments, some of them wofully coarse, feeble, or out of tune, until people are in danger of crying out that the melody itself is detestable.' GEORGE ELIOT.

ON the occasion of his momentous visit to Ulverstone and Swarthmore, George Fox describes his visit to the local church, where ultimately he was moved to speak. 'The word of the Lord to them was, *He is not a Jew that is one outwardly, but he is a Jew that is one inwardly, whose praise is not of man but of God.*' The text, which may be termed one of the Quakers' texts in the New Testament, was often upon Fox's lips.

'THE Jews,' says Heine, 'might well console themselves for the loss of Jerusalem and the Temple, and the Ark of the Covenant, the sacred jewels of the high priest, and the golden vases of Solomon. Such a loss is trifling compared with the

Bible—that indestructible treasure which they saved.'

'SO we come to the word which is in some sense the governing word of the Epistle to the Romans—the word *all*. As the word *righteousness* is the governing word of St. Paul's entire mind and life, so the word *all* may stand for the governing word of this his chief epistle.'

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

'THE happy period which was to shake off my fetters, and afford me a clear opening of the free mercy of God in Christ Jesus was now arrived. I flung myself into a chair near the window, and seeing a Bible there, ventured once more to apply to it for comfort and instruction. The first verse I saw was the 25th of the 3rd of Romans:

Whom God set forth to be a propitiation, through faith, by His blood, to manifest His righteousness. Immediately I received strength to believe, and the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness shone upon me. In a moment I believed, and received the gospel.' COWPER.

'JUSTIFICATION . . . is a great and august deed in the sight of heaven and hell; it is not done in a corner but by Him who would show the world what should be done unto those whom the king delighteth to honour. It is a pronouncing righteous while it proceeds to make righteous.

Such is the force of passages like the following:—*To show forth His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, to show forth, I say, at this time, His righteousness. Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? Who is he that condemneth?* as if publicly challenging the world . . . and so

again St. Paul, quoting Isaiah, Whosoever believeth in Him shall not be *ashamed.* In these and similar passages, the great recovery or justification of the sinner in God's sight is not the silent bestowal of a gift, but an open display of His power and love.'

NEWMAN'S *Lectures on Justification.*

'UNTO thy broken cisterns wherefore go,
While from the secret treasure-depths below,
Fed by the skiey shower,
And clouds that smile and rest on hill-tops high,
Wisdom at once and Power,
Are welling, bubbling forth, unseen, incessantly?
Why labour at the dull mechanic oar,
When the fresh breeze is blowing,
And the strong current flowing,
Right onward to the eternal shore?'

CLOUGH.

'IN this word *faith*, as used by St. Paul, we reach a point round which the ceaseless stream of religious exposition and discussion has for ages circled. . . . It will at once appear that while it can properly be said of Abraham, for instance, that he was justified by faith, if we take faith in its plain sense of holding fast to an unseen power of goodness, yet it cannot without difficulty and recourse to a strained figure, be said of him, if we take faith in Paul's specific sense of identification with Christ through the emotion of attachment to him. Paul, however, undoubtedly, having conveyed his new specific sense into the word faith, still uses the word both in the specific sense of identification with Christ and also in all cases where, without this specific sense, it was before applicable and usual, and in this way he often creates ambiguity. Why, it may be asked, does Paul, instead of employing another term to denote his special meaning, still thus employ

the general term faith? We are inclined to think it was from that desire to get for his words and thoughts not only the real but also the apparent sanction and consecration of the Hebrew Scriptures, which we have called his tendency to Judaise.'—MATTHEW ARNOLD, *St. Paul and Protestantism*.

Compare the interesting discussion of this passage in Miss Wedgwood's *Message of Israel*, pp. 142-144.

'CONVICTION long hath waited at the gate,
And I was deaf, refusing entrance;
But now that he is master of the house,
Peace glideth in to keep him company.'

C. J. WELLS.

IN his 'Notes on Art' in *Horæ Subsecivæ*, Dr. Brown thus describes a picture of Luther in the Convent Library at Erfurt.

'It is Luther, the young monk of four-and-twenty, in the Library of the Convent at Erfurt. . . . He is gazing into the open pages of a huge Vulgate—we see it is the early chapters of the Romans. A bit of broken chain indicates that the Bible was once chained—to be read, but not possessed—it is now free, and his own. . . . Next moment he will come upon—or it on him—the light from heaven, shining out from the words, *Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God*, and in intimation of this, His dawn, the sweet pearly light of morning, shining in at the now open lattice, is reflected from the page upon his keen, anxious face'

'ST. PAUL has not got much credit for poetic feeling amongst the many great poets of the Bible, and no doubt the passages in which he rises into poetry are somewhat rare; but of one of them, I suspect, we

miss the beauty and force rather for want of such a mental history as that of *In Memoriam* to explain it, than from any want of pathos, depth, and singular precision of feeling in the passage itself. It would injure *In Memoriam* to give it a Biblical motto, for that would tend to classify a great modern poem in that dismal category of works known as "serious reading," and so to diminish its just influence; otherwise it would be hard to find a more exact and profound summary of its cycle of thought and emotion than St. Paul's reason (evidently an afterthought) for "glorying in tribulation"—"knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope; and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given to us." That is a true summary of the drift of *In Memoriam.*'—From R. H. HUTTON'S *Essay on Tennyson.*

'JOY and woe are woven fine,
A clothing for the soul divine;
Under every grief and pine
Runs a joy with silken twine.
It is right it should be so;
Man was made for joy and woe;
And when this we rightly know,
Safely through the world we go.'

BLAKE'S *Auguries of Innocence.*

'I PRAISE Thee while my days go on;
I love Thee while my days go on;
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasures lost,
I thank Thee while my days go on.'

E. B. BROWNING.

'WHETHER it may seem paradoxical or not, it is a fact in our nature that, without endurance, life ceases to be enjoyable;

without pains accepted, pleasure will not be permanent. . . . A life from which everything that has in it the element of pain is banished, becomes a life not worth having; or worse, of intolerable tedium and disgust.'

JAMES HINTON.

'METHINKS we do as fretful children do,
Leaning their faces on the window-pane
To sigh the glass dim with their own breath's stain,
And shut the sky and landscape from their view. . . .

Be still and strong,
O man, my brother! hold thy sobbing breath,
And keep thy soul's large window pure from wrong,
That so, as life's appointment issueth,
Thy vision may be clear to watch along
The sunset consummation-lights of death.'

E. B. BROWNING.

'1740. Thur., Jan. 3.—I left London, and the next evening came to Oxford, where I spent the two following days in looking over the letters which I had received for the sixteen or eighteen years past. How few traces of inward religion are here! I found but one among all my correspondents who declared (what I well remember at that time I knew not how to understand) that God had *shed abroad His love in his heart* and given him the *peace that passeth all understanding*. But who believed his report? Should I conceal a sad truth, or declare it for the profit of others? He was expelled out of his society as a madman; and, being disowned of his friends, and despised and forsaken of all men, lived obscure and unknown for a few months, and then went to Him whom his soul loved.'

WESLEY'S *Journal*.

'I BELIEVE that He was dead; and that not simply as a matter of course, but as a matter of necessity as man's Redeemer.'

DR. JOHN PULSFORD.

'WHEREVER through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms has opened wide,
Or man for man has calmly died,
I see the same white wings outspread
That hovered o'er the Master's head.'

WHITTIER.

(not createth)

'IT is not God but Man that is changed by our Saviour's death; it is not necessary for our reparation that a change be wrought upon Him, but upon us, seeing that it is not God but man that has lost his goodness.

Christ came into the world, not to make God better, but to make us better; nor did He die to make Him more disposed to do good, but to dispose us to receive it.'

RICHARD BAXTER.

'THERE is a common saying that it is hard to forgive those whom we have injured. Certainly we are apt to imagine them to feel unkindly towards us. A sense of ill-desert banishes men from God the more effectually because they know it to be a true and right feeling, and know that if they condemn their sin God condemns it even more. Such is the effect of the moral ideal brought within the pale of consciousness. But the law reveals man to himself; it does not reveal God to man save partially and in one relation. He is more than law and justice and holiness. There is a mercifulness deeper than all. "God commendeth his love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."'—DR. G. P. FISHER in *The Century Magazine*, vol. xxxix. p. 789.

See the striking illustration of this quoted by Hugh Miller in the seventeenth chapter of *My Schools and Schoolmasters.*

IN acknowledging a copy of Max Müller's Westminster Abbey lecture on Missions, sent him by his wife, Dr. Bushnell wrote:—

'I read your little book right through at once. . . . We are half tempted to say, as we read, Well, what more of Gospel do we want than simply to believe in the love, and take it as our Gospel to convert the world with, joining hands with all that will join hands with us, be they called by whatever name? So I said when I came to the end. But there was an after-thought, showing a difference. What can ever make up the Gospel we want but to have the love coming in the line of a forgivingness? It really does not come to be a salvation till the love is seen making cost, and coming after us as by sacrifice. It would not be difficult for even a heathen to believe in God as love; but to believe

that He comes after us through painstaking and sorrow would be very far off—ah! it is impossible!'

V. 15. But as the offence so also is the free gift.

'HOW I wish that Paul were here for a month to tell us what he meant by χάρισμα in the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans! How I wish that he had but just spoken a little more distinctly.'

THOMAS ERSKINE of Linlathen.

V. 20. Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.

'I SAW also,' says George Fox in his *Journal*, 'that there was an ocean of darkness and death: but an infinite ocean of light and love, which flowed over the ocean of darkness. In that also I saw the infinite love of God.'

'AM I wrong in saying that he who has mastered the meaning of those two prepositions now truly rendered—"*into* the Name," "*in* Christ"—has found the central truth of Christianity? Certainly I would gladly have given the ten years of my life spent on the Revision to bring only these two phrases of the New Testament to the heart of Englishmen.'

WESTCOTT.

'NO extramural God, the God within
Alone gives aid to city charged with sin.'

MEREDITH.

'WE are the choice of the Will: God, when He gave the word
That called us into line, set in our hand a sword;

Set us a sword to wield none else could lift
and draw,
And bade us forth to the sound of the
trumpet of the Law.
East and west and north, wherever the battle
grew,
As men to a feast we fared, the work of the
Will to do.

W. E. HENLEY.

'THERE is but one passion which cannot go astray, cannot be too great,—the passion for righteousness embodied in Jesus. Philosophy and love are here the same thing. No vague ideals are these, dressed up in fine words, drawing on to-morrow because they have had no yesterday, but ascertained and ascertainable experience. Life is an art too complex for any rule but one, and that is the Imitation of Christ.'—DR. WILLIAM BARRY in *The Two Standards*

'YOUR liberty will be sacred, so long as it shall be governed by and evolved beneath an idea of Duty.'

MAZZINI.

'TRUE freedom is where no restraint is known
That Scripture, justice, and good sense disown;
Where only vice and injury are tied,
And all from shore to shore is free beside.'

COWPER.

'THROUGH no disturbance of my soul,
Or stray compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:

Me this unchartered freedom tires,
I feel the weight of chance desires;
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.'
WORDSWORTH'S *Ode to Duty*.

'BY holiness,' says Mr. John Morley, 'do we not mean something different from virtue? It is not the same as duty; still less is it the same as religious belief. It is a name for an inner grace of nature, an instinct of the soul, by which, though knowing of earthly appetites and worldly passions, the spirit, purifying itself of these, and independent of reason, argument, and the struggles of the will, dwells in patient and confident communion with the seen and the unseen Good.'

'FOR the present, however, consider Longchamp; now when Lent is ending, and the glory of Paris and France has gone forth

as in annual wont. Not to assist at *Tenebris* masses, but to sun itself and show itself, and salute the Young Spring. Manifold, bright-tinted, glittering with gold; all through the Bois du Boulogne, in long-drawn, variegated rows;—like long-drawn living flower-borders, tulips, dahlias, lilies of the valley; all in their moving flower-pots (of new-gilt carriages); pleasure of the eye and the pride of life. So rolls and dances the Procession: steady, of firm assurance, as if it rolled on adamant and the foundations of the world; not on mere heraldic parchment — under which smoulders a lake of fire. Dance on, ye foolish ones; ye sought not wisdom, neither have ye found it. Ye and your fathers have sown the wind, ye shall reap the whirlwind. Was it not, from of old, written: *The wages of sin is death?*'—CARLYLE'S *French Revolution*: book II. vi.

Compare the description of the second last of Hogarth's series of pictures, in *Mariage à la Mode*, given by Dr. Brown in

Horæ Subsecivæ ('Notes on Art'—Distraining for Rent).

'THAT is the worst of the wages of sin. Sinners cannot pay them all—however willing, however passionately desirous even they may be to do so. Those wages are always paid in part, of necessity must be, by the innocent in place of the guilty.'

LUCAS MALET.

'EVER since the Epistle to the Romans was written, it has become a Christian commonplace that, in all moral experience, I am divided against myself; inwardly identified with a superior call that beckons me; outwardly liable to take my lot with the inferior inclination that clings to me. In such conflict, whatever be its issue, the *real* self is always that which votes for the good; conformably with Plato's rule, that no man, of *his own will* (though, possibly, of blind im-

pulse), ever decides for the worse. If I choose aright, the previous strife is laid to rest, and my nature is at one with itself and its own ends. If I choose amiss, the storm within is fiercer than before; I rage against my own temptation; and if the fact be known, I am ashamed to walk abroad and carry about so false an image of myself.'

MARTINEAU.

'WE carry private and domestick enemies within, public and more hostile enemies without. The devil that did but buffet St. Paul, plays methinks at sharp with me. Let me be nothing, if within the compass of myself, I do not find the battle of Lepanto, passion against reason, reason against faith, faith against the devil, and my conscience against all. There is another man in me that 's angry with me, rebukes, commands, and dastards me.'

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

'EACH man seems to learn for himself from the beginning, and discovers little by little, to his great discomfort, what should have been known long ago from such as Paul and Luther and Bunyan. And what is this? Why, it is discovered that the will has no power over the affections. While *both* were in disorder, while a man's will was half for God and half for independence from God, he did not find this out distinctly; he then blamed *his entire nature.* But now that his will is really subdued, he begins to discern how exceedingly little power it has over his affections, and to regard *one half only* of his nature as diseased. He desires to speak with meekness; but he finds himself excited and bitter, if not in word, yet in heart. He desires to be chaste, and his thoughts become impure. He desires to worship God in spirit; but his mind wanders into countless imaginations. He desires to be contented; and his heart swells with a

foolish ambition. He desires to be humble; but he is mortified that somebody gave him too little honour. He desires to be simple; yet he said something to make himself admired. . . . But the single-minded soul is distinguished by the promptitude of its aspiration after better success, the moment that failure is discerned. Not merely is there vexation at the failure (which might denote mortified pride), but an instant breathing to God, "Oh that my heart were as Thy heart, and that wholly!" and this instantly renews the soul's intercourse with God, so that complaint is not self-reproach.'

F. W. NEWMAN.

'A SOUL confined by bars and bands,
Cries help! O help! and wrings her hands,
Blinded her eyes, bleeding her breast,
Nor pardon finds, nor balm of rest.

Ceaseless she paces to and fro,
O heartsick days! O nights of woe!
Nor hand of friend, nor loving face,
Nor favour comes, nor word of grace.

It was not I who sinned the sin,
The ruthless body dragged me in;
Though long I strove courageously,
The body was too much for me.

Dear prisoned soul, bear up a space,
For soon or late the certain grace;
To set thee free and bear thee home,
The heavenly pardoner death shall come.'

WALT WHITMAN.

'HE knows a baseness in his blood,
At such strange war with something good,
He may not do the thing he would.'

TENNYSON.

'WHEN the Lorelei in Heine's poem is sitting on the rock combing her yellow hair with a golden comb, or singing to the magic harp, with the music of the Rhine for the contrabasso, we fancy she is too naïve and pretty not to be as good as she looks. The boatman, who steers that way, and is caught in the whirlpool, will have another story to tell. So it is with our æsthetic, scientific, curled and scented paganism, which cannot endure the harsh Christian doctrine, or its antiquated doctrine about the law of sin in our members.'

DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

'NOW it seems some unseen monster lays
His vast and filthy hands upon my will,
Wrenching it backward into his, and spoils
My bliss in being.'

TENNYSON, *Lucretius.*

'PAUL did not go to Adam and Genesis to get the essential testimony about sin. He went to experience for it. "I *see*," he says, "a law in my members fighting against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity." This is the essential testimony respecting sin to Paul—this rise of sin in his own heart and in the heart of all the men who hear him. At quite a later stage in his conception of the religious life, in quite a subordinate capacity, and for the mere purpose of illustration, comes in the allusion to Adam and to what is called original sin.'

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

'ONE of my most formidable enemies was a vivid and ill-trained imagination. Against outward and inward evils of this kind there existed a very powerful love of truth and purity, and great approval of and delight in the law of God. The antagonism

of these two forces between the ages of twenty and twenty-six went nigh to threaten my reason. At length my deeply wounded conscience was pacified by faith in Christ, and a life of great happiness commenced, which still continues.'

SMETHAM.

'WHEN we read the lives of those men who have had the deepest spiritual experience, to whom, on the one hand, the infinity of duty, the commandment exceeding broad, and, on the other, the depth of their own spiritual poverty, has been most laid bare—we find them confessing that the seventh chapter of Romans describes their condition more truly than any philosopher has done. With their whole hearts they have felt St. Paul's "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?" Such are the men who, having themselves come out

of great deeps, become the spirit-quickeners of their fellow men, the revivers of a deeper morality. To all such there is a grim irony in the philosophic ideas when confronted with their own actuals. So hopelessly wide seems the gap between their own condition and the "thou shalt" of the commandment. Not dead diagrams of virtue such men want, but living powers of righteousness. They do not quarrel with the moralists' ideal, though it is neither the saints' nor the poets'. They find no fault with his account of the faculty which discerns that ideal, though it is not exactly theirs. But what they ask is not the faculty to know the right, but the power to be righteous. It is because this they find not, because what reason commands, the will cannot be or do, that they are filled with despair. As well, they say, bid us lay our hand upon the stars because we see them, as realise your ideal of virtue because we discern it.'

PRINCIPAL SHAIRP.

'BUT oh! this it is that which presseth me down and paineth me. Jesus Christ in his saints sitteth neighbour with our ill second, corruption, deadness, idleness, pride, lust, worldliness, self-love, security, falsehood, and a world of more the like, which I find in me, that are daily doing violence to the new man. Oh! but we have cause to carry low sails, and to cleave fast to free grace, free, free grace! Blessed be our Lord that ever that way was found out.'

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

'THERE have been many in all ages, whether nursed in Christianity or no, whether they have been left unacquainted with the New Testament or whether it has remained to them not an unknown or incredible but an unmeaning tale, to whom at

some crisis of their lives the record of St. Paul's deliverance has come as life from the dead. The account of his case is also the account of theirs. A new man has been forming within them—the sign of its presence being perhaps the more conscious antagonism of the old or a more wilful adherence to some mode of life or rule of action which has long ceased to satisfy—but till it has received some assurance of divine recognition and help, it is weak from ignorance of its proper strength, and is merely a source of inward unrest. In the gospel history, as interpreted by St. Paul, it finds the needed assurance.'

T. H. GREEN.

James Smetham, in his *Letters* (p. 208), speaks of having read a sermon by Archbishop Manning. 'With this school of

theologians there is no doubt a strong sense of the *evil* of sin. But it is like the sense of sin which the lost have in its fulness; Merlin with his hand on his aching heart, pacing for ever in enchanted forests, crushed, and haunted, and vexed for ever by dim unappeasable foreshadowings of doom—whispers of the inexpiable, the irretrievable, the gone, the lost. . . .

'This is the mere enchanter's gospel. Oh, how different from the gospel of our Lord and Saviour. I have had enough of the presentment of sin, enough of the miserable wandering in the mazes of the dark woods of moral metaphysics, enough of the terrible unrolling of the scrolls of doom. Analyse your sins? No, nail them to the cross. Weep tears of blood, sweat drops of oozing agony in secret chambers, in lonely walks? Oh no—

> Jesus my salvation is;
> Hence my doubts, away my fears;
> Jesus is become my peace.'

VIII. 2. The law of the Spirit of life.

'KNOW
That He who gave us life ordained us law.'
'Law! and is law then but to bind and freeze?
By law the lightning spurts, and the earth quakes,
And the spring surges through a million buds;
And law is filled with rushings and with thunder.'

STEPHEN PHILLIPS,
The Sin of David.

VIII. 3-4. That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us.

'FROM the people of the law arises the gospel. The sense of duty, when awakened, awakens not only the religion of the law, but in the end the other religious intuitions which lie round about it. The

faith of Christendom has arisen not from a great people, but from 'the least of all people'—from the people whose anxious legalism was a noted contrast to the easy, impulsive life of pagan nations. In modern language, conscience is the *converting* intuition—that which turns men from the world without to the world within—from the things which are seen and the realities which are not seen. In a character like Shelley's, where this haunting, abiding, oppressive moral feeling is wanting or defective, the religious belief in an Almighty God which springs out of it is likely to be defective likewise.'

BAGEHOT.

'HOW prompt we are to satisfy the hunger and thirst of our bodies; how slow to satisfy the hunger and thirst of our *souls*! Indeed, we would-be practical folks cannot

use this word without blushing, because of our infidelity, having starved this substance almost to a shadow. We feel it to be as absurd as if a man were to break forth into a eulogy on *his dog*, who hasn't any. An ordinary man will work every day for a year at shovelling dirt to support his body, or a family of bodies; but he is an extraordinary man who will work a whole day in a year for the support of his soul. But he alone is the truly enterprising and practical man who succeeds in *maintaining* his soul here. Have we not an everlasting life to get? and is not that the only excuse at last for eating, drinking, sleeping, or even carrying an umbrella when it rains?' THOREAU.

'NO deeper cleft divides human spirits than that which separates the faith possible to men, for whom evil means a mere negation, a mere shadow, a form of ignorance, from that which regards it as an actual existence, a

real antagonism to good. . . . Almost all other antitheses which divide human spirits either involve or spring from this contrast.'

MISS WEDGWOOD.

'NOW we must with sorrow confess that this doctrine of the Spirit's dwelling in the heart of God's servants, is much discountenanced of late. . . . But what if the apes in India, finding a glow-worm, mistook it to be true fire, and heaping much combustible matter about it, hoped by their blowing of it, thence to kindle a flame; I say, what if that laughter-causing animal, that mirth-making animal, deceived itself, doth it thence follow that there is no true fire at all? And what if some fanatics by usurpation have entitled their brain-sick fancies to be so many illuminations of the Spirit, must we presently turn Sadducees in this point, and deny that there is any Spirit at all? God forbid!'

THOMAS FULLER.

VIII. 19. The earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God.

'PELLUCID thus in saintly trance,
Thus mute in expectation,
What waits the earth? Deliverance?
Ah no! Transfiguration!

She dreams of that "new earth" divine,
Conceived of seed immortal;
She sings, "Not mine the holier shrine,
Yet mine the steps and portal!"'

AUBREY DE VERE.

'IN this broad earth of ours,
Amid the measureless grossness and the slag,
Enclosed and safe within its central heart,
Nestles the seed perfection. . . .
Give me, O God, to sing that thought,
Give me, give him or her I love this quenchless faith
In Thy ensemble. Whatever else withheld, withhold not from us

Belief in plan of Thee enclosed in Time
and Space,
Health, peace, salvation universal.
Is it a dream?
Nay but the lack of it the dream,
And failing it life's lore and wealth a
dream,
And all the world a dream.'

WALT WHITMAN.

'AND Thou, O King, shalt take Thine own
Triumphant; and, Thy place fulfilled,
The flaw of Nature shall be healed,
And joyous round Thy central throne

I see the vocal ages roll,
And all the human universe
Like some great symphony rehearse
The order of its perfect whole;

And smile, with dazzled wisdom dumb,
—Remembering all I said and sung—
That man asks more of mortal tongue
Than skill to say, "Thy Kingdom come."'

SYDNEY DOBELL.

'IT was an ancient saying of the Persians, that the waters rush from the mountains and hurry forth into all the lands to find the Lord of the Earth; and the flame of the fire, when it awakes, gazes no more upon the ground, but mounts heavenward to seek the Lord of Heaven; and here and there the Earth has built great watch-towers of the mountains, and they lift their heads far into the sky, and gaze ever upward and around, to see if the Judge of the World comes not. Thus in Nature herself, without man, there lies a waiting and hoping, a looking and yearning, after an unknown something. Yes; when above there, where the mountain lifts its head above all others, that it may be alone with the clouds and storms of Heaven, the lonely eagle looks forth into the grey dawn, to see if the day

comes not; when by the mountain torrent the brooding raven listens to hear if the chamois is returning from his nightly pasture in the valley; and when the soon uprising sun calls out the spicy odours of the thousand flowers—the Alpine flowers, with heaven's deep blue, and the blush of sunset on their leaves—then there awake in Nature, and the soul of man can see and comprehend them, an expectation and a longing for a future revelation of God's majesty.'

From LONGFELLOW'S *Hyperion*, vi.

SO Clough writes of a late August morn in a country lane:—

'This quelling silence as of eve or night,
Wherein earth (feeling as a mother may
After her travail's latest, bitterest throes)
Looks up, so seemeth it, one half repose,
One half in effort, straining, suffering still.'

VIII. 22. For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now.

MAZZINI, in his essay on Carlyle, uses this verse thus :—

'Whatever we may do, the words, *The whole creation groaneth*, of the apostle whom I love to quote, will be verified most forcibly in the choicest intellects, whensoever an entire order of things and ideas shall be exhausted; whensoever, in Mr. Carlyle's phrase, there shall exist no longer any social faith.'

See Keble's lines on 'The Fourth Sunday after Trinity.'

'IN this cottage opposite the violet bank they had smallpox once, the only case I recollect in the hamlet—the old men used to say everybody had it when they were young; this was the only case in my time, and they recovered quickly without any loss, nor did the disease spread. . . . That terrible dis-

ease, however, seemed to quite spoil the violet bank opposite, and I never picked one there afterwards. There is something in disease so destructive, as it were, to flowers.'

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

'THE whole creation groaneth and travaileth together. It is the common and the godlike law of life. The browsers, the biters, the barkers, the hairy coats of field and forest, the squirrel in the oak, the thousand-footed creeper in the dust, as they share with us the gift of life, share with us the love of an ideal; strive like us—like us are tempted to grow weary of the struggle—to do well; like us receive at times unmerited refreshment, visitings of support, return of courage; and are condemned like us to be crucified between that double law of the members and the will. . . . And as we dwell, we living things, in our isle of terror under the imminent hand of death, God forbid it should be man the erected, the reasoner,

the wise in his own eyes—God forbid it should be man that wearies in well-doing, that despairs of unrewarded effort, or utters the language of complaint. Let it be enough for faith, that the whole creation groans in mortal frailty, strives with unconquerable constancy: surely not all in vain.'

R. L. STEVENSON, *Pulvis et Umbra.*

'IT is not merely what we have done—not merely the posthumous fruit of our activity which entitles us to honourable recognition after death, but also our striving itself, and especially our unsuccessful striving—the shipwrecked, fruitless, but great-souled *will* to do.'

HEINE.

On this validity and value of aspiration, see also Browning's lines in *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, beginning, 'Not on the vulgar mass.'

'HOW happy is their condition who have God for their interpreter! who not only understands what they do, but what they would say. Daniel could tell the meaning of the dream which Nebuchadnezzar had forgotten. God knows the meaning of these groans which never as yet knew their own meaning, and understands the sense of these sighs which never understood themselves.'

THOMAS FULLER.

'PATIENCE must dwell with Love, for Love and Sorrow
Have pitched their tent together here;
Love all alone will build a house to-morrow,
And Sorrow not be near.
To-day for Love's sake hope, still hope in sorrow;
Rest in her shade and hold her dear;
To-day she nurses thee; and lo! to-morrow
Love only will be near.'

C. G. ROSSETTI.

VIII. 26-27. We know not what we should pray for.

'AND on another night, I know not, God knows, whether in me or near me, with most eloquent words which I heard, and could not understand, except at the end of the speech, one spoke as follows: "He who gave His life for thee is He who speaks in thee"; and so I awoke full of joy. And again I saw Him praying in me, and He was as it were within my body and I heard above me, that is, above the inner man, and there He was praying mightily with groanings. And meanwhile I was stupefied and astonished, and pondered who it could be that was praying in me. But at the end of the prayer He so spoke as if He were the Spirit. And so I awoke and remembered that the Apostle says, "The Spirit helps the infirmities of our prayers. For we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit himself asketh for us with unspeakable groanings."'

ST. PATRICK'S *Confessions*.

'IN prayer we need not ask whether our words convey a correct theological conception. They are not meant to be heard of men. "He that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the spirit." So long as our prayers express the effort after a higher life recognised as proceeding from, and only to be satisfied by, the grace of God, the theological formulæ on which they are clothed are of little importance.'

T. H. GREEN.

'IF a man loves God truly, and has no will except to do God's will, the whole force of the Rhine river may rush at him and yet will not disturb him or interrupt his peace.'

TAULER.

'AND methought that beauty and terror
are only one, not two;
And the world has room for love, and
death, and thunder, and dew;
And all the sinews of hell slumber in summer
air;
And the face of God is a rock, but the face
of the rock is fair.'

R. L. STEVENSON.

A FEW days before his death, Amiel wrote in his journal: 'Destiny has two ways of crushing us—by refusing our wishes and by fulfilling them. But he who only wills what God wills, escapes both catastrophes. "All things work together for his good."'

'AS blows from sculptor's mallet on
The marble's dawning face,
Such are God's *Yea* and *Nay* unto
The spirit's growing grace;
So work His making hands with what
Does and does not take place.'

GEORGE MACDONALD.

'THE saints seem to have the worst of it (for apprehension can make a lie of Christ and His love); but it is not so. Providence is not rolled upon unequal and crooked wheels; all things work together for the good of those who love God and are called according to His purpose. Ere it be long, we shall see the white side of God's providence.'

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

WHEN Henri Perreyve was on his death-bed, he asked his friend Abbé Bernard to 'read the eighth chapter of Romans to him, a passage of Holy Scripture in which he had been wont to delight to meditate at the foot of the Cross in the Coliseum at Rome. Just before, without any further explanation of what was troubling him, he had indicated some inward trial by praying audibly before me, *Lord, increase our faith.*

Doubtless it was with the object of soothing this trouble of his soul that Henri sought to hear anew Saint Paul's glorious words of immortal hope for those whose whole faith is in Jesus Christ. . . . At the words, *Whom He did predestinate, them He also called, and whom He called, them He also justified, and whom He justified, them He also glorified,* I looked up at my friend to see what impression these words, which stirred my soul to its very depth, were making upon his soul. Our eyes met, tears filled those of both; we pressed one another's hand silently, and I went on. But each word fed the strong emotion which well-nigh overcame us. Jesus Christ was indeed with us. He was speaking to us, and our hearts burned within us. I could scarcely go on reading the sacred words; Henri cried quietly. But at the last words, *Neither life nor death . . . shall be able to separate us from the love of God,* our hitherto repressed feeling broke forth; our tears became sobs, and Henri, squeezing my hand, said, "Oh, leave me alone with God! *à demain.*"'

'IF at any time unbelief steals over your heart—if you forget the hand of the all-tender gracious Father of Jesus and of your soul—you will be crying out, All these things are against me. But ah! how soon you will find that everything in your history, except *sin*, has been *for* you. Every wave of trouble has been wafting you to the sunny shores of a sinless eternity. Only believe. Give unlimited credit to our God.'

M'CHEYNE, in a private letter.

'THERE is nothing so crushing to moral effort, as the suspicion that however we may strive to live rightly, the great forces of the universe may be after all against us. But here the Atonement and the Resurrection come in. They tell us that this suspicion is groundless—that God is not against us, but on our side, that the faintest desire to be better He sympathises with, and will help; that even on the heart where

no such desire is yet stirring, He still looks tenderly, that He wills its salvation, and has proved that He really and deeply wills it by a self-sacrificing love great beyond imagination. Can any strength for moral improvement be imagined equal to this?'

PRINCIPAL SHAIRP.

'WE are apt to speak as if it were the natural body which separates the human spirit from its Maker. . . . Many things may hide God from us, one thing only can separate us from Him—unresisted, unrepented sin.'

DORA GREENWELL.

CHRIST, by His death and resurrection, says Coleridge in his *Religious Musings*—Christ

'First by Fear uncharmed the drowsing soul,
Till of its nobler nature it 'gan feel

Dim recollections; and thence soared to
Hope,
Strong to believe whate'er of mystic good
The Eternal dooms for His immortal sons.'

'YE have now, madam,' wrote Samuel Rutherford to Lady Kenmure, 'a sickness before you; and also after that a death. God give you eyes to see through sickness and death, and to see something beyond death. I doubt not but that if hell were betwixt you and Christ, as a river which ye behoved to cross ere ye could come at Him, ye would willingly put in your foot, and make through to be at Him, upon hope that He would come in Himself, in the deepest of the river, and lend you His hand. Now, I believe your hell is dried up, and ye have only these two shallow brooks, sickness and death, to pass through; and ye have also a promise that Christ shall do more than meet you, even that He shall come Himself, and go with you foot for foot, yea, and bear you in His arms. O then!

O then! for the joy that is set before you; for the love of the Man (who is also "God over all, blessed for ever") that is standing upon the shore to welcome you, run your race with patience.'

'VICTORY is not a name strong enough for such a scene' (Nelson, on the Battle of the Nile).—'Be inspired with the belief that life is a great and noble calling; not a mean and grovelling thing that we are to shuffle through, as we can, but an elevated and noble destiny.'

GLADSTONE.

'NO coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!

Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying life—have power in thee!

With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

EMILY BRONTË.

'THE refutation of those critics who, in their analysis of the power of literature, make much of music and picture, is contained in the most moving passages that have found utterance from man. Consider the intensity of a saying like that of St. Paul: "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Do these verses draw their power

from a skilful arrangement of vowel and consonant? But they are quoted from a translation, and can be translated otherwise, well, or ill, or indifferently, without losing more than a little of their virtue. Do they impress the eye by opening before it a prospect of vast extent, peopled by vague shapes? On the contrary, the visual embodiment of the ideas suggested kills the sense of the passage, by lowering the cope of the starry heavens to the measure of a poplar-tree. Death and life, height and depth, are conceived by the apostle, and creation thrown in like a trinket, only that they may lend emphasis to the denial that is the soul of his purpose. Other arts can affirm, or seem to affirm, with all due wealth of circumstance and detail . . . literature alone can deny, and honour the denial with the last resources of a power that has the universe for its treasury.'

W. RALEIGH, *Style*, pp. 17-18.

'O THOU of dark forebodings drear,
O thou of such a faithless heart,
Hast thou forgotten what thou art,
That thou hast ventured so to fear?

No weed on ocean's bosom cast,
Borne by its never-resting foam,
This way and that, without a home,
Till flung on some bleak shore at last:

But thou the lotus, which above
Sway'd here and there by wind and tide,
Yet still below doth fix'd abide
Fast rooted in the Eternal Love.'

TRENCH.

'THEN,' says Bunyan (*Grace Abounding*, sec. 92), describing one of his brighter moments, 'I began to give place to the

Word, which, with power, did over and over make this joyful sound within my soul, *Thou art my Love, thou art my Love; and nothing shall separate me from my Love;* and with that Romans viii. 39 came into my mind. Now was my heart filled full of comfort and hope, and now I could believe that my sins should be forgiven me; yea, I was now so taken with the love and mercy of God, that I remember I could not tell how to contain till I got home. I thought I could have spoken of His Love, and have told of His mercy to me, even to the very crows that sat upon the ploughed lands before me, had they been capable to have understood me.'

Rom. ix. 3. I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh.

'WHAT did Paul mean? Accursed from Christ? What *could* he mean save that he was willing to be damned to save

those whom he loved. Why not? Why should not a man be willing to be damned for others? The damnation of a single soul is shut up in itself, and may be the means of saving not only others but their children and a whole race. Damnation! . . . "And yet, if it is to save—if it is to save Robert," thought Michael, "God give me strength—I could endure it. Did not the Son Himself venture to risk the wrath of the Father that He might redeem man? What am I? What is my poor self?" And Michael determined that night that neither his life in this world nor in the next, if he could rescue his child, should be of any account. . . . He questioned himself and his oracle further. What could Paul mean exactly? God could not curse him if he did no wrong. He could only mean that he was willing to sin and be punished provided Israel might live. It was lawful then to tell a lie or to perpetrate any evil deed in order to protect his child.'—From MR. HALE WHITE'S story of Michael Trevanion, in *Miriam's Schooling and Other Papers.*

'YOU may do, for reward, something that on the outside looks like doing good, but it is not doing good, because the will is selfish—your heart is set on your own pleasure and comfort, and not on a substantial good for its own sake. A man who really thought of nothing but getting safe to heaven would be as bad as a man in a shipwreck who thought of nothing but getting himself safe into a boat. There are a few such people, I daresay. But, of course, most people are better than they make out. When they speak of reward and punishment, they do not mean merely pleasures and pains; they mean, in part at least, the goodness which causes the pleasure, and the badness which causes the pain. We can see that true Christians have never thought the reward the chief thing. St. Paul was ready to give up his own reward, to be accursed from Christ, if that would save the soul he loved. And to go from great things to small, there is a fine scene in a novel which I once read. A young man is afraid to go to the rescue of some people in a flood,

because he has a conviction that if he is drowned there, he will go to hell. And the old man, an old Scotchman, to whom he tells this, shouts out to him in reply, "Better be damned doing the will of God than saved doing nothing." This is the instinct of true religion revolting against the false doctrine of rewards; and I believe that this revolt has the sympathy of all true Christians.'—PROF. B. BOSANQUET'S *Essays and Addresses*, p. 111.

AT the close of the eighth chapter of his *Life of General Gordon*, Sir William Butler sums up his hero's feelings during the last siege of Khartoum. 'That this heroic soul had now come to look upon his life as a sacrifice to be given in atonement for the sins of his fellow-countrymen in Egypt is beyond dispute. "I feel that all these wrongs can only be washed out in blood," he wrote from Jerusalem in the end of 1883. A few months later, writing on March 4th from Khartoum, he uses these words—than which

there are none more memorable in all his life: "May our Lord not visit us as a nation for our sins, but may His wrath fall on me, hid in Christ. This is my frequent prayer, and may He spare these people, and bring them to peace."'

IN Cromwell's first speech to the Little Parliament of 1653 he uses the same passage in order to inculcate a gracious, unselfish bearing towards the various classes of people in the nation. 'I confess I have sometimes said, foolishly it may be: I had rather miscarry to a believer than an unbeliever. This may seem a paradox:—but let 's take heed of doing that which is evil to either! Oh, if God fill your hearts with such a spirit as Moses had, and as Paul had,—which was not a spirit for believers only, but for the whole people! Moses, he could die for them; wish himself *blotted out of God's Book*: Paul could wish himself *accursed for his countrymen after the flesh.* So full of affection were their spirits unto all.'

'THAT meeting between the brothers,' says Dinah Morris in *Adam Bede*, 'where Esau is so loving and generous, and Jacob so timid and distrustful, notwithstanding his sense of the divine favour, has always touched me greatly. Truly, I have been tempted sometimes to say that Jacob was of a mean spirit. But that is our trial—we must learn to see the good in the midst of much that is unlovely.'

James Guthrie, minister of Stirling, who was hung at the Cross of Edinburgh in 1661, had this epistle read to him before his death by his man-servant, and when the reader came to this verse, he cried out in tears: 'James, James, halt there, for I have nothing but that to lippen to!'

IX. 16. It is of God that showeth mercy.

See this verse discussed in Bunyan's *Grace Abounding*, secs. 58-60.

IX. 18-21. Whom He will He hardeneth, etc.

Mr. Cotter Morison, in his *Service of Man*, ii., declares that these verses 'probably have added more to human misery than any other utterances made by man.'

'IT is the will of God, and we are clay
In the potter's hands; and, at the worst, are made
From absolute nothing, vessels of disgrace,
Till His most righteous purpose wrought in us,
Our purified spirits find their perfect rest.'

CHARLES LAMB.

IX. 20. Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why didst thou make me thus?

'TURN, turn, my wheel! This earthen jar
A touch can make, a touch can mar;
And shall it to the potter say,

What makest thou? Thou hast no hand?
As men who think to understand
A world by their Creator planned,
Who wiser is than they.

Turn, turn, my wheel! What is begun
At daybreak must at dark be done,
To-morrow will be another day;
To-morrow the hot furnace flame
Will search the heart and try the frame,
And stamp with honour or with shame
These vessels made of clay.'

LONGFELLOW.

'IT were a vain endeavour
Though I should gaze for ever
On that green light that lingers in the west:
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life whose fountains are within.'

COLERIDGE.

X. 9. If thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord.

See Augustine's *Confessions*, book VIII. ii., and Clough's fine poem, *A Protest.*

X. 10. With the heart man believeth unto righteousness.

'TO a world distracted by hostile creeds and colliding philosophies, it [Christianity] taught its doctrines, not as a human speculation but as a divine revelation, authenticated much less by reason than by faith. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness"; "He that doeth the will of My Father will know the doctrine, whether it be of God"; "Unless you believe you cannot understand"; "A heart naturally Christian"; "The heart makes the theologian," are the phrases which best express the first action of Christianity upon the world. Like all great religions, it was more concerned with modes of feeling than with modes of thought.'

LECKY, *History of European Morals*, iii.

X.

'THE time had now arrived when it was necessary for Addison to choose a calling. Everything seemed to point his course towards the clerical profession. His habits were regular, his opinions orthodox. His college had large ecclesiastical preferment in its gift and boasts that it has given at least one bishop to almost every see in England. Dr. Lancelot Addison held an honourable position in the Church, and had set his heart on seeing his son a clergyman.'

MACAULAY.

COMPARE Earle's description in his *Microcosmography*, of the career of a younger brother. 'If his annuity stretch so far, he is sent to the university, and with great heartburning takes upon him the ministry, as a profession he is condemned to by his ill fortune.'

See the passage in De Quincey's essay on *The Glory of Motion*, upon bringing news of peace and victory.

'THE Roman senators conspired against Julius Cæsar, to kill him. That very next morning, Artemidorus, Cæsar's friend, delivered him a paper, desiring him to peruse it, wherein the whole plot was discovered; but Cæsar complimented his life away, being so taken up to return the salutations of such people as met him in the way, that he pocketed the paper, among other petitions, as unconcerned therein; and so, going to the senate-house, was slain. The world, flesh, and devil have a design for the destruction of men; we ministers bring our

people a letter, God's word, wherein all the conspiracy is revealed. "But who hath believed our report?" Most men are so busy about worldly delights, they are not at leisure to listen to us or read the letter; but there, alas, run headlong to their own ruin and destruction.'

FULLER.

'WHEN all is said and done the rapt saint is found the only logician. Not exhortation, not argument, becomes our life, but pæans of joy and praise.'

EMERSON.

'I FOUND it,' says Adam Bede in George Eliot's romance, 'better for my soul to be humble before the mysteries of God's dealings, and not be making a clatter about what I could never understand.'

'ONE truth discovered, one pang of regret at not being able to express it, is better than all the fluency and flippancy in the world.'

HAZLITT.

'NOWHERE so much as in the writings of St. Paul, and in that great apostle's greatest work, the Epistle to the Romans, has Puritanism found what seemed to furnish it with the one thing needful, and to give it canons of truths absolute and final. Now all writings, as has been already said, even the most precious writings and the most fruitful, must inevitably, from the very nature of things, be but contributions to human thought and human development, which extend wider than they do. Indeed St. Paul, in the very epistle of which we are speaking, shows, when he asks, *Who hath known the mind of the Lord?* who hath known, that is, the love and divine order of things in its entirety—that he himself acknowledges this fully.'

M. ARNOLD, *Culture and Anarchy.*

'WE see His working and we sorrow: the end of His counsel and working both hidden, and underneath the ground, and therefore we cannot believe. Even amongst men, we see hewn stones, timber, and a hundred scattered parcels and pieces of our house, all under-tools, hammers, and axes, and saws; yet the house, the beauty and the use of so many lodgings and ease-rooms, we neither see nor understand for the present; these are but in the mind and heart of the builder as yet. We see red earth, unbroken clods, furrows, and stones; but we see not summer, lilies, roses, the beauty of a garden.'

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

The motto of Whittier's poem *The Over-Heart.*

CROMWELL, in his first speech to the Little Parliament of 1653, speaks as follows: 'And truly the apostle in the twelfth of the Romans, when he has summed up all the mercies of God, and the goodness of God; and discovered, in the former chapters, of the foundation of the gospel—he beseecheth them to "present their bodies a living sacrifice." . . . The Spirit is given for that use.'

'RELIGION is a submission, not an aspiration; an obedience, not an ambition of the soul.'

RUSKIN.

'O GOD, no proper place I see,
No work that I can do;
Myself I offer unto Thee,
A sacrifice anew.

If Thou with clear sign from on high
Wilt mark me as Thine own,

How soon, how gladly would I die,
Unhonoured and unknown.

F. W. H. MYERS.

'RELIGION is neither a theology nor a theosophy; it is more than that; it is a discipline, a law, a yoke, an indissoluble engagement.'

JOUBERT.

WHEN Horace Bushnell was on his death-bed, his wife repeated to him this text: 'The good and perfect and acceptable will of God.' 'Yes,' the dying man replied; 'acceptable and accepted.'

'FOR what is true repentance but in thought—
Not even in inmost thought—to think again
The sins that made the past so pleasant to us.'

TENNYSON.

BUSHNELL writes of his experiences in London, that his visit 'was just the thing I wanted. It does not crush me or anything like that, but it shows me what a speck I am. Anything that makes us know the world better, and our relations to it, the ways of reaching mankind, what popularity is worth, how large the world is, and how many things it takes to fill it with an influence—anything which sets a man practically in his place is a mental good.'

SPEAKING of the unparalleled hopefulness of humanity's prospects in Greece, during the years 470-445 B.C., when 'the tree of human life had burst suddenly into flower, into that exquisite and short-lived bloom which seems so disturbing among the

ordinary processes of historical growth,' Professor G. G. Murray attributes this, among other things, to 'a circumstance that has rarely been repeated in history—the fact that all the different advances appeared to help one another. The ideals of freedom, law, and progress; of truth and beauty; of knowledge and virtue; of humanity and religion; high things, the conflicts between which have caused most of the disruptions and despondencies of human societies, seemed for a generation or two at this time to lie all in one direction. In the main, all good things went hand in hand. The poets and the men of science, the moral teachers and the hardy speculators, the great traders and the political reformers—all found their centre of life and aspiration in the same "School of Hellas," Athens.'

'I DELIBERATELY affirm,' writes Huxley in his autobiography, 'that the society I fell into at school was the worst I have

ever known. We boys were average lads, with much the same inherent capacity for good and evil as any others; but the people who were set over us cared about as much for our intellectual and moral welfare as if they were baby-farmers. We were left to the operation of the struggle for existence among ourselves, and bullying was the least of the ill practices current among us.'

'WHEN we do speak or converse together, it is with the utmost civility—even apparent cordiality on her part; but preserve me from such cordiality! It is like handling brier-roses and may-blossom—bright enough to the eye, and outwardly soft to the touch, but you know there are thorns beneath, and every now and then you feel them too.'—ANNE BRONTË, *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, XXXI.

'IF I had my life to live over again,' said Horace Bushnell, in his old age, 'there is one thing I would not do—I would not push.'

'I OFTEN wonder,' says Caroline Helstone in *Shirley*, 'whether most men resemble my uncle in their domestic relations; whether it is necessary to be new and unfamiliar to them, in order to seem agreeable or estimable in their eyes; and whether it is impossible to their natures to retain a constant interest and affection for those they see every day.'

'EACH of us has a little cleverness and a great deal of sluggish stupidity. . . . Modern education is a beginning of many things, and it is little more than a beginning.'

P. G. HAMERTON.

'THE parts of our wealth most intimately ours are those which are saturated with our labour.'

PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES.

'MAN in this world is like a traveller who is always walking towards a colder region, and who is therefore obliged to be more active as he goes further north. The great malady of the soul is cold, and in order to counteract this formidable illness, he must keep up the activity of his mind not only by work, but by contact with his fellow-men and with the world.'

DE TOCQUEVILLE.

'IN every action of religion God expects such a warmth and a holy fire to go along, that it may be able to enkindle the wood upon the altar, and consume the sacrifice; but God hates an indifferent spirit. Earnestness and vivacity, quickness and

delight, perfect choice of the service and a delight in the prosecution, is all that the spirit of a man can yield towards his religion.'

JEREMY TAYLOR.

Edward Fitzgerald and Tennyson were one day looking at two busts of Dante and of Goethe. 'What is there wanting in Goethe,' said Fitzgerald, 'which the other has?' Tennyson at once replied: 'The divine intensity.'

'RELIGION (and indeed everything else) was no matter of indifference to him. It was *θερμὸν τι πρᾶγμα*, a certain fiery thing, as Aristotle calls love; it required and it got the very flower and vigour of the spirit —the strength and sinews of the soul—the prime and top of the affections—this is that grace, that panting grace—a flaming edge of the affection—the ruddy complexion of the soul.'

CULVERWELL.

XII. 12. Patient in tribulation.

'THE first thing that strikes me on hearing a misfortune having befallen another is this: Well, it cannot be helped. He will have the pleasure of trying the resources of his spirit.'

KEATS.

'WHY art thou troubled, when things succeed not as thou wouldest or desirest? Who is he that hath all things to his mind? Neither I nor thou, nor any man on earth. There is none in the world without some tribulation or perplexity, though he were Emperor or Pope. Who has the better lot? Surely he who is able to suffer something for God.'

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

XII. 14. Bless them which persecute you; bless and curse not.

See Whittier's lines on Barclay of Ury.

'SPINOZA,' says Mr. Hale White, 'advises that every man should have certain sure maxims—*dogmata* he calls them—which should even be committed to memory, so that they may be ready whenever we need them: one of these *dogmata* is never to oppose hatred by hatred.'

The text of Butler's two sermons on Compassion.

'THEY who, deluded by no generous error, instigated by no sacred thirst of doubtful knowledge, duped by no illustrious superstition, loving nothing on this earth, and cherishing no hopes beyond, yet keep aloof from sympathies with their kind, rejoicing neither in human joy nor mourning with human grief; these, and such as they, have their appointed curse. They languish,

because none feel with them their common nature. They are morally dead. . . . Those who love not their fellow-beings live unfruitful lives, and prepare for their old age a miserable grave.'

SHELLEY, Preface to *Alastor*.

IN the course of a letter written to a friend upon the choice of a profession, particularly that of a schoolmaster, Dr. Arnold of Rugby remarks: 'Another point to which I attach great importance is liveliness. This seems to me an essential condition of sympathy with creatures so lively as boys are naturally, and it is a great matter to make them understand that liveliness is not folly or thoughtlessness. Now I think the prevailing manner amongst many very valuable men at Oxford is the very opposite to liveliness; I think that this is the case partly with yourself; not at all from affectation, but from natural temper, encouraged perhaps, rather than checked, by a belief that is right and becoming. But this appears to me to be in

point of manner the great difference between a clergyman with a parish and a schoolmaster. It is an illustration of St. Paul's rule: *Rejoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them that weep.* A clergyman's intercourse is very much with the sick and the poor, where liveliness would be greatly misplaced; but a schoolmaster's is with the young, the strong, and the happy, and he cannot get on with them unless in animal spirits he can sympathise with them, and show them that his thoughtfulness is not connected with selfishness and weakness. At least this applies, I think, to a young man.'

SPEAKING of Japanese morality and manners, Professor Inazo Nitobe says: 'I cannot emphasise too strongly that manners and etiquette are valuable only as manifestations of a genuine culture of the soul, which pleases itself in imparting pleasure to others, and in avoiding giving pain. Politeness must conform to the precept to

rejoice with those who rejoice, and weep with those who weep, or rather to rejoice with those who rejoice and not let others weep when you weep.'

Japan by the Japanese, pp. 274-5.

'FOR one shall grasp and one resign,
One drink life's rue and one its wine,
And God shall make the balance good.'

WHITTIER.

'IN train on way to Westminster. To so many people nothing is "worth while" —not worth while telling, not worth while writing, and yet the incidents of life are pretty similar to all—the same sort of people to see and meet, the same troubles and cares and fears. To most men life seems one dull round, out of which little can be extracted. and why? Chiefly because they have a low opinion of small things. They don't see the

dignity of the little. A neighbour is nothing. A man must be Sir Garnet Wolseley or Captain Nares or Charles Dickens to make them care to see him. Not so did Dickens find Sloppy and Kit and Smike and little Nell.'

JAMES SMETHAM'S *Letters*, p. 379.

'OH! when most self-exalted, most alone!
Chief dreamer, own thy dream!
Thy brother-world stirs at thy feet unknown;
Who hath a monarch's hath no brother's part.'

M. ARNOLD.

'IF we will exercise the needful restraint, if we will curb our conceit, and watch our tongues, and keep aloof from temptations to controversy, we may still have some experience of that fellowship with the saints which is necessary for our daily sustenance in the life of faith.'

T. H. GREEN.

Be not wise in your own conceits.

'IN the evening and next morning I preached at Cardiff. Oh what a fair prospect was here some years ago! Surely this whole town would have known God, from the least even to the greatest, had it not been for men leaning to their own understanding, instead of the law and the testimony.'

WESLEY'S *Journal*, 1749.

THE next entry is: 'At twelve I preached at Lanmais to a loving, earnest people, who do not desire to be any wiser than God.'

Fifteen years later, during his visit to Scotland, he notes: 'There is seldom fear of wanting a congregation in Scotland. But the misfortune is, they know everything; so they learn nothing.'

IN 1869, during a debate on the Irish land laws, Mr. Gladstone observed sarcastically: 'I have this advantage for learning the Irish land question, that I do not set out with the belief that I know it already.'

MANNING thus describes some members of the Vatican Council: 'The main characteristic of these men was vanity—intellectual and literary. They had the inflation of German professors, and the ruthless talk of undergraduates.'

'THE dull world has got the wrong phrase; it is he who resents an affront who pockets it; he who takes no notice lets it lie in the dirt.'

GEORGE MACDONALD.

'HAS thy heart's friend carelessly or cruelly stabbed into thy heart? Oh, forgive him! Think how, when thou art dead, he will punish himself.'

CARLYLE.

'BROUGHAM,' writes Macaulay to Ellis in 1838, is persecuting Napier, 'with the utmost malignity. I did not think it possible for human nature, in an educated, civilised man—a man, too, of great intellect—to have become so depraved. He writes to Napier in language of the most savage hatred, and of the most extravagant vaunting. The ministers, he says, have felt only his little finger. He will now put forth his red right hand. They shall have no rest. . . . He will make revenge on Empson the one business of the remaining years of his life. Empson says nothing so demoniacal was ever written in the world.'

'EVERY religion that preaches vengeance for sin is the religion of the enemy and the avenger, and not of the forgiver of sin; and their god is Satan named by the divine name.' BLAKE.

'THIS Balin graspt, but while in act to hurl,
Thro' memory of that token on the shield

Relaxed his hold: "I will be gentle," he thought,
"And passing gentle" caught his hand away.'

TENNYSON, *Idylls of the King*,
'Balin and Balan.'

'O MAELDUNE, let be this purpose of thine!
Remember the words of the Lord, when he told us "Vengeance is mine!"
His fathers have slain thy fathers in war or in single strife,
Thy fathers have slain his fathers, each taken a life for a life,
Thy father had slain his father, how long shall the murder last?'

TENNYSON, *Voyage of Maeldune.*

Samuel Rutherford, in a letter to Marion M'Naught, writes thus: 'Put on love, and brotherly kindness, and long-suffering; wait as long upon the favour of and

turned hearts of your enemies as your Christ waited upon you, and as dear Jesus stood at your soul's door, with dewy and rainy locks, the long, cold night. Be angry but sin not. I persuade myself that holy unction within you, which teacheth you all things, is also saying, *Overcome evil with good.* If that had not spoken in your soul, at the tears of your aged pastor, you would not have agreed, and forgiven his foolish son who wronged you.'

'MESEEMETH (if I may speake boldly) that it argueth a great self-love and presumption for a man to esteeme his opinions so far, that for to establish them a man must be faine to subvert a publike peace, and introduce so many inevitable mischiefes, and so horrible a corruption of manners as civill warres and alterations of a state bring with them, in matters of such

consequence, and to bring them into his own countrie. . . . Christian religion hath all the markes of extreme justice and profit, but none more apparent than the exact commendation of obedience due unto magistrate, and manutention of policies: what wonderfull example hath divine wisdom left us, which, to establish the wel-fare of humane kinde, and to conduct this glorious victorie of hers against death and sinne, would not do it but at the mercy of our politik order, and hath submitted the progresse of it, and the conduct of so high and worthie effect, to the blindenesse and injustice of our observations and customes?'

MONTAIGNE (Florio).

'YES, mark the word, deem not that saints alone
Are Heaven's true servants, and His laws fulfil

Who rules o'er just and wicked. He from ill
Culls good; He moulds the Egyptian's heart
of stone
To do Him honour, and e'en Nero's throne
Claims as His ordinance; before Him still
Pride bows unconscious, and the rebel will
Most does His bidding, following most its
own.'

HURRELL FROUDE.

PAUL'S 'craving for some closer bond with the Gentile world, for some affinity with the keen philosophical intellect of the Greeks, and the stately jurisprudence of Rome, is shown in a hundred passages,' especially in Acts xvii. 'and not less certainly in that earnest respect for Roman legislation, which made him inculcate on the Roman Church the divine sanction of all secular government, and speak to them of rulers as *ministers of God, not bearing the sword in vain.*'

R. H. HUTTON.

IN Boswell's *Johnson* it is told how the Doctor, when in Wiltshire, 'attended some experiments that were made by a physician at Salisbury, on the new kinds of air. In the course of the experiments, frequent mention being made of Dr. Priestley, Dr. Johnson knit his brows, and in a stern manner inquired, "Why do we hear so much of Dr. Priestley?" He was very properly answered, "Sir, because we are indebted to him for these important discoveries." On this Dr. Johnson appeared well content; and replied, "Well, well, I believe we are; and let every man have the honour he has merited."'

'HIS economical maxims,' says Sir George Trevelyan of Lord Macaulay, 'were of the simplest: to treat official and literary

gains as capital, and to pay all bills within the twenty-four hours. "I think," he says, "that prompt payment is a moral duty; knowing as I do, how painful it is to have such things deferred."'

'SUCH is the charity of the Jesuits,' said Thomas Fuller, 'that they never owe any man any ill-will—making frequent payment thereof.'

'HOW little we pay our way in life! Although we have our purses continually in our hand, the better part of service goes still unrewarded.'

R. L. STEVENSON, *An Inland Voyage.*

'"DUTY" and "debt" are the same word differently written, and both mean that which is "owed." I "ought" is the preterite of "I owe." The French *devoir* is applied to pecuniary debt and moral duty. In Greek ὀφείλω and ὀφείλημα show the same association of ideas. Now what do we mean by a sense of duty, except a recogni-

tion of the claims of others, of neighbours, family, society, or God? In no respect do men differ more than in this sense of duty.

J. COTTER MORISON.

'BUT though the two who looked down on the scene neither knew it nor thought of it, with them in their little hollow was a power mightier than any, the power that in its highest form does indeed make the world go round; the one power in the world that is above fortune, above death, above the creeds—or shall we say, behind them? For with them was love in its highest form, the love that gives and does not ask, and being denied—loves. In their clear moments men know that this love is the only real thing in the world; and a thousand times more substantial, more existent than the things we grasp and see.'—STANLEY WEYMAN, *The Abbess of Vlaye*, p. 208, describing Bonne and her crippled brother looking down upon the Peasants' Camp.

'LET our one unceasing care be to better the love we offer to our fellows. One cup of this love that is drawn from the spring on the mountains is worth a hundred taken from the stagnant wells of ordinary charity.'

MAETERLINCK, in *Wisdom and Destiny*.

'AT a time when the divine commandment, *Thou shalt not steal*, wherein truly, if well understood, is comprised the whole Hebrew Decalogue, with Solon's and Lycurgus's Constitutions, Justinian's Pandects, the Code Napoléon, and all Codes, Catechisms, Divinities, and Moralities whatsoever, that man has hitherto devised (and enforced with Altar-fire and Gallows-ropes) for his social guidance; at a time, I say, when this divine Commandment has all but faded away from the general remembrance; and, with little disguise, a new opposite commandment, *Thou shalt steal*, is everywhere promul-

gated—it perhaps behoved, in this universal dotage and deliration, the sound portion of mankind to bestir themselves and rally.'

Sartor Resartus, book II. x.

See Keble's *Christian Year*, on 'The First Sunday in Advent.'

'IN order that passion may do us no harm,' says Pascal, 'we should act as though we had but a week to live.'

IN the tenth chapter of *Eothen*, Kinglake describes a visit he paid to the Franciscan convent at Damascus. 'Very soon after my arrival I asked one of the monks

to let me know something of the spots that deserved to be seen. I made my inquiry in reference to the associations with which the city had been hallowed by the sojourn and adventures of St. Paul. "There is nothing in all Damascus," said the aged man, "half so well worth seeing as our cellars"; and forthwith he invited me to go, see, and admire the long range of liquid treasure that he and his brethren had laid up for themselves on earth. And these, I soon found, were not as the treasures of the miser that lie in unprofitable disuse; for day by day and hour by hour, the golden juice ascended from the dark recesses of the cellar to the uppermost brains of the friars.'

Dr. Arnold of Rugby, says Dr. Stanley, used to point out to his boys the distinction 'between mere amusement and such as encroached on the next day's duties, when, as he said, it immediately becomes what St. Paul calls *revelling*.'

THIS was the passage which led to Augustine's conversion. In chapter xii. of the eighth book of his *Confessions* he describes himself as seated under a fig-tree in the garden, miserable and tearful, when the voice of a boy or girl was heard crying, 'Take and read, take and read!' Augustine interpreted this as 'a divine command to open the book' of Paul's epistles which he had laid down not far away, 'and to read the first chapter I could find. I seized the book, opened it, and read in silence the first passage on which my eyes lighted. It was: *Not in revelling and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying: but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof.* No further would I read, nor was aught else needed. At once, as it were, at the end of the sentence, my heart was flooded with the light of peace, and all the shades of doubt removed. Then, putting my finger in the place or some other mark, I shut the book and told Alypius quietly what had occurred. Whereupon he informed

me of what had happened to himself, of which I was ignorant; and he did so as follows. Asking to see what I had read, he went past my passage, which I showed him, to the following words: *Him that is weak in faith, receive ye.* This he applied to himself, and told me all.'

'DO consider the immense strength of that single verse, *Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind*,' writes Dr. Arnold of Rugby. 'I am myself so much inclined to the idea of a strong social bond that I ought not to be suspected of any tendency to anarchy; yet I am beginning to think that the idea may be over-strained, that this attempt to merge the soul and will of the individual man in the general body is, when fully developed, contrary to the very essence of Christianity. Indeed,' he continues, 'so strong is the language of some parts of the

New Testament in this direction, as to be an actual perplexity to me. St. Paul's language concerning it, I think, may be explained, but the refusal of our Lord to comply with some of the indifferent customs, such as washing before meals, is, when I come to consider it, so startling that I feel that there is something in it which I do not fully understand.'

WHITTIER, in his introduction to Woolman's *Journal*, calls attention to the fact that 'in his life-long testimony against wrong,' the Quaker 'never lost sight of the oneness of humanity, its common responsibility, its fellowship of suffering, and communion of sin. Few have ever had so profound a conviction of the truth of the Apostle's declaration that no man liveth and no man dieth to himself. Sin was not to him an isolated fact, the responsibility of

which began and ended with the individual transgressor; he saw it as a part of a vast network and entanglement, and traced the lines of influence converging upon it in the underworld of causation.'

THESE were the last words that could be made out amid the dying ejaculations of Edward Irving: 'If I die,' he murmured, 'I die unto the Lord. Amen.'

'PAUL does not mean that God will punish him, and that we may rest satisfied that our enemy will be turned into hell-fire. Rather does he mean, what we too feel, that, reflecting upon the great idea

of God and on all that it involves, our animosities are softened, and our heat against our brother is cooled.'

From *Mark Rutherford's Deliverance.*

'USING the language of accommodation to the ideas current amongst his hearers, Jesus talked of drinking wine and sitting on thrones in the kingdom of God; and texts of this kind are what popular religion promptly seized and built upon. But other profounder texts meanwhile there were, which remained, one may say, in shadow. *This is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent. The kingdom of God is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit.* These deeper texts will gradually come more and more into notice and prominence and use.'— From MATTHEW ARNOLD'S preface to the popular edition of *Literature and Dogma.*

XIV. 22. Happy is he that judgeth not himself in that which he approveth.

'WHENEVER conscience speaks with a divided, uncertain, and disputed voice, it is not yet the voice of God. Descend still deeper into yourself, until you hear nothing but a clear and undivided voice, a voice which does away with doubts and brings with it persuasion, light, and serenity. Happy, says the Apostle, are they who are at peace with themselves, and whose heart condemneth them not in the part they take. This inner identity, this unity of conviction, is all the more difficult the more the mind analyses, discriminates, and foresees.'

AMIEL.

XV. 1. They that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please themselves.

'THERE'S a text wants no candle to show't; it shines by its own light. It's plain enough you get into the wrong

road in this life if you run after this and that only for the sake o' making things easy and pleasant to yourself. A pig may poke his nose into the trough, and think o' nothing outside it; but if you 've got a man's heart and soul in you, you can't be easy a-making your own bed an' leaving the rest to lie on the stones. Nay, I 'll never slip my neck out of the yoke, an' leave the load to be drawn by the weak uns.'—Adam Bede, in GEORGE ELIOT'S *Adam Bede*.

'LUTHER himself,' says Köstlin, 'even with regard to rites and ordinances which he rejected altogether, always counselled moderation and patience towards the weak. He could not believe that the great body of his Wittenberg congregation were already ripe for such changes, or that many conscientious but weaker brethren among them were not in need of tender consideration. . . . It was precisely that those members should have proper time allowed them, and every means taken for their instruction and edification, that was to Luther a matter of conscience.'

'ALL men need to have near them, allied in close association with them, either a force to strengthen their weakness or else a weakness which insists upon some demonstration of their strength.'

JOHN OLIVER HOBBES, in *Robert Orange.*

'HE so farre thy good did plot,
That His own self He forgot:
Did He die, or did He not?'

GEORGE HERBERT.

'O LORD, that I could waste my life for others,
With no ends of my own;
That I could pour myself into my brothers,
And live for them alone!

Such was the life Thou livedst; self-abjuring,
Thine own pains never easing,
Our burdens bearing, our just doom enduring,
A life without self-pleasing.'

F. W. FABER.

'NATURE never hurries: atom by atom, little by little, she achieves her work. The lesson one learns in fishing, yachting, hunting, or planting, is the manners of Nature; patience with the delays of wind and sun, delays of the seasons, bad weather, excess or lack of water—patience with the slowness of our feet, with the parsimony of our strength, with the largeness of sea and land we must traverse, etc.'

EMERSON.

'GOD styles Himself, in all the Holy Scriptures, a God of life, of peace, of comfort, and of joy, for the sake of Christ. I hate myself that I cannot believe it so constantly and surely as I should; but no human creature can rightly know how mercifully God is inclined toward those who steadfastly believe in Christ.'

From LUTHER'S *Table-Talk.*

XV. 13. Joy in believing.

'WE continually hear of the trials, sometimes of the victories, of faith,—but scarcely ever of its pleasures. . . . Set to any work you have in hand with the sifted and purified resolution that ambition shall not mix with it, nor love of gain, nor desire of pleasure more than is appointed for you; and that no anxiety shall touch you as to its issue, nor any impatience nor regret if it fail. . . . Resolve also with steady industry to do what you can for the help of your country and its honour, and the honour of its God; and that you will not join hands in its iniquity, nor turn aside from its misery; and that in all you do and feel you will look frankly for the immediate help and direction, and to your own consciences, expressed approval, of God. Live then and believe, and with singleness of answer proportioned to the frankness of the trust, most surely the God of peace will fill you with all joy and peace in believing.'—From RUSKIN'S *Pleasures of England*, ii.

'SINCE Saturday last,' writes Boston in his *Memoirs*, 'I have had most sensible experience of the solid joy and peace in believing God to be my God in Christ. I find it is a blessed means of sanctification. It strengthens to duty; for I have been helped in my work of visiting since that time. It nourishes love to the Lord; and consequently love to and desire of the thriving of His work in people's souls. It creates a sweet calm, and quiet of mind, in doubtful events; . . . it sweetens other enjoyments, and carries above things which at other times are irritating and create disgust. I have compared flashes of affection, with a calm, sedate, tender love to the Lord; and I prefer the latter to the former, and have been, and am, happy in it.'

'CHRISTIANITY . . . has not penetrated into the whole heart of Jesus. She is still in the *narthex* of penitence; she is not reconciled, and even the churches still wear the livery of service, and have none of the

joy of the daughters of God, baptized of the Holy Spirit.'

AMIEL.

'I BENT before Thy gracious throne,
And asked for peace on suppliant knee;
And peace was given—not peace alone,
But faith sublimed to ecstasy.'

WORDSWORTH.

'LIVE greatly; so thou shalt enjoy unknown capacities of joy.'

COVENTRY PATMORE.

'THE poet claims at least this praise,
That virtuous Liberty hath been the scope
Of his pure song, which did not shrink from hope
In the worst moment of these evil days;
From hope, the paramount *duty* that Heaven lays
For its own honour on man's suffering heart.'

WORDSWORTH.

'IF a reverent ignorance is to be the last word of thought about religion, not only will Christ have died in vain, but science will have toiled to little real purpose.'

C. H. PEARSON.

'THE great problem of human life,' says Mr. P. G. Hamerton, 'is the reconciliation of poverty and the soul.'

MACCHIAVELLI once said that 'the kingdom of the clergy had been long before at an end, if the reputation and reverence towards the poverty of friars had not borne out the scandal of the superfluities and excesses of bishops and prelates.' Bacon, who quotes this in *The Advancement of Learning*, adds: 'So a man might say that the felicity and delicacy of princes and great

persons had long since turned to rudeness and barbarism, if the poverty of learning had not kept up civility and honour of life.'

WHEN Horace Bushnell was dying, he murmured one day slowly, and in great weakness, to those around his bed, 'Well now, we are all going home together; and I say, the Lord be with you—and in grace—and peace—and love—and that is the way I have come along home.'

'NOW it was a time of great sufferings; and many Friends being in prison, many other Friends were moved to go to the Parliament, to offer up themselves to lie in the same dungeon, where their friends lay, that

they that were in prison might go out and not perish in the stinking jails. This we did in love to God and our brethren that they might not die in prison.'

FOX'S *Journal*, for 1658.

'MY kind mother did me one altogether invaluable service; she taught me, less indeed by word than by act and daily reverent look and habitude, her own simple version of the Christian faith. . . . My mother, with a true woman's heart, and fine though uncultivated sense, was in the strictest acceptation Religious. The highest whom I knew on Earth I here saw bowed down, with awe unspeakable before a Higher in Heaven: such things, especially in infancy, reach inwards to the very core of your being.'

Sartor Resartus, Book II. ii.

XVI. 17. Mark them which cause divisions.

IN the second chapter of his *Apologia*, Newman uses this verse to justify his conduct towards his brother Francis.

'I would have no dealings with my brother. and I put my conduct upon a syllogism. I said, St. Paul bids us avoid those who cause divisions; you cause divisions; therefore I must avoid you.' He admits that his behaviour on this and other occasions laid him 'open, not unfairly, to the charge of fierceness,' but adds, 'It is only fair to myself to say that neither at this, nor any other time of my life, not even when I was fiercest, could I have even cut off a Puritan's ears, and I think the sight of a Spanish *auto-da-fè* would have been the death of me.'

'THERE were few warnings to his pupils on the entrance into life more solemn than those against party spirit, against giving to any human party, sect, society, or cause,

that undivided sympathy and service which he held to be due only to the one party and cause of all good men under this Divine Head. There were few more fervent aspirations for his children than that with which he closes a letter in 1833: "May God grant to my sons, if they live to manhood, an unshaken love of truth, and a firm resolution to follow it up themselves, with an intense abhorrence of all party ties, save that one tie which binds them to the party of Christ against wicked men."'

STANLEY'S *Life of Dr. Arnold*, iv.

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