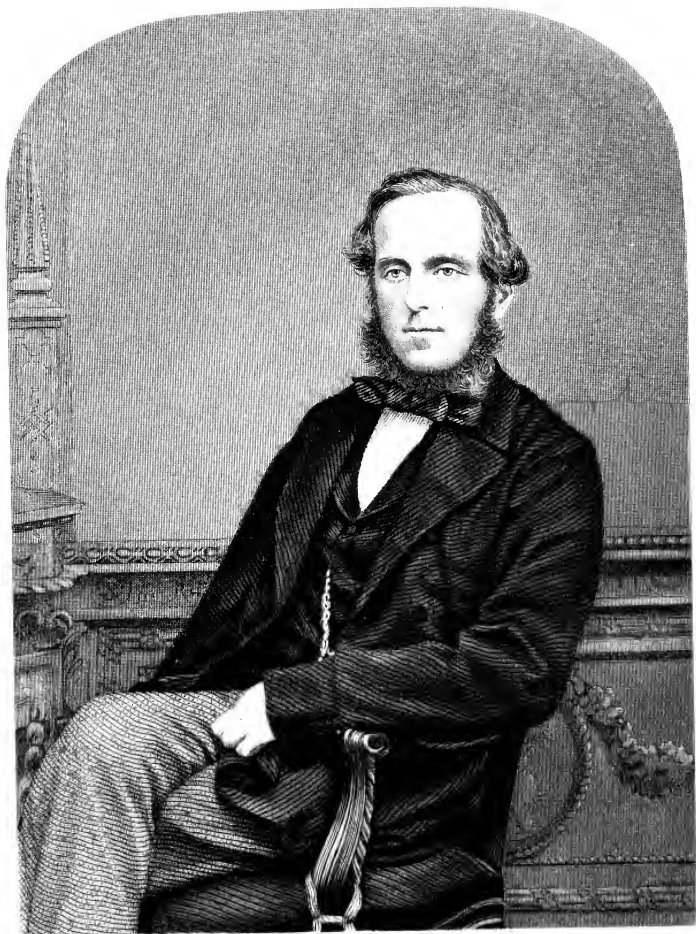


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S Lectures delivered before
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Assoc. at Exeter Hall

LECTURES TO YOUNG MEN.



Joseph Linton.



TWELVE LECTURES

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

FROM NOVEMBER 1849, TO FEBRUARY 1850.



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PREFACE.

THE Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association rejoice in being privileged to send forth the fifth course of Lectures to Young Men, which have been delivered in connexion with the Society. Whether they regard the benefits which have attended the delivery, or the publication of their Lectures, they perceive manifold reasons for devout thankfulness to that God "from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed."

At the present period of great mental activity, when there is so much in the popular literature that is negative or doubtful in relation to God's remedial provisions for man's deepest necessities, it is of great importance that similar treatises to the following Lectures should be widely circulated. It has been very gratifying to find, that of the last series an aggregate of upwards of 170,000 copies have been sold.

As in previous instances, miscellaneous topics have been preferred for this course, from a strong conviction that, as a whole, they are far more adapted to secure the end sought than a consecutive series would be. Such is the degree of care and intensity of mind that are now exercised in

commercial pursuits, that it only appears consulting an urgent necessity in trying to win the ears of young men unaccustomed to the ordinary means of spiritual instruction, by varying the aspect under which the vital principles of personal and social religion are exhibited. As with the Lectures and the Noblemen and Gentlemen who took part as Chairmen, so with the subjects of address, whatever may be their circumstantial diversity, they may all be seen with unity of purpose moving in relation to a central truth which all possess in common. In the labour of love, of which these lectures are the fruit, may be seen an illustration of the fact that the interests of the various portions of the Church are but one.

The Young Men's Christian Association earnestly commend this volume to the thoughtful and prayerful consideration of young men, under the persuasion that the Gospel, whose principles it illustrates or confirms, "is the fulfilment of all hopes, the perfection of all philosophy, the interpretation of all revelations, and the key to all the seeming contradictions of the physical and moral world."

HENRY TARLTON,

SECRETARY.

LIBRARY AND OFFICES, 7 GRESHAM STREET, CITY.

N.B.—The Secretary will be happy to supply information, in reference to the design and operations of the Association, to any one who may desire it.

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BY THE

REV. HUGH STOWELL, A. M.

HONORARY CANON OF CHESTER CATHEDRAL, AND INCUMBENT OF
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The following Lecture was delivered with very slight help from notes, and the report afterwards corrected as it passed through the press; this will account for a certain want of compression and finish; but if there be less of elaborateness, it is trusted there will be more of fervour and freedom

THE BIBLE SELF-EVIDENTIAL.

MY Lord,—my youthful Friends,—

It is not my intention to occupy your time by preliminary remarks: I will at once, therefore, enter on the momentous theme on which, through God's assistance, I am to enlarge this evening.

Light is self-manifestative—its own best evidence “Whatsoever doth make manifest is light.” What light is to the physical, truth is to the moral and intellectual world; truth, like light, is self-revealing. Fully seen, it cannot but be recognised; and fairly recognised, it cannot be disbelieved. Granted that it is often unrecognised, and still oftener unbelieved, this in nowise invalidates the fact of its reality. There are many eyes that do not see the light; to others it appears discoloured or obscured: but does any man therefore question its existence? The organ, not the object, is in fault; it only needs that the organ become perfect, that the light may become manifest. Even so the moral and intellectual eye must be opened and prepared before the light of truth can beam upon it.

If ordinary truth involve its own proof, how much more extraordinary, or divine, truth? If the taper

which we kindle makes itself manifest, how much more the sun which God hath enkindled ! In his works the finger-prints of Deity are clear and distinct,—so distinct, that though Art may imitate, she cannot counterfeit ; her finest performances bear no comparison with their great original. “ Who can paint like nature ? ” And how much more, then, in that word which he has magnified above all his name, might we anticipate that the traces of the hand of the great Author would be clear and unequivocal,—so clear as to carry conviction, so unequivocal as to set forgery at defiance. If “ the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork,” might we not expect that much more would revelation declare his glory—the glorious Gospel of the blessed God reflect the brightness of its author ? If the manifestation of God in his works is so clear that the heathen are without excuse because they know him not, and knowing him not do not adore him as the Creator, much more must they to whom the Gospel of his grace comes be inexcusable if they do not know, and knowing do not adore, the Redeemer that it unfolds.

Opening the inspired record with such anticipations and conclusions as these, no right-minded man will be disappointed. In the very outset we are arrested by a striking peculiarity of the Bible,—that it challenges unhesitating obedience and implicit faith. It does not come reasoning, it comes revealing ; it does not come simply persuading, it comes commanding. Its language is : “ He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved ; he that believeth not shall be damned.” “ He that believeth on the Son is not condemned : but he that believeth not, is condemned already, because he hath not

believed in the name of the only-begotten Son of God." Such language assumes that the Bible is self-proving; for if implicit faith be demanded of every man to whom the Gospel comes, the Gospel must, if true, have within itself sufficient evidence for every man to whom it comes, that it is the truth of God. Were it not thus provided with its own credentials,—did it not come bearing in its hand the tokens that it is from God, it would be arbitrary, inconsistent, and unreasonable, to command every man to believe, and to pronounce damnation on him that disbelieves. Yet the Bible everywhere holds this language. To disobey it is to disobey God; to obey it is to obey God. Jesus himself thus spake. "He that is of God heareth God's words; ye therefore hear them not, because ye are not of God." His Apostles held similar language: "If our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost, in whom the god of this world has blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." Indeed, nothing can be clearer than that the Bible assumes that the Bible authenticates itself, and that every man to whom it comes, and who simply, honestly, and earnestly searches it, must be convinced that it is the voice of his Creator and Judge.

Of incomparable moment is this interior demonstration. The historical evidences of the Gospel may suffice to rescue a man from infidelity; but it is the inward proof and power of the Gospel which must rescue a sinner from sin and Satan. For it is not the belief that the Gospel is true which saves, but the belief of the truths which the Gospel contains. A man may receive the word of God as a revelation from God, and

yet he may neglect it, or he may deny it in works whilst he acknowledges it in words. A saving faith is therefore the result of internal, rather than of external proof. The external leads the way to the internal, conducts the inquirer to the open temple door; but if a man stop short of the recesses of the sanctuary, he is as the shedder of blood would have been who should have fled to the very threshold of the city of refuge, and dallied and lingered on the steps till the avenger of blood had sheathed his weapon in his heart. Thus, my dear young hearers, you will perceive how peculiar the interest and how paramount the importance of the theme of the Lecture I am about to address to you—even “*the Bible Self-evidential*,” or, more largely, *the proofs enstamped on the very pages of Holy Scripture which evince it to be a direct revelation from God*.

This address appropriately follows the one I had the privilege of delivering to you last year. I then endeavoured to shew the futility of the assaults made on the fortress of our faith by modern sceptical philosophers: I am now to endeavour to point out to you the strength and impregnableness of the munitions of that fortress. And in doing so I would cast myself on the merciful succour of God, whose blessing on my former feeble effort I must humbly acknowledge, and to whose blessing, on my present imperfect attempt, I alone look for success.

I love to contemplate the Bible in the view in which this subject places it before us — I love to contemplate it as perfect in itself, as evolving on every earnest, honest student, light which must convince — I love to regard it as a mighty tower, immovable in its own inward solidity. Not indeed that we would for a moment distrust or disparage the outworks of historical evidence;

they are most important in their place and they are strong as they are important. We would fearlessly say to the scorner, "Walk round about the citadel of our faith, mark well its bulwarks, tell its towers; incessantly assailed, they have never been shaken, and the more they have been beleaguered the more they have been found insubvertible." We glory in the fulness, the amplitude, the clearness of what are commonly styled "the external evidences," but at the same time we glory still more in the fact, that if all the outworks were carried (which they never can be), the citadel itself would remain unmoved and immutable, because self-sustained. For my own part, I have no hesitation in saying, that were all the external evidences gone, I should not for an instant be shaken in my conviction of the truth of the Gospel; I would stake my hope for eternity upon it as undoubtingly as before.

Let me remark, ere I enter further into my subject, that the internal and external evidences cannot be very nicely distinguished. They so interlace—so act and re-act upon one another—that in dwelling on the one class of proofs we must to a certain extent touch upon the other. But nice discrimination on this point is not needed, and we make the remark simply to forestall objection. *Let me now invite your earnest and candid attention, first to some general remarks on the sacred volume, and then to a few selected and specific internal evidences of the most exalted and convincing kind.*

Open your Bible—examine its contents. Is there not about the book something altogether incomparable and alone? It stands out amid other writings as the sun stands out amid the tapers which we kindle here below. The more you search into the Bible, the more

you are captivated with the air of simplicity, honesty, and truthfulness, which pervades it. All the sacred writers, whether more learned or illiterate, whether peasants or princes, fishermen or philosophers,—all write with the same exquisite genuineness of style, with the same translucent integrity of sentiment; you find throughout their pages an utter absence of all rhetorical artifice, all that savours of craft or effect—everything that looks like bespeaking acquiescence, coaxing credit, or forcing faith.

Then there is a grand characteristic which marks the inspired Scriptures throughout, and demands the most reverential regard. There is a voice of authority and majesty in all their communications. They do not come to us guessing at truth, reasoning about truth, telling us what the writers have discovered by philosophy, or learning, or research; but they come enunciating truth in the name and with the supremacy of God. They do not say, “Thus it may be,” or “Thus we have proved it to be,” or “Thus we have discovered it to be;” but, “Thus saith the Lord;” “Hear ye the word of the Lord;” “Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity;” the seers all speak as his messengers; the sound of the voice is human, but the message of the voice is divine; slight them, and you slight their Master, you slight the God whose revelation they bear. From first to last, expressly or by implication, this tone and style of omnipotent and indisputable supremacy pervades the Bible.

How perfectly is the consistency of the holy records with this assumption maintained! You do not find the writers now speaking with authority, and now speaking doubtfully—now speaking distinctly as the

silver trumpet of heaven, and now giving an uncertain sound as an instrument of earth; but throughout there is the same sustained character of majesty, infallibility, divinity. It could not be that all should be thus in glorious keeping, had the penmen been either dupes or impostors.

But note another preternatural feature of the Bible—the wondrous harmony of sentiment and coincidence of purpose which may be traced, from the first verse in Genesis to the last verse in the Revelation. Consider the multitude of writers employed; consider their various capacities of mind, and peculiarities of habit, association, and country; consider how diversified in kind and degree their education; consider how they wrote under every variety of circumstance; consider that they wrote at intervals during a period extending over 1800 years, at the least; consider that they wrote, therefore, without any possibility of concert or collusion; measure all these impediments in the way of conspiracy, and then contemplate the exquisite unity of spirit, the artless consentaneousness of end and design which distinguishes their work, so that the more you scrutinise the building as a whole, the more you find stone fitted to its fellow stone, and the entire fabric, from its foundation to its topstone, fitly framed and cemented together:—contemplate all this, and then say, can you help crying out, “Truly this is the architecture of God!”

All this gathers fresh power and demonstration when we compare these writings with the various writings which have either pretended to be divine, or have been imitations of the true revelation. You have only to

look into the Koran of Mahomet, the Shasters of the Hindoos, or the books of Confucius, in order to perceive how utterly they fade before the calm divine light of the one revelation of God. You will find throughout them so much of contradiction, so much of human feeling and prejudice, so much of loose and low morality, so much that is coarse, sensual, earthly, and imperfect (man himself, imperfect as he is, being the judge), that you can no more mistake them for the Bible, than you can mistake the meteor of the marsh for the noonday sun. They utterly stultify whatever pretension they make to divine authority; they make it manifest that their authors were either fanatics or impostors.

Similar will be the result, if you compare the word of God with those multiplied imitations of it which have been palmed upon the world, and some of which have been got up with considerable cleverness. Besides a variety of pretended Apostolical epistles, we have the Apocryphal, which the Church of Rome accepts as of like authority with the Holy Scriptures, but which we Protestants repudiate. Now, in reference to these, we would ask any simple, well-taught student of revelation, whether he ever, in those Bibles where the Apocrypha is, perhaps unwisely, bound up, passed from the inspired to the uninspired—from the mystic enclosure of heaven to the wilderness of human invention—that he did not at once feel he had made a transition from the heavenly to the earthly, from the plants which God's right hand had planted to the shrubs which man had made to grow. If there was any advantage in having the Apocrypha bound up in the centre **of the**

Bible, it was to shew how utterly the original bids defiance to all counterfeits, and needs but to be brought into contact with them in order to detect the cheat.

The Holy Bible is therefore alike without precedent and without parallel; it owns no original, and admits of no rival. But time would fail me to enlarge on these general proofs of divine inspiration; I must content myself with reminding my young friends that there is a special field of most satisfactory illustration open to them, in the multitudinous coincidences in the various parts of the word of God with each other, and with what existed in the world at the times when they were written. You have only to take the "*Horæ Paulinæ*" of Paley as a clue and key, by which you are to follow out the captivating track which he partially explored in order that you may gather a rich recompense of reward in finding out more and more of those endless minuter harmonies of the Scriptures, which resemble the gold-grains mingled with the sand of the river,—the more you wash and sift the sand, the more the precious particles are discovered.

But we hasten from the general to the specific; and would instance as the first great innate proof of the divinity of the Bible, *the views which it discloses of the Lord God Almighty*. The primary and highest purpose of revelation must be, to give the knowledge of the Most High. If man without revelation could have known God, revelation need not have been given to man; at least, its chiefest end would have been obviated. But if man be without the knowledge of God by nature—if reason be so darkened, and the pages of creation so blotted by sin, that "the world by wisdom knew not, knows not, and never can know God," then

how urgent and intense the necessity that the creature should have a revelation of the Creator—of him in whom he lives and moves and has his being, and in whom he must live and move and have his being to all eternity. Ignorance here, how fearful! how wretched! how ruinous! The word of God has come to discover God to us. Need I remind you how pitiful were the attempts of human philosophy to disclose him to the world? Need I remind you of the hateful Polytheism and loathsome idolatry which once overspread the earth, and still overspreads it where revelation is unknown? Need I remind you how men “changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the similitude of a calf that eateth hay,” into the likenesses of four-footed beasts, and creeping things, and vilest monsters? Need I remind you how they sometimes represented the “Holy, holy, holy Lord God” as resembling the prince of darkness more than the Lord of light and love? Need I remind you that the finest notions and speculations of the most cultivated heathen philosophers about the Deity were in some respects hardly more congruous than the gross conceptions of the darkened multitude? And if here and there you find loftier sentiments respecting the Holy One, it is evident whence they have been borrowed; you at once detect some of the lineaments of revelation, however soiled and disfigured they may be. It is not to be told how much has been derived, directly or indirectly, from Revelation, of that wherewith infidel philosophers would taunt us, as if man’s mind had found it out, when in reality man’s mind had only filched it from the Bible.

But oh, what a God is the God of Scripture! However dark our views and degraded our minds, yet we

so far retain somewhat of our pristine capacity that we can recognise our Creator when he is displayed to us in his own light and glory. And who can read the Bible, unless he be utterly besotted and depraved, without being overwhelmed at the majesty and harmony wherewith God is revealed? What conceptions of his nature! what descriptive sentences instinct with Deity! "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth;" "God is light;" "God is love;" "They cease not day nor night, crying, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts, the whole earth is full of his glory." Is not this the living portraiture of him that contrived all things by his wisdom, beautified all things with his goodness, and upholds all things by his power?

Nor let it be forgotten that God revealed by himself is not abstract and inaccessible, but we have a practical and a personal revelation of the infinite to the finite; and this God is our God. God, in revelation, is brought down to man's understanding, and brought home to man's heart, and yet not degraded by his condescension, nor in anywise shorn of his glory by his communion with his poor fallen children of clay. God in all his grace is still God in all his glory—the God of Scripture is the God for man. True it is, that infidels take hold of those representations, borrowed from human nature and material things, which shadow forth God to his creatures, and wrest and ridicule them; but it is the glory of God that he condescends so to speak that we may understand, and so to veil himself in figure that many may apprehend him. Let those stand the consequences who stumble at the letter because they will not receive the spirit; but if through the letter we penetrate to the

spirit, we find that these adumbrations of the Deity are as sublime as they are simple. Will it, then, be said, "But there are mysteries in the knowledge of God, his ways, and his works, as revealed in Scripture, at which reason stumbles, and which far transcend our reach?" We answer, These, instead of disproving, tend to substantiate the divine origin of the record. If there were no mysteries in the professed discovery of God to his finite creatures, the document would be self-condemned. The mysteries of divine revelation are among the strongest pillars that buttress and sustain it. A God without mystery would be a God without infinitude. There must be mystery where there is infinitude; and therefore in this, as in other respects, the Bible is consistent with itself and worthy of the authorship it claims. In the study of the Holy Scripture, let it never be forgotten that we "cannot by searching find out God;" we cannot "find out the Almighty to perfection." Let it never be forgotten that if his ways and thoughts as disclosed by himself sometimes seem strange and awful to us, they appear so simply because of the narrowness of our mental vision on the one hand, and the boundless elevation of his counsels and dealings on the other. "My thoughts," says he, "are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways; for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." The fathomless depths, the inaccessible heights, indicated in the disclosures of God in the Bible, constitute one of the strongest innate evidences that it is divine. No men, much less such men as the writers of Scripture were, could ever have conceived these things nobler than our thoughts

and loftier than our ways, had it not been given them by that God in whose name they spoke, and by whose Spirit they were filled. "For what man knoweth the things of a man save the spirit of man which is in him? Even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God. But God hath revealed them to his messengers by his Spirit; for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God."

Another peculiarity in the Scriptural disclosures of God is the manifestation of the glorious doctrine of his superintending and all-pervading Providence. Most of the heathen philosophers, even those who wrote best about the Divine Being, represented him as inactive and indifferent, dwelling in lofty seclusion, looking down with sovereign apathy on the world he had made, and on the creatures he had called into existence. How different is God as revealed by himself! He represents himself as caring for all, overruling all, sustaining all. We are taught in Scripture that whilst "he speaks, and it is done; commands, and it stands fast;" whilst he wings the archangel, guides the stars in their courses, takes up the isles as a very little thing, and metes out the waters of the ocean in the hollow of his hand,—he at the same time decides a sparrow's death and numbers the very hairs of his people's heads. How befitting the majesty of the great God! for with the Infinite there can be no little, no great, no hard, no easy, no comparison, no degree; "with him one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day"—an insect as an archangel, and an atom as a world. We make God such an one as ourselves, and then we find fault with what he really is. But whence our perplexities and misconceptions? Because

our narrowness cannot expand to his vastness, nor our meanness soar to his majesty. The more our mind is enlarged and our heart purified, the more we shall see the perfection of his providence; and where we cannot comprehend, we shall in silence adore. What though he be “a God that hideth himself?” What though “clouds and darkness be round about him?” Through the openings of the curtains of that thick pavilion we can see rays of light, which tell us that “righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne,” that his ways are all wisdom, and his works all truth.

A kindred evidence, evolved upon the devout mind from the pages of revelation, arises out of the discoveries which it makes of life and immortality, the resurrection and the judgment to come. That unseen world which is, in truth, the real world, whilst this is but a shadow—that unseen world to which we are hastening—our cradle here, our dwelling there—that unseen world, on account of which alone this world hath any moment or solidity, for “all is vanity and vexation of spirit,”—a vapour, a lie, a paradox, a dizzy dream, without immortality and eternity,—that unseen world, how unknown! how impenetrable! how exceeding awful with thick darkness to fallen man, it is but for the lamp of revelation! Look into all the pitiful pictures of a future state which you can find, whether in the Koran, in the dreams of Pagan philosophy, or in the grosser dreams of Pagan mythology; and how self-contradictory they are! how mean, how sensual, how unbecoming! The paradise of Mahomet,—more fit for animals than for angels! The notions of things invisible which Cicero, or Plato, or Socrates propounds, how dim, how vague, how puerile

they are ! The glorious doctrine of a resurrection—that man's whole nature shall live again—was hardly so much as imagined by the ancient sages ; so that the philosophers of Athens mocked at St. Paul as setting forth “strange gods” when he “preached to them Jesus and the resurrection”—they scoffed at the very notion of it. In like manner, with reference to a judgment to come, was there anything tangible, anything congruous, anything rational, in their strange fancies ? But turn to the book of God, and at once it brings life and immortality to light ; it draws aside the thick curtain that shrouds the world unseen—it discloses to us heaven in all its purity, harmony, and glory ; hell in all its horrors, with its never-dying worm and its never-failing fire ; it unfolds the mysteries of the resurrection, describing the womb of the world as big with a wondrous birth, as travailing against the last day, when all the dead, both small and great, shall rise in the completeness of their nature, and stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. It represents the stupendous scenes of the last day with a majesty the most impressive, a solemnity the most overwhelming, and a righteousness the most incontrovertible. Everything is clear, everything equitable : the simple principle of decision—the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or whether they be bad. Thus, it teaches that time is the seed-season for eternity—that we are forming the gulf here which will be fixed hereafter—that we are assuming the character in time which will be enstamped upon us through out eternity, where the filthy shall be filthy still, the holy shall be holy still, the righteous shall be righteous still, so that God will “vindicate eternal providence and justify his ways to man.” Whence, then, did the

unskilled writers of the Bible derive their marvellous intimacy with "the things not seen?" Whence came it that they should in their discoveries so immeasurably surpass all that the profoundest philosophy and the loftiest genius had ever accomplished? Whence, but that He who speaks from heaven spake by them, and He that inhabiteth eternity revealed its recesses to them.

But we advance to what may be regarded as evidence more plain and convincing than the illimitable argument on which we have just dilated, because more within the province of human judgment, and appealing more directly to our hearts and minds. *The morality of the Holy Scriptures proves them to be divine.* No man acquainted with the ethical writings of heathen philosophers, or indeed with the moral systems of sceptical philosophers, will need to be informed that they are unsatisfactory and inconsistent. It has been calculated that some hundreds of answers have been given by ethical writers to the question, the vital question, "What is the chief good for man?" If men could not agree on this fundamental point how could they be agreed in the rest? And if you look narrowly into their codes and theories, you will find that they are superficial,—having respect chiefly to open acts; you will find that they are circumscribed,—not suited to mankind, but to particular nations, or particular classes; and you will find that they often confound light with darkness, and good with evil, characterising some virtues as vices, and some vices as virtues. They hold up to admiration the bold and active virtues; but trample under foot, or overlook altogether, the modest but fragrant violets and lilies of the valley—those meeker virtues of the inner man, those passive graces which,

after all, are the sweetest and loveliest flowers that bloom in this wilderness of sorrow and sin. But when you turn to the morality of the Bible all is changed. At once you are struck with its spirituality. It does not aim at whitewashing the sepulchre, it aims at cleansing it from all its impurities ; it does not content itself with striving to heal the streams, it seeks to cast salt into the fountain-head ; it does not content itself with dressing and pruning the wild olive-tree, it tries to make the tree good that the fruit may be good. It traces all moral conduct to the heart ; out of the heart, it teaches, are "the issues of life ;" it enjoins the care of the heart, the culture of the heart, the government of the heart, as the soul of all morality. It thus shews itself to have come from Him who made the heart. who knows the heart, and whose demand is, "My son, give me thy heart." It teaches that "the thought of foolishness is sin ;" the impure desire, adultery in the seed ; indulged malice, murder in the germ ; and thus it brings home to man the knowledge of sin in its essence, and of duty in its elements. At the same time it is as universal as it is spiritual. It suits all men, of all classes, in all conditions, in all varieties of civil and social circumstances ; it embraces alike the clown and the sage, the monarch and the mendicant, the freeman and the slave—it has rules for all—it has motives for all—it reaches the case and comes home to the heart of all ; it meets us everywhere, it touches us in everything ; we can do nothing, we can think nothing, we can feel nothing, to which the law of God does not extend. It is like the atmosphere, which always and in every place encompasses us ; as we cannot go from the presence. so neither can we escape from the law of God.

Hence, too, the standard of purity which it sets up is infallible. It makes the will of God the one unvarying rule of human duty. It does not, as other codes of morals and systems of ethics more or less do, consider what is expedient, but what is right; what man would have us do, but what God would have us do. It does not refer us to divers masters—it does not appeal to uncertain precedents—it uses not divers weights—it does not recognise divers measures—in all difficulties it bids us ask, “What saith the Lord?”—in all duties it teaches us to inquire, “Lord, what wouldst thou have us to do?” It thus bases morality on godliness, and teaches us that where there is no godliness there can be no true morality, because the man who is disloyal to his Creator cannot be faithful to his fellow-creatures.

And what can be more admirable than the manner in which some of the revelations of the divine law combine simplicity with sublimity, and compendiousness with comprehensiveness? How powerful a proof that the Bible is the word of God is found in the grandeur—the incomparable, the infinite grandeur—of that summary of the law, “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy understanding, and with all thy might; and thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself!” Could that sentence have come from uninspired tongue or pen? Could it have been conceived by any being but that God who is light and love? What condensation!—The whole law in one word! What benignity! that one word “Love!” What comprehensiveness!—Every duty—relative, social, personal—to God, to man, for time, for eternity, bound up in “love,” perfect love to God and man. At the same time, how simple!—One of our Sunday scholars,

yea, one of our artless infants, who has a loving heart towards God and man, may thus understand the whole law better than the most philosophic infidel, who, whilst he discourses bravely about philanthropy and benevolence, has his heart estranged from love to God, and devoid of love to man. The key that is wanted to unlock the import of this compendium of the law is not the key of the intellect, but the key of the heart. It is a loving heart best knows what is the whole duty of man to man, and the whole duty of man to his Maker.

And is not this a lovely view of the law of God? Other systems of morals have appealed principally to the selfishness of man, to his interests or his fears. And, copying these, the Church of Rome has converted the religion of love and liberty into a religion of terror and bondage. How diverse from the glorious original! But whatever the so-called Catholic Church may have done, we appeal from her dogmas to the true Catholic rule of the Universal Church—the word of God—for “the Bible, the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants.” We appeal from the so-called Catholic standard to the true Catholic standard; and what do we find? It is not said, “Thou shalt *dread* the Lord thy God;” neither is it said, “For *thine own convenience*, or *thine own advantage*, or because *it is the best policy*, thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself;” but it is said, with sublime simplicity, “Love God with all your powers; love your fellow-creatures as yourselves.” And what shall we say of that which has been well styled the golden rule, “Do to others as you would have others do to you?” And what of that divine sentiment, worthy of the lips from which it fell, “It is more blessed to give than to receive?” Could that sentiment have had

its birthplace in the sordid heart of man? Could it have been conceived by any mind save the mind of God?

Examine in all its bearings the morality of the Bible, and then say is it not the true economy of human happiness? We challenge the whole race of infidels to say, whether all the schemes for ameliorating the lot of man which have ever been devised or attempted, all the plans for remedying the social, political, and moral evils which afflict us, can bear any comparison with the moral system taught by Christ, which, if carried out through the length and breadth of the world, would almost transform it into Eden again? How happy were the people in such a case! how happy that people that should have the Lord for their God! What little of solid happiness and sound virtue we have we owe it all to the Bible. The less men live according to the Bible, the less you can trust them, and the less happy they are. Strangers to peace, they are strangers to purity of heart. It is remarkable that infidels themselves are aware of this fact. I once had the painful task to attend the death-bed of an infidel—the most accomplished for his standing, and the most intense in his malignity that I ever encountered. He died, as he had lived, a blasphemer of Christ; but he said with horror to me, when I spoke of his children, “I would not for the world have them imbibe my sentiments—I would not for the world have them read my infidel books;” and he left it in solemn charge to his wife that she should burn them when he was gone; for he said, however they might be good for him, he knew that they would be injurious to them, and that the Bible, false or true, was the best code of morals and the best guide that he could leave

to his fatherless daughters in a sad and selfish world. How forceful such indirect testimonies wrung from the lips of unbelievers! "Their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges." We conclude, therefore, that the morality of Scripture must have been the offspring of God.

Next in order, and not a whit behind the last evidence in closeness of application and clearness of demonstration, is the evidence which the Bible carries with it from *its preternatural accordancy with the real state, nature, and necessities of man*. Marvellous is the way in which it avouches itself to the conscience and the consciousness of every honest student of its pages, proving that it knows what is in man, and therefore must be from that Being who made man, and who, when he proposes the question, "Who can know the heart?" assumes it as his own indefeasible prerogative: "I, the Lord, search the heart; I try the reins." But here it ought to be remarked, in the outset, that the nature of man, and his present condition, are, when viewed apart from the light of the Bible, involved in utter confusion and darkness. You have only to investigate what has been written about man, the strange theories which have been broached concerning his strange state, and why it is so, and how it became so, in order that you may abundantly verify our statement. There is without and within man much that utterly perplexes him. On the one hand, he has much that tells him that his Creator must have been beneficent; on the other hand, he has much more that seems irreconcilable with beneficence: on the one hand, he finds much in himself that is exalted, refined, aspiring; on the other hand, he finds a great deal more that is

degrading, sensual, earthly: on the one hand, he has desires, imaginations, and hopes, which indicate a lofty birth; but, on the other hand, he has appetites, passions, and pitiful infirmities, which sometimes so confound and distract him that he is almost tempted to suppose that some fiend must have called him into being, and made him to be a mockery and a self-contradiction. Oh! as one of our poets exclaims,—

“What a mystery to man is man!”

If viewed in no other light but the light of reason, what a mass of paradoxes! what an inexplicable riddle! what a libel on his Creator! But the Bible, the Bible only, solves these difficulties, unravels these intricacies, clears up these contradictions; telling us, plainly and simply, that “God made man upright,” stamped him with his image, and fashioned him after his likeness; but that man sought out for himself divers inventions, listened to the tempter, accepted the temptation, fell from his Creator, became corrupt as a necessary consequence of transgression, and, corrupt himself, transmitted a corrupt nature to his progeny; for “who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?” and such as the tree is, such will be the scions propagated from the stem. It tells us all this in a narrative so artless, so truthful, so graphic, that it carries conviction of its authenticity to every unbiassed and submissive mind. Thus it accounts for the strange antagonisms in the human lot, and the strange collisions in the human breast. Man, it teaches us, is a temple in ruins, grand in its very desolation. It tells us why it is that, heaven-derived, we seek for higher things; and yet, degraded by a birth in sin, we grovel in the

dust, and become the slaves of our own lusts and passions.

It makes its appeal to that conscience within us which still witnesses for God, however our lusts and passions may sometimes clamour it down, or drag it at their chariot-wheels. There is in man a conscience which tells him what is right and what is wrong—at least in their broader distinctions; accompanying that perception of right and wrong there is a dread of guilt when we do wrong—a sense of satisfaction when we do right; and connected with that sense of guilt and of satisfaction there is the recognition of a great Supreme Judge. Conscience could indeed have no existence, or at least no power, if there were no Supreme Ruler to whose tribunal she must refer. Now this advocate for God in the human breast responds to the testimony of God in his word: “And he himself knew what was in man;” so it may be said of his Gospel, as it was said of Jesus, “It knows what is in man.” It penetrates all the intricacies of his inmost labyrinths, it lights up all the dark recesses of the caverns of the heart, it holds up to the inner man a mirror which so reflects him upon himself that he cannot help recognising the likeness, though there are lineaments, perhaps, which he had never discerned before, but which, when brought before him in that mysterious glass, flash conviction on his mind, so that he stands self-revealed and self-convicted, and owns that this is of a truth the word of God. Hence it often happens that men—bad men, infidel men—have been forced to say of the book what the woman of Samaria said of its Author, “Come, see a book that told me all that ever I did; is not this the word of God?” They have been compelled to acknow-

ledge that it has so traced out their hidden history, so fathomed their deepest secrets, so laid open their inmost thoughts, that none but he "to whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid," could have been its author.

And then what a bold, a startling, a revolting testimony it bears concerning fallen man! It does not come flattering us, as an imposture would have done; it does not discourse soothingly of the dignity of human nature or the beauty of natural virtue; it does not tell us of our perfectibility, or represent that, after all, we are but slightly deflected from what is right. No; but it comes with the stern, the startling, the repulsive testimony, that "every imagination of the thoughts of man's heart is only evil continually;" that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" that "the carnal mind is enmity against God;" that "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness to it; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." Is it thus that impostors would have striven to palm their fables on mankind? Is this the way they would have adopted in order to conciliate the confidence and bespeak the good-will of the race to whom they addressed their forgery? But Scripture knows no flattery and no fear. It tells man the plain, unbending truth; and if he will but listen earnestly to that truth, there comes an echo, in spite of the clamour of prejudice and passion, from the depths of his inmost nature, which responds to the testimony of God, and says, "It is truth—it is truth, though it condemns me." And so it often happens, that "the thoughts and intents of the heart" are discerned, and the Bible proves itself to be "sharper

than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of the joints and marrow, and of the soul and spirit;" and thus it becomes evident that the matchless weapon must have been forged and tempered by the hand divine. We would appeal to those who have searched and proved themselves by the light of Scripture, whether they do not find, whatever civilisation and education may have accomplished for them, notwithstanding all that happier circumstances and happier training may have accomplished for them, yea, notwithstanding all that the grace of God may have accomplished in their soul, that there are in them by nature the rudiments and seeds of every sin and abomination; and that if they have been kept and made to differ from the vilest, it is God, and God alone, who has made them to differ. I am satisfied that there is not a right-judging man who knows his Bible and his heart in this assembly, who, if he had been forced to witness the execution of those desperate wretches, whose foulest deed this day underwent its meet and fearful retribution, so far as the law of man is concerned, —surely none here would have been guilty of staring at the horrible sight with a vague, vile, debasing curiosity, as so many of their fellow-citizens, to the disgrace of humanity, are reported to have done — a curiosity as heartless as it is corrupting, and as degrading as it is cruel and un-Christian — which ought to be, and we trust shortly will be, eluded, by having our executions so far in private that only a limited number shall witness them for justice sake; and that thus we shall no longer have those dread scenes of human vengeance — which, where blood is shed, we believe the law of God requires — flaunting before the public eye, and made subjects

for the print-shop, the ballad, and the obscene jest, but surrounded with such fitting and awful seclusion and silence, as will, on the one hand, favour repentance in the criminal, and, on the other, strike the deeper awe into the community.* You will pardon this digression, into which the feelings of the moment plunged me; and now, resuming the thread of my observations, I repeat it, had an enlightened and spiritually-minded man been forced to witness that dread spectacle, sure I am he would not have said, in the pride of his heart, as Hazael, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this?" but he would rather have said, with solemn humility and thankfulness, as the martyr Bradford was wont to say, when he saw a culprit going to the scaffold, "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Bradford."

Ah, we know not what is in our heart till opportunity serve and temptation fan into flame the latent spark; and therefore the testimony of Scripture, hard and harsh as it may seem, however humbling to human pride, and however hateful to infidel philosophy, will, after all, be found to be the simple, sober truth concerning man, for from within "out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies: and these are the things that defile a man."

Thus, then, the perfect developement of man which

* This lecture was given in the evening of the day on which the miserable Mannings were executed. It is a singular coincidence that a suggestion, very similar to the one offered in the above digression, with a view of obviating the glaring evils of executions as at present conducted, appeared the following morning in a leading London journal from the pen of a popular writer. It is deeply to be desired that the question may not be allowed to sleep.

the Scriptures present to him proves that they are from God. And what shall I more say? If the Divine word authenticates itself to man by its knowledge of what he is, it no less authenticates itself to him by its knowledge of what he needs. What does he find, if he tries to satisfy for his guilt or to make himself good? Does he not find his efforts bootless and his offerings vain? Does he not find that with all his attempts to expiate the past, to make atonement to God for his soul, by penances, or pilgrimages, or alms-deeds, or by whatever other shift, or by whatever other sophistry, he may strive to quiet the upbraidings of his conscience and to appease the cravings of his guilty soul, he can discover no rest, no refuge, no redemption, till he comes to the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. There is revealed a balm effectual for his wounds—there an expiation commensurate with his guilt—there a strength to be perfected in his weakness—there a justification infinitely complete through the blood and righteousness of God incarnate—and there a regeneration through the power of the Holy Ghost, issuing in a progressive sanctification, by which he shall be changed from glory into glory, till, in the language of the sublime *Te Deum*, he is “lifted up for ever.” Here all the necessities of man are met; and let the humble suppliant for mercy and grace only make full trial of these revelations—let him thoroughly test the promises—let him fairly bring to the experimental proof these prophecies (for such promises are in a certain sense prophecies)—let him ask, and see if he receive—let him seek, and see if he find—let him look to Jesus, and see if there be forgiveness with him—let him trust in Jesus, and see if there be help and hope for the penitent—let him be strong

in the Spirit of God—let him be earnest, faithful, persevering in prayer—let him struggle to do the will of God while he is praying for power to do it, making every effort, not in his own strength, but in the strength he implores;—let him do all this, without self-confidence and self-righteousness, renouncing all trust in what he has done or can do, and resting solely on the finished righteousness of the incarnate Word;—let him do all this heartily, continuously, unwearingly, and, as the Bible is true, and as the Lord God Omnipotent liveth, he shall not do it in vain. Light will gradually dawn upon his darkness, hope irradiate his despair, strength be infused into his weakness, wisdom into his foolishness, energy into his efforts, victory into his conflicts, holiness into his heart, happiness into his bosom, and life immortal will spring up in his soul. Then indeed he will “have the witness in himself”—then indeed he will set to his seal that God is true and his Word the very truth.

We are well aware that the infidel will sneer at this reasoning; that he will say, “It is all the day-dream of a heated imagination, the fond offspring of enthusiasm.” But we ask, “Has the man whom the physician has made whole a sufficient and satisfactory proof of the efficacy of the medicine which he took and of the skillfulness of the treatment which he underwent? Or is it a sufficient and satisfactory proof to the prisoner that he has been pardoned by his sovereign, that his fetters are knocked off, his prison-doors thrown wide, and he himself set at large?” If so, then is pardon to the criminal who is accepted in Christ; then is strength to the palsied man who through Christ rises and walks; then is spiritual health to the man who, having tried

every other physician in vain, has at last touched the hem of the garment of the Physician in Gilead, and had applied to him the balm that is there : then, we say, is the peace, the health, the liberty of that ransomed, renovated, emancipated soul, an evidence to the individual's own self of the verity of the Bible, so clear that no sophistry can beguile him out of it, so conclusive that no assaults can shake his confidence.

There is but one grand internal evidence more on which I shall enlarge, and however advanced the hour, bear with me if I do not pass lightly over a field of proof, which, to my mind, appears to furnish the crowning and consummating demonstration that the Bible is of God—an evidence on which we might safely rest the truth of Divine revelation. *We refer to the history, the character, and the work of our Lord Jesus Christ, as recorded in the Holy Gospel.* Divine revelation is, from first to last, the revelation of Jesus Christ. “The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy.” No less is it the spirit of the types, the prefigurations, the histories, the genealogies, the narratives, the poems of the Bible. No man can understand the Bible who does not take Christ as the key of the whole. To comprehend Scripture we must perceive that Christ is the sun of the system, round which all the various truths contained, like so many planets, revolve, all owning him as their common centre, and reflecting upon him the light which they borrow from him. We should expect, therefore, that the revelation of the Lord Jesus would authenticate the record which conveys it. And so it does. Take the lowest view of his history—regard it simply as the portrait of a perfect man. None but the perfect could portray the perfect, unless, at least he had a perfect model to

delineate. But all men being imperfect, how was any man to conceive a perfect man, or who was to serve as the original? Hence, all the attempts to sketch a perfect character which the loftiest natural genius has ever made, are found to be intrinsically defective and unsatisfactory. Some nobler virtues may embellish the pictures, but they are more or less shaded with manifest imperfections.

It is related of a celebrated Grecian sculptor, that he searched all Greece with the view of modelling a perfect figure, and he borrowed here from the most beautiful a feature, and there from the most graceful a limb; but after all the patchwork was apparent; he could not so harmonise the different lineaments and members as to give congruity and symmetry to the whole; and just so the attempt to construct a perfect character out of virtues borrowed from all the best of human kind has ever failed, because men cannot combine, and adjust, and harmonise the materials. Under these circumstances, in the face of difficulties so insuperable, how could it have entered into the minds of a few Jewish fishermen, without education, without advantages of refinement or taste—men brought up in prejudice and bigotry,—how could it have entered into their minds to conceive the idea of drawing, or conceiving it, what possibility was there of their being able to draw a faultless character? And yet these fishermen of Galilee not only conceived, but realised the idea; they painted one of whom we may say, “Behold the Lamb of God;” “a lamb without blemish and without spot.” “Behold the man!”—“holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners.” He challenges the inspection of the prince of darkness on the one hand, and of all the

infidels and scoffers in the world on the other; let them put their finger on a fault or an error that blemishes the character of Jesus of Nazareth.

So marvellous is the testimony of Rousseau that I cannot forbear subjoining it. No believer could use language more glowing, more graphic, or more just:—“Is it possible that he whose history the Gospel records can be but a man? Do we find that he assumed the tone of an enthusiast or ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity in his manners—what an affecting gracefulness in his instructions—what sublimity in his maxims—what profound wisdom in his discourses—what presence of mind in his replies—how great the command over passions! Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live and so die without weakness and without ostentation? What prepossession—what blindness must it be to compare Socrates, the son of Sophronisos, to Jesus, the Son of Man! What an infinite disproportion there is between them! Socrates, dying without pain and ignominy, easily supported his character to the last; and if his death, however easy, had not crowned his life, it might have been doubted whether Socrates, with all his wisdom, was anything more than a vain sophist. He invented, it is said, the theory of morals—others, however, had before put them in practice: he had only to say, therefore, what they had done and to reduce their examples to precept. But where could Jesus learn among his competitors that pure and sublime morality of which he only hath given us both precept and example? The death of Socrates, peaceably philosophising with his friends, appears the most agreeable that could be wished for—that of Jesus, expiring in the midst of agonising pangs, abused, in-

sulted, and accused by a whole nation, the most horrible that could be feared. Socrates, in receiving the cup of poison, blessed the weeping executioner who administered it; but Jesus, in the midst of excruciating tortures, prayed for his merciless. Yes! if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus were those of a God. Shall we suppose the evangelic history a mere fiction? indeed it bears not the marks of fiction. On the contrary, the history of Socrates, which nobody presumes to doubt, is not so well attested as that of Jesus Christ. Such a supposition, in fact, only shifts the difficulty without removing it. It is more inconceivable that a number of persons should agree to write such a history than that only one should be the subject of it. The Jewish authors were incapable of the diction and strangers to the morality contained in the Gospel, the marks of whose truth are so striking and inimitable that the inventor would be a more astonishing character than the hero."

Surely it will be said to this infatuated man—"Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee."

So glorious and beautiful is the character of Jesus, that the more we examine it the more we are astonished at it. We cannot—time would fail us—do more than remind you of Christ's unceasing devotion, and of his devotedness to his Father's will; how it was his "meat and drink" to do it; how his Father's glory was his only pole-star; how "Thy will be done" reconciled him to the bitter cup, and bound him a willing victim on the agonising cross. Nor can we do more than remind you how perfect was his social virtue—how he "went about doing good;"—exquisite epitome of his life!—how he laboured "in season and out of season;" how wonderful

his self-denial, his meekness, his patience, his love, his forgivingness ! Trace him from his poor manger to his bitter cross—trace him from his sepulchre to his throne of glory, and where will you find anything in the blessed Jesus unbecoming or incomplete ? Was he not ever as a sun without a mote, as snow without a stain ? Take another view of his character as a perfect man. What harmony in that character ! We talk of other characters as having their characteristic virtues, their distinguishing qualities, but we dare not, and we ought not, to speak so of Christ : he had no characteristic virtues — he had no distinguishing qualities — for all qualities that are excellent met and mingled in him in perfection, and consequently in harmony ; none overlaid another, none subtracted from another. He was firm, but never harsh ; he was meek, but never feeble ; he was gentle, but never yielding ; he was submissive as a lamb to insult, but bold as a lion for the truth. He dared to do anything and bear anything in the way of duty — he dared not move a sand-grain against his Father's will. His character is in exquisite keeping and proportion ; it resembles the robe that he wore when led to crucifixion, which was woven throughout, from the top to the bottom, without seam or juncture. Or it may be compared to the rainbow that surrounds his throne, the colours manifold, yet all so tempered and subdued that they form but one beautiful whole ; no colour more brilliant, none more prominent than another.

But we take a step higher in contemplating the history of Jesus. The apostles, the fishermen of Galilee, not only aspired and attempted to give us a portrait of a perfect man, they designed and attempted something immeasurably loftier and more arduous. They professed

to portray "Emmanuel, God with us"—"God manifest in the flesh," as one of them opens his record by telling us: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God; and the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." What an unimaginable attempt!—to delineate the life and character of one who was perfect man and perfect God in one mysterious person,—to delineate the birth, the course, the words, the actions, of one who must not, on the one hand, belie the truth of his manhood, nor, on the other, invalidate the truth of his Godhead—who must be, and appear to be, "inferior to the Father, as touching his manhood, and yet equal to the Father, as touching his Godhead!" Such a conception never naturally entered the mind of man. It could not have suggested itself without the reality. There may be some caricatures of it traced in Hindooism and other forms of Pagan philosophy; but it is evident that they are but dim reflections from revelation, darkened indeed, and utterly degraded. But the character of Emmanuel, as traced in the Bible, is consistent throughout. If there are things recorded of him which cannot be reconciled with his being God alone, and others which are irreconcilable with his being man alone, take but the twofold key, God and man in one perfect person, and then you have harmony in all. Brethren, if there were no other evidence of the divinity of Holy Scripture but the character and history of "God manifest in the flesh," as painted in its pages, this would satisfy my mind. Be it remembered, we have not given to us a dim outline, a shadowy sketch of a mysterious personage, kept in re-

serve, curtained off from observation, just appearing on a few imposing occasions, but we have God incarnate, identified with all human feelings and mingling in all social scenes ; we have God incarnate, weeping with them that weep and rejoicing with them that rejoice ; we have him passing through every vicissitude of human experience and every variety of human woe ; we have him tempted, and buffeted, and spit upon, and crucified, and dying, and rising, and ascending up to glory ; and yet throughout we perceive inimitable consistency and harmony, provided only we understand the glorious mystery of his twofold nature, or rather provided only we believe it ; for belief is the perfection of understanding when we come to what is divine.

Time will not allow me to do more than remind you with what beautiful interchange and juxtaposition the divine and human natures continually manifest themselves in that marvellous history. If as man he was born a helpless babe in a manger for his cradle, as God heaven echoed to his natal anthem sung by angel voices — “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.” If as man he slept in the fisherman’s bark amid the roar of the storm, as God he arose, and said to the winds and the waves, “Peace, be still ; and there was a great calm.” If as man he wept over the grave of Lazarus, and shed human tears in sympathy with human woe, as God he spake the word, “Lazarus, come forth ; and the dead arose ” If as man he agonised in the garden, and “sweat great drops of blood,” and prayed, “O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me,” as God he arose and looked those that would have laid hold of him in the face, and they fell prostrate on the ground. If as man, upon the

cross, he cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" as God he opened the kingdom of heaven to the penitent suppliant:—"Who is this that forgiveth sins also?" If as man he yielded up the ghost, in sign that he was God the sun darkened, the rocks rent, the graves opened, and all nature proclaimed with the centurion, "Truly, this man was the Son of God."

But Christ still further attests the divinity of his own revelation by the stupendous work which as the Word Incarnate he undertook, and by his life and death achieved. The atonement accomplished by Christ Jesus proclaims itself divine. Who amongst created beings could have formed the idea of it? Who in heaven, or on earth, or under the earth, could have imagined that the Creator should assume the nature of the creature—that in that creature's stead, as surety and substitute, he should render to the divine law which the creature had disobeyed, and whose penalties the creature had consequently incurred, an obedience that should more than satisfy all its requirements, and an expiation that should more than discharge all its penalties, and so, by a vicarious submission and satisfaction,—the work of one in human nature, who could therefore die, and yet of one in the divine nature, whose death should therefore have an infinite worth,—by a work, finite, yet infinite, human, yet divine, as man, yet as God,—complete a righteousness, which is "unto all and upon all them that believe"—even "the righteousness of God, which is of faith in Christ Jesus," who is therefore called "Jehovah, our righteousness?" There is something in all this so utterly past man's finding out or imagining, so revealing the dread Trinity in unity, and unity in Trinity, harmoniously concurring and co-operating in

the salvation of our lost race, that it furnishes an internal argument of surpassing grandeur and irrefragable power.

And what alternative has the infidel or the scoffer? Either he must accept the monstrous supposition, that a few ignorant men accomplished what it is morally impossible any men could accomplish—what all history and experience go to prove they could not accomplish; or else he must receive a theory which he cannot but admit is at most only doubtful; for experience does not contradict it, because it is beyond its range; and history does not discredit it, for the testimony that it bears is, so far as it goes, in its favour. Either, therefore, the sceptic must believe a moral impossibility in rejecting the Gospel, or he must bow submissively to that which experience does not gainsay, and which history supports.

And now, my dear young hearers,—for to you I have especially addressed myself—suffer the word of affectionate exhortation—if the Bible carries within itself such manifestations of genuineness, honesty, simplicity, divine authority, expressive harmony, and perfect unity of purpose and plan, as could not belong to a forgery—if it furnishes such disclosures of the great God as himself alone could make to his fallen creatures—if it unfolds the world unseen in a way that commends itself to every right judgment, and proves itself to have come from him “that inhabiteth eternity”—if the morality of the Bible is such that it bespeaks itself to be a reflection of the divine mind, its spirituality so deep, its applicability so universal—if the Bible reveals man to himself, in such wise as only he who knows what is in man could do, at the same time so developing both the fall and the redemption, the ruin and the reconcilia-

tion of mankind, as to evince them to every enlightened conscience, and bring them home to every sincere heart, demonstrating the whole to all that try it by its practical verification in their own experience—if, above all, it presents to us a perfect portrait of a perfect man, nay more, a consistent portrait of God incarnate, together with the record of a glorious and unimaginable atonement, wrought out by Emmanuel, meeting all the exigencies of man and all the requirements of God,—then at what conclusion can we arrive but that the word which contains all this is the word of the living God, “the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,” which to reject is inevitably to be lost, which to receive is infallibly to be saved?

If, then, there has been led into this assembly—whether thoughtlessly, or from curiosity, or from a spirit of opposition, or (as in charity we would rather hope) from a spirit of inquiry,—an individual who has been the dupe of infidelity, I would put it solemnly to his conscience, as in the presence of that God before whom we shall alike ere long stand to give account—Have you arrived at your fearful conclusion after the fullest, the fairest, the most devout, the most persevering, the most earnest, the most intense, the most unwearying effort to prove the Bible true? Has not your object rather been to prove it false? Have you not been an enemy to the Bible, because you had made the Bible your enemy? Have you not wished to be an infidel, and has not the wish been the parent of the delusion? Go, my fellow immortal! go to thy Bible and to thy knees; pray to God to open thine eyes to understand his Word; search it as it bids thee search it; test it as it bids thee test it; do so at every cost,

every hazard, every sacrifice ;—for remember the alternative. If thou sayest to me, “ If the Bible be false, what dost thou gain ?” I rejoin, “ If the Bible be true, what dost thou lose ?” “ What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul ?”

God grant to you who profess to believe, that you may not rest contented with a general admission that the Bible is a revelation from God ; but remember that it is a direct personal revelation to you, and to me, and to every human being to whom it comes. Do not lose yourselves in generalities, do not imagine that you will float to heaven because with the multitude you simply acknowledge the divine authority of Holy Scripture ; but remember, the truths of the Bible must be wrought into your hearts, must be illustrated in your lives, must prove the power of God unto your salvation. You must attain to the blessed assurance of the apostle, “ I know in whom I have believed.” Trust and try, try and trust, and the Gospel will evolve its light and power upon your souls.

And whilst we exalt the Bible ourselves, let us assert its supremacy in the midst of a gainsaying and wicked world. Never was there a day when the simple supremacy of the Bible was more assailed, though it be covertly and indirectly done, than at the present day. Infidelity has not the effrontery to walk abroad unmasked and unblushing amid the light of modern intelligence, and in the face of awakened Christianity ; but she comes skulking under the guise of latitudinarianism, neology, and philosophy falsely so called, professing to dethrone, not to denounce revelation. Challenge, therefore, under all circumstances and on all occasions, challenge indisputable supremacy for the word of God—supremacy in

the heart, supremacy in the understanding, supremacy in the closet, supremacy at the family fireside, supremacy in the exchange, supremacy in the cabinet, supremacy in the court, supremacy in the hall of judicature, supremacy in the laws of the land, supremacy in all the affairs of the world. Nothing can be true that contradicts the Bible, and therefore the Bible, in its indirect influence, at least, in its controlling power, is as much in place in the senate as in the sanctuary, in the cabinet as in the closet, in the state as in the social circle. Maintain this great principle, fearless of consequences. Stand by the Bible, and the God of the Bible will stand by you. The man, whether in private or public life, as a student or a statesman, who places one foot on the rock of eternity, and the other foot on the slippery, miry clay of human expediency, will never be steadfast, he has no sure footing; but he who plants both his feet on the adamantine rock of everlasting truth, may brave all the scoffs of man, and defy all the powers of hell. The watchword of thousands in these times is, "No sacredness in the Sabbath, and no supremacy for the Bible;" be our watchword, "An undesecrated Sabbath and an uncompromised Bible."

Thank God, a spirit is rousing, a voice is going forth through our land, "An unbroken Sabbath for every Briton, and an unsophisticated Bible for every child of man!" But let us not halt in our onward movement. Remember, always, there is an antagonist movement which hangs out the flag of liberalism, latitudinarianism, indifferency to all sects and parties; but it is a movement—I speak it advisedly—so far as it leaves the Bible behind it, downwards to hell, not upwards to heaven. We must, therefore, have no pause, and enter

into no compromise. We must aim at doing away with every national infringement of the day of God, and every national disparagement of the book of God.

Nor let me forget to add, if the Bible be so sure, so paramount, so infinitely precious, how overwhelming the responsibility which rests on those who are put in trust with this unspeakable gift for a lost world! Alas! that there should be three-fourths of the inhabitants of the earth who have not one ray of the only light that can teach a sinner his ruin and his redemption, his God and his Saviour, his hope and his happiness. "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon," lest the godless and profane should scoff; but let the Church arise, in her various branches—let all who hold the Bible to be the one standard of faith and practice for a guilty world arise, and let the young men vie with the hoary-haired—let all arise with redoubled zeal to carry out the glorious purpose of giving the Bible and the power to read it and an evangelist to guide him into the understanding of it to every member of the human family. The biblical and missionary enterprises of Britain constitute her truest greatness and her brightest glory. Oh, that the millions spent in intoxicating liquors and criminal indulgences were saved from Satan and hell, and poured into the channels which send forth the waters of life to irrigate and fertilise the boundless wildernesses of the world! Let Christendom rise to the standard of Christianity, and the infidel will be silenced, and the scoffer put to shame.

For yourselves, beloved, I would only add, may God "stablish, strengthen, settle you," on the everlasting Mount of Revelation! Amid the storms and the billows, the shipwrecks and the conflicts, of this weary and

troublesome world, how sweet, how calm the simple faith that rests unfalteringly on the testimonies of the Almighty! *There* is truth, *there* is reality, *there* is immutability, *there* is eternity! "The world passeth away and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever" And now, my dear young brethren, "I commend you to God and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified, through faith which is in Christ Jesus." Amen and Amen.

The Influence of Romanism on the Intellectual
and Moral Condition of the People
subject to its sway.

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THE INFLUENCE OF ROMANISM.

It is not the intention of the present discourse to enter upon any discussion of the different points of doctrine at issue between the Romish Church and its opponents. I set out with the assumption that I am addressing an audience composed chiefly, if not entirely, of Protestants; of persons, consequently, who may be presumed to have, on good and sufficient grounds, made up their minds in regard to the erroneousness and danger of the peculiar tenets of that Church against which they profess to protest. Proceeding upon this assumption, I feel myself entitled to dispense with any attempt to *prove* the Church of Rome in error; this, for the present, I assume: and the end at which I aim is to illustrate, in certain particulars, the *practical working* and *general tendency* of this unscriptural, delusive, and pernicious system.

Such an end I take to be not undesirable and not illegitimate. After one has, by a process of investigation, arrived at the conclusion that the doctrines of Romanism are unscriptural, unreasonable, and delusive, one naturally experiences a feeling of curiosity to know how this system operates. As every religious system must exercise a marked effect upon those by whom it is received,

no one can reflect upon the multitudes who profess Romanism without being incited to inquire,—what is the general effect of this system upon the minds, the characters, the morals, the religion, the feelings of the people among whom it reigns? And as such a question naturally arises to the mind, so is it one which we may most lawfully entertain and attempt to answer. For, though it is not fair to excite a prejudice in the first instance, either for or against any religious system, by calling attention to its working, prior to any consideration of its intrinsic qualities, and though it would be unsafe to fix upon any occurrence in the history of a religious system as an evidence of its peculiar tendency, unless we were able, from previous acquaintance with its principles, to trace that occurrence to some one of those principles as its source; yet, on the other hand, when we have on good grounds arrived at a theoretical estimate of any religious system, by bringing its peculiar tenets to the standard of reason and Scripture, nothing can forbid our going forth to the scrutiny of its practical working, with a view of ascertaining the *results* to which such principles lead, and from these results attempting to estimate the practical worth of the system itself. The rule of our Saviour, “By their fruits ye shall know them,” is one which we can in no case with safety neglect in judging of others, and in no case refuse to have applied to ourselves.

To all who have paid any attention to the subject, it must be obvious that the question now before us, if taken up in all its extent, is greatly too vast to be considered even cursorily in one discourse. This, therefore, I shall not attempt; all I shall aim at will be to notice one or two prominent points, and to offer on them such illus-

trations as may seem to me to place the actual tendency and effects of Romanism in their true light.

The points to which I would call your attention are the influence of Romanism, 1st, upon the *intellectual* character of its votaries; 2dly, on their *moral* character, including under this latter, also, their *religious* character. A just estimate of these points will go far to enable us to form a correct opinion as to the general influence and tendency of Romanism.

I. It must be obvious to every reflecting mind, that the religion of a people must necessarily exercise a powerful influence upon the intellectual character of that people, either for good or for evil. Of this there can be no doubt when we consider that religious exercises are commonly amongst the earliest efforts of an intellectual kind which a child puts forth, — that they are exercises which naturally take a strong hold upon the mind, — that they are exercises which, for the most part, are of continual occurrence, and that they are exercises upon which the events of life and the anticipations of futurity continually tend to throw us back. Under such circumstances, it is natural to expect that we should find the general intellectual character, both of individuals and of nations, very powerfully affected by the character of the religion in which they have been trained.

Experience bears us out in this assumption. If we compare idolatrous nations, for instance, with nations which worship the one God, we observe very obvious and traceable marks of intellectual difference between the two. Even amongst idolatrous nations themselves, such differences are perceptible, where the *form* of idolatry has, in the one case, differed much from that in the other; as when, for instance, we compare the ancient

idolaters of Greece and Rome with those of Persia or India. The intellectual character of a Hindoo differs much from that of a Mahometan, though born under the same sun, natives of the same soil, and living under the same laws. In like manner, the intellectual development of the Christian is usually strikingly different from that of the Mahometan, though both professedly worshippers of the same God, and though both living, it may be, under the same general influences of a political or social character. We may naturally expect, therefore, to find the difference of religion between Catholic and Protestant exerting a powerful influence upon the intellectual character of each.

And we do find this. Pass from a company of Protestant Christians into one of Catholics, and you almost seem to have exchanged one race for another. Or compare the pages of a genuine Protestant divine with those of a Catholic; and, apart altogether from any diversity of sentiment, there is a difference of intellectual character which cannot but at once strike the attentive reader. In the Protestant he will find a breadth of conception, a freedom of thought, and an energy of argument, which he will in vain search for in the Catholic; while in the latter he will not fail to be struck with the timid caution, the scrupulous hesitancy, the minute distinctions, the frequent dogmatism, and the pervading want of freedom and vigour, which mark his style. The same may be said of the general literature of Catholic countries as compared with that of Protestant. In point of vigour, originality, and usefulness, the latter immeasurably transcends the former. On looking over the history of modern literature, we may ask,—where is the department of literature (ex-

cepting, perhaps, that of poetry, and that of scholastic divinity, and in the former of these rather nominally than really, for what hold had Romanism on Dante, Tasso, or Boccaccio, though in form Romanists?*) in which we possess first-rate works, the authors of which have not been denounced by the Romish Church as either infidels or heretics? Take the literature of France, for instance. When you have mentioned the names of Massillon, Bossuet, and Descartes, you have well-nigh exhausted the list of first-class men among the genuine Catholics of France; and of these, the first two were famous rather for a brilliant genius than for powerful intellect, and the third approached to the very verge of heresy, and dragged his orthodoxy as a burdensome chain, with which he would fain have dispensed. To the other great names which have adorned the literature and science of France, Romanism can lay no claim. Pascal was a Jansenist, who was vigorous in spite of his early connexion with Romanism, but whose mind never entirely threw off early fetters, or rose to its full force, save when provoked to lash the corruptions, or resist the usurpations, of Rome. Molière was a man to whom the clergy of Paris refused Christian burial. Voltaire, Rousseau, La Place, and their confederates, were, with hardly an exception, infidels. Cuvier was a Protestant; and of the great names of French literature in the present day, there is hardly one which is not at this moment arrayed in fierce hostility against the cause of Rome. Or compare, if you like it better, nation with nation. Take Austria and place it by the side of Prussia; or Holland, and place it by

* See the curious book of Rossetti, "Sullo Spirito Antipapale dei Classici Italiani." Lond. 1823.

the side of Belgium; or the Catholic cantons of Switzerland, and place them by the Protestant cantons; and then let candour declare on which side lies, I do not say the preponderance merely, but the vast preponderance of intellectual power, as manifested in extent of learning, in manliness of literature, or in vigour of enterprise.* Or suppose you compare the Catholic with the Protestant writers in our own empire. Take the class-books of our Edinburgh professors, and compare them with the text-books at Maynooth and at Oscot, and you will stand amazed at the immeasurable intellectual superiority of the former over the latter. Or compare the number of Catholic authors who have attained reputation in Britain—I do not say with the number of Protestant authors, for that would be unfair, but with the number which the *relative proportions* of the

* I am happy to be able to confirm my own judgment on this head by the authority of a distinguished historian, who does not usually shew any bigoted hostility to the Romish Church, I mean Mr. Macaulay. In his "History of England," recently published, he thus writes:—"From the time when the barbarians overran the Western Empire, to the time of the revival of letters, the influence of the Church of Rome had been generally favourable to science, to civilisation, and to good government. But during the last three centuries, to stunt the growth of the human mind has been her chief object. Throughout Christendom, whatever advance has been made in knowledge, in freedom, in wealth, and in the arts of life, has been made in spite of her, and has everywhere been in inverse proportion to her power. The loveliest and most fertile provinces of Europe have, under her rule, been sunk in poverty, in political servitude, and in intellectual torpor, while Protestant countries, once proverbial for sterility and barbarism, have been turned by skill and industry into gardens, and can boast of a long list of heroes and statesmen, philosophers and poets. Whoever,

two populations would lead us to expect, and you will perhaps be struck to find it so very small. If you except the names of Lingard, Butler, and Wiseman, I question if you will find any who, either for research, for learning, or for general scholarship, have commanded any large portion of public notice. When it is remembered that the Catholic population of the British empire is nearly one-third of the whole, that their clergy are very numerous, that they have the same means of education as the greater part of their fellow-subjects, and that many of them are in the enjoyment of situations, where they have both time and money at their disposal, this singular disproportion on the field of literature must be allowed to be not a little remarkable, and, taken in connexion with the other facts, above glanced at, it evidently points to the ope-

knowing what Italy and Scotland naturally are, and what four hundred years ago they actually were, shall now compare the country round Rome with the country round Edinburgh, will be able to form some judgment as to the tendency of Papal domination. The descent of Spain, once the first among monarchies, to the lowest depths of degradation; the elevation of Holland, in spite of many natural disadvantages, to a position such as no commonwealth so small has ever reached, teach the same lesson. Whoever passes, in Germany, from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant principality; in Switzerland from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant canton; in Ireland from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant county, finds that he has passed from a lower to a higher grade of civilisation. On the other side of the Atlantic the same law prevails. The Protestants of the United States have left far behind them the Roman Catholics of Mexico, Peru, and Brazil. The Roman Catholics of Canada remain inert while the whole continent round them is in a ferment with Protestant activity and enterprise."—Vol. i. p. 48.

ration of something, belonging to Romanism as a system, which operates unfavourably to the development of intellect.

Now it does not appear to me necessary to go far in order to find out what this something is. Every person knows that intellectual vigour is the result of intellectual activity, and that intellectual activity can exist only where the mind is left free to grapple with such objects of thought as come in its way; to deal with them honestly, and for the attainment of truth in regard to them; and to pursue its course of investigation unimpeded by any barriers, except such as the limits of its own faculties necessarily impose. Where these conditions are denied, intellectual activity ceases. If a child, for instance, be educated on the principle of having everything told him that he is to learn; of having every difficulty removed out of his way; of being forbid, under severe penalties, so much as to think of things which are not explained by his master; of being encouraged, indolently, to acquiesce in whatever his teacher says, and to prefer saying as his teacher says to ascertaining for himself what is right and true, it is manifest that the result of such education will be to cramp, to pervert, and to enfeeble the intellectual powers. But if, in addition to all this, the child be taught that he cannot ascertain truth for himself; that he stands upon the verge of impiety, and incurs the most awful doom, if he do but by a foot-breadth transgress the path already marked out by an ecclesiastical power; that his duty and his interest are to believe and to act as his spiritual guides direct him, not presuming in any case to ask a *reason* for what is thus

required ; that submission to the Church is greatly better than knowledge ; that a routine of ritual services is sufficient to satisfy the purposes of worship ; that to look at an image, listen to the distant but utterly unintelligible mutterings of a priest, count a few scores of beads, and utter hastily prayer after prayer, none of which it may be he understands, are far more beneficial in a spiritual point of view than to read the Bible, to investigate its contents, and to attempt processes of religious thinking :—where a discipline such as this is pursued from the earliest dawn of intelligence, on through the whole life of the man, what can we expect of him but that he should be timid, uninquiring, credulous, indifferent to knowledge, destitute of all those stirring aspirations after truth which prompt to intellectual effort, and the mere slave of his senses, his imagination, and his priest ?

It is a fundamental doctrine of the Church of Rome that implicit, unquestioning faith, is due to every part of the Church's teaching. In becoming acquainted with Christianity, therefore, a Romanist has nothing to do but to learn a creed. Now in this no faculty is exercised but the memory. It may, indeed, be suggested that the understanding also may occasionally be exercised by the putting forth of an effort to apprehend the meaning of what is to be learned. To this latter exercise, however, the Church of Rome gives no countenance or encouragement, and that wisely ; for if a man begins by asking to understand what he is required to believe, his next step will be to demand reasons why a doctrine so understood is to be credited ; and as it is no part of the Church's teaching to give reasons for her tenets, such profane tendencies are of

necessity to be suppressed in all her votaries.* Mere memory, then, is the only faculty which the Church of Rome directly cultivates as a teacher. The judgment and the reasoning powers she leaves untutored and unencouraged.

Again, the Church of Rome trains all her votaries in a ritual which is addressed almost exclusively to the senses, the imagination, and the passions. Enter a Romish place of worship, and what do you witness? A place filled with pictures and statuary, and odorous with the smoke of medicated incense—a splendidly dressed priest, kneeling, bowing, and muttering before a glittering altar, with his back turned to the audience—thrilling peals of music, of which the congregation are mere auditors—prayers offered and benedictions pronounced in a language of which the people understand not a word—while of the people themselves, some are prostrate before a gaudily dressed image intended to represent the Virgin, some are adoring pictures (often very hideous ones) of our Saviour, some are hurriedly muttering over prayers, and some are counting their beads and looking about them. If, in addition to this, they be summoned round the pulpit to listen to a sermon, it is usually a long harangue in praise of some saint, or an account of some so-called miracles, or a strenuous inculcation of the doctrine of implicit submission to the infallible Church, the unspeakable virtue of penance, or the duties of confession to the priest, and contributing to one or other of the countless chests that stand open in every church to receive the gifts of

* The author begs to refer for a fuller illustration of this part of the subject to his work entitled "Anglo-Catholicism not Apostolical," p. 122.

the faithful. What there is in all this to instruct, to interest, to strengthen, or to elevate the intellect, I need not stop to inquire; what there is to produce the very opposite effect I need not stop to point out.

Further, the Church of Rome enjoins upon all her priests, all monks and nuns, in short, all ecclesiastical persons, on pain of mortal sin if they neglect it, to repeat each day, either in public or in private, the whole service for the day contained in the Breviary. Hence you see in Catholic countries the priests continually walking about with their Breviary in their hand, and, especially in the earlier part of the day, availing themselves of all convenient opportunities for reading it. No book, therefore, can exercise a more powerful influence on their minds than this, which they continually read every day of their lives; and from no book may we with greater fairness judge of the kind of religious training which the Romish Church estimates most highly, and aims most urgently at diffusion, among her children. Now of what does this book consist? Of a few Psalms in Latin, a few chapters of the Old Testament, and a few fragments of the Gospels and Epistles, mixed up with an immense farrago of legends of the saints, full of all sorts of incredible tales, wild adventures, and ridiculous practices. It is worthy also of remark that the Roman Catholic service *originally* comprised the whole book of Psalms so divided as to be read through in a week, and appointed the portions of the Old Testament to be read alternately with extracts from the legends of the saints and the writings of the Fathers; but when the Breviary was composed, in the middle of the sixteenth century, such importance was attached to the legends of the saints, that, to make room for them,

the greater part of the Psalter, of the extracts from the Old and New Testament, and all the extracts from the Fathers, were thrown out, and their place supplied with a larger portion of the legendary matter, of which now the Breviary principally consists. To read this book once through is positively to inflict an injury upon one's intellect: to read it *daily*, and, as is the case with multitudes, to read it *alone*, must exercise upon all the higher powers of the mind an influence, than which none can be conceived more enervating and degrading. As this book is chiefly used by the clergy, it is on them principally that it exerts its pernicious power; but its contents are not confined to them; on the contrary, one of the very few kinds of popular literature which the Church of Rome encourages is the publication in a cheap form of those absurd legends of which the greater part of the Breviary is composed; so that in this way this unwholesome mental food finds its way through all classes of the people.

And whilst Rome provides this species of reading for the people, she does what she can to prevent their procuring any other. As some governments have attempted to secure to themselves a monopoly of the food required to sustain the lives of their subjects, Rome would fain keep in her own hands a monopoly of the food that is required for the minds of her votaries. The books which a Catholic may not read are with annual regularity announced to him by a conclave of cardinals at Rome (at least they *used* to be), and from this expurgatorial list he dare not, without sin, select any work, however interesting in itself, or however likely to be of use to him. On looking over these lists, it is curious to see how almost every book of note in the

departments of theology, history, philosophy, and science, whether written by Protestants or not,—almost every book in which there is anything really calculated to elevate, to enlarge, or to emancipate the mind, is placed under an anathema. What, then, is a Catholic to do in the matter of study? Obviously one of three things,—either he must succumb to the iron yoke of Rome and force his mind to be content with that meagre fare which Rome provides, though it be little better than the husks that the swine do eat; or he must boldly incur the anathema of his Church and rank himself with the freethinkers, whom she regularly damns; or he must act the part of the hypocrite, and whilst professing submission with his lips to the authority of the Church, bow in secret at the shrine of science and of intellectual freedom. That the last of these courses is that adopted by not a few, even of the priests themselves, there is reason to believe. As an instance I may cite the case of the Jesuits La Seur and Jacquier, who edited an edition, in 1742, of Newton's "Principia." In that book doctrines are laid down directly contravening the dogmas of the Church regarding the earth's motion; but what say the editors? "Newton," say they, "in this third book, assumes the hypothesis of the earth's motion; it is only by making this hypothesis that his propositions could be proved; hence we have had to act a character not our own; but, nevertheless, we profess obedience to the decrees enacted by the supreme pontiffs against the earth's motion." I ask, is it possible to conceive a deeper intellectual degradation, as well as a greater perversity of moral feeling, than the authors of this declaration display? What shall we say then of the tendency of a system which thus either

utterly shuts the gate of knowledge against its adherents, or forces them to resort to such despicable expedients, to enjoy with impunity a glimpse within the forbidden precincts?*

There is but one thing more to which I have to refer in illustration of the topic now before me, and that is, the influence exercised by the practice of confession upon the intellects of those who submit to it. There is no person who needs to be told that confession forms one of the main sources of priestly power in the Catholic Church. By the Council of Trent an anathema is pronounced against any who shall deny that confession to the priest is divinely appointed and made necessary to salvation; and all members of the Church of Rome are required to confess at least once a-year all their mortal sins, even the most secret, to a priest, who has the power of inflicting penances and granting absolution as he sees meet. Accordingly, hearing confession becomes one of the most important parts of the duties of a priest, as making it forms one of the principal duties of the people. In order to secure the full exercise of this discipline, it is usual to commence the practice with children of very tender years, who are sent to confession as

* How strangely does the following declaration, with which Des Cartes concludes his "Principia," sound in the ears of an honest inquirer after truth! "Nevertheless (*i. e.* after doing his best to *prove* his principles), mindful of my own insignificance, I affirm nothing, but submit all as well to the authority of the Catholic Church as to the judgments of the wiser sort; nor would I have any one to believe aught except what evident and invincible reason persuades him to." The reference to the authority of the Catholic Church in this strange sentence is either a piece of covert mockery, or the unwilling homage of a slave that would renounce his chains if he dared.

a matter of necessity, and who are aided in their efforts to discover and confess their sins by the leading questions of the priest. Of the *moral* result of this system it will fall to speak afterwards; at present I confine myself to its effects on the *intellect*. And that these cannot but be injurious there is surely no one now hearing me who needs to be convinced. I can as easily conceive of a plant growing into healthy and full development under the pressure of some heavy body, as of a mind growing into manly and vigorous completeness under such a discipline. When the innermost recesses of the soul have to be thus periodically laid bare to the scrutiny of a fellow-mortal, who is supposed to hold in his hand the terrible power of binding or loosing, remitting or retaining, sin, it is impossible but that a timid, anxious, and slavish habit of mind must be produced. Why should the man who has to confess everything to his priest seek to penetrate into new fields of thought, when he knows not but that by so doing he may only be increasing his risk of offending his confessor and receiving his censure? Why should a man seek to strengthen and enlarge his capacities only to feel more painfully the strength of that chain which, like that of the fettered eagle, calls him back from every attempted flight to the narrow bounds within which alone his master permits him to move? To such an one knowledge may bring much sorrow; and, therefore, he is apt to relapse upon the maxim, "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." Let Science open to him her most tempting fields, the incessant dread of that grim tyrant, before whom he has to unfold every thought of his soul, holds him back. He gradually relapses into indifference, a chilly torpor overspreads his faculties.

and he either expends his mental energies upon mere matters of business and gaiety, or he yields himself up, body, soul, and spirit, to the dominion of superstition, and becomes a fierce fanatic or a relentless persecutor.

Such are the influences which, as it appears to me, conspire to impair the intellectual powers of those who yield themselves to Romanist guidance. Allow me, in concluding this part of my subject, to remark, that what I have said applies exclusively to the system as a system, and must not be held as applicable to every individual living under that system. It is one thing to see the prevailing tendency of a given set of opinions; it is quite another thing to pronounce upon the actual character of any individual holding these opinions. It is quite possible for a system to have a bad tendency, and yet for an individual by whom that system has been embraced to be in a great degree exempt from the evil which it tends to produce; as, on the other hand, it is possible for an individual to profess adherence to a very good system, and yet he himself be very far from being a good man. In the one case the man is good in spite of his system; in the other the man is bad notwithstanding his system. Let no one, therefore, suppose that I mean to assert that because Romanism is unfavourable to intellectual freedom and vigour, no Romanist can ever be gifted with freedom and strength of intellect; or that, on the other hand, because Protestantism is favourable to the developement of intellect, every Protestant must be distinguished by his intelligence and manliness. No; many Romanists have risen above the hostile influence of their system, and many Protestants have proved themselves unworthy of the privileges of theirs. Systems must be judged of

from the principles of which they consist, and the general influence they exert; individuals must be judged of by the evidences which their actual conduct and character display.

II. Having in the former part of this lecture examined the influence of Romanism on the intellectual character of its votaries, I proceed now to consider its effects upon their moral and religious character.

And here I am anxious in the outset to say, that I willingly waive all advantages that I might attempt to gain by drawing my illustrations from those melancholy disclosures which have so frequently been made of the gross corruption, of the vile impurity, and of the barbarous tyranny by which individuals and institutions connected with the Church of Rome have drawn upon themselves irreparable disgrace. I do this, not upon the ground that the narratives which have been published, unfolding the treacheries of the confessional, displaying the secret obscenities of convents and of monkish cells, and harrowing the soul with the dark horrors and murders of the Inquisition, are either untrue or unduly exaggerated (for I believe that only a small part of the horrid and revolting truth has been told), but upon the ground that I wish to make my appeal rather to your reason and judgment than to your passions; and that for this end it is necessary to distinguish between the system of Romanism as such and the conduct of individuals belonging to that system, or the results of institutions which have sprung up in the midst of it and even under its fostering influence. That we should shut our eyes to these things, I do not say; nor do I at all mean to affirm that there would be anything unfair or unjust in adducing the cases to which I have referred

as part of the general evidence against Catholicism, and as part of that tremendous reckoning which the free spirit of man has yet to settle with this its monster foe; all that I intend is simply to intimate my own intention in this lecture to abstain from drawing upon such materials. I think I shall find enough in the essential principles and indispensable practices of Romanism to convince you that it is morally and religiously hurtful, without resorting to evidence which a Romanist might say was furnished by abuses which he, no less than we, was ready to condemn.

For the same reason I would make a distinction between the doctrines of Romanism, properly so called, and the doctrines of the Jesuits. The latter, it is true, have been sanctioned by the highest authorities in the Church of Rome; and it may with truth be further affirmed, that the extreme immorality of their doctrines is but a carrying out of the general tendencies of Romanist casuistry; still, as, after all, Romanism is not avowedly Jesuitism, nay, is so far capable of being made to appear distinct from it, that governments may tolerate or even establish Romanism, and yet banish Jesuitism from their domains, it seems but fair, in such an argument as that I am anxious to pursue, to give this distinction practical effect, and not to use against Catholicism, as a whole, evidence that applies directly only against a system that has grown up in the midst of it.

The unimpeachable course in all such cases is to look at the *general* aspect of Catholic countries as compared with that of Protestant countries, and to inquire how far the difference between them is traceable to a difference of moral and religious tendency in the two systems.

Following this course, I would, in the outset, ask you

to cast your eyes over those countries on the Continent which are most under the influence of Catholicism, and inquire what is the prevailing character of the people in a moral and spiritual point of view. Take Spain, or Italy, or France, and ask what are the distinguishing features of these countries as respects morals and religion. Can it be said that private virtue, or general good faith, or public decency, or national integrity, or sincere faith, or fervent devotion, or living piety, or intelligent godliness, marks and adorns the people of these countries? Compare them with their Protestant neighbours of Germany, Switzerland, or Holland, and on which side does the preponderance lie as respects the general good conduct and probity of the people? On which side is the largest amount of real piety displayed? Or take the popular literature of the Romanist countries, and compare it with that of Protestant countries, and in which do we find the greatest purity, the greatest regard paid to the sacred ties of life, the greatest infusion of a wholesome and elevated tone of virtuous and upright feeling? Or, in fine, compare the writings of the Catholic divines and saints with those of the Protestant, or the debates and decisions of Catholic councils with those of Protestant assemblies and synods, and in which do we find the greater regard for truth, integrity, good morals, and spiritual piety? Let these questions be asked, and candidly investigated, and what will be the answer which truth dictates?

It will, I think, be this: that, whilst there are exceptions on both sides, the *general* character of Protestant populations is prodigiously superior to that of Catholic populations in everything connected with morals and religion; that there is more of chastity, of good

faith, of public integrity, and of common honesty, among the former than among the latter ; and that not only is there more of vital godliness and really spiritual worship among the former than among the latter, but that, upon the whole, there is even more of respect paid to the forms and ordinances of religion by the former than by the latter. One may judge pretty exactly of the general tone of morals in a country from little things,—the straws that float on the surface, and yet indicate very manifestly the direction of the stream. What traveller, for instance, has not marked, perhaps to his cost, the difference between travelling in Protestant Germany and in Catholic Italy, or even France? How seldom is he cheated in the former ; how rarely does he escape being cheated in the latter? Go into a shop in Berlin, and make your purchases, and pay for them, and order them to be sent to your residence, and there is little fear but you will receive all you paid for ; go into a shop in Italy, and offer to do the same, and some kind friend will perhaps whisper to you, “ Sir, this is not wise ; you had better carry away with you what you have purchased.” In Holland, a verbal engagement and agreement will do in ordinary cases. Who could trust to this in Italy, or Spain, or Austria? In the canton of Geneva, I do not remember that I saw a single beggar ; I had not gone a mile beyond its boundaries into Savoy, till, at every ascent which retarded the progress of the carriage, our ears were stunned with the petitions of old, and young, and middle-aged, who crowded around us for alms. Introduce the subject of religion in Protestant Germany, and your views, perhaps, may be disputed, but it will be with interest and intelligence ; do the same in Catholic France, and you will draw upon you

the stare of the whole company, who, too well-bred, perhaps, to express their astonishment in *words*, will not fail, by one of their peculiar shrugs, to indicate their surpassing wonder that anybody at all presentable in society should speak of *religion*; and the whisper will perhaps go round, "Is he a Jesuit, or a fanatic, or a droll?" In Protestant countries, the minister of religion is usually treated with respect and courtesy, and the house of God usually entered with reverence; in Catholic countries, the former is either feared as a superior being, or he is made the butt of incessant scoffs, and jests, and scandal; while the latter seems to be very much a place for loungers, if it be not made the rendezvous of those who are bent on vice. In the light literature of Germany there is much that offends honest taste and a practical mind; in that of France there is everything to pollute, and degrade, and ruin. And when we come to the matter of personal religion and real piety in the sight of God, however much we may have to deplore the low state to which it is reduced even in the best of the Protestant states, yet it exists in a far higher degree in the very worst of them than in the most enlightened of the Catholic states.

I repeat, I am not dealing now with individual cases, or proceeding on partial inductions, I am contemplating great, broad, national peculiarities, which one must be blind not to see, and uncandid not to admit. Let us now turn to consider some of those peculiarities of the Romanist system which may be supposed to account for the state of things at which we have glanced.

And, *first*, I rank among the immoral influences and tendencies of the Romish Church the doctrine which she avows that there is a distinction between morals

and religion of such a kind that a man may be religious without being moral or virtuous;—nay, that sometimes a man must act immorally in order to be religious. Wherever such a maxim is inculcated it must be obvious that everything like a high-toned, inflexible, unalterable morality must be depreciated in the minds of the people exactly in proportion as the tenet is embraced by them. Where men believe that they can please God without being virtuous, pure, and good, it necessarily follows that they will practise moral restraint and virtuous self-denial only in so far as convenience, or interest, or a regard to the good opinion of their fellow-men, constrains them. What else is there to *oblige* them to be virtuous? By means of their religion they are taught that they will be set right with God: as to their morals, then, to what bar are they amenable save that of their fellow-men? Here, then, there is clear & a total abrogation of moral obligation in the strict sense of the term. Moral obligation there is none apart from the fear of God. The man who is honest, and chaste, and benevolent, merely from regard to the opinion of his fellow-men, or to the superior worldly advantages of a virtuous over an immoral life, has the very first principles of moral obligation yet to learn. What, then, may we suppose will be the state of a community which is daily instructed by their spiritual guides to believe that they may please God and be saved, even though living in the practice of immorality—that religion is one thing and a good life another thing—and that, however desirable in itself morality may be, there is something far better, and to which, under the name of religion, all moral rules may be sacrificed? It can only be the remaining sense of decency, or a regard to temporal ex-

pediency, or the unsilenceable whispering of conscience, which prevents such a community from rushing into the excess of immorality and vice.

But this is not all. When we consider what this religion is which the Church of Rome places above all good morals, we shall perceive still more distinctly the evil tendency of the system. Did they mean by religion in this case, the love, and fear, and service of God, after a spiritual manner, though it would still be a most unwholesome doctrine that religion and morals could ever be incompatible with each other, still it would not be so practically dangerous as when religion is represented as something which may not only exist apart from morals, but which is just as easy for the immoral man as for the moral. And such is the view of religion given by the Church of Rome. Religion with them is a ritual observance and service to the ecclesiastical functionaries. It is by the bending of the knee, and the repetition of prayers and salutations, and the counting of beads on a rosary, and kissing the crucifix, and other things of the like sort, that Romanists are taught they must become and continue religious. By these things God's favour is secured. A man may steal, and lie, and be unchaste, and yet stand clear with Heaven by attending scrupulously to the ordinances of the Church; whilst, on the other hand, let a man's piety and purity be never so great, if he neglect the ritual of the Church, he is necessarily damned without hope. Nay, a man may, in the Church of Rome, acquire merit, and honour, and glory, for deeds of positive crime if done for the service of the Church. It is the end, according to Romish casuistry, which sanctifies the means; and as the good of the Church is the greatest of all possible ends, no means

can be sinful which tend to glorify and advantage her. Such are the principles of conduct continually held up to the view of the Romanist; and they are recommended to his mind by the examples of many a sainted hero, whose history is detailed in those legends which, above all things, the Romanist priests advise their flocks to read. Of these saints, some were persons who, if all recorded of them in these legends be true, ought to be held in perpetual abhorrence; but their falsehood, their cruelty, their robberies, were all for the good of the Church, or were amply atoned for by penances, floggings, and prayers, and *therefore* they are to be gazed on with wonder and worshipped with reverence. Who can doubt that discipline such as this must exercise a most deleterious effect upon the minds of those who are subjected to it? Who can wonder that a loose morality should be in vogue where such doctrines are taught, and such examples presented for admiration? Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?

But there is a still worse evil in the system of the Romish Church, which inflicts a still deeper wound upon the moral feelings and sympathies of its adherents—and that is, its tendency to destroy the sense of personal responsibility, and to separate between the morality of the act and the morality of the motive by which it is prompted. It may be safely laid down that there is no real, healthy, moral action save where the individual feels that he is responsible directly to God for all his thoughts, feelings, words, and actions. If, by any means, he can transfer his obligations to another; if he can, by merely pleasing that other, engage him to bear the responsibility of his conduct; if he can, by an outward act of the propriety of which his fellow-creature shall judge,

satisfy the demands of duty, whatever may be the state of his own heart at the moment ; it is obvious that he, to a prodigiously fearful extent, ceases to be a moral agent, and approximates to the condition of a machine or a brute. Now such is the tendency of Romanist doctrines and practices. It is not by setting before men a perfect standard of morals, and calling upon them in heart, word, and deed, to be conformed to that, that the Church of Rome deals with her adherents. No ; it is by summoning them to the bar of a nicely adjusted casuistry, too nice and too minute to be apprehended by the mass, and trying them by that, that the Church of Rome manages the moral discipline of her followers. And what is the consequence ? Take the case of a humble man not skilled in casuistry, but who has a desire to do right ; how is he to gratify that desire as an adherent of Romanism ? Is he to follow the dictates of his own conscience ? That would not be safe, for how is he to be sure that his conscience and the priest's will go exactly alike ? Is he, then, to read the Bible and conform his practice to that ? This, too, would for the same reason be unsafe, even were it permitted to him. What, then, is he to do ? He can do nothing but this,—strip himself of all sense of personal responsibility, deliver himself from all anxiety about any standard of moral duty, and yield himself up to his priest, who will, at confession, tell him what he has done wrong, and appoint the proper means of clearing himself of the guilt. And is not this, in point of fact, the real result in Catholic countries ? Speak to a Catholic of moral responsibility, and he immediately thinks of confession and penance. Try to convince him of sin, and he will tell you, with a smile, “ Oh, I go regularly to confession, and the priest

settles all that for me."* In this way the entire moral sense of the man comes to be obscured. His mind is taken completely off from the solemnities of a moral retribution. He is led to regard morals as altogether a species of ceremonial or a kind of merchandise. There is a gradual silencing of conscience and removing from him of the fear of God. And if he be restrained from gross and open vice, it is due rather to his fear of temporal consequences than to any abhorrence he has of evil, or any delight he has in virtue, or any sense of a present, an omniscient, and a sin-hating God.

Did your time permit, I might here enlarge upon the demoralising tendency of the confessional, even under its best and most serious management. I have no wish to rake up stories of the crimes of designing and vicious priests, perpetrated through means of that system, and therefore I will say nothing of the indubitable instances (alas, too many!) in which this part of the Romish ritual has been made the means of polluting female innocence, of suggesting schemes of fraud, and even of procuring the shedding of blood by assassination; though, in all fairness, it must be observed, that a system which affords peculiar facilities for crimes such as these can never be regarded as otherwise than hostile to the cause of morals and virtue, and consequently detestable to every lover of his species. But putting these *abuses* of

* In a volume entitled "Reasons which induced the Duke of Brunswick to embrace the Roman Catholic Religion," the author assigns, as one of his reasons, the following: "The Catholics to whom I spoke concerning my conversion, assured me that if I were to be damned for embracing the Catholic faith, they were ready to answer for me at the day of judgment, and to take my damnation upon themselves—an assurance I never could extort from the ministers of any sect in case I should live and die in their religion."

the confessional, as they are called, aside, the practice itself is morally evil, and the consequences resulting from it most pernicious. The early Reformers were wont to call the confessional "the slaughter-house of conscience;" and they well named it thus; for it is hard to conceive of conscience continuing to exist and act in the mind of one who is in the regular habit of confessing his most secret sins to a fellow-creature, in order that from his hand he may receive absolution. As well may we call that man rich who has no power over a farthing of his property, as call that man virtuous who cannot call his conscience his own, but must lay bare its innermost recesses to the prying eyes of a cunning, crafty questioner, and abide by his decision, whatever that may be. How injurious, also, must be the effect of the questions put by the priest to the younger part of those who come for confession! If you take up one of the books which have been written to guide priests in the discharge of this part of their duty, you will find them full of details of the most minute kind, comprehending the results of the most extensive acquaintance with every form and peculiarity of crime ever perpetrated by man or woman; and, in addition to these, the suppositions of curious speculators upon sorts and kinds of crime which it may be conceived *possible* for human beings to commit. With this stock of information, the priest goes to the confessional, and he has power to put to the penitent, be he man or woman, any questions he pleases, in order to draw out their confessions. Now, I put out of view the case of a wicked man knowingly and designedly seeking to suggest impure or sinful thoughts to his penitents; but may we not suppose that very frequently a priest goes from the reading of these

books to the confessional with a burning curiosity to know whether such crimes as he has been reading about are ever committed, and that, in pursuance of this, he puts such questions as suggest to the penitent feelings and desires such as he or she never before entertained, and such as cannot dwell in the mind without polluting it? Or may we not suppose that many of the priests will, from a pure love of display, or a desire to impress their penitents with a sense of their supereminent acquaintance with the human heart, or a delight in the exercise of spiritual tyranny, or from a mere mechanical regard to official duty, press upon their penitents questions which it is pollution even to hear, and moral ruin to reflect upon? You have only to bear in mind that the confessor goes to the confessional with his mind filled with descriptions of every possible way in which any human being may transgress any of the commandments, all curiously arranged according to age, and sex, and station, and that he is under very strong inducements to find out sin, and under none to hide it or suppress the confession of it; to see that, without any evil design on the part of the priest, and without his being himself aware of it, he may become the greatest promoter of vice in his parish, the seducer of the young, and the tutor of the inexperienced in every mode of transgressing God's commandments.

And then what shall we say of the effect of the confessional on the social and domestic relations of life? When the husband knows that the wife unfolds every secret thought of her mind, and all that should be wrapped in the most sacred silence to another man; when the father knows that between him and the open heart and free affections of his daughter there interposes

the curious questioning of one whom no family tie binds, and whose heart is a stranger to the tenderness of parental love ; when the brother knows that already the innocence of childhood has passed from his sister's heart, and in that heart, to him once so free and open, there is now a secret place accessible only by the priest ; when the lover knows that every vow he breathes of constancy, and every emotion of affection which he awakens in the bosom of his destined bride, is repeated and described by her to another man, who is sworn to make no such vows, nay, to treat all such affections as contemptible and weak, and that the heart which he would fain secure for himself is searched, and probed, and seared by the questionings of a virtuoso in crime—an amateur in pollution ;—when such a state of society exists, how, I ask, can you expect the ties of life to be respected, or the morals of the hearth to be preserved ? “ Sir,” said a French gentleman to me lately in France, “ with us the evil is, unhappily, not so much felt, because I am sorry to say, we have not, as a nation, the true sense of the sacredness of the family relation ; but how the confessional can be tolerated for a day in England, where you profess to regard the sacredness of marriage, and speak of every man's house being his castle. I cannot conceive. Be assured of this,” he added, “ conjugal fidelity and filial affection *may* be found in countries where the confessional reigns, but these cases will be the exception, not the rule. The tendency of the confessional is to prostrate the domestic altar at the foot of the priest.”

There is another subject on which one might enlarge, not without effect, in regard to the moral tendencies of Romanism,—I refer to the institution of monasteries and

numneries. Of the immoral tendency of such institutions, and of the actual immorality which to a fearful extent prevails in them, the evidence is sadly plenteous. But I will not enter into it. I refer those who wish for evidence to such works as that of the late Blanco White, entitled, "Practical and Internal Evidence against Catholicism;" "The Memoirs of Scipio Ricci, bishop of Pistoia, written by himself," &c. I pass over, also, the subjects of clerical education, the celibacy of the clergy, the mysticism of the Roman Church, its intolerance, its doctrine of mental reservations, &c., all of which have an important bearing on the moral influences of this system. These subjects all deserve to be considered in such an inquiry as that now before us; but I must omit them, in order to call your attention to certain evil tendencies of the system in a spiritual or religious point of view.

It may seem a severe remark, but I believe it to be absolutely true, that the entire tendency of the Romanist system is to induce men to substitute the mere form for the reality of religion. It is, in fact, an ingenious contrivance for enabling men to fancy themselves religious without having anything of real or vital religion. True religion consists in the union of the soul with God, in holy gratitude to him for his grace, in holy dependence upon him for continued favours, and in active obedience to all his will; and the way in which men get into this state is by faith in the finished and accepted sacrifice of Christ; and the means by which they are kept in it are continual watchfulness, faith, and prayer. Now that no Catholic is thus spiritually religious, far be it from me to assert; but wherever such a one is found, I hesitate not to affirm that he is religious in

spite of his system, not in *consequence* of it. For what is the tendency of the Catholic system? It is,—1. To make men take a very light view of the evil of sin. Some sins, say they, are venial, some are mortal. As to the former, the very word “venial” shews that little weight can be attached to them; and as for the latter, when a man finds that by confessing them to the priest he can—on receiving an admonition, or paying a fine, or doing a penance—have them finally and for ever forgiven, it is not in the nature of things that he should continue long to have that deep estimate of the evil and guilt of sin which lies at the very basis of all true religion.

2. The tendency of Romanism is to give people low and incorrect views of the nature of holiness. Holiness is conformity to God’s mind and image, and it is that which all must have ere they can see God. But for this Romanism makes no provision, if it does not positively oppose it. Look at the great patterns of Romanist excellence, the saints—those whom emphatically she calls *holy*. What are the virtues for which they are held up to our admiration? Why these: they often scourged their bodies, they used loathsome food, they mixed some bitter ingredient with all they ate, that they might have no pleasure in tasting it; they often fasted; they fixed themselves in painful positions, so that they could take no pleasant repose; they walked barefoot over sharp stones or over hot iron; they wore rough hair shirts and iron chains next their skin; they pierced themselves with nails, and cut themselves with knives; they lived in deserts; they never looked any of their fellow-creatures in the face for years; they would allow no one to dress their sores. These, and such as these,

THE INFLUENCE OF ROMANISM.

are the excellencies for which Rome has canonised her saints, and for which she holds them up as models to the wonder and veneration of all her children. This, then, is Romanist holiness: whether it be that which the Bible demands of the Christian when it says, "Be ye holy as I am holy, saith the Lord," or that which Paul stigmatises as voluntary humility and bodily service which profiteth nothing, I leave it with the audience to decide.

3. The tendency of Romanism is to give men unattractive ideas of God, by representing him as greatly pleased with such cruel and painful self-inflictions. The lives of the saints are full of statements to this effect. Saint John Joseph, we are told, had ulcers on his legs, which, from excessive modesty, he would allow no one to dress. "In reward for this virginal purity," we are assured, "God caused his person, in spite of his age, infirmities, and constant sores, to diffuse a sweet and delicious perfume that was perceived by all around." The same is told of Saint Pacificus, who was also afflicted with sores which he would allow no one to see. "God," we are told, "gave a manifest proof how agreeable to him was the purity of his servant: from his cell, his habit, and the bandages wherewith he bound his sores, and, after his death, his body, breathed a celestial fragrance." And in the wondrous legend of Saint Veronica, she is made to say, on one occasion, "Christ wished me to share in all his torments, that I might be called the spouse of God crucified, and therefore I also was to be crucified with my Divine spouse." Nay, so powerfully excellent were these mortifications and inflictions, that on account of them God was pleased to remit the sins of others, to free souls from purgatory, and to constitute these suffering saints

colleagues with Christ in the work of human redemption. Now, suppose a person to believe all this (every good Catholic is enjoined to believe it), what must his ideas be of God if he reflect at all? His natural reason will tell him that these so-called saints were either very disgusting or very unhappy persons: pity them he may, but love them, admire them, delight in them, he cannot; and yet here he is taught that all this folly, and filthiness, and self-torment, is above all things pleasing to God. I tremble while I think of the ideas which such a teaching must instil into the mind concerning the great and benevolent Ruler of the Universe! Romanism has often been stigmatised as the parent of Atheism: it would be marvellous were it otherwise.

4. Romanism tends to estrange men from God in another way, by representing the necessity of creature intercession between the sinner and his Maker. According to the Bible it is the privilege of the sinner to go at once unto God through Christ, and make his *request* unto him, and dedicate himself unto him; and until this is done there is no religion in the soul. But this Romanism discourages: it teaches that God is not directly accessible by the sinner; it interposes between him and his Maker the priest with his ritual, and angels and saints in heaven. It is by the priest that the sinner is to make his peace with God; it is by the priest that he is to offer sacrifice for iniquity; it is by the priest that he is to be sent out of this world so as to escape hell; it is by the priest that he is to be prayed out of purgatory into heaven; and if he is allowed to ask any other aid, it is that of angels, or the Mother of our Lord, or the spirits of certain dead men and women, who, he is told, are saints, or something

which he is assured is a relic of their persons or of their dress. And hence, when you enter a Catholic place of worship in a Catholic country, you see the people prostrate before pictures, or waxen images, or relics, praying in some cases to beings who actually exist, and we may believe in heaven, but who can no more hear them than can the pavement on which they kneel—in other cases to imaginary beings, who never existed at all—in others to beings who, if the Bible standard of judging is to be followed, are little likely to be found in heaven—and in others to bits of wood, old bones, and rotten rags. Is this, I ask, religion? is this worship? is this the communion of the soul with God? is this calculated to elevate to God, or prepare in any degree for delighting in him here, or dwelling with him hereafter?

5. Romanism exerts an injurious influence on the religious character of its votaries in consequence of the light in which it teaches them to regard prayer. In the Bible prayer is represented as a high and distinguished privilege. It is that exercise by which the soul draws nigh unto God, by which we unburden our hearts unto that Being who alone can pardon our sins, and heal our griefs, and fortify our spirits, and confer upon us blessings. It is the act of a mind that seeks rest, and knowing that the rest it seeks can be found only in its Maker, approaches to him with humble hope, and holy confidence, and childlike love, believing that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him. It springs from assurance of God's love; it rests upon God's promises; it pleads God's grace and tenderness; and thus it elevates the soul and fills it with unspeakable joy. This is prayer as the Bible represents it, and

as the experience of the really devout Christian finds it to be. How different from this is the Romanist idea of prayer! In this system prayer is a task, a penance, a punishment. It is something done with a view of appeasing God's wrath, or purchasing his favour, or making compensation for transgressions of his law. What says the Council of Trent upon this head? "If any one shall say that there is not, as regards temporal punishment, any kind of satisfaction for sins made unto God through the merits of Christ, by *punishments* inflicted by him and patiently endured, or else enjoined by the priest; nor by *punishments* voluntarily taken upon ourselves, such as *fastings, prayers, alms-deeds*, and other works of piety . . . let him be anathema." Here, you observe, prayer is ranked among the *punishments* by means of which a man may, either voluntarily, or under submission to his priest, make satisfaction for sin; and in perfect accordance with this, the daily practice of Catholics is to impose upon themselves, or permit the priest to impose on them, a certain number of prayers to be said within a given time as a penance and a satisfaction for sin. Now that prayer so offered must be very much of a task, a burden, and a punishment, there can be no doubt. But how pernicious must be the moral influence of such a system on those who live under it! How it must nip and blight every bud of holy spiritual devotion in the mind! How it must pervert every feeling of the soul in relation to God! Can that system be of God, which thus takes one of the highest privileges bestowed by him on man, converts it into a scourge, and makes the very exercise by which he invites us to his bosom an instrument of torture and of punishment?

6. Romanism exerts an evil influence on the religious character of its votaries by the entire doctrine it inculcates concerning the way of a sinner's justification before God. In the Scriptures we are taught that sin is forgiven by the grace of God solely on the ground of the Saviour's propitiatory work. By this doctrine the pride of man is humbled, his heart is broken and made contrite, a sense of gratitude to free grace continually inspires his bosom, and thus the grand elements of spiritual religion, humility, contrition, and love, are secured and promoted. Very different from this is the doctrine of Romanism, and, as might be expected, very different are its effects upon the minds of the people; the Catholic is taught that he receives the grace of God in baptism, and that this grace is renewed from time to time by the other sacraments, of which, in the Romish Church, there are no fewer than seven. By attention to these he completes his part of the bargain, makes satisfaction for his sins, and acquires a claim upon God for blessing. To deny this is to incur the anathema of the Council of Trent, and to cease to be a good Catholic; thus the mind of the Romanist is taken off from Christ, and his satisfaction for sin—off from the grace of God in forgiving sin for Christ's sake, and is fixed upon the virtue of sacraments, and the merits of penances and alms.* The effect is, when the conscience is tender and will not be soothed by such "deceivableness of unrighteousness,"

* The Abbot Guibert, in writing of the Crusades and the spiritual benefits offered to those who should engage in them, exclaims, "God instituted the holy wars that knights and the erring vulgar might find a new way of meriting salvation (*novum salutis promerendæ genus*)."
This is sound Romanist theology.

to keep the individual in perpetual gloom and bondage, and where the conscience is hard or ignorant, to fill the mind with spiritual pride and ungodly self-conceit.

7. and lastly. Romanism tends to injure the religious character of men by leading them to offer worship to objects not divine. The first and fundamental principle of all religion is to worship God and God only. When this is not acknowledged or attended to, the effect upon the religious feelings is most pernicious: it poisons and withers every sentiment of true devotion and real piety in the soul. But how many are the objects of Romanist worship besides God! The bread in the Eucharist, the Virgin Mary, angels and saints innumerable, are objects continually before the minds of the adherents of the Man of Sin as objects of divine honours. I know the fine distinction which Romanist casuists make here—between the worship of adoration and the worship of reverence, the former of which, they say, is to be paid to God only, the latter to saints, and angels, and relics; but, practically, it is worthless. For, 1. The common people will make no such distinction; but when told to worship an angel and to worship God, will understand and practise the same act in both cases. 2. Even allowing the distinction to be kept in mind, the worship of reverence is more than is due to any creature, and more than can be rendered to any consistently with proper fear of God. 3. The distinction is not one which the nature of the case admits of being recognised and kept up. I can easily understand the difference between adoration and reverence when you speak in the one case of God and in the other of a fellow-creature actually living on the earth, and into whose presence I can come. But when I am bid to worship and reverence

a spirit, and especially when I am bid to pray to that spirit, I of necessity invest it with the attributes of Deity. To hear my prayer the object of it must be present and conscious; and as multitudes may be, in different parts of the world, praying to this same object at the same time, it must be omnipresent and omniscient—*i.e.* it must be divine. In vain, therefore, do Catholics, by such a distinction, attempt to get rid of the charge of idolatry which we bring against their system. It adheres to it with fatal tenacity; and the truth of it is apparent through every country where Romanism prevails. The true deity of the greater part of Papists is the Virgin Mary, or some real or supposed saint to whom they pray, and whom they implore to intercede on their behalf. Nay, with multitudes, the only God, it is to be feared, whom they really worship, is the image of iron, or wood, or stone, before which they bend. Oh! the melancholy results of this impious system which dishonours God, and deludes and ruins the souls of multitudes!

I must now draw to a close, and I do so by briefly suggesting one or two inferences of a practical nature from what I have been saying.

1. If what I have advanced in this lecture be true, it becomes us to lift up a loud and continual protest against Romanism in all its forms. The honour of God, the cause of virtue, the success of Christianity, the salvation of souls, alike demand this at our hands.

2. If the general tendency of Romanism be unfavourable to intellectual developement, it behoves every one who would have the free use of those faculties which God has given him, to beware of being ensnared, through plausible pretences, into embracing a system which would

cramp those faculties, and bind him in an unworthy and degrading bondage

3. We should aim, by all lawful means, to prevent the spread of a system, all whose sympathies are with those times of barbarism, ignorance, and fanaticism, from which the toils of patriots, the self-denial of scholars, and the sufferings of martyrs, have been barely sufficient to emancipate a small portion of Christendom.

4. If Protestantism be more favourable than Catholicism to mental improvement, it becomes every Protestant to remember that it is righteously expected of him that he should avail himself of the advantages his system thus affords him. Let him not rest content with ignorance whilst he is free to attain knowledge. And especially, in respect of religious knowledge, let him ponder his privileges, his obligations, and his responsibilities. Let him remember that as no jealous priest stands between him and the treasures of divine truth, he will have himself to blame if these treasures are left by him unexplored and unappropriated. Let him also remember, that to whom much is given, of him shall the more be required.

5. Intellectual freedom is valuable simply as it is used for good, for wise, and worthy purposes. If it be used merely to gratify caprice, or self-will, or a love of change, it is sinfully used, it entails guilt, and will be followed by evil. It is not given to men to hold opinions and yet remain personally and morally uninfluenced by them. As a man believes he acts; as he acts he will be judged. Take heed, then, how you use your freedom: beware of mistaking vagrancy for liberty, oddity for originality, a disposition to oppose other men's views for an honest desire to avow and prosecute your own. Some

in their zeal for freedom of thought and action forget that *lawless* freedom is the worst species of bondage. In vindicating our right to think for ourselves, let us remember, that if we think not as reason and Scripture dictate, our intellects will be to us but as the unsubstantial fires that flash and flit before the bewildered traveller only to lead him at last to destruction.

Gentlemen, knowledge is good ; liberty of thought is good ; virtue and a religious profession are good ; but let us never forget that all true godliness comes to us through the Cross of Christ, and that it is faith in Him alone that saves the soul

The Literary Attractions of the Bible.

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THE LITERARY ATTRACTIONS

OF

THE BIBLE.

GOD made the present earth as the Home of Man : but had he meant it as a mere lodging, a world less beautiful would have served the purpose. There was no need for the carpet of verdure or the ceiling of blue ; no need for the mountains, and cataracts, and forests ; no need for the rainbow, no need for the flowers. A big, round island, half of it arable, and half of it pasture, with a clump of trees in one corner, and a magazine of fuel in another, might have held and fed ten millions of people ; and a hundred islands, all made on the same pattern, big and round, might have held and fed the population of the globe. But man is something more than the animal which wants lodging and food. He has a spiritual nature, full of keen perceptions and deep sympathies. He has an eye for the sublime and the beautiful, and his kind Creator has provided man's abode with affluent materials for these nobler tastes. He has built Mont Blanc, and molten the lakes in which its shadow sleeps. He has intoned Niagara's thunder, and has breathed the zephyr which

sweeps its spray. He has shagged the steep with its cedars, and besprent the meadow with its king-cups and daisies. He has made it a world of fragrance and music,—a world of brightness and symmetry,—a world where the grand and the graceful, the awful and the lovely, rejoice together. In fashioning the Home of Man, the Creator had an eye to something more than convenience, and built not a barrack, but a palace,—not a Union-workhouse, but an Alhambra; something which should not only be very comfortable, but very splendid and very fair; something which should inspire the soul of its inhabitant, and even draw forth the “very good” of complacent Deity.

God also made the Bible as the Guide and Oracle of Man; but had he meant it as a mere lesson-book of duty, a volume less various and less attractive would have answered every end. A few plain paragraphs, announcing God’s own character and his disposition towards us sinners here on earth, mentioning the provision which he has made for our future happiness, and indicating the different duties which he would have us perform,—a few simple sentences would have sufficed to tell what God is, and what he would have us do. There was no need for the picturesque narrative and the majestic poem,—no need for the proverb, the story, and the psalm. A chapter of theology, and another of morals; a short account of the Incarnation and the great Atonement, and a few pages of rules and directions for the Christian life, might have contained the practical essence of Scripture, and have supplied us with a Bible of simplest meaning and smallest size. And in that case the Bible would have been consulted only by those rare and wistful spirits to whom the great Hereafter is a

subject of anxiety,—who are really anxious to know what God is, and how themselves may please Him. But in giving that Bible its Divine Author had regard to the mind of man. He knew that man has more curiosity than piety, more taste than sanctity; and that more persons are anxious to hear some new, or read some beauteous thing, than to read or hear about God and the great Salvation. He knew that few would ever ask, What must I do to be saved? till they came in contact with the Bible itself; and, therefore, he made the Bible not only an instructive book, but an attractive one,—not only true, but enticing. He filled it with marvellous incident and engaging history; with sunny pictures from Old-World scenery, and affecting anecdotes from the patriarch times. He replenished it with stately argument and thrilling verse, and sprinkled it over with sententious wisdom and proverbial pungency. He made it a book of lofty thoughts and noble images,—a book of heavenly doctrine, but withal of earthly adaptation. In preparing a guide to immortality, Infinite Wisdom gave not a dictionary nor a grammar, but a Bible—a book which, in trying to catch the heart of man, should captivate his taste; and which, in transforming his affections, should also expand his intellect. The pearl is of great price; but even the casket is of exquisite beauty. The sword is of ethereal temper, and nothing cuts so keen as its double edge; but there are jewels on the hilt, and fine tracery on the scabbard. The shekels are of the purest ore; but even the scrip which contains them is of a texture more curious than that the artists of earth could fashion it. The apples are gold; but even the basket is silver.

In speaking of the literary excellence of the Holy

Scriptures, I am aware of a twofold disadvantage. Some have never looked on the Bible as a readable book. They remember how they got long tasks from it at school, and spelled their arduous way through polysyllabic chapters and joyless genealogies. And in later life they have only heard it sounded forth monotonous from the drowsy desk, or freezing in the atmosphere of some sparse and wintry sanctuary. So irksome and insipid has every association made the book, that were they shut up in a parlour with an old Directory, and an old Almanac, and an old Bible, they would spend the first hour on the Almanac, and the next on the Directory, and would die of *ennui* before they opened the Bible. They have got at home a set of their favourite classics, and on a quiet evening they will take down a volume of Chaucer or Milton, or even Thomas Fuller or Jeremy Taylor, or an Elzevir Virgil, or a Foulis's Homer, and read at it till long beyond their time of rest; but to them the Bible is no classic. They don't care to keep it in some taking or tasteful edition, and they would never dream of sitting down to read it as a recreation or an intellectual treat. And then there are others in a happier case to whom that Bible is so sacred—who have found it so full of solemn import, and to whom its every sentence is so fraught with divine significance, that they feel it wrong or revolting to read it with the critic's eye. They would rather peruse it on their bended knees, praying God to shew them the wonders in his Word, than, with the scholar's pencil in their hand, ready to pounce on each happy phrase and exquisite figure. They would rather peruse it in the company of Luther or Leighton, than along with Erasmus or Scaliger. And

with such persons we own a decided sympathy. But we trust that both will bear with us a little whilst we endeavour to shew that if no book be so important as the Bible, so none is more interesting, and that the book which contains most of the beautiful is the one which must ever remain the standard of the good and the true.

And here we would only add one remark which it is important to bear in memory. The rhetorical and poetical beauties of Scripture are merely incidental. Its authors wrote, not for glory nor display—not to astonish or amuse their brethren, but to instruct them and make them better. They wrote for God's glory, not their own; they wrote for the world's advantage, not to aggrandise themselves. Demosthenes composed his most splendid oration in order to win the crown of eloquence; and the most elaborate effort of ancient oratory—the panegyric to which Isocrates devoted fifteen years—was just an essay written for a prize. How different the circumstances in which the speech on Mars Hill was spoken; and the farewell sermon in the upper chamber at Troas! Herodotus and Thucydides composed their histories with a view to popular applause; and Pindar's fiery pulse beat faster in prospect of the great Olympic gathering and the praises of assembled Greece. How opposite the circumstances in which the Seer of Horeb penned his faithful story, and Isaiah and Jeremiah poured forth their fearless denunciations of popular sins! The most superb of modern historians confesses the flutter which he felt when the last line of his task was written, and he thought that perhaps his fame was established. A more important history concludes: "These things are

written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing, ye might have life through his Name." And some of you will remember the proud *finale* in which the Roman lyrist predicts for himself immortal celebrity.* Alongside of his eloquent but egotistic vaticination, you cannot do better than read the last words of Israel's sweet Singer. — "His name shall endure for ever; his name shall be continued as long as the sun; and men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed. Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things; and blessed be his glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and Amen. The prayers of David the son of Jesse are ended."

Remembering then that the Bible contains no ornamental passages, nothing written for mere display, that its steadfast purpose is, "Glory to God in the highest," and the truest blessedness of man,—I repeat that that Bible abounds in passages of the purest beauty and stateliest grandeur. all the grander and all the more beautiful because they are casual and unsought. The fire which flashes from the iron hoof of the Tartar steed as he scours the midnight path is grander than the artificial firework; for it is the casual effect of speed and power. The clang of ocean as he booms his billows on the rock, and the echoing caves give chorus, is more soul-filling and sublime than all the music of the orchestra; for it is the music of that main so mighty that there is a grandeur in all it does.

* "Exegi monumentum aere perennius.

. . . . Usque ego postera

Cresecam laude recens," &c.—HOR. lib. iii. od. 30.

in its sleep a melody, and in its march a stately psalm. And in the bow which paints the melting cloud there is a beauty which the stained glass or gorgeous drapery emulates in vain; for it is the glory which gilds beneficence, the brightness which bespeaks a double boon, the flush which cannot but come forth when both the sun and shower are there. The style of Scripture has all this glory. It has the gracefulness of a high utility; it has the majesty of intrinsic power; it has the charm of its own sanctity; it never labours, never strives, but instinct with great realities, and bent on blessed ends, has all the translucent beauty and unstudied power which you might expect from its lofty object and all-wise Author.

There is no phenomenon in nature so awful as a thunder-storm; and almost every poet, from Homer and Virgil down to Dante and Milton, or rather down to Grahame and Pollok, has described it. In the Bible, too, we have a thunder-storm. the 29th Psalm—the description of a tempest, which, rising from the Mediterranean, and travelling by Lebanon and along the inland mountains, reaches Jerusalem, and sends the people into the temple-porticoes for refuge. And, besides those touches of terror in which the geographical progress of the tornado is described, it derives a sacred vitality and power from the presence of Jehovah in each successive peal. “The voice of the Lord is on the sea: the God of glory thundereth: the Lord is on the mighty sea. The voice of the Lord is powerful, the voice of the Lord is full of majesty. The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon. He maketh them also to skip like a calf: Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn. The

voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire. The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness : the Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh. The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve, and discovereth the forests : and in his temple doth every one speak of his glory. The Lord sitteth upon the water-torrent : yea, the Lord sitteth King for ever. The Lord will give strength unto his people :” (and now the sun shines out again :)
 “ the Lord will bless his people with peace.”*

Amongst those who have expressly written on the Sublime, it is agreed that the most thrilling spectacle is one whose obscure outline or vague presence at once suggests the supernatural. Of this sublime in terror the 4th of Job supplies an acknowledged instance :—

“ A thing, too, was imparted to me secretly,
 Mine ear received a whisper with it.
 In tumults of night-visions,
 When deep sleep falls on men,
 Panic came on me, and horror,
 And the multitude of my bones did shake
 A spirit passed before my face,
 The hair of my flesh stood up :

* Over many of the Psalms it sheds a flood of new significance when the reader understands their mechanism, as in the case of many it has been disclosed by the labours of Lowth, Horsley, Hengstenberg, and others. It was one happy morning in his house at Dundee, that my dear friend, Robert McCheyne, shewed me the geographical structure of this 29th Psalm. And certainly it enhances the meaning of this majestic ode when we conceive the spectator-psalmist as standing with the awe-struck multitude in the temple porch, and watching the march of the thunder-storm as it advances from the Mediterranean or “mighty” sea, and at last bursts in a water-flood around themselves.

It stood—but I could not discern its form
 A figure before mine eyes:
 — Silence—and I heard a voice,
 ‘ Shail a mortal be righteous before God?
 Shall a man be pure before his Maker?’”

But perhaps the poetic beauty in which the Bible most excels all other books is description of the world around us. A better idea of the poetic susceptibility was never given than when John Foster called it *physiopathy*, “the faculty of pervading all Nature with one’s own being, so as to have a perception, a life, an agency, in all things.” “If you observe a man of this order, though his body be a small thing, completely invested with a little cloth, he expands his being in a grand circle all around him. He feels as if he grew in the grass, and flowers, and groves; as if he stood on yonder distant mountain-top, conversing with clouds, or sublimely sporting among their imaged precipices, caverns, and ruins. He flows in that river, chafes in its cascades, smiles in the water-lilies, frisks in the fishes. He is sympathetic with every bird, and seems to feel the sentiment that prompts the song of each; and from this ability to transfuse himself into every object around him in a certain sense he inherits all things.” To which we would only add, that besides this poetic sympathy with Nature, the sacred writers seem to have possessed a still purer perception of what Nature is. They not only could transfuse their own life into the landscape, but they could discern how much of the Living God is there. And instead of that material semblance which a Claude or a Rembrandt might project on his canvas, or Virgil or Shenstone might embody in his verse, they inhaled Jehovah’s breath and hearkened to Jehovah’s

voice, and received into their adoring bosoms as much of Jehovah's life as lingers in our defaced and fallen world. Hence it comes to pass that the Book which contains by far the brightest and most vivacious landscape—the holiest and happiest view of the things around us, is the Word of God. Viewed in his own light, and delineated by his own pencil, the mountains skip, the seas clap hands, the little hills rejoice, and the valleys sing. The Bible landscape has a limpid freshness, as viewed by an eye which carnality has never dimmed, or rather that loving and observant eye which grace has made young again. It needs no Dryads to people its woodlands, no Oreads to flit over its mountains, no Naiads to give mirth to its waters or music to its streams; for a higher animation fills them, and every chiming brook and fluttering spray, every zephyr and every blessed sound, is a note in God's own anthem,—
“ Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons and all deeps : fire and hail : snow and vapours : stormy wind fulfilling his word : mountains and all hills : fruitful trees and all cedars : beasts and all cattle : creeping things and flying fowl : kings of the earth and all people : princes and all judges of the earth : both young men and maidens ; old men and children : let them praise the name of the Lord ; for his name alone is excellent ; his glory is above the earth and heaven.”

But instead of quoting illustrative passages from what may be called the pastoral and descriptive poetry of Scripture, I shall read one which, whilst a graphic description, like most kindred portions of Holy Writ, owes its sublimity to its moral power; and I quote it the rather, because our own translation does not bring out its entire significance. It is the 28th chapter of Job,

and the question is, Where is Wisdom to be found? and, What is the abode or hiding-place of Understanding? Is it a deposit hidden in the bowels of the earth? — a treasure for which we must ransack the caverns underneath, or rummage in the rifted rock? Is it a secret for which we must bribe the Grave? or which Death alone can whisper in the ear? And so it commences with a magnificent account of the miner's doings underground:—

“ Truly there is a mine for the silver,
 And a place for the gold so fine:
 Iron is dug up from the earth,
 And the earth pours forth its copper.
 Man digs into darkness,
 And explores to the utmost bound
 The stones of dimness and death shade;
 He breaks up the veins from the matrix,
 Which, unthought of, and underfoot,
 Are drawn forth to gleam among mankind.
 The surface pours forth bread,
 But the subterranean winds a fiery region.
 Its stones are the sapphires' bed,
 And it hides the dust of gold.
 It is a path which the eagle knows not,
 Nor has the eye of the vulture scanned.
 The lion's whelp has not tracked it,
 Nor the ravening lion pounced on it.
 The miner thrusts his hand on the sparry ore,
 And overturns the mountains by their roots.
 He cuts a channel through the rock,
 And espies each precious gem.
 He binds up the oozing waters,
 And darts a radiance through the gloom.
 But, oh! where shall WISDOM be found?
 And where is the place of UNDERSTANDING?
 Man knows not its source,
 For it is not to be found in the land of the living.

The sea says, 'It is not in me ;'
 And ' Not in me,' echoes the abyss.
 Solid gold cannot be given for it,
 Nor silver be weighed for its purchase.
 It cannot be bought for the ingot of Ophir,
 For the precious onyx or the sapphire.
 The burnished gold and crystal cannot equal it,
 Nor golden trinkets match it.
 Talk not of corals or pearls,
 For the attraction of wisdom is beyond rubies.
 The topaz of Ethiopia cannot rival it
 Nor the purest bullion barter it.

Whence, then, cometh Wisdom ?
 And where is the place of Understanding ?
 Hid from the eyes of all living,
 And unseen by the fowls of the air,
 Destruction and Death say,
 ' We have heard its fame with our ears.'
 God understands its track ;
 He knows its dwelling-place ;
 For to the ends of the earth he sees
 And under all heaven surveys.
 When he weighed out the air
 And meted out the water ;
 When he fixed the course of the rain
 And the path of the hurricane ;
 Then did he eye it and proclaim it ;
 He prepared it and searched it out,
 And unto man he said,
 ' Behold ! the fear of the Lord, that is Wisdom,
 And to depart from evil is Understanding.' " *

It would consume all this evening were I reading from the Prophets and the Psalms those passages of grandeur which make the sacred text so awful and

* Some lines of the above are slightly paraphrased ; but the version is essentially the same as that of Dr. Mason Goode, with modifications from Dr. Lee and others.

august; and of that class I shall read no more. But perhaps the sublime, though the highest order of literary effort, is not, after all, the most popular. Were we putting it to the world at large, we should, probably, find that the books they like best are those which are less exalted above the every-day level, and whose simple incidents, and cheerful glimpses, and human pathos, bring them home to every man's comprehension and feeling. In this sort of narrative that world's book, the Bible, abounds. Do you ask for tenderness? "And Ruth said to her mother-in-law, Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." Do you ask for pathos? "And Cushie said, Tidings, my lord the king; for the Lord hath avenged thee this day of all them that rose up against thee. And the king said unto Cushie, Is the young man, Absalom, safe? And Cushie answered, The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise up against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is. And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son." Or do you ask for natural, simple, and affecting narrative? "A certain man had two sons; and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after the younger son

gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks which the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him. And when he came to himself he said, How many hired servants of my father's house have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said unto his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat and be merry; for this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found."

I could very willingly have extended these remarks to other species of composition, and would have liked to shew particularly how many models of eloquent argument and engaging discourse are contained in the New Testament. But on the wide field of Revelation, with its intellectual opulence, I forbear to enter. I can easily understand how the Bible was one of the four

volumes which always lay on Byron's table ; and it would be easy to fill a lecture with the testimonies, witting or unwitting, which painters, sculptors, orators, and poets, have rendered to the most thought-suggesting book in all the universe. It never aims at fine writing. It never steps aside for a moment for the sake of a felicitous expression or a good idea. It has only one end—to tell the world about God's great salvation ; and yet the wonder is, that it has incidentally done more to supply the world with powerful and happy diction, and literature with noble thoughts and images, and the fine arts with memorable subjects, than perhaps all other books that have been written. The world's Maker is the Bible's Author, and the same profusion which furnished so lavishly the Abode of Man, has filled so richly and adorned so brilliantly the Book of Man.

And just as that Bible is the great storehouse and repertory of intellectual *wealth*, so I must add that its vital truth is the grand source of intellectual *power*. When Sir Samuel Romilly visited Paris immediately after the first French Revolution, he remarked, "Everything I saw convinced me that, independently of our future happiness and our sublimest enjoyments in this life, religion is necessary to the comforts, the conveniences, and even the elegances and lesser pleasures of life. Not only I never met with a writer truly eloquent who did not at least affect to believe in religion, but I never met with one in whom religion was not the richest source of his eloquence." And I am persuaded that in things intellectual the rule will hold, that piety is power. I am persuaded that no productions of genius will survive to the end of all things in which there is not something of God ; and I am farther persuaded,

that no book can exercise a lasting ascendancy over mankind on which his blessing has not been implored, and in which his Spirit does not speak. Of all the powers and faculties of the human mind, the noblest is the one which God has created for himself; and if that reverential or adoring faculty do not exist, or if it has been by suicidal hands extirpated, the world will soon cease to feel the man who has no fear of God. The stateliest compartment in this human soul is the one which, in creating it, Jehovah reserved for his own throne-room and presence-chamber; and however curiously decorated or gorgeously furnished the other compartments be, if this be empty and void, it will soon diffuse a blank and beggarly sensation over all the rest. And thus, whilst the Voltaires and Rousseaus, of atheist memory, are waxing old and vanishing from the firmament of letters, names of less renown, but more religion, brighten to a greater lustre. So true is it that no man can long keep a hold of his fellow-men, unless he himself first has hold of God.

But if a sincere and strenuous Theism be thus important — such natural faith in God as buoyed the wing of Plato in his long and ethereal flights, or bulged the Saxon thews of Shakespear in his mightiest efforts, incomparably more prevalent is that intellectual prowess which a Scriptural faith produces. He is no Unknown God whom the believer in Jesus worships, and it is no ordinary inspiration which that God of light and love supplies to his servants. And were it not for fear of tediousness I would rejoice to enumerate one genius after another which the Gospel kindled, if it did not create. That Gospel, beyond all controversy, was our own Milton's poetic might. It was the struggling

energy which, after years of deep musing and wrapt devotion, after years of mysterious muttering and anxious omen, sent its pyramid of flame into old England's dingy hemisphere, and poured its molten wealth—its lava of gold and gems, fetched deep from classic and patriarchal times, adown the russet steep of Puritan theology. It was the fabled foot which struck from the sward of Cowper's mild and silent life a joyous Castalia—a fountain deep as Milton's fire, and, like it, tinctured with each learned and sacred thing it touched in rising, but soft and full as Siloah's fount, which flowed fast by the oracle of God. And that Gospel was the torch which, on the hills of Renfrewshire, fired a young spirit,—himself both sacrifice and altar-pile,—till Britain spied the light, and wondered at the brief but brilliant beacon. But why name the individual instances? What is modern learning, and the march of intellect, and the reading million, but one great monument of the Gospel's quickening power? Three hundred years ago the classics were revived; but three hundred years ago the Gospel was restored. Digging in the Pompeii of the middle age, Lorenzo and Leo found the lamps in which the old classic fires had burned; but there was no oil in the lamps, and they had long since gone out. For models of candelabra and burners there could not be better than Livy, and Horace, and Plato, and Pindar; but the faith which once filled them—the old Pagan fervour—was long since extinct, and the lamps were only fit for the shelf of the antiquary. But it was then that, in the crypt of the convent, Luther, and Zuingle, and Melancthon, observed a line of supernatural light, and with lever and mattock lifted the grave-stone, and found the Gospel which the Papist had buried. There it had flamed, “a

light shining in a dark place," through unsuspected ages —unquenchable in its own immortality—the long-lost lamp in the sepulchre. Jupiter was dead, and Minerva had melted into ether, and Apollo was grey with eld, and the most elegant idols of antiquity had gone to the moles and the bats. But there is One who cannot die and does not change—and the Fountain of Scriptural Learning is He who is also the Fountain of Life—the Alpha and Omega—Jesus, the Son of God. From his Gospel it was that the old classic lamps, when filled with fresh oil, were kindled again; and at that Gospel it was that Bacon, and Locke, and Milton, and Newton, and all the mighty spirits of modern Europe, caught the fire which made them blaze the meteors of our firmament, the marvels of our favoured time.

And should any one now chance to hear me who is ambitious to be the lasting teacher or the extensive light of society—to paint, or think, or sing, for a world more thoughtful than our railway readers, let him remember that nothing can immortalise the works of genius if there be no Gospel in them. The facts of that Gospel are the world's main stock of truth—the fire of that Gospel is the only Promethean spark which can ignite our dead truths into quenchless and world-quickenings powers.

For practical and devotional purposes we could desire no better version of the Bible than our own truthful and time-hallowed translation. But for those purposes to which we have this evening adverted,—for the sake of its intelligent literary perusal, we have sometimes wished that, either in the originals or in English, some judicious editor would give us, each in a separate fasciculus, the several contributions of each sacred penman.

As it is, with the sixty-six volumes of the Bible all compressed into a single tome, we are apt to regard them, not only as homogeneous inspiration, which they are, but as contemporary compositions, which they are not. We forget that, in point of time, there is the same interval between Moses and Matthew as there is betwixt the close of the canon and the compilation of the Augsburg Confession. And, with each portion comminuted into those numbered paragraphs which we call *verses*, we are apt to lose sight of the characteristic style of the various compositions. An epistle looks like a poem, and a history reads like a collection of adages or apophthegms. But allowing one book to contain the Minor Prophets, and another the General Epistles, there would still remain upwards of twenty inspired penmen whose writings might, much to their mutual illustration, be bound up in separate volumes, and preserved in their individual identity. We should thus have in one volume all that Moses wrote, and in another, chronologically arranged, all the writings of Paul. One volume might contain all the Psalms of David; another, those Psalms (nearly as numerous) which were indited by Moses, and Asaph, and others. In one cover might be bound up the Gospel, the Epistles, and the Apocalypse of John; and in another, that divine Song, those confessions of a converted philosopher, and that ancient "Wealth of Nations," which were written down by Solomon. And under such an arrangement might we not hope that books, usually read in chapters or smaller morsels, might sometimes be read continuously, — taken down from the shelf, as another attractive book would be taken, on a leisure evening, and read through at a single sitting? Might we not hope, in such a case,

that whilst those who now read the Old and New Testaments would read them still, some who at present do not read the Bible might be tempted to read Paul, Moses, and Isaiah? And is it too sanguine to expect that, as the searching of Scriptures and sacred knowledge thus increased, some who first resorted to the book for literary entertainment might learn from it the lessons which make wise to life everlasting?

At all events, theology has not yet turned to sufficient account the Bible's marvellous diversity. You know how opposite are the turns, and how various the temperaments, of different people, and how unequal their capacities. One has a logician's intellect, and delights in dialectic subtilty. Another has a prompt intuition, and deprecates as so much bamboozlement every ingenious or protracted argument. Some have the ideal faculty so strong, that they never understand a proposition rightly till it sparkles as a sentiment; poet-wise, their eyes are in their apex; they cannot descry matters of fact and homely truths, which creep along the ground or travel on all-fours; but in order to arrest a vision so sublime as theirs, thoughts must spread the wings of metaphor, and soar into the zenith: whilst others are so prosaic, that they are offended at all imagery, and grudge the time it takes to translate a trope or figure. Some minds are concrete, and cannot understand a general statement till they see a particular example. Others are so abstract, that an illustration is an interruption, and an example a waste of time. Most men love history, and nearly all men live much in the future. Some minds are pensive, some are cheerful; some are ardent, and some are singularly phlegmatic. And had an angel penned the Bible, even though he could have

condescended to the capacity of the lowliest reader, he could not have foreseen the turn and fitted the taste of every child of Adam. And had a mortal penman been employed, however versatile his talent, however many-faceted his mind, he could not have made himself all things to all his brethren, nor produced styles enow to mirror the mental features of all mankind. In his wisdom and goodness the Most High has judged far better for our world; and using the agency of forty authors—transfusing through the peculiar tastes and temperaments of so many individuals (and these “men of like passions with ourselves,”) the self-same truths, the Spirit of God has secured for the Bible universal adaptation. For the pensive, there is the dirge of Jeremiah and the cloud-shadowed drama of Job. For the sanguine and hopeful, there sounds the blithe voice and there beats the warm pulse of old Galilean Peter. And for the calm, the contemplative, the peacefully-loving, there spreads like a molten melody, or an abysmal joy, the page—sunny, ecstatic, boundless—of John the Divine. The most homely may find the matter of fact, the unvarnished wisdom and plain sense, which are the chosen aliment of their sturdy understandings, in James’s blunt reasonings; and the most heroic can ask no higher standard, no loftier feats, no consecration more intense, no spirituality more ethereal, than they will find in the Pauline Epistles. Those who love the sparkling aphorism and the sagacious paradox are provided with food convenient in the Proverbs; and for those whose poetic fancy craves a banquet more sublime, there is the dew of Hermon and Bozrah’s red wine,—the tender freshness of pastoral hymns, and the purple tumult of triumphal psalms. And whilst the histo-

rian is borne back to ages so remote that grey tradition cannot recollect them, and athwart oblivious centuries, in nooks of brightness and in oases of light sees the patriarch groups, clear, vivid, and familiar as the household scenes of yesterday,—there is also a picture sketched for the explorers of the future. For whilst the Apocalyptic curtain slowly rises,—whilst the seven thunders shake its darkness palpable, and streaks of glory issue through its fringe of fire, the New Jerusalem comes down from heaven; and gazing on the pearly gates, and peaceful streets, and bowers of sanctity, our planet can scarce believe that she is gazing on herself,—that this is old Mother Earth grown young again,—that this vision of holiness and bliss is nothing more than Paradise restored—that “new” but ancient “earth in which dwelleth righteousness.”

But in order rightly to appreciate this literary diversity of the Bible's several books, it is essential to remember the plenary inspiration of the Bible collective. Imagine the case of an accomplished evangelist. Suppose there were a missionary endowed with the gift of tongues, and called to ply his labours in different places at successive periods. He goes to France, and, addressing its vivacious inhabitants, he abandons the direct and sober style of his fatherland; every utterance is antithesis; every gem of thought is cut brilliant-wise; and the whole oration jigs on gay, elastic springs. He passes thence to Holland, and in order to conciliate its grave burghers his steady thoughts move on in stiff procession, trim, concinnate, old-fashioned—in peaked beaver, starched ruff, and velvet mantle. Anon he finds himself amidst a tribe of Red Indians; and instantly his imagination spreads pinions of flame, and, familiar with

thunder-water and burning mountains, his talk is to the tune of the tempest. And ending his days in Arabia or Persia, through the fantastic sermon skip shadowy antelopes or dream-like gazelles; whilst each interstice of thought is filled by a voluptuous mystery, like the voice of the darkling nightingale as it floats through air laden with jasmine or roses. And thus, "all things to all men," this gifted evangelist wins them all; whereas, had he spoken like an Oriental to the Indian, or like a Persian to the Hollander, he would have offended each, and would have been a barbarian to all. The Teacher is one—the same Evangelist everywhere. The truth, the theme is one—over and over again the same glorious Gospel. Nay, the substance of each sermon is essentially one; for it is a new forth-pouring from the same fountain—another yearning from the same full heart. But to suit successive hearers the rhythm alters, the tune is changed.

Such is the principle on which the great Evangelist has acted. In inditing sermons for the world, such is the principle on which the Divine Spirit has proceeded. Speaking to men, he has used the words of men. When on the two tables God wrote the Ten Commandments, he did not write them in the speech unutterable of the third heavens—he wrote them in Hebrew letters, Hebrew words, and Hebrew idiom; and had it so pleased him, he might have given all the Scriptures in the self-same way. Employing no mortal pen whatever, from the top of Sinai he might have handed down the one Testament, and from the top of Olivet the other—the whole, from Genesis to Revelation, completed without human intervention, and on amaranthine leaves engraven in Heaven's own holograph. And in such a

case there would have been no dispute as to the extent of inspiration; there would have been no need that, like the electrometers of the meteorologist, theologians should invent tests of its intensity, nicely graduated from the zero of Superintendence up to the fulness of Suggestion. But Infinite Wisdom preferred another way. Inspiration he made the counterpart of the Incarnation; and as in the Incarnate Mystery we have, without mutual encroachment and without confusion, very God and very man, so in theopneustic Scripture we have a book, every sentence of which is truly human, and yet every sentence of which is truly divine. Holy *men* spake it, but holy men spake and wrote it as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. And just as when God sent his Son into the world, he sent him not in the fashion of an angel, nor even in the fashion of a glorified and celestial man, but in all points like his brethren; so when he sent into the world his written word, it came not ready-written with an angel's plume, but with reeds from the Jordan it was consigned to paper from the Nile, every word of it Hellenistic, or Hebrew, and yet every word none the less heavenly. And though the unlettered disciple, who in the identity of the ultimate Author forgets the diversity of the intermediate scribes—though he loses less than the dry critic, who only recognises the mortal penman—that student alone will get the full good of his Bible who recognises these parallel facts—its perfect and all-pervasive divinity, its perfect and all-investing humanity. Or, to sum it up in the vivid words of Gaussen: “As a skilful musician, called to execute alone some masterpiece, puts his lips by turns to the mournful flute, the shepherd's reed, the mirthful pipe, and the war-trumpet,

so the Almighty God, to sound in our ears his eternal word, has selected from of old the instruments best suited to receive successively the breath of his Spirit. Thus we have in God's great anthem of revelation the sublime simplicity of John; the argumentative, elliptical, soul-stirring energy of Paul; the fervour and solemnity of Peter; the poetic grandeur of Isaiah; the lyric moods of David; the ingenuous and majestic narratives of Moses; the sententious and royal wisdom of Solomon. Yes, it was all this—it was Peter, Isaiah, Matthew, John, or Moses; but it was God." "And such ought to be the word of Jehovah—like Emmanuel, full of grace and truth—at once in the bosom of God and in the heart of man—powerful and sympathising—celestial and human—exalted, yet humble—imposing and familiar—God and man."

But here, gentlemen, a thought comes over me compunctiously. It seems as if we had this evening come, a large party of us, to view a famous palace, and we have stood on the lawn in front, or looked up from the quadrangle, and told its towers and marked its bulwarks, and sketched some of its ornaments; but how ever commanding the elevation, however graceful the details and various styles, after all, the glory is within. Oh, my brethren, there is a loveliness even in its letter; but there is life for our souls in its divine significance. Be you not only Bible-visitors but Bible-occupants. That Book which God has made the monument of the great redemption, and where he has put his own perpetual Shekinah, do you choose it as the gymnasium where you may nourish a youth truly sublime; the castle where, in a world of impiety and an age of peril, you may find entrenchment for your faith and protection, for

your principles; the sanctuary at whose oracle you may find answers to your doubts and light upon your path; the spirit's home, whither your affections shall every day return, and where your character shall progressively ennoble into a conformity with such a royal residence.

Yes, my dear friends, as a supplement to this lecture, let me entreat you to peruse the Bible itself. With prayer, with expectation, with eyes alert and open, read it, in your most tranquil retirement read it; and when a few of you, who are friends like-minded, come together, read it; search it, sift it, talk about it, talk with it. And as he thus grows mighty in it, I promise to each earnest Bible student amongst you two rewards,—it will make you both a wiser and a holier man.

Wiser: for the sayings of God's word are solid. There is a substance, which you must have noticed, cast on the sea-shore, the medusa, or sea-nettle, as some sorts of it are called; an object rather beautiful as its dome of amber quivers in the sun. And a goodly size it often is,—so large at times that you could scarcely lift it: but it is all a watery pulp, and if you were carrying it home or trying to preserve it, the whole mass would quickly trickle out of sight and leave you nothing but a few threads of substance. Now, most books are like the marine medusa; fresh stranded, “just published” (as the expression is), they make a goodly show; but when a few suns have shone on them, the crystal jelly melts, the glittering cupola has vanished, and a few meagre fibres in your memory are all the residue of the once popular authorship. If you ever tried it, you must have been struck with the few solid thoughts, the few suggestive ideas, which survive from the perusal of the most brilliant of human books. Few of

them can stand three readings; and of the memorabilia which you had marked in your first perusal, on reverting to them you find that many of them are not so striking, or weighty, or original as you thought. But the Word of God is solid; it will stand a thousand readings, and the man who has gone over it the most frequently and the most carefully, is the surest of finding new wonders there. And just as the pearls of Scripture retain their intrinsic worth; as, notwithstanding the frowsy head gear they have garnished, the dull discourses they have adorned, they beam brighter than ever when the hand of a Vinet, or Chalmers, or Hall, has arranged them anew into a coronet of sanctified taste and genius: so he amongst sages is the wealthiest man who has detected, and appropriated, and thoroughly possessed himself of the largest number of Bible sayings,—the merchantman who, seeking goodly pearls, has sought them on this exhaustless strand.

And holier: for though we have this evening spoken of the Bible very much as if it were a human book, you cannot be long versant with it till you find that it is something more. Like Tabor, it is a "mountain apart." Among the books of this world it is isolated, unique, peculiar; and the farther up you get, the more acquainted you become with human books, and the more alongside of them you study the Book of God, the more amazed will you be at its outstanding elevation, its world-topping pre-eminence. And just as in scaling a high mountain it needs no chemistry to analyse the air and tell the pilgrim that it is free from miasma and impurities; as every breath which paints a purer crimson on his cheek and sends a tonic tide through all his suppling frame would tell him its salubrity: so it needs no argument,

no analysis, to persuade a spiritual mind that the air of heaven, the breath of God, is here. In his holier feelings as he reads, in the godly zeal and joyful strenuousness which requite each mounting footstep, with instincture his regenerate nature hails the congenial inspiration. And just as on Tabor's summit, when from heaven saints in snowy garments came down, and from Christ his own glory came through, it needed no refracting prism or condensing lens to assure them that it was a body of more than earthly brightness which they were gazing upon : so, my dear friends, when a text is transfigured, when the Holy Spirit in the Word lets out his grace and glory, it will need no Paley nor Butler to prove that the Wisdom and the Power of God are there, but, radiant with emitted splendour, and dazzling your admiring eyes, in God's own light you will see it to be God's own Word. Nor can I wish for you a better wish than that thus you may be often surprised and overwhelmed. Yes, dear brethren, in the very midst of this noisy capital, and in the meridian of this man-wasting, money-making age, may you often find your Sabbath, and your place of prayer, and your Bible, "a mountain apart." In blissful bewilderment may you forget the fascinations of earth and the pleasures of sin, and only wake up to find yourself alone with the Master. And none shall less grieve than he who has this evening addressed you, if the literary attractions of the Book be thus merged and superseded in charms more spiritual, in attractions which, if they draw you to the Bible, will also draw you at last to heaven.

The Relation of Christianity to the Freedom of
Human Thought and Action.

BY THE

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THE RELATION OF CHRISTIANITY
TO THE
FREEDOM OF HUMAN THOUGHT
AND ACTION.

THE subject of my remarks this evening, as my hearers are aware, is the "Relation of Christianity to the Freedom of Human Thought and Action." That we may attain to right apprehensions of this great subject, we must, first of all, obtain a clear and well-defined answer to the question, What is the true idea represented by the words, "freedom of human thought and action?" That such liberty is a sacred and inalienable right of universal humanity, no one doubts. Not even the most strenuous advocate of authority would dare an open and direct avowal before the world of the opposite sentiment. But what is this high and God-given prerogative?—That is the question to which a full and distinct answer is now demanded. As preparatory to the attainment of this end, special attention is invited to the following preliminary observations:—

Of all existences in the world around him, man alone was created in the image of God, and enjoys the divine prerogative of standing as God's representative amid the encircling universe. Humanity is the last

and crowning work of the Almighty; and when God would bring this new and glory-excelling form of being into existence, he did not look without upon the surrounding universe for a pattern after which to mould it. On the other hand, he turned his omniscient eye in upon himself, and copied the laws and susceptibilities of the human after those of the divine mind. Man, in consequence of having violated his Maker's laws, is not what God originally designed. His mental form, however, has not "lost all its original brightness," and appears nothing less than the image of the Divine Majesty in ruins, and "the excess of glory obscured." And fallen in himself though he be, a glorious destiny yet awaits him,—a destiny not less glorious than that for which he was originally designed, if he avail himself of the provisions of the remedial system under which he is now privileged to mould his character and determine his destiny. All the teachings of God's Word and Providence, while they tend to magnify our estimation of man's guilt as a sinner, at the same time combine to elevate our ideas of the intrinsic worth of the human mind, and of the greatness of the immortal powers with which it is endowed. A creature cannot become infinite in guilt, the value of whose powers is less than infinite. In the plan of redemption, also, the overshadowing worth of the human soul stands distinctly revealed. In finding a ransom for it, God has laid out no wasteful expenditure. The ransom paid, infinite as it is, does not surpass the value of the object purchased. I would here drop the suggestion, though it may seem to be somewhat out of place, whether there is not a general misunderstanding of one important passage of Holy Writ, a passage often quoted,—“When I consider

thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet." (*Ps.* viii. 3-6.) The common idea seems to be, that it is the object of the Psalmist to diminish our conception of man by contrasting him with the immensity of the creation of God, and especially with that of its author. I would barely suggest the inquiry, whether the opposite is not the real intention of the sacred writer; whether it is not his object to elevate instead of diminish our estimate of man, and whether the following is not a true exposition of the passage: "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what a being must man be if he attains his high destiny,—a being of such overshadowing powers that even Thou, the infinite God, art mindful of him, and condescendest to visit him. Moreover, the sphere of thought and activity for which he was originally created, is a revelation, also, of his intrinsic greatness. Thou hast made him (for a sphere of thought and action) but a little lower than the sphere occupied by angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands." If the works of God are so vast and glorious, what must be the greatness of the powers of the being divinely qualified to have dominion over them?

Another remark that I deem it important to make is this: As made in the divine image, man is capable of

an ultimate attainment to a knowledge of all realities, visible and invisible, finite and infinite, within and around him, and of harmonising, in his feelings and voluntary activity, with the nature and character of the realities thus apprehended. No reality is, or can be, which the human mind may not represent in thought, and express in language, the symbol of thought. As thought is the mirror of the universe, and as language is the symbol of universal thought, as our susceptibilities may for ever expand upon the thoughts thus mirroring forth the great truths that lie in the universe around us, and as all our voluntary activity may be determined by and harmonise with the truth when apprehended, to think, to know, to feel, and act in harmony with our own sacred convictions of truth, and to symbolise such convictions in language; this is the appropriate sphere of the human mind, the high destiny open to man :—

“ While life, or thought, or being last,
Or immortality endures.”

All the powers and susceptibilities of the human mind are adapted to a state of endless growth and expansion. The power of thought, of feeling, and the capacity for voluntary moral activity, that is, for virtue or vice, and the consequent experience of happiness or misery; immortality alone can keep pace with the growth and expansion of these deathless principles in man. Not only are the human faculties adapted to such a state, but their continued growth and expansion is a changeless demand of our nature. Let these immortal powers be brought into a state of permanent stagnation and non-growth, and mind would be hopelessly wretched from the necessity of its constitution.

An immutable law of mental growth and development next claims our attention. The varied powers and susceptibilities of the mind grow, and can grow, only by exercise upon their appropriate objects, and in conformity to the original laws of our being. If one would possess a physical system strong and vigorous, he must exercise his physical powers upon objects that will tax their energies to the utmost: so of the intellectual powers. They can be developed and consolidated only by being habituated to the endurance of the weight of great thoughts. If mind would grow, it must walk out amid the vast realities around it, and tax its energies in the solution of the varied problems of truth and duty, which the universe of matter and mind, which the word, works, and providence of God, present to its consideration. The individual that will not consent to endure the labour, or rather enjoy the luxury, of hard thinking, will never pass the boundary of mental childhood, and will soon find himself passing through a process of continued intellectual and moral imbecility and deterioration.

Nor can our minds grow by being the mere, passive, unreflective receptacles of the thoughts of others. Thoughts thus laid upon the mind weigh down and palsy its energies, instead of strengthening and developing them. If we do not exercise our own thinking powers, while others, by thinking, are towering up to greatness around us, our minds will wither and become more and more imbecile in the shade of their great thoughts.

Nor can mind be developed by the continued indulgence of an idle, unreflective curiosity in sight-seeing,—a mental process in which the mere outward

senses are chiefly exercised, in which the memory is overburdened with the weight of unexplained facts and events, while the thinking, reflective faculty within is not strongly exercised. The world presents no more melancholy specimens of mental imbecility, than is furnished by those masses of sight-seers, who are continually gazing with unreflective wonder upon the moving panorama of the universe around them, and doing this without attempting to explain to themselves the causes of the events they see in the external world, or the laws which regulate their occurrence, and without turning thoughts in upon themselves, and seriously pondering the great questions pertaining to human duty and destiny,—the questions, Where am I? What am I? What ought I to be, and how ought I to act? and what will be my immortal state consequent on my being and doing what I ought or ought not?

Nor, permit me to remark, finally, can the mind attain to a strong and vigorous developement whose reading, as far as the study of books is concerned, is chiefly confined to those ephemeral productions with which the world is now being so abundantly cursed. The perusal of such works is rightly called “light reading,” and they themselves “light literature,” for the obvious reason that they are the appropriate food of light minds which, without expanding themselves, are continuously undergoing a process of mental attenuation,—minds, the progress of which may be compared to circles in the water, where, without ever enlarging themselves, they are continuously “vanishing into nought.” I presume that I shall be sustained by the united verdict of this great audience, when I affirm that the young man or

woman, whose mind is surrendered to the influence of such works, will not fail to attain to one consummation—the possession of a weak intellect and a corrupt heart. Solid thinking, habitual converse with universal truth in respect to matter and mind, and deep intercommunion with those great thoughts “in prose and verse,” which introduce the mind to an intimate acquaintance with the beautiful, the true, and the good, and which tend to qualify us for our high destiny, as the sons and daughters of eternity, must be our chief mental aliment if we would become possessed of strong and well-developed mental powers.

The conclusion to which we are conducted as the necessary result of the train of thought that we have pursued is this. From the changeless laws of our mental constitution,—if we would heed the voice of nature and of nature’s God—if we would be what we all may be, and ought to become—if, in short, we would accomplish our high destiny as the sons and daughters of time and eternity both, we must, in the highest and best sense of the words, be independent thinkers. We must surrender to no man, or class of men, the prerogative of thinking or judging for us. We must not hold opinions without having ourselves, and for ourselves, examined the foundations on which they rest. If we read, it must be our object to understand what we read. If we hear, we must not listen as the passive recipients of other men’s thoughts, but, with the infallible standard of truth before us, as intelligent judges of what is right and of what is wrong—of what is false and of what is true. When we act, our activity must have its basis in rational convictions. On no other conditions can the mental facul-

ties be properly developed, or mind move in the sublimity of its power. Mental imbecility, or the exercise of independent thought, is the immutable alternative presented to us all, the least as well as the greatest among us.

We are now prepared for a distinct statement of the meaning of the words — “the freedom of human thought and action.” The idea expressed by these words may be contemplated in two distinct and opposite points of light, — the mental state of the individual whose thinking and voluntary activity are in harmony with this idea, and the laws, institutions, and usages of society, which tend to promote freedom of thought and action, and which protect individuals in the enjoyment of this sacred right of man. An individual realises in his own character the idea under consideration when he is an earnest inquirer after universal truth, when his supreme aim, in all his inquiries, is perfectly to harmonise his convictions, opinions, and judgments with truth itself, and with nothing else, and when his voluntary activity is in sacred harmony with his own honest convictions of what truth, justice, and duty demand of him. The aim of such an individual is, not to think with, or in opposition to, the rest of the world, but to think the truth. He joyfully and gladly walks with the Church and the world when, in his honest judgment, they are moving in the line of truth; and as readily, though not without sadness, parts company with either or both together, whenever, and wherever, in his judgment, they are moving in a different or opposite direction. While he is ever “crying after knowledge, and lifting up his voice for understanding,” — while he candidly examines the views of

others, and holds himself in equal readiness to be instructed by the child or the philosopher, the savage or the sage, the opinions of no man, or class of men, have authority with him, only so far forth as he himself perceives that such opinions are based upon adequate evidence. He values truth too highly to receive any opinions, sentiments, or doctrines, simply upon trust; he has too much respect for his own immortal powers to consent to think on any subject by proxy. No being, or class of beings, stand between him and the truth and the God of truth, as the Lord of his conscience, of his intellect, or of his will. Equally free is such an individual from all internal biasses which tend to prevent the perception of the truth in the first instance, and its cordial reception when perceived in the next,—biasses such as sectarian or party prejudice, or pride of opinion, which render an individual unwilling to see himself or his party in error, to confess the error when perceived. The individual that thus thinks and acts realises, in his own personal character, the great idea designated by the words “freedom of human thought and action.” Under whatever form of government he lives, or with whatever party he may be visibly connected, he is himself a free man. The individual, on the other hand, that places any man, or class of men, or any forms of opinion, between himself and the truth, and the God of truth, as the arbiters of his understanding, judgment, conscience, or will, or is controlled in his opinions and actions by any influences or biasses, other than a sacred respect for the truth itself, and the authority of its Author, he is not a free man. He is in a state of mental servitude to that, whatever it may

be, by which his mind is swerved from the authority of the truth.

Now, when governments, civil and ecclesiastical, maintain, in all their laws, institutions, and usages, a sacred respect for the right of private judgment, and protect all subjects in its exercise, instead of prescribing for them forms of thinking under the pains and penalties of civil or ecclesiastical censures or disabilities, then such governments also realise in their spheres the great idea designated by the words, "the freedom of human thought and action." On the other hand, when any pains or penalties, any forms of civil or ecclesiastical censure or disability, hang over the subject, to perpetuate the current of his thinking and acting in the channels which authority has already cut out for him, to prevent his discovering any error in the existing creed of his church or party, or avowing the fact when discovered, so far forth he is under a grinding despotism perfectly antagonistic to his dearest interests and most sacred rights as a man and a Christian.

I would here remark, also, that individuals living under a free government may not unfrequently find themselves subject to a public sentiment as really and truly hostile to the exercise of freedom of thought and action as the most iron civil or ecclesiastical despotisms that ever existed. When the celebrated Harvey, for example, lost his practice as a physician, in consequence of announcing the true theory of the circulation of the blood, and lost it by means of the cry of quackery and empiricism which his own profession raised around him, that great man found himself under a form of tyranny as hostile to independent thought and rational progress in knowledge, as was that celebrated tribunal in the

Eternal City which convicted Galileo of heresy, for having announced the true theory of the heavenly bodies. So, when an individual, as is not unfrequently the case, adopts religious sentiments which, in the exercise of earnest, humble, prayerful, and independent thought, he cannot but adopt and avow, and continue to be a God-fearing man,—sentiments contrary, in some respects, to the existing creed of his church,—and finds himself not met with a candid hearing by his brethren, nor his views shewn to be wrong, by an appeal to reason or revelation, but, on the other hand, overwhelmed by the cry of heresy, such an individual is under a form of spiritual despotism as unrighteous, unchristian, and hostile to freedom of human thought and action, as any tribunal in Rome, or Petersburg, or Turkey ever was.

Having defined and elucidated the idea designated by the words “freedom of human thought and action,” we are now prepared for a direct consideration of the relations of Christianity to this great idea. That which originated from a being of infinity and perfection must be perfectly adapted to the end for which it was created. And Christianity having been originated and consummated in all its teachings and principles by such a being, and for the express purpose of meeting fully the necessities of man, must, in all its teachings, be in full alliance with this fundamental demand of universal humanity. Just as far as its influence becomes supreme, it must secure in all alike perfect freedom of thought and action. That this must be the case we may safely affirm *à priori*. “Jesus said to those Jews which believed in him, If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed: and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.” But my object is to

shew how our holy religion tends to this grand consummation. In accomplishing this object, we will, in the first place, contemplate its influence upon the individual in freeing him from all influences and biasses, external and internal, which tend to prevent or limit in him the full and complete exercise of freedom of thought and action in the highest and best sense of the words.

And here let me request the audience to elevate their thoughts to a contemplation of the relations into which Christianity, just as far as its spirit is understood and imbibed, places the individual in respect to God. With such a person one idea overshadows all others, and perfectly limits and controls their influence,—the idea of his relations to God as a being of absolute infinity and perfection—a being, whose knowledge of all objects is absolutely perfect—a being of perfect justice, goodness, and truth, and who will be satisfied with nothing in his creatures but justice and uprightness. To stand accepted with God, through the perfect obedience and sacrificial death of his Son, to harmonise all his opinions and judgments with God's views of things, and all his activity with God's will, nothing else is to him an object of comparative importance. It is a matter of concern infinitely small with him to differ from all the world, if such difference is believed to be requisite to an agreement with God. What is man's judgment in his estimation compared with that of God? Now I affirm it, as a self-evident truth, that it is absolutely impossible for us to conceive of a mind located in a position so favourable to the exercise of the most perfect form of freedom of thought and action, as is the relation to God now under consideration.

1. The mind is, then, most deeply impressed with the infinite value of universal truth, the first and main element of true wisdom. God is ever present to the thoughts, with his infinite perfections, and the universe of matter and mind as his handiwork, as objects of study. The Book of Revelation on the one hand, and of Nature on the other, are laid open for investigation; and how infinite the value of the truths revealed in each alike then appears to the mind. How does the mind thus influenced “cry after knowledge, and lift up its voice for understanding.” “Wisdom enters into the heart, and knowledge is pleasant to the soul.”

2. The mind, in the relations supposed, is subject to influences, of all others, best adapted to the exercise of the spirit of child-like simplicity and teachableness on the one hand, and of perfect candour and mental independence on the other. The man who places a supreme value upon the truth, and esteems a knowledge of it above all price, as the God-fearing man does, will ever hold himself in readiness, in the language of the great Edwards, to “receive the truth and embrace it, whether it comes from a child or an enemy.” With child-like simplicity and candour will he listen to the reasons and arguments of those who differ from him. Only in the exercise of such candour and heart integrity can he, as he well knows, stand approved with the only being whose frown he fears. At the same time, ever recognising the great fact, that this side the eternal throne there are no infallible interpreters of truth, revealed or unrevealed—that God alone is the Lord of the intellect and conscience—he listens to all uninspired teachers, not as a passive recipient of other men’s thoughts and opinions, but as an independent judge of what is true

and of what is false, of what is right and of what is wrong. His God-fearing mind is swayed, not by the weight of authority, but by that of evidence alone.

3. In the relations supposed, the mind is subject to influences which free it from those internal and personal biasses which are wholly incompatible with the exercise of freedom of thought and action—biasses, such as prejudice, pride of opinion, and party. In the immediate conscious presence of the Infinite and Perfect we cannot fail to be deeply impressed with the consciousness of our own finiteness and consequent liability to error in judgment. Hence, we shall ever hold ourselves in perfect readiness to re-examine all opinions which we hold as individuals, as members of any particular sect or party, to detect error where it exists, and confess the fact when discovered. The object of the God-fearing man is not an agreement with his former self, his sect, or party, but with God. He must then be free from the warping influences of those biasses, internal or personal, which prevent the exercise of freedom of thought and action.

4. When we open the Sacred Volume we meet with a positive command, demanding of us the exercise of perfect freedom of thought and action. At the same time we find the most fearful judgments suspended over us in case we admit any man or class of men, uninspired of God, as infallible expounders of truth. "Prove all things;" that is, test for yourselves, as independent judges of truth and error, all opinions and doctrines commended to your regard. "Hold fast that which is good;" that is, ever act in perfect harmony with your own honest internal convictions of what truth, goodness, justice, and God, require of you. Whatever

teachers or books, decrees of councils, teachings of assemblies of divines, or articles of faith, may be before us, we are required to test, and to test for ourselves, all their teachings alike, by comparing them with "the law and the testimony," remembering, that "if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." At the same time, the curse of God is upon us, if we hear in any other state of mind. "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm."

5. The revealed relation of religious teachers to their hearers tends to impress us with this sentiment. While the preacher is required to "take the oversight of the Church," he is expressly prohibited exercising "lordship over God's heritage;" that is, presenting himself to the brotherhood as an *authoritative* expounder of God's word. While the hearer, also, is required to esteem the religious teacher "very highly for his work's sake," he is positively commanded to exercise his own judgment in the fear of God, in respect to the character of what he hears. "Let the other [the hearer] JUDGE," while the speaker is delivering his message, is the Divine command. The preacher is not in the presence of the hearers as a judge giving authoritative expositions of the word of God; but rather as an advocate speaking in the presence of judges who are, not for him, but for themselves to adjudicate upon his expositions.

6. In the same relation of God-fearing freedom and independence does the Bible place us, in respect to civil rulers. While we are to "obey those who rule over us," such obedience is expressly prohibited, where it would imply a violation of fidelity to God and of

our convictions of duty. Then our response is to be, "We ought to obey God rather than man."

Now contemplate an individual who unites in his character this love of truth and respect for it for its own sake,—this child-like teachableness and candour associated with a manly independence of thought, judgment, and action,—this freedom from all pride of opinion and party, and whoever recognises himself as subject to a special command from the only Being he supremely fears—a command requiring him, under the most dreaded penalty, to examine all subjects, weigh all opinions, and listen to all human teachers, and to all requirements of rulers, as a God-fearing judge of truth and error, right and wrong, and to act in full harmony with his own internal convictions thus induced of what truth and duty demand of him,—contemplate, I say, an individual uniting in his own person all these divine elements of character, and we have a man who realises in his character, in the most full and perfect sense conceivable, all that is meant by the words, "freedom of human thought and action." None but a God-fearing man can, by any possibility, embrace in his character these essential elements of manly freedom and independence; and such a God-fearing man as this, Christianity, as we see, does and must render every one who intelligently embraces its principles and imbibes its spirit.

"He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves besides."

Let us now contemplate a community of such God-fearing men associated together as a church or nation. What would be the influence of the spirit which each

breathes, as far as the enactment of laws, civil or ecclesiastical, or the generating of a public sentiment, bearing upon the freedom of human thought and action, is concerned? In their church relations all are together as "a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people." Each demands in all, and all in each, as the condition of admission to fellowship, the manifestation of such a God-fearing spirit as renders it, with one and all alike, a small thing to be judged by or to differ from any one of the brethren, or all united. This all-over-shadowing fear of God manifested by each and all together is the very bond of brotherhood between them, and the exclusive foundation of their mutual esteem one towards the other. Such, Christianity, in all its principles, teachings, and influences, tends to render the Church, and into this divine and sanctified form will it bring the Church when its principles are understood and embraced.

Equally benign and manifest are the tendencies of Christianity in respect to the freedom of human thought and action in the civil relations of life. A community of free, God-fearing thinkers, would never enact, or, as far as their suffrages extend, allow the enactment of laws hostile to freedom of human thought and action. And how could rulers, themselves fearing God, and recognising God as alone the Lord of the human intellect and conscience, attempt by law to cut out channels for thought, or to prescribe rules by which man's God-made and God-endowed intelligence shall judge of what is true or false, right or wrong? The publication of Christianity is a universal declaration of independence in respect to the freedom of human thought and action. There is not a solitary doctrine or princi

ple within the lids of the sacred word that tends in any other direction.

Here I might safely rest the argument ; but God has conferred upon the Church the power to exercise discipline for offences against the laws of his house, and upon civil rulers the authority to punish evil-doers. If anywhere Christianity is unfavourable to freedom of thought and action, it will be found in the powers of discipline and punishment thus conferred. In the Church all forms of discipline for doctrines held as true must, of course, be exercised under one charge, exclusively, that of heresy. Who then is a heretic, and what is heresy, according to the Bible? To this question the sacred word has given a direct and specific answer. "A man that is an heretic after the first and second admonition reject; knowing that he that is such is subverted, and sinneth, being condemned of himself." (*Tit.* iii. 10, 11.) A heretic is one who holds sentiments, such as the denial of the first principles of moral obligation, the divine authority of the word, or the way of life through Christ,—sentiments, the holding of which implies the subversion of Christian character,—that the subject has ceased to fear God, and is in a state of total alienation from him and opposition to his will. Heresy is that which no honest mind can hold and retain its heart-purity and integrity. The holding of such sentiments subjects the offender to discipline, on the exclusive ground, that his character thereby stands revealed as a subverted man. On the other hand, the Church is positively prohibited exercising discipline for any doctrines held by her members, and held, as she does and must acknowledge, in the fear of God, and as the result of honest inquiry after the truth. All such

she is positively commanded to receive, for the all-authoritative reason that Christ has received them. As his servants, she is expressly prohibited even judging or censuring them. "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth." Those who are "weak in the faith she is to receive," but not with "doubtful disputations;" that is, with no disputations even with them, implying or manifesting a doubt of their character as Christians, or a want of respect for them as such. All who give evidence that they are living and acting in the fear of God, and in obedience to his will, are to be regarded by each and all the members of the sanctified family as their "brethren, sisters, and mothers." Were the Church to touch a God-fearing man, even with the end of the rod of discipline, for any sentiments which she confesses him to hold in the fear of God, she would "touch the apple of God's eye;" so sacredly is the freedom of thought and action expressly guarded within the sacred precincts of the Church. Were it otherwise, were the Church authorised to exercise discipline for any sentiment which men who fear God must, with the light vouchsafed to them, hold or renounce the fear of God in their own case, then Christianity would so far forth be in direct hostility to the freedom of human thought and action. But it is not so: all such power is expressly denied the Church in the sacred word.

Civil rulers are appointed of God, and their authority is heaven-derived. Their powers are given for a specified end, "the punishment of evil-doers, and the praise of them that do well." What is there here implying authority to interfere with the freedom of human thought and action? The sword is not a weapon well adapted

to hew out confessions of faith or formulas of doctrine which bind the consciences of men whose intelligence is derived from the word of God; and God never put it into the hand of the magistrate for any such purpose.

The argument which I have based on an exclusive reference to the *intrinsic* tendencies of Christianity might be abundantly confirmed by an appeal to facts of history. All that I need to add on this point is a bare allusion to the universally-known and acknowledged fact, that for all the civil liberty that now exists, or ever has existed, on earth, the world is indebted to Christianity. If we may argue, also, from the past to the future, we are quite safe in the prediction, that, in all future time, civil liberty and our holy religion will traverse the earth side by side; and that in every age and nation, where the temple of freedom shall be founded upon a sure and permanent basis, Christianity will constitute the "seven pillars" of that temple. Some general reflections, designed to throw additional light upon this great subject, will close this address.

1. I have now sufficiently demonstrated the bearing of Christianity upon the true idea of freedom of thought and action. I have shewn that an intelligent, God-fearing man, such as Christianity does in fact render all who rightly apprehend and with heart-integrity and sincerity embrace her revelation of grace, and her principles, must be a free and independent thinker. I now affirm that, from the changeless laws of universal mind, none but such a God-fearing man can by any possibility preserve a state of internal integrity, and freedom and independence, in his judgments and moral activity. There is but one sentiment conceivable that can hold immovably the balance of the mind amid the clamour of

passion, the impulse of prejudice, pride of opinion, of sect and party, and the force of corrupting external influences, and that sentiment is the love and fear of God. Mankind will and must elect the laws of their thinking and judging from their own internal, mental, and physical propensities, from the public sentiment of the world around them, or from the throne of purity, truth, integrity, and justice above them. In either of the former positions we are of necessity the creatures of prejudice, and not the free, honest-minded disciples of universal truth. Amid the conflict of warring passions conscience, to be sure, will utter its mandates for mental truthfulness and integrity; but its voice will be unheeded amid the "noise of endless wars" in which the mind is necessitated to think and act, unless that voice is seconded by the fear of God. Rousseau, the prince of sceptics, affirms, that he never met or heard of an honest infidel in his life, one that "would not prefer his own error to the truth when discovered by another;" and who, "for his own glory, would not willingly deceive the whole human race." From the nature of universal mind it could not have been, and in no era of the world's history can it be, otherwise. "The Christian is the highest style of man;" and faith in God and the fear of him are the highest ascent of reason.

2. The question may arise in some minds, in view of the train of thought thus far pursued, Have we not an all-authoritative standard of truth in the Scriptures? Certainly we have. There is nothing but truth in the book of Revelation, or in the book of Nature, and the truths revealed in each alike are truths of God. But where are the authoritative expounders of either of these volumes? To us the teachings of each must be clothed

with all authority. But when the question arises, What are their specific teachings on any given subject? every man, with the use of the best light in his power, is to answer that question for himself, and in the fear of God alone. The honest decisions of his own intelligence, in respect to what the book of God does teach, is to him the ultimate and final standard of appeal.

Many individuals mistake the teachings of their creeds or formulas of doctrine for the authority of the Bible. If a doubt be suggested in regard to the truth of any one of the articles of the received formulas, we are at once charged with a denial of the Bible, or a tendency to infidelity. I cannot deny the Bible and be a God-fearing man. I may, however, doubt the truth of much that is taught in existing creeds and formulas, for the exclusive reason, that I am such a man, and as such, as I am peremptorily required to do, have tested the received dogmas "by the law and the testimony."

3. When we turn our eye from the book of God to a consideration of the teachings of uninspired men in respect to what that divine oracle does reveal, whether we refer to the books of the wise and good in all ages, to living expounders of truth, to creeds of churches, decrees of councils, and formulas of doctrines put forth by venerable synods or assemblies of divines, we find a wide diversity and often direct opposition of opinion on great and important subjects. What course would a wise man, in the exercise of a manly Christian independence, and freedom of thought and judgment, pursue under such circumstances? We may, as many do, blindly surrender ourselves to the guidance and teachings of some one leading mind, or in a similar spirit

assume the truth of some particular creed or formula of doctrine, and interpret the teachings of inspiration itself in the light of what we have thus assumed that they must teach. In this case an individual most obviously divests himself of the essential elements of a manly Christian faith, and renders it impossible for him to become more than half of a man. Or in the next place, we may, as others do, in the exercise of a blind charity, assume that, as good men hold these diversities of opinion, one doctrine is just as good as another, or that, as the wisest and best men differ so widely, there is no such thing as finding out the truth, and therefore cease to inquire at all. In either of these cases we divest ourselves of the prerogative of our Christianity and manhood both. The only alternative that remains for us is, as free, God-fearing judges of truth and error, to examine for ourselves, as we have opportunity, all systems alike, and extract what is good and true from them all. In this course, and in this alone, do we assert and vindicate our own Christian dignity and manhood, and obey the divine precept, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

4. The attitude which it becomes Christians, Christian theologians and philosophers, to assume in respect to the progress of scientific research in respect to the universe of matter and mind, next claims a moment's attention. Instead of standing aghast, as some do, at such researches, and crying out against them as tending to scepticism, they should themselves fearlessly advance into the field of universal research and push all such inquiries to their utmost consummation. God has not contradicted himself in the book of Nature and Revelation, and we honour him not, when we betray the least

symptom of fear that he has done so. The entire teachings of both volumes lie out with perfect distinctness under his eye. There is, we may rest assured, a divine harmony between them all. God has not dropped an inadvertent thought, or penned an inadvertent sentence in—

“That dearest of books that excels every other,
The old family Bible that lays on the stand.”

Christianity has nothing to fear but from darkness and ignorance, limited and partial views, the blunders of philosophers, and “the contradictions of science, falsely so called.” Where in the history of the wide world has a great principle of eternal truth, or a fundamental fact, been fully developed, that has not been found to lie in perfect harmony alongside of the teachings of the book of God? When universal science has reached its consummation, and the theology of the Bible has received a full scientific development, then Christianity and philosophy will be seen together upon some high mount of observation, uniting their efforts in the annunciation of the principles of eternal truth, and a redeemed and sanctified race will see the “head stone of the divine temple laid with shoutings, Grace, grace, unto it.”

5. A passing remark is deemed requisite in this connexion upon the character of the popular scepticism, or infidelity, of the present age. I shall speak of it with special reference to its bearings upon the true idea of mental freedom of thought and action. In this country and in the United States it is, as you are doubtless aware, an exotic, an importation from the neighbouring continent. Neither the English nor the American mind ever thought it out; nor can its dogmas be

deduced from any principles or fundamental facts which had been, prior to its introduction, established among us. The manner of its introduction is also quite peculiar. Being itself entirely a stranger, and coming among us for the avowed purpose of superseding our former modes of thinking, and of excluding from our minds existing religious doctrines and sentiments, and all this under the high profession of introducing forms of thinking more ethereal and divine, we might suppose that this new-comer would, at least, condescend to shew us his credentials, and give us to understand distinctly his own principles, and the grounds of his high claims. The Normans even gave the existing possessors of this island the opportunity for an open field fight, before taking possession of the country, and distributing the soil among themselves. Might we not suppose, then, that this stranger would, at least, bow to his auditory, clearly define his positions, and make some show at establishing his claims to universal dominion, before walking, or attempting to walk, Christianity out of our temples, its doctrines out of our heads, and its benign principles out of our hearts? But he has done no such thing. He claims universal possession by prescriptive right, and frowns indignantly upon all inquiries after his credentials, and upon all demands for the reasons and grounds of his teachings. In the country that gave birth to this our exotic, it is called "the God Imperativus," the God who utters his oracles "with a high imperious tone that scoffs at duty." In his sojourn among us, this strange god has fully sustained his character as the God Imperativus. As the enemy and supplanter of our holy religion, he has never condescended even to "write a book." He has never given us a distinct statement of

his own principles, or shewn us the foundation on which they rest. His imperious dicta are found only in treatises, pamphlets, and reviews, pertaining mostly to subjects bearing only incidentally upon religion, and there they appear in the form of bold assertions, sneering insinuations, and sideway thrusts at holy things, and appear in the midst of principles stated in a form so universal that they cannot but be true, and as true are of very little practical importance, and among truths as old as the race, but here baptized with names entirely new, and in this form intruded upon us as wholly unknown to the world before. Self-enthroned in the chair of criticism, philosophy, and theology, he assumes the prerogative of universal arbiter of truth and error. Christianity he admits, like Mahometanism and the superstitions of the Hindoo, was divine in its origin and benign in influence; but is now to be superseded by new and higher forms of thought—forms of thinking better adapted to the age in which we live. Now, while this God Imperativus thus judges and arbitrates for us, giving us the honoured privilege of standing as passive recipients of his imperious dicta, what if he were asked to shew his own credentials? What, to drop the figure, if the men who are charging our popular literature with sentiments subversive of all the teachings and principles of our holy religion, were called upon as honest men to define their positions, state their principles with distinctness and without disguise, and, above all, to expose the real foundations on which those principles rest? Suppose they are told that there is to be no more place for dogmatisms or assumptions: clear exposition of principles, and proof of their validity, are now expected and demanded. How would those men feel, if thus confronted? The

tallest among them, I will venture the affirmation, would feel, as a great philosopher of this school of sceptics in Germany did, when a certain Yankee put himself at his side, as an earnest inquirer after a knowledge of the principles of his philosophy. This son of New England had heard of the German philosophy—had attempted in vain to master its principles for himself; at length he crossed the ocean, and seeking out one of the great lights of the system, put himself by his side, and requested him to give a clear and distinct statement of that system. The philosopher began to expatiate upon the infinite, the eternal, the absolute, the true, and the good. “But stop,” said his pupil, “stop right here. This is the very thing I want to understand. What do you mean by such and such a proposition?” The German hesitated a moment, and then began to expatiate as before. “But stop here,” said the pupil; “just explain your meaning in such and such propositions.” The philosopher becoming confused by vain attempts to explain what had never had any definite form nor shape in his own mind, finding ideas which before had appeared to embody continents of thought fading away into sand-banks, and things even less substantial, under his attempted explanations; and seeing no end to the perplexities arising from the demands of his pupil for what was most manifestly nothing but needful explanations, lifted his hands to heaven and cried out, “Oh mein Gott! forgive Columbus for having discovered America.” Now let the infidels to whom I have referred be put to a similar task—the task of clear and distinct exposition of their principles, and the grounds of their claims to our regard, and the tallest among them would dread such an ordeal. When called upon for

exposition clear and distinct, and for evidence satisfactory to honest, independent, and consequently careful thinkers, they would pray, if they had never done so before, and the burden of their prayer would be, to be excused from the terrible task assigned them. There is not a man among them all that would dare come before the world with a clear statement of the principles on which his system is based, and then attempt to defend its claims. I venture the affirmation, that since the world began, there has never been a form of thinking more dogmatical, more reckless in the assumption of first principles, or more careless in respect to conclusions based upon them, in short, less characterised by real independent thought, than is the popular infidelity of the present age. The celebrated Hegel, who brought its principles to their full and final consummation in Germany, remarked upon his dying bed, that in all that kingdom, there was but one solitary individual that had understood his system, and that he had misunderstood it; and yet upon that very system the young men of that country have built their faith, and while they know not its principles, nor the foundation on which they rest, they are now boasting that, being delivered by the system of their master, thus blindly adopted, from all occasion to fear the frown of God, or dread a hereafter, there is nothing left them but to enjoy a merry life. Permit me to exhort the youth in whose presence I am to-night, to avoid such a reckless example. A truly free and independent thinker, remember, is a CAREFUL thinker. We do not ask you to embrace Christianity without perceiving that you have good and sufficient reasons for so doing. But we do ask you, not to repudiate her claims, without being able

to assign to yourselves and to all honest thinkers reasons definite and fully adequate for such rejection. We would earnestly entreat you to beware, lest you rest your immortal interests upon a system which will be to you, when the time for correction has for ever past, what the morning cloud sometimes is to the weary, tempest-tossed mariner, who is waiting with inexpressible desire for the sight of land, and for the privilege of resting in a quiet harbour. As the dawning light dissipates the surrounding darkness, suddenly there opens upon his vision the appearance of a vast continent, with a fine harbour, a great city with high towers and spires, directly before him, and with villages, and hamlets, and orchards, and fields of grain, with boundless forests of waving pines and cloud-enshrouded mountains in the more distant perspective. The joyful cry of "Land a-head!" echoes and re-echoes through the ship; it is headed for the open port; but just as it comes into the heavy swell which it always meets before entering into still water, it suddenly dashes and goes to pieces upon rocks or banks of sand, and the horror-stricken mariner, instead of finding a quiet haven, is wrapped in a winding-sheet of waters, and finds in "the deep, deep sea" his lasting sepulchre. Such will be the sad and delusive end of all those who have not by "repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ," laid hold of that hope "which as an anchor of the soul is both sure and steadfast."

6. We are now prepared for a distinct statement of the fundamental peculiarity of Romanism. Romanism does not consist in mere outward relations to a particular sect, but in the *principles* on which our profession is based. Nor is Protestantism merely that which is out-

ward in the flesh. It is, on the other hand, a principle in all respects fundamentally opposite to the distinguishing characteristic of Romanism. What, then, is the distinguishing characteristic of Romanism? It is this: the assumption, on the part of the self-inaugurated authorities of the Church, of the right to interfere with the rights of private judgment in matters of faith and practice, and to enforce assent to prescribed formulas of doctrine and church usages by civil or ecclesiastical censures or disabilities. The taking of the Bible from the masses is only a means of more effectually securing the subjection of the public mind to authority. The object of such a system is, not to render the members honest, God-fearing thinkers, but orthodox thinkers — not induce among them the unity of obedience, but of belief. Now the peculiar characteristic of Protestantism is the direct opposite of this. It proclaims God alone as the Lord of the intellect, conscience, and will, and consequently denies to the Church and State alike all right to interfere with the rights of private judgment in matters of faith. Its fundamental aim is to promote the unity of faith and obedience, and not that of mere belief. Who does not see that we may be Protestant by profession and Romanist in principle? The Pilgrim Fathers of New England, for example (and what land can boast of an ancestry of higher nobleness?), fled from Europe to preserve to themselves and posterity the rights of private judgment in matters of faith and conscience, and then inflicted the severest penalties upon the Quakers, for taking the same liberties with their creeds and formulas that they had done with those of Rome, and banished men of God from their territories, for

exercising the right of private judgment even on the subject of baptism.

7. The tendency of substituting authority in the place of free, independent thought next claims a moment's attention. Whenever human teachings have been placed between the public mind and the book of Nature or the book of Revelation, as infallible expounders of either, the result has ever been, and from the immutable laws of mind ever must be, one and the same — a state of universal mental stagnation and non-growth. China, for example, has had one great thinker, and but one; and under its present system of education, it can never, by any possibility, have another. The reason is obvious. The object of the nation is, to think Confucius, and not to think the truth. Confucius put out the mental eye of that entire nation. Where, throughout the dominions of the False Prophet, has there ever been a great original thinker since the Koran was completed? What has been the state of universal mind, as far as Romanism has perfected its dominion over it? It has lain in a state of mental and moral stagnation and immobility, except in the direction of corruption and death, as perfect as the waters of the Dead Sea. Mind, too, has risen towards perfection of mental development, or fallen into that of stagnation and non-growth, under the influence of Protestantism, just so far as Protestantism has been true or false to the principles of God's word and of free, independent thought and action.

8. Here I must be permitted a bare allusion to what I regard as one of the most decisive evidences that the Bible and the book of Nature have a common author: I

refer to the obvious and undeniable fact, that in the most diligent original study of each alike, universal mind may and will continually expand upon, but can never outgrow, the teachings of either. Mind, in the study of all other books, at length outgrows their teachings. Not so with the book of Nature or the Bible. In the study of these books, as from a common author, universal mind is in a state of perpetual growth and development, the most beautiful, harmonious, and perfect conceivable. Yet the more it studies, the more its powers expand upon the infinite realities which they reveal, the more distinctly conscious does it become of the great fact, that it must attain to absolute infinity, before it can even equal their teachings. God has pencilled out his own infinity equally upon both, and thus has stamped them each alike as his own.

9. It may be a matter of no little interest to the audience to contemplate, for a few moments, the progress in mental development of two minds, one of which has been educated upon the principle of free, independent thought, and the other to think by proxy. When the mind of the child first opens its mental eye upon the universe around him, what wonders burst upon his vision! what deep and soul-stirring problems present themselves to his thoughts, and how intense the desire that glows in his bosom to exercise his powers in their solution! He sees an apple fall from the parent tree: why did that object move towards the earth, and not in the opposite direction? why did the apple visibly move towards the earth, and not the earth towards it? What mysteries are involved in that single fact! And now he walks forth in a cloudless night,

when "the everlasting blue" is studded with its myriad gems. What a scene opens upon his vision here! It would seem as if some tall seraph, standing upon one of the high battlements of the celestial city, had shaken his crown, and now its pearls and diamonds are lying in all their infinite brilliancy scattered over the firmament of heaven. With what feelings of wonder and mental inquiry does that child contemplate this scene!—

" Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are :
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

Oh, that feeling of wonder in man! It is the source of all true greatness, if it is only *rightly* directed. Now let this child possess and preserve a pure heart, and by the grace of God he may do it without fail; let him become a pupil of universal truth, and preserve in all his researches a manly, sanctified independence, and what a thinker will he become! In his first attempts upon the great problems of the universe he will fall into many a blunder and foolish notion, which subsequent progress will not fail to correct. By and by, however, he will attain to such powers of mental developement that he will handle these problems as playthings. In the greatness of his strength he will go forth, and in thought will "weigh the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance, and measure the sea as in the hollow of the hand." Now his abode is in the deep profound of nature, where he reads the secret laws of matter and of mind. Again, his habitation is amid the revelations of the book of God, where,

With vision unveiled, he beholds the face of Infinity. Now he soars upon the wings of the storm and the tempest, and finds out the "secret place of the lightning and the thunder," and holds deep and solemn converse with those dread agents in their dwelling. Again, on the flaming comet as his chariot of fire, he takes the wide circuit of the universe, and pencils down the great facts which he meets with on his voyage of discovery. And finally, amid the ever-swelling chorus of universal nature, in these regions of infinite space,—

"Where worlds beyond the farthest star,
That ever met the human eye,
Catch the high anthem from afar,
That rolls along immensity,"—

even there, in thought he is, listening to that music that "makes melody in the ear of God." And when this mind has done with the thinking of time, and takes his place amid the great thinkers of eternity, there

"sage he stands,
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies."

Yes, "sage he stands," with his great bosom swelling with thoughts, the disclosure of which will instruct heaven itself,—with music in his soul, the melody of which will charm a seraph's ear, and with a strength and consolidation in virtue adequate to the endurance of that "exceeding and eternal weight of glory" that will then and there be laid upon him. Say not, hearer, I can never ascend to such heights as these. You may do it, in the heaven-directed progress of your future being, and by

a proper developement of your mental powers, you may be their associates.

Now, surrender your God-endowed powers to be passively moulded by authority—any form of authority standing between you and the book of Nature or Revelation either—consent to think by proxy on any subject civil or religious, and your history may be soon told. Mental stagnation and non-growth will be your inheritance while you remain on the earth, and a long oblivion will cover your memory when you leave it. How pitiful the condition of those who, standing amid the light that is shining upon the world, think it heresy to differ from, and “crime to be wiser than their grandfathers!” The powers of such persons grow only in one direction—that of standing still while everything is moving around them—the strength of absolute immobility. Such persons are never at home in their own age; they have their habitations among the tombs, where they are ever crying in view of the melancholy fact, that the universe around them is yet in motion, and did not come to a permanent stand-still amid the thoughts of “the Fathers.” There are men even in America who never see nor hear the iron horse snorting past their dwellings without heaving a sigh, *ab imo pectore*, at modern innovations on the venerated institutions, opinions, and usages of their ancestors. Such is the history of the individual that thinks by proxy—the individual that would hardly dare to think he had a soul, unless he could find the doctrine clearly stated among the writings of “the Fathers.”

“No longer seek his merits to disclose,
Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode.”

Let me not be understood as speaking or thinking disrespectfully of "the Fathers," the great lights of former ages. There are vast continents of thought in their writings, which God-fearing thinkers will be the last of all to fail to traverse. But this I do say that no men, or class of men, so misrepresent those great and good men as those who make *their* opinions authoritative expositors of God's teachings, instead of carefully testing such opinions by "the law and the testimony." Those, on the other hand, best represent those men, who do in our age what they did in theirs—stand before the world as free, God-fearing inquirers after universal truth. He is the true Calvinist of the nineteenth century, who, with the light shining in this century, discovers and proclaims Calvin's errors, if he erred at all—and overturns his whole system, if it is not founded upon the Rock of Truth. I have sometimes thought that were such men as Calvin and Wesley here they would demand an apology of many of their modern followers, as the condition of admitting them to companionship, for having implicitly copied their sentiments, instead of imitating their God-like examples as honest and humble disciples of truth, and yet daring to appear before the world as their representatives,

10. Among those who think that former days were better than the present, much is said of "the old paths," and we are earnestly exhorted to inquire after them. With all sectarians, however, "the old paths" run no farther back than the times of the venerated founders of their particular sects, and are found exclusively in their modes of thinking. Some will refer us for "the old paths" to the good old days of Wesley. Others to

those of Edwards, Knox, Cranmer, or Calvin. Others would precipitate us headlong amid the utter darkness of the middle ages. Others still, would set us down amid the writings and councils of the more primitive Fathers, whose endless controversies and contradictions, whose interminglings of things human and divine, and whose blendings of the pure truth of God with the teachings of "philosophy falsely so called," rolled over Christendom the deep midnight of those long centuries that preceded the Reformation. But where shall "the old paths" after which we are commanded to inquire be found? Nowhere, I answer, this side of an independent study of the Book of God. Take up your abode within the bright territories of that book—traverse for yourself its valleys and hills, and heaven-illumined plains—ascend its high mounts of observation, where "God is to you an everlasting light, and your God your glory," and there, in the cloudless light of heaven itself, and in the fear of God alone, as the disciples of Him who is "THE TRUTH," test all human teachings and opinions commended to your regard, "by the law and the testimony;" and then, and only then, will you find yourselves in "the old paths," where inspired apostles, and prophets, and patriarchs, walked with God.

11. I have said much this evening of free, independent thought. True human dignity and excellence cannot be attained without it. While we maintain this manly independence in respect to all that is finite, however, we must never forget our dependence, universal and entire, upon the Infinite. True wisdom can be attained only as we realise in our experience the fulfilment of the divine promise, "and they shall all

be taught of God." The soul-sanctifying mysteries of the Book of God can be opened to our minds, only by that Divine Spirit by whose inspiration it was written. Never open that sacred book without seeking His divine illumination. "Then shall your righteousness go forth as brightness, and your salvation as a lamp that burneth."

12. With a brief allusion to one additional thought I close Hearer, what do you think of Heaven? The ideas of each individual in regard to it are, no doubt, in very important respects, determined by his own subjective state, and all such ideas, we may rest assured, will, in some form, be consummated there. The slave, for example, who had been tasked under the lash night and day, till all feelings of want with him seemed concentrated in the desire for sleep, remarked that he thought heaven would be a place of undisturbed repose. And there is a repose in that world that is never broken! There "hope lies asleep on the bosom of bliss," and throughout endless ages its slumbers will never be disturbed. The slave-mother, too, as she dropped a tear upon the countenance of her infant that had just expired in her arms, uttered the devout wish that all her offspring were where the spirit of that child had gone. "There is no slavery," she exclaimed, "in heaven;" and there, too, "the slave is free from his master." The child of poverty, whose earthly inheritance is rags, and hunger, and pinching want, thinks of "the white raiment," the diamond-encircled crown, and of "the tree of life," which are the future inheritance of the saints of God. The son and daughter of affliction, who have been called to drink the cup of pain and sorrow to its dregs, think of

the time when "the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto fountains of living waters, and God himself shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." The soul that is especially tuned to melody, thinks of the sea of glass, where the harpers are eternally "harping with their harps," and where the eternal choir is for ever "singing the song of Moses and the Lamb." The stranger, far from his native country, his kindred, and quiet habitation, thinks of the bosom of God as the everlasting *home* of the soul—

"Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There is no place like home."

And when we lift our contemplation to heaven, how blissful the reflection that

"When there we met with holy joy,
No thoughts of parting come,
But never-ending ages still
Shall find us all at home."

The Christian, however, that, like Enoch of old, has long walked with God, and dwelt in the light of his countenance, has still higher conceptions of that world. To his mind the main ingredients of the feast of heaven are the presence of Christ, and the broad everlasting smile of God resting down upon the soul. And now, hearer, I will allude to one element of my own conceptions of that state. Under the *pressure of that smile* there will be a place for great virtues and great thoughts. The great thinkers of the universe are there; and how will our minds expand when they open upon their thoughts! It is a grand conception of one of your poets, that on a high

elevation there, Newton has erected his grand observatory, and through his immense telescope even seraphim and cherubim are accustomed to look off into the infinite depths of space, and read wonders of the creation unrevealed before. Who knows but that Milton is now elaborating some grand conception, the issue of which heaven is waiting with interest? What libraries may we find there containing the record of thoughts that heaven will not permit to die!—And what lecture-rooms in which thoughts are uttered that cause the bosom of the burning seraph to glow with unwonted intensity!

And now, Mr. Chairman and members of the Association, I here close this address. If I have succeeded in erecting in your minds the true idea of the freedom of human thought and action, together with the fixed determination to realise that idea in your own character;—if I have succeeded in awakening more distinct, and impressive, and influential apprehensions of the infinite value of an original acquaintance with the two great volumes that God has written—the book of Nature and the book of Revelation;—if any have been inspired with new and fresh aspirations after a knowledge of truth;—and more particularly, if any have formed, as the consequence of what they have heard to-night, the fixed purpose to make their future dwelling-place amid her “cloud-capt towers, and gorgeous palaces, and solemn temples,” I shall feel that I have not spoken nor you heard in vain. Above all, shall I feel this, if from what you have heard, you have become deeply impressed with the necessity of becoming personally possessed of one blessing of an all-overshadowing importance—the possession of that internal purity and

integrity which render the heart the dwelling of God. Inspired wisdom, even, never gave utterance to a maxim of greater importance than is contained in this one sentence:—"Keep thine heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." He that hath this one treasure, "a sanctified heart," though deprived of all things temporal, is infinitely rich. He that can call kingdoms his own, and whose heart is not clad in the beauty of holiness, is, of all earth's sons and daughters, the poorest of the poor.

The Church in the Catacombs.

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR.

THE
CHURCH IN THE CATACOMBS.

It was some time in the earlier part of the reign of Nero that a detachment of soldiers, returning from the East, were conducting toward Rome a small band of prisoners. Of these, one is a remarkable man—a Jew-Christian—who had attracted considerable attention during the voyage. It proves that he is known in the metropolis; for while yet fifty miles distant, at Appii Forum, several persons from the city meet him with greetings of love and respect; and when thirty miles from the walls, at the Three Taverns, others come to greet him also. Yes, that man is known in Rome. Though few have heard of it, he has sent within its gates a letter, expounding truths there quite unknown, and stirring emotions pregnant with results more important than all the past annals of Rome. History tells us not into whose hand that letter was delivered—tells us not what obscure eye first glistened over its glorious lines; nor in what lowly room it was first read aloud; nor what voice first pronounced in the ears of Rome the words, “Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.” Nor does

it tell us what breasts they were that heaved with a sublimity above the impulses of earth, as they repeated and repeated again, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? . . . Nay; in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. 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."

Strange words these for Rome! "The love of God"—what was that? it had not been heard of there before. "Christ Jesus our Lord"—who was he, that, under the very shadow of Cæsar's sceptre, thus kindled the hearts of Romans with a new and inextinguishable loyalty? To the ears of the philosopher, the politician, the lover of pleasure, or the vulgar votary of the gods, these words were of foreign sound and unintelligible import. But as he who wrote them entered the gates of Rome, with his stern guards, and his few brethren, "the love of God" gushed through his noble heart, "shed abroad" there a celestial reality, and "Jesus Christ our Lord" shone before his eye on a throne so high, and with a majesty so splendid, that instead of being dazzled with the pomp, or awed by the power, of that city, he glanced coldly around him, as on imperfect and unsatisfactory things. As he passed temple, and theatre, and altar, and college, seeing everywhere the tokens of a religion graced by art, dignified by antiquity, fortified by power, and cherished by the sympathies of a great people, his heart burned with a real displeasure, and he said in his

soul, "All this must be changed." What! that poor prisoner—that obscure, powerless, friendless foreigner, venture to question the most sacred institutions of the Romans! His puny heart light up its spark of indignation against the ancient hills of Olympic piety!—a glow-worm thinking to consume the Alps! Had Nero the emperor, or Seneca the philosopher, then living, or the great priest or senators of Rome, seen that spark of antagonistic zeal struggling in the breast of the poor Christian, how they would have smiled! Its impotence would have appeared to them below even mockery. But little did they know, that more power was in that spark than in the whole of their gorgeous and venerated system; that its impulse was stronger than the shock of their cohorts, or the sceptre of their monarchs—stronger than the senate and the people of Rome. Little did they know that in that spark lay a might which would consume all they adored—that the flame which kindled that spark was a gleam of love from the eye of the Eternal, and the fuel that fed it was the anointing oil of the Spirit of the Holy God.

The religion of Paul spread in the city of his captivity, the few became many. The followers of the new faith did not, as the heathen, burn their dead, but bury them. In the suburbs of Rome were extensive excavations, whence sand and stones had been dug for the buildings of the city. In some parts of these excavations, places of burial had already been established by the poor Romans who were unable to erect a funereal pile. To these excavations, then, the Christians would naturally look, as offering to them a cemetery. In performing their funerals, they would require the services of the sand-diggers. These latter could not fail to be

struck with the new character of the mourners. Instead of woes without consolation, they found gentle and melting hearts, laying down their dead without a note of murmuring, speaking of bright and sunny hopes, of peace in death, of a new and immortal body. All this could not fail to affect some of the sand-diggers. As they saw bereaved eyes looking into a grave with beams of hope, as if that grave were the gate of the morning, they must have wished to know how these strange hopes were fostered; and probably not a few of this poor and despised class became numbered with the early disciples of the Roman Church.

That Church was soon numerous enough to attract the public eye. Then came times of persecution. Authority stretched forth her hand to crush the Christians. They needed, and they sought, a refuge. The excavations in which they had buried their dead were the only shelter they could find. Probably the sand-diggers belonging to their number, knowing all the secrets of those long, dark, tortuous caves, led their brethren to places of security. Time after time did the rage of the emperors compel them to flee to this dreary asylum. During three centuries it frequently happened that a Christian head was safe under no roof but the low vault of the Catacombs.* Here they were often obliged to remain for a considerable time. St. Chrysostom alludes to a lady who was supported from day to day with food carried to her by her servant maid, of whose arrest she was held in constant fear. Another case is recorded of a believer named Hippolytus, who, during a lengthened

* The word means a cavity under ground, from two Greek words, *κατὰ*, down, and *κύμβος*, a hollow.

concealment, was supplied by the children of his heathen sister. Solicitous for the salvation of this sister, he consulted with Stephen the bishop, the companion of his concealment. They agreed to detain the children. The parents, in alarm, hastened to the catacombs. There they were told by their faithful brother of the unsearchable riches of Christ; and they afterwards shewed, even unto death, that those riches they had learned to prize. This good Bishop Stephen, the friend and companion of Hippolytus, seems to have been long confined to the caverns, and there to have regularly exercised his ministry.

By damp steps, dimly lighted, you descend into the heart of the earth, and there find a narrow passage, at the best from eight to ten feet high, by four to six wide. Here and there a light-hole sheds through the vault a very insufficient glimmer. On either hand the sides of the cave are lined with tombs, wherein rest those who have died in Christ or died for Christ. Now and then a narrow flight of rocky steps leads from one vault down to another, and a similar flight of steps from that down to a third, so that as many as three tiers of these small tunnels stand one above the other. As the catacombs extend over an area of some fifteen miles, they offered almost endless facilities for concealment. And hiding in the recesses of those dark, damp caves, you must conceive the early disciples at Rome as spending many a long period of suspense.

In some spot where several of the passages met you would find a little chamber a few yards square, and in this chamber the hunted flock would gather, from time to time, to adore, in the bowels of the earth, that high and holy One whom they dared not honour under the

light of his own sky. On one such occasion the worthy pastor Stephen had been conducting the service. He had just pronounced the concluding benediction; and while the words of peace are yet in the ears of the worshippers they hear the clang of military weapons,—a body of soldiers rushes forward, and the pastor lies before the eyes of his flock a martyr for his Lord.

Looking at those little groups of obscure worshippers in the bowels of the earth, and then at the proud and gorgeous religion above,—at the system that can scarce find a refuge in the sand-holes, and at that which shines in imperial state, which is the more likely to prevail? Surely we are ready to abandon the followers of the one as the dupes of a hopeless dream, and to look upon those of the other as the disciples of a creed destined to be eternal. But not so,—not so. By the power of God, and the wisdom of God, that persecuted faith steadily advances. The ignorant eclipse the learned, the weak master the strong, the few outgrow the many, the persecuted overpower the persecutors, and a day comes when the head of Cæsar bows with faith and veneration before the cross.

In the year 314 a Christian Emperor gave to the Church as her right those caverns which had so long been her refuge. Now commenced a new use of the Catacombs. Where the Christians had formerly gone to preserve life, where they had laid the remains of their kindred, where their honoured martyrs lay awaiting the coming of their Lord, and where all the traditions of their past history had their most hallowed associations, they naturally betook them to meditate. Nor is there one of us who would not have loved to stand and muse in those dormitories of the faithful dead.

We feel even as to the spot where we have buried one friend—the spot where we have looked down into an open grave, till we felt as if our own heart were at its bottom and growing cold—that we should love to go there again and meditate. And if so, how strongly would the Christians of Rome be drawn toward the tombs of their fathers in the faith, toward the scenes of saintly patience and glorious martyrdom! We have an account of the poet Prudentius, who came all the way from Spain to visit the tombs of the martyrs; he describes the gloomy descent, the long and sombre passages, and his own praying before the tombs. Here they were wont not only to meditate individually, but also to meet, especially round the tombs of martyrs, to celebrate the love-feast or *agape*, and even to partake of the Eucharist. This practice naturally, and perhaps inevitably, led to abuses.

The Catacombs once having become a scene of public interest, it was natural that they should be adorned. Accordingly, many of the original tombstones were replaced by carved sarcophagi or stone coffins, whilst various painting and sculpture on the chapels, the sarcophagi, and the tombstones, testified the desire of the Christians in the day of their triumph to decorate the scene of their struggle. It is important to remember that the Catacombs remained open, receiving much attention, and much additional ornament, up to the middle of the fifth century.

By that time the Church had much degenerated in purity, in faith, and in rites. Then came from the north a barbarian horde, which, drifting like heaps of snow, overspread and buried deep all of life, or beauty, or glory, that decked the realms of the south. The Cata-

combs were closed and apparently forgotten. A thousand years passed over. After that long winter came a spring: the snows began to melt — art, science, literature, sprang up from the earth with spring-tide bloom and vigour; and religion sprang up too, to foster and to guide them all. After this general revival, it pleased Providence to direct attention to the Catacombs. A controversy about relics arose at Rome: it was thought the caverns might afford some valuable evidence. Just in the close of the sixteenth century,* the catacombs were reopened. The explorers were transported; upon their eyes loomed, amid the shadows, a subterranean city, rich in the remains of the Christian dead, eloquent in the mute, marble records of the young ages of the faith. Presently, from this repertory was borne away to the various museums of Europe whatever could be most easily removed. But those parts of the catacombs in which the Church had lived in the days of her danger, were of course the most difficult of access. The first rush, therefore, of the explorers led only into those passages which were easier of approach, and had been chiefly used as cemeteries after the days of persecution. The distant refuge of the most ancient disciples was the last to be discovered and despoiled of its remains. The monuments drawn from these remoter parts of the Catacombs have been chiefly preserved at Rome, and are especially to be found enriching the museum of the Vatican.

In that museum is one long corridor called the Lapidarian Gallery; on the right hand the wall is all covered with heathen monuments plastered into it—epitaphs, votive tablets, inscriptions of altars, and public

* In 1590, under Pope Sixtus V.

documents. The wall on the left is covered with the tombstones and inscriptions of the ancient Christians, brought forth from the Catacombs. Thus the early Church is set face to face with that system which it supplants.

These remains have long been before the eye of Christendom, and yet no one seemed to seek among them, as might have been sought, an elucidation of the character of the early Church. At length a countryman of our own, Dr. Maitland, turned his attention to this most interesting inquiry, studied in the Lapidarian Gallery, copied the inscriptions, taking even fac-similes, and endeavoured to discover how far all this illustrated the creed and institutions of the Church that dwelt in Rome, when Christianity was yet near to the apostolic day. The result of all this he has brought forth in a book* of the most judicious and admirable character,—a book which deserves from all classes of the public the greatest possible attention, and which, I hope, will become more and more known. The facts and the lessons of that book will occupy our attention to-night—to it I am indebted for any information I may possess on the subject, for as to myself I am perfectly innocent of antiquity—no more of an antiquarian than the least antiquated amongst you. Accepting, then, the guidance of Dr. Maitland, we take our stand in the Lapidarian Gallery, look those remains of the ancient Roman Church full in the face, and endeavour to learn what features in that Church they elucidate.

The first impression you receive on glancing at the

* “The Church in the Catacombs; a Description of the Primitive Church of Rome, illustrated by its Sepulchral Remains.” By Charles Maitland, M.D. London: Longmans.

two sides of the Lapidarian Gallery is, how much larger those tombstones upon the left hand are than those upon the right. On the right they are small tablets, on the left they are of considerable size. How is this? The heathen, not hoping for a resurrection, burned their dead, and therefore only needed a tablet to close the urn which held the ashes; but the Christians had a hope which the heathen knew not; they had a faith for the future which made their very flesh sacred. Therefore, when the body was stretched before them lifeless, they did not give it to the flame, but made for it a bed, where it might lay it down and sleep till the voice of the awakening trumpet. Thus the first glance brings before us a people who do not consume, but bury their dead, in the hope that the dead will rise.

The next glance shews us that here, on the right hand, the inscriptions are well and neatly cut. They were plainly executed by persons in safety and in comfort, and executed in the open day. But turning to the left you see scrawls, many of which are almost illegible; you see ill-spelt words, and sometimes the whole inscription turned upside down. Yes, it was scratched on the stone under ground, nigh to some light-hole; but when brought to the place of the grave, it was too dark to see which side was uppermost. Or the hands that placed the stone were those of some ignorant person who could not read. In fact, the whole appearance of those epitaphs makes the impression that they were cut in gloom and darkness, and by a people who were in danger and in haste. Here, on the right, you have the lengthened and versified epitaph; there, on the left, you have a hasty scrawl,—

“The place of Philemon.”

Besides other tokens of poverty and ignorance, you find ever and anon upon a tombstone the rude effigy of some animal. Here is a lion on a stone—what does it mean? Looking at the epitaph, you find that the occupant of that grave was called Leo, or Lion: his relatives were too ignorant to read his name, but they could discover his grave by the lion. Here, on another, you find an ass: looking to the inscription, it proves that a person named Onager had there his resting-place; and as “Onager” means “a wild ass,” his friends who could not read would find his grave by the picture that answered to his name. Here you find the tomb of Porcella, a name which, in ears unacquainted with Latin, would sound very well as the name of a young lady, but it happens that in Latin “Porcella” means “a little pig,” and, that the relations of Porcella might be under no doubt as to the site of her tomb, the inscription is accompanied by a pig. These signs tell us, with sufficient evidence, that among those who slumbered beneath those stones, there were “not many mighty, not many noble.”

But while these monuments tell us that the circumstances of the Church of the Catacombs were circumstances of poverty, of oppression, and of danger, do they give us any light as to the *spirit* of that Church amid her tribulations? Her members we find hiding and trembling in holes and in caves, do they breathe vengeance against man or murmurs against God? They have left us sculptures of various designs; these will indicate the subjects most genial to their spirit. Here is a flaming furnace with men placed in the fires—doubtless some of their tormented brethren. No, it speaks of a scene in which there was no torment. It

does not commemorate the crimes of their oppressors, but only a wonderful deliverance wrought out, on the plains of Dura, long before their day. Here is a man amid lions—is it one of their number given to the beasts in the Coliseum? No, it refers to a scene in which no blood was shed, no suffering endured; but in which the beasts of the field became meek monuments to the power of a faithful deliverer. Go through the whole of these sculptures, and not one do you find referring to their own torments, or their own tormentors—nothing to intimate a sense of wrong or a desire for revenge, but everywhere tokens of peace and love, of victory and protection, as if the disciples of the Catacombs had dwelt in a universe, from the whole of which they caught radiant smiles of kindness.

Nor are we left merely to negative evidence as to their spirit towards mankind. Here is one stone bearing the expressive words,—

“Maximius, who lived 23 years; friend of all men.”

Here we find another, (and oh, blessed is the memory that has left us such an epitaph!)

“On the 5th before the Kalends of November slept
Gorgonius, friend of all, and enemy of none.”

Though smarting with oppressions and with wrongs, though driven from among men and hunted as beasts, they hated not, avenged not themselves, but kept in their hearts a holy kindness toward the race, and toward the individuals who cast them out.

And as we pass among these stones tokens come constantly before us of the state of their domestic affections.

“To Adsertor, our dearest, sweetest, most innocent son,”

is one of many inscriptions that give you a glance into the chambers of a home where parental love watched tenderly over a confiding offspring ; and, your eye once turned to the scenes of home, you have frequent evidence how the conjugal affections were cherished in those families of which mementoes lie before us.

“To Claudius, the well-deserving and affectionate, who loved me. He lived 25 years, more or less, in peace.”

Another says :

“To Domina, my sweetest and most innocent wife
I shewed her my love as I felt it. None else so loved each other.”

And here we find one Cecilius, who has left us an epitaph that much disconcerts that dictum of Dr. Johnson, where he says, that matrimonial quarrels must come, but that it is well, as long as possible, to defer the first :

“Cecilus the husband to Cecilia Placidina my wife, of excellent memory, with whom I lived well ten years without any quarrel. In Jesus Christ, Son of God, the Saviour.”

Here, then, we have evidence, that their homes had already felt the kindly influences of love to Him in whom all the *families* of the earth are to be blessed.

Thus far it is manifest that their spirit toward man is instinct with love ; but can we learn anything of their feelings towards God ? Turning to the right of the

gallery, we find that, in some of the inscriptions, Providence is openly blamed. One mother cries,—

“O relentless Fortune, who delightest in cruel death,
Why is Maximus so suddenly snatched from me?
He who lately used to lie joyful in my bosom.
This stone now marks his tomb—behold his mother!”

So did the heathen mother chide the dark powers she professed to worship. Turning to the left, you find the Christian parent saying,—

“Lawrence to his sweet son Severus, the well-deserving,
borne away by angels on the 7th before the Ides of
January.”

On the right hand, you find again these words of a soul so bitter that it could “curse God:”—

“I, Procope, lift up my hands against God, who snatched
away me, innocent. She lived twenty years. Proclus
set up this.”

On the left again, you find a broken stone, with an inscription much defaced; but enough remains to tell you plainly that a bereaved heart there recorded these sentiments:—

“The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed
be the name of the Lord.”

Thus, then, we find that toward God they cherished thoughts of cheerful and confiding submission. Even in bereavement they blessed him. And ever are we met by some evidence that toward the high and awful One these persecuted people turned with a strange and tender confidence. They seem to have found a title which assures them that God is *their own*.—

‘ In God,” “In Christ,” “ In Peace,”

are the familiar words of their lowly gravestones. Here you read,

“ Vidalio, in the peace of Christ.”

There,

“ Victorina sleeps.”

“ Gemella sleeps in peace.”

And,

“ Aretusa in God.”

How strange to the pagan must have seemed this placid repose on the bosom of an Almighty friend ! Upon those tombs nothing is so universal as the evidence of peace.

“ In Peace,” “ In Peace,” “ In Peace,”

is found almost everywhere, as if the followers of the new faith had found amid their sufferings a pearl of great price ; for which their most exalted fellow-citizens hardly ventured to hope, even amid fame and splendour.

Standing, then, before those tombstones, and asking what do they reveal as to the spirit of the ancient Church, you hear them tell you, in silent eloquence, of a community, who, dwelling amid the darkness and the licentiousness of pagan Rome, amid fiery persecution and continual danger, had somehow been brought under the influence of a spirit that shed on their homes a strange and mellow tenderness,—shed on their sufferings a sense of triumph,—shed on their death a glow of immortality, and diffused through their relations with mankind a friendliness and a forgivingness that were not familiar to Roman breasts. Then, above all, you hear them tell you of a wondrous nearness they sweetly

feel to the benign regards of an invisible but Almighty God; of a new, undoubting confidence, that gives them, as a reality of life, fellowship with the Infinite and peace in the Eternal; and with this is coupled a firm hold on happiness immortal to which they will be triumphantly introduced by death. From all those records of the Church of the Catacombs you hear gentle voices professing,—“The faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hopes of bliss beyond the grave.”

But thus informed as to the circumstances and the spirit of the Church of the Catacombs, we feel inclined to ask, can these stones tell us anything as to their *doctrines*? Surely we may gain some light upon their views with regard to the state of the dead. When they laid down their parents or their children to rest, with what belief did they lay them down?—that their souls were unconscious till the resurrection? that they were consigned to purgatory, there to be tortured and purified? or that being “absent from the body they were present with the Lord?” As we begin to search a doubt comes over us; for we meet with such expressions as “Mayest thou live,” and “God refresh thee.” Does not that look as if they believed that there were some blessings to be gained after death for which the survivors should pray? Then if so—if they believed that the dead were gone to a purgatorial state, they would demand prayers for them. In countries where the dead are buried with an expectation of purgatory, they write on the tomb, “Pray for the soul of So and so.” Did the disciples of the Catacombs write on their tombs, “Pray for the soul of So and so?” Look all over those stones, and *not one* will you find with the request,

“Pray for the soul of So and so.” Then what was meant by the expression “Mayest thou live,” or “God refresh thee?” Here we find one tomb and read,—

“Nicephorus, a sweet soul in refreshment.”

This seems to cast light on the ejaculation “God refresh thee,” and inclines us to regard it rather as an utterance of farewell feeling than as a serious prayer for deliverance from purgatorial pains. The expression is far too light for the latter idea, but naturally harmonises with the other. But we look for yet further light, and here on another stone we read,—

“Zoticus, mayest thou live in the Lord.
Be of good cheer.”

What! “be of good cheer;” that is not a prayer *for* him—it is an *address* to him. Put the whole together—“Mayest thou live in the Lord,—be of good cheer;” What is it? a farewell apostrophe—an adieu—an expression, perhaps, not well considered, probably somewhat copied from the heathen, on whose tombs we find many such ejaculations; but certainly an expression quite incapable of being construed into a prayer for the escape of Zoticus from a fiery punishment to a state of repose. When you remember that the Catacombs were open till nearly the sixth century, when the corruptions of the Church had become great, that on the whole of the tombs not one request to pray for the dead can be found, and that no explicit prayer for the dead is recorded—nothing nearer to it than such ejaculations as I have quoted—you cannot but feel that the dogma of purgatory has no representative in the Church of the Catacombs.

But, as you look over the mass of those inscriptions, your persuasion becomes a certainty; you read everywhere the proof that the body was laid down with a firm belief in the peace of the soul. Here is Anobius who sets up a rude memento of his fourth daughter, Galla; he says,—

“ She rests in peace.”

Here is a fragment without name but with a precious memorial—

“ Thirty years. In peace.”

Again,—

“Pompianus he sleeps in peace.”

‘ Domitianus, a simple soul, sleeps in peace.’

The case also will be remembered which we before quoted, of the son, said by his father to be “borne away by angels!” Everywhere, in fact, so far from anxiety being expressed, you only see “peace, and quietness, and assurance.” But here is one epitaph that fixes our eye: in it we see illustrated at once the affections of an ancient Christian home, the consolations of that home in bereavement, the workings of the heart of an individual believer, and the faith of the early Church:—

“ This grief will always weigh upon me: may it be granted me to behold in sleep your revered countenance. My wife Albana, always chaste and modest, I grieve over the loss of your support,* for our Divine Author gave you to me as a sacred boon. You well-deserving one, having left your relations, lie in peace,—in sleep, you will arise,—a temporary rest is granted you. She lived forty-five years, five months, and thirteen days: buried in peace. Placus, her husband, set up this.”

* Not a very expressive rendering of *relictum me tuo gremio querere*.

Placus, we thank thee! that one epitaph sets full before our view, in glory and in beauty, the early Church of Christ. In that home where the Roman husband cherishes his pure and modest wife as a gift of a divine Benefactor,—in that mourner tenderly feeling his loss, and longing for a reunion when his own time of repose shall come,—in that tranquil confidence which knows that she, who has left her dearest in mourning, is herself in peace,—in that new and exalted faith which, looking upon the mortal part lying there, declares that it lies only in a temporary sleep, and will presently rise afresh,—in all this we see that a new and celestial power has broken in upon the Roman world—a power which, by some transforming touch, presents us with a home and heart all different from those habitual to Pagan Rome; and makes, in the day of bereavement, stoical hardness and vulgar distractedness alike to soften into radiant and gentle sorrow, melting with sympathy, but exulting in the sight of immortality and eternal life.

This, then, was the belief of that Church. They laid down the dead, knowing that the soul was living in peace, and the body reposing till a day of resurrection. And this hope of a resurrection made the meanest Christian at the bottom of those caverns feel that he carried about him a glory far beyond all that the proud city above could shed on her chiefest favourite. Cæsar never dreamed that the hand which wrote, “I came, I saw, I conquered,” would be lifted up, and wave a palm on a brighter field of victory. Cicero never hoped that the lips wherewith he charmed the conscript fathers would make melody in a nobler and sager assembly. None of the emperors ever knew an expectation that the brow

which wore the imperial honours would hereafter shine with a more illustrious glory. But the unknown and unlettered Christian, hiding in the depth of the Catacombs, glowed with the conviction that his very flesh was sacred; and that when all the dignities of Rome lay low, his head, now hidden from the light, would be lifted up, and shine as the sun.

These stones, then, tell us clearly, that the Church of the Catacombs was not a Church which first buried her dead, and then went to pray for their peace; but a Church which buried her dead in sure and certain hope that, for soul and for body, their peace was eternally secure.

But then comes another question. If they thus believed that the dead were happy in the Lord, did they expect that those happy dead would be intercessors for them in the presence of God? Surely the epitaphs will throw some light upon this. And we know that, though in the first centuries the heathen assailants of the Christians accused them only of worshipping Christ, in the year 360 the Emperor Julian launched against them a new charge, that of worshipping dead men. Saint-worship must, then, have begun at that date, and the Catacombs were open long after that. We might therefore expect to find, in the relics of the Catacombs, many tokens of saint-worship. But as the remains of the Lapidarian Gallery are chiefly drawn from the remote parts of the Catacombs, they chiefly belong to the first age of the Church. Now, in the whole of this gallery we find but one stone bearing a prayer to the dead, and it is not to be mistaken:—

“Gentianus, a believer in peace; who lived 21 years, 8 months, and 16 days. Also in your prayers pray for us, for we know that you are in Christ.”

Here, then, is manifestly a prayer to the dead. Did this accord with the primitive faith of the Church of the Catacombs? or was it an apostasy from that faith? What is the probable date of the stone bearing this inscription? According to Dr. Maitland, it probably belongs to the middle of the fifth century, before which period the worship of saints had unquestionably been introduced. But appeal from this one stone, of late date, to all the others, and not on a single one of them do you find the slightest allusion to benefits derivable from the prayers of the dead. Are there not, however, among the inscriptions some placed over men who were actually martyred for the faith? If so, martyrs, above all others, would be sought unto, as having power to aid by their intercessions, and their tombs would doubtless declare the hopes of the survivors. Five tombs are found bearing plainly the inscriptions of martyrs. Of these, we take the oldest:—

“In the time of the Emperor Adrian, Marius, a young military officer, who had lived long enough when with blood he gave up his life for Christ. At length he rested in peace. The well-deserving set up this in tears and with fear. On the 6th before the Ides of —”

Does not that first epitaph of a martyr of the Church at Rome strongly remind us of the first martyr of the Church at Jerusalem? “Devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him;” so devout men closed the tomb of Marius in tears and with fear. We look narrowly at this tomb. On one side is the monogram expressing the name of Christ: on the other is a branch of palm. They evidently

believe that Marius is in Christ, and that he has conquered. But can we find the prayer—"Holy Marius, pray for us?" No—not the slightest intimation that they expected any intercession from Marius. This martyrdom occurred about the year 130, so that we have here really the voice of the early Church. But we look for other martyr tombs. Here is one who suffered about thirty years after Marius, say in 160. On the side of this inscription, also, you see the monogram of Christ and the palm of victory. You read—"Alexander dead"—but it at once breaks off into a strain of triumph,—

"Alexander dead is not, but lives above the stars, and his body rests in this tomb. He ended his life under the Emperor Antonine, who, foreseeing that great benefit would result from his services, returned evil for good. For while on his knees, and about to sacrifice to the true God, he was led away to execution. O sad times! in which among sacred rites and prayers, even in caverns, we are not safe. What can be more wretched than such a life? and what than such a death? When they cannot be buried by their friends and relations—at length they sparkle in heaven. He has scarcely lived who has lived in Christian times."

This, then, is the epitaph of Alexander, written by those who valued his character, who saw him sparkling in the heaven, who saw him glorious above the stars, waving his victor palm and wearing his martyr crown. They were evidently neither deficient in sentiment nor sparing of words. Did they say, "Holy Alexander, pray for us?" No, nothing of the kind.

Here is the tomb of another martyr, who suffered

under Diocletian, coming down toward the close of the third century. It is a homely tombstone: a rude cross is at the top, and the letters are big and sprawling. It says —

“Lannus, Christ’s martyr, rests here.
He suffered under Diocletian.”

But in the inscription you see a small square spot lined off, having in it three letters —

“E. P. S.”

What do these three letters mean? *Et posteris suis* — “And to his successors.” It appears, then, that Lannus has left relations, who expect to lay them down in the same tomb with the martyr. The minds that dictated this inscription were animated not only by the ordinary veneration which all Christians felt for a martyr, but by that additional sense of his honour which kindred never fails to give. They would, naturally, omit no proper token of their respect. Do they say, “Holy Lannus, pray for us?” No, there is no such utterance.

The next martyr’s tomb bears no date; but he probably fell in the same persecution as Lannus: —

“Primitius in peace, after many torments a most valiant martyr. He lived 38 years, more or less. His wife raised this to her dearest husband, the well-deserving.”

Here, then, is an inscription dictated by one who claimed from the Church the honours of a martyr’s widow, and cherished in her own soul the joy of having been united to one who had become a triumphant victor at Christ’s right hand. Surely, in this case vene

ration would reach its utmost limit. Do we, then, find her writing, "Holy Primitius, pray for us?" No.

We now come to the fifth and last of the martyr tombs found in the Catacombs, and it is one belonging to the latest persecution, that which took place under Julian. It is a most singular epitaph—Latin words, written in a strange, half-intelligible Greek character. You read:—

"Here lies Gordianus, deputy of Gaul, who was executed for the faith. With all his family: they rest in peace. Theophila, a handmaid, set up this."

Mark, here is a man with the rank of deputy, and his epitaph is written by a servant-maid, sensible, doubtless, of the honour of being connected with a master of such rank, and sensible also of the honour of being connected with a martyr. But does Theophila, moved by the double respect she has for her master and for a martyr, write, "Holy Gordianus, pray for us?" No, nothing of the kind.

What, then, is the conclusion? Why that the Church of the Catacombs was not a Church which, when she felt her need of a mediator with God, turned to some beings she could trust more readily than the mediating Christ. They believed in angels, they believed in saints, they believed in glorified martyrs. As Faith stood before them, holding wide the portals of heaven and urging them to gaze, they saw the angels of God doing his pleasure and hearkening to the voice of his word; they saw the saints of God shining at his right hand; they saw the martyrs of God, crowned with peculiar glory: but they saw none that loved them so well, that was so nigh to them, so tender, so trustworthy, and so

true, as the Lamb in the midst of the throne, who had been "tempted in all points like as they were, yet without sin." Yes; when we ask the primitive Church, "Who were your intercessors?" she replies to us, in the placid eloquence of these stones, "There is one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."

Having learned from the records of the Catacombs something of the circumstances, the spirit, and the doctrines of the primitive Church, we feel disposed to inquire, whether they do not afford some light upon her ministry. Well, here is the epitaph of a bishop; and only that Leo is not an Irish name, and that the Latin tongue is not the Erse, I should be disposed to claim good Bishop Leo as a countryman of my own, for in his epitaph he says:—

"My wife *Laurentia* made me this tomb: she was ever suited to my disposition, venerable and faithful. At length disappointed envy lies crushed. The Bishop *Leo* survived his 80th year."

Now, whether Bishop *Leo* was an Irishman or a Roman, it is very plain that he was not bishop of a church which forbade its clergy to marry. Then, as you proceed, trying to learn these secrets from the stones, you find such simple epitaphs as these:—

"The place of *Basil* the presbyter and his *Felicitas*."

"The once happy daughter of the presbyter *Gabinus*, here lies *Susanna*, joined with her father in peace."

It is, therefore, very plain that the presbyter *Basil* had a wife, and that the presbyter *Gabinus* had a daughter.

Then you find this epitaph :—

“ Petronia, a deacon’s wife, the type of modesty.—In this place I lay my bones; spare your tears, dear husband and daughters, and believe that it is forbidden to weep for one who lives in God. Buried in peace, on the 3d before the Nones of October, in the consulate of Festus (*i. e.* A.D. 472).”

This inscription is one of many which are rendered particularly valuable, by bearing the names of the consuls at the time of their execution, and thus affording data for ascertaining their epoch. By this means we learn that Petronia was buried in the latter part of the fifth century; yet she was the wife of a deacon, and it was then judged seemly that her tomb should bear words of consolation for her bereaved husband and children. Petronia’s epitaph tells us plainly that the survivors had no apprehension of purgatorial pains, but believed that the dead was alive in God, and at peace. And, taken with the other epitaphs quoted, it tells us also that the Church of the Catacombs was a Church in which the celibacy of the clergy was unknown.*

But we are also disposed to ask, Do these remains illustrate the *rites* of the Church? Taking the sacraments as the foremost of these rites, one would naturally like to know whether the relics of the Catacombs disclose anything as to primitive doctrine respecting Baptism and the Lord’s Supper. With regard to the former, I do not see that we can learn very much. Dr. Maitland tells us that fonts have been discovered below ground; but he does not tell us whether they are

* Upon the question of celibacy and monasticism in the early Church Dr. Maitland’s book gives much valuable information.

adapted for sprinkling or for immersion. The only reservoirs of water he names, as existing in the Catacombs, are wells; and I do not suppose these were employed as baptisteries. One of the sarcophagi has a representation of a Christian basilica, or place of worship, built above ground after Christianity had become the prevalent religion. It is curious to look on that ancient edifice. Its appearance is not unlike some of the plainer meeting-houses we may see in different parts of our own country. Before the door of that basilica stands a little detached building, said to be a baptistery. I do not know how two gentlemen of opposite opinions would settle between them the question as to whether it was intended for dipping or for sprinkling. One would say, Its size plainly shews it was meant to serve for immersion. The other would reply, It does not appear more than sufficient to receive comfortably the person to be baptized, the person administering the ordinance, and a few friends. This point, therefore, we must leave, as to the testimony of the Catacombs, an open question. But in pursuing our search we find this epitaph:—

“The neophyte Romanus, the well-deserving, who lived 8 years and 15 days. He rests in peace.”

This tomb bears the names of consuls, which fix its date as 371. As a neophyte means a baptized person, it is plain that the sacrament was then administered to children of tender years. Another tomb reads:—

“The tile of Candidus the neophyte, who lived twenty-one months. Buried on the Nones of September.”

On this point, therefore, the evidence is express. The epitaph of a catechumen is also discovered :—

“ Ucilianus, to Bacijs Valerius, a catechumen, who lived 9 years, 8 months, and 22 days.”

Now, although much cannot be built on a single epitaph, there is in this one something that naturally suggests the idea that Ucilianus did not belong to a Church in which baptism was held to be regeneration. A catechumen was a person not baptized : Bacijs Valerius, then, died unbaptized. Had baptism been held in the light in which it is held by the modern Church of Rome, this unbaptized body would not have found a rest in consecrated ground ; nor would the friends of the unbaptized child have proclaimed the fact that he had so died. Had Ucilianus belonged to a community holding the sentiments of the modern Church of Rome, he would have foreseen that every person who read that epitaph would ask, But why was the child allowed to die without the benefit of baptism ? The fact, therefore, that Ucilianus openly sets his name on the tomb of an unbaptized person, though one under instruction for baptism, does raise a strong probability that the Church of the Catacombs, while duly administering baptism as the ordinance of the Lord, did not believe salvation to lie in the *opus operatum*.

But with regard to the other sacrament, can those stones tell us anything of what the primitive Church held as to the Lord's Supper ? Was it in their belief a sacrifice, wherein they offered up the body, blood, soul, and divinity of our adorable Saviour ? Here one finds that the Catacombs do not give all the information that

one might at first expect.* But on reflection this seems natural. Were one of our Protestant churches overtaken by a drift of sand, and buried for a thousand years, those who explored it at the end of that time would find very little positive indication as to how the Lord's Supper had been held and celebrated. But let a drift of sand bury a great Roman Catholic church, and after the lapse of that time let it be explored, one of the first objects that would strike the attention would be the elaborate altars, each being clear evidence that in the building where it stood the simple supper instituted by Christ had been turned into a great sacrifice, performed with studious pomp. If then we pass through the Lapidarian Gallery, do we find altars brought from the chapels of the Catacombs? Here on the right hand, among the heathen remains, we find altars many; but there, on the left, among the Christian remains, of altars not a single one. But are no altars to be found below ground? Slabs of marble just squared are to be found, and these slabs are called altars. But so little do they express the character of the full-formed altar, that it has not even been thought worth while to bring them above ground. What were those square slabs used for?—to celebrate an elaborate sacrifice, or to take from them, with simple forms, the bread and wine? On this question some light is thrown by a curious piece of ancient writing. I mentioned Hippolytus as having lived for a considerable time in the Catacombs, and the poet Prudentius as

* "The dogma of transubstantiation," says Dr. Maitland, "was not distinctly broached till the ninth century. We must not, therefore, expect to find it formally contradicted in the fourth."

having come from Spain to visit those renowned cemeteries of the faithful. He has a hymn for Hippolytus' day, in which he speaks as standing by the tomb of the martyr:—

“*Illa sacramenti donatrix mensa, eademque
Custos fida sui martyris apposita:
Servat ad æterni spem Judicis ossa sepulchro,
Pascit item sanctis Tibricolas dapibus.
Mira loci pietas, et prompta precantibus ara.*”

“That slab gives the sacrament, and at the same time faithfully guards the martyr's remains; it preserves his bones in the sepulchre in hope of the eternal Judge, and feeds the Tibricolæ with sacred meat. Great is the sanctity of the place, and near at hand the altar for those who pray.”

So Dr. Maitland translates the passage. That which is remarkable in it is this: Prudentius standing by that tomb, and taking from it the sacramental elements, calls it, as giving the sacrament, a *table* (*mensa*); translated by Dr. Maitland, “slab.” Had he been a modern Romanist, he would have called it an altar, not a table. But when he comes to speak not of that from which the sacrament was received, but of that beside which prayer was offered, he calls it an altar. Thus, to the sacrament he attaches the idea of a sacred meal, and calls that which supports the elements a table; but to prayer he attaches the idea of a sacrifice, and calls that which supports the worshipper an altar. Thus he retains distinctly the Scriptural view of the sacrament and of prayer. Dr. Maitland's translation of the passage leads us to look for the altar as some second erection, distinct from the tomb, but near to it. It is with the utmost delicacy that I would suggest a variation

from the rendering of such an authority as Dr. Maitland; but do the words *et prompta precantibus ara* require us to look for a second altar "near at hand for those who pray?" Would they not more naturally read, "a ready altar for those who pray?" If so, we have the one slab called a table when it "gives the sacrament," and an altar when by it kneel those who pray. Here, then, the word "altar" is clearly used without any reference to a sacrifice of propitiation, but simply to the spiritual sacrifice of prayer. Does not this passage clearly shew that the Church of the Catacombs was not a Church that looked upon the Lord's Supper as the offering up afresh of the sacrifice of the Son of God; but as a holy ordinance in which, commemorating his death once for all, they partook of sacred food? Does it not shew that they looked on spiritual worship—prayer and praise—as the only sacrifice that remains for us to offer?

Another part of the rites of the Church consists in symbols. Our blessed Redeemer himself has established two symbols, in Baptism and the Lord's Supper. But it is remarkable that the symbols he has chosen are such as present no permanent appearance to the eye—symbols wholly destitute of a pictorial character, which pass before the sight in a moment and are no more seen. Looking at the modern Church of Rome, we find every dogma and every duty set forth with a complex and imposing symbolism. Can we learn from these stones whether the Church of the Catacombs was the model whence these were taken? Here upon one tomb you see a ship. It is evidently a symbol. In the contemporaneous authors you find it called "the heavenward-bound ship." Does it mean that the Christian

was on a voyage, exposed to waves and storms, but stretching toward a haven where, once entered, he would fear nor wave nor storm for ever? Or does it mean that the Christian is like the ship which presses toward a point where nothing is to be seen but sky; for, knowing that there is a country out of sight, she forsakes the land she saw, and steers toward what seems vacant sky for the sake of the unseen land beyond it? Proceeding, you see on other tombs an anchor. That, too, is a symbol. How plainly it says that the voyage is ended, and the vessel in the harbour safe! On other tombs you see the dove with the olive-branch. And does it need the interpretation of that word that is so close by it, *Pax*, Peace? Occasionally you find the palm and the crown, need we explain them? Then, upon several tombs occurs a fish. What does this mean? You do not see that it symbolises anything; but searching to find its signification you soon perceive its correspondence with another mystic sign. On some tombs stands the Greek word *ἰχθῦς*, "a fish." Here, then, this word on some tombs, and this form on others, agree; but what do they mean? The word *ἰχθῦς* consists of letters which form the initials of the Greek words signifying "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour." The Christians were persecuted. They needed some token of their Christianity which would be known to themselves but unintelligible to their enemies. This one word offered an abbreviation of the name and the descriptive titles of their Lord. They adopted it. But it was not in any proper sense a symbol, only a covert abbreviation. To us it simply declares that their faith was proscribed, and the name of their Lord cast out as evil.

Again, you see a cross; but much more frequently,

not the simple cross, but a cross with the upper part rounded, so as to resemble our letter P. Looking yet again, you find that the more ancient tombs have not merely the cross rounded at the top, but a mark exactly like an X with a P run up the centre of it. What does this mean? It soon explains itself. The Greek letter X (Ch) resembles our X, and is the first letter in the word Christ. The Greek letter P (R) resembles our P, and is the second letter in that name. The sign, therefore, of the X with the P run up its centre was precisely the same as if we for the name of Christ wrote the abbreviation *Chr*, placing the *r* between the *c* and the *h*. It was not properly a symbol of anything, but simply a contracted name—a monogram. Of this we have further confirmation in the fact, that even to this day we use the same sign as a contraction of the word Christ; for we write Xtian for Christian, and Xmas for Christmas. But after a time it was discovered that the X represented a cross. Then, by that change of shape called decussation, it was thrown out of its natural form into that of a cross. Yet, even then, to shew that it was looked upon rather as a monogram than a symbol, we find the top often turned into the letter P (R). And even when the simple cross was used, it must for some time have been intended only as an abridgement of the monogram. This is confirmed by the fact, that on the top of the baptistery already mentioned as being attached to the house of prayer, we find, not the cross, but the monogram, the Chr. This building must date later than Constantine, so that up to that period the full monogram, consisting of two letters, was, in careful productions, chosen rather than the contracted monogram consisting of only one letter, and that changed in form so as to make a cross. Hence we clearly

see that the Church in the Catacombs was by no means rich in symbolism. All she has left us is the ship bound for heaven, the anchor declaring that the ship has reached the port, the dove speaking peace, the triumphant palm and crown, The fish and the cross take the position of a monogram and a hieroglyphic rather than that of a religious symbol.

But do these remains throw any light on the usage of the Primitive Church respecting images?— and here I use the word “images” in its largest sense, including both paintings and sculpture. Do we, then, find in the Catacombs any images professing to represent God the Father? We look in vain for a fresco or a statue having in any way this import. Many of the sarcophagi clearly tell that, unlike the rude slabs of the ages of persecution, they were the work of a people who were in neither haste nor danger. On some of these we find attempts to suggest the idea of the Divine Being; not, certainly, in order to worship, but in representations of Scriptural subjects. For instance, in one well-executed bas-relief of Moses receiving the law, we have a hand begirt with clouds, which is evidently designed at once to suggest the idea of God, and to avoid the profanity of an attempted image. Again, we have a bas-relief of Abraham offering up Isaac, and there also appears a hand. But be it remembered, that even these do not occur on the walls of the church, or in any position where they could be used for worship, but only on sarcophagi. These, however, shew that before the Catacombs were closed, some Christians in Rome indulged art so far as to permit, in sketches of Bible scenes, the hand as suggesting the presence of the Divine Being. Even in this they went beyond Scripture warranty and example. But do you, in any part of those Catacombs, find an

attempt at an image of God the Father? Not one. The French claim the credit of being the first who had "the happy boldness" to picture under visible shape the Eternal Spirit, and shew a book of the ninth century in which the startling produce of this "happy boldness" is contained.* In the present day, any one who goes to the nearest French port, Calais, will there see, in the chief church, a painting in which is a female figure, with an old man on one side and a young one on the other, lowering upon her head a crown, while from above a dove is descending with a stream of glory. The female is the Virgin Mary, the young male figure Jesus Christ, the dove the Holy Spirit, and the old man God the Father; thus the Trinity is painted crowning the Queen of Heaven! So also, if you go to the most prominent modern church in Paris, the Madeleine, you see on one of the panels of the magnificent door a venerable figure of an old man reposing on a couch, surrounded by winged attendants. That old man is intended to represent to the enlightened French God the Father taking rest after the days of creation. Do we find one of those stones of the Catacombs that we can place side by side with corruptions so deplorable as these? No, not one.

It is plain, however, that Christ in his incarnation offered a much stronger inducement to art than the abstract and spiritual Godhead. How far, then, did the Church of the Catacombs go in using images of Christ? In a part of the Catacombs called the cemetery of Calistus has been found a painting, evidently intended as a personal representation of our Lord. It is plainly the

* Maitland.

work of the latter part of the fourth century. It, therefore, belongs, not to the Church of the Catacombs, but to a period full a hundred years after the Catacombs had ceased to be the refuge of the Church. It was placed in the Catacombs by those who, inheriting the traditions of the earlier Church, delighted to adorn her subterranean temple. But had the custom of making an image of Christ become prevalent even then we should surely find abundant traces of it. Are such found? Why here, on various sarcophagi, in representations of Scriptural subjects, we often find a figure that we might suppose to be in some sense intended for Christ. For instance, we often see a representation of the good shepherd with the lamb on his shoulders. The good shepherd represents Christ; but was that figure of the good shepherd intended to be a personal image of the man Christ Jesus? So far from that, the good shepherd is clad in Roman costume, and has very often in his hand a Pan's pipe, such as the heathens were wont to represent in the hand of their god Pan. It is, therefore, evident that, wishing to illustrate our Lord's parable, and not thinking of a personal image of himself, they just adopted the model of a shepherd usual in their country.

The evidence, then, of the Catacombs sufficiently confirms that of Augustine, who said in the fourth century, "Whether or not his countenance was such as occurs to us in thinking of him we are completely ignorant." Here we have clear evidence that for the first ages the Church possessed no likeness of the person of Christ. Nor can we fail to be struck with the manifest care that is taken in the New Testament to cut off all possibility of forming a picture having any pretensions to truth

How is it that John, who loved his Lord so well, and wrote about him so tenderly, has left us no hint as to the form of that countenance into which he gazed as he leaned, at the last supper, upon his Master's breast? How is it that Peter, who had seen his Lord so oft, and who loved him so intensely, did not, in saying to us, "Whom having not seen ye love," give us some idea of that eye which turned upon him, in the moment of his unfaithfulness, and broke his heart? How is it that four different writers have left us biographies of one whom they supremely admired, and yet not one of the four has dropped a word descriptive of his height, his carriage, his complexion, his hair, his brow, or any other lineament? Surely, according to the ordinary course of things, we might expect some hints from which to form an idea of his appearance. But, no. A design of God interferes with the natural course of description. Such is the tendency of human nature to idolatry, that no authentic likeness of the Redeemer could exist without becoming an object of worship. As the Lord concealed the body of the Mediator of the old covenant, so that "no man knoweth his sepulchre unto this day," so has he hidden the person of the Mediator of the new covenant. That wonderful being is made to move before our eye in the flesh, it is true, yet ever wrapped in the glory of the only-begotten of the Father. As amid the glory of the sun, so amid that glory we see marks; but no believing eye is cold enough to scan them and draw out a regular system of features; it is too much dazzled with the outbeaming glory to note clearly the material form. Such, at least, was the faith of the early believers; and Dr. Maitland admirably sketches the progress of the Church from that stage in which, walking by faith,

she needed not sight, to that in which, fallen from faith, she was glad to take sight for her instructor. For the first four centuries whom she had not seen she loved, and believing with that faith which is the evidence of things not seen, she asked not sight to offer her the poor illumination of an equivocal image. But as her faith grew feeble she naturally betook herself to sight. First of all, to set forth the work of Christ, she used the cross. It is doubtful whether this was adopted for three hundred years; for some Romanist writers assert that even the monogram was never used before the day of Constantine. But as faith declined the cross ceased to be sufficient. In works of art, dating from about the year 400, the cross begins to be painted with a white lamb at its foot. For three hundred years more faith sought no additional aid from sight. In 706, by order of the Quinisextan Council, the lamb was replaced by a man standing at the foot of the cross, with his arms stretched out as if in prayer. In another century faith, grown feebler, needed further aid from sight. Then the figure was painted, no longer below the cross, but on a level with the transverse beam; yet living still, his hands not nailed, but in the act of prayer. Not until we reach the productions of the tenth century do we find a work telling us that faith had so utterly failed, that in order to recognise the atoning sacrifice men were obliged to have before their eyes a figure with nails driven through the hands and feet, and the countenance veiled in death. About the thirteenth century the head is made to droop.* Nine full centuries, then, from the time that Jesus died, passed over his Church

* Maitland, p. 204.

before a man was found sufficiently cold and daring to paint, with human art, the mortal agony of Immanuel. God with us.

Painting having thus, by timid approaches, drawn nigh to the sacred countenance of the God-man till at last she dared to make herself familiar with its very sweat of blood, sculpture ventured on a like boldness. Not for ten centuries did a man attempt to sculpture the sorrows of Christ; but in the eleventh century the attempt was made in bas-relief, and it was the fourteenth ere was produced the full-formed portable crucifix. Thus, as Dr. Maitland beautifully puts it, in painting sight superseded faith, and in sculpture touch superseded sight. Yet the resources of sensuousness were not exhausted. St. Francis of Assisi was produced, exhibiting on his person marks corresponding with the wounds of Christ. "The world," says the Church of Rome, "was growing cold," and so God produced this marvel. No wonder that the world was growing cold. The Church having ceased to walk by faith had begun to walk by sight, and from such a Church how could any supernatural glow emanate to warm a chilly world!

We, then, search throughout the remains of the Catacombs asking, But are there no crucifixes? Not one. Are there no paintings of Christ on the cross? Not one. None of Christ in his sweat of blood? Not one. None of Christ bearing the cross? No, not one. Well, then, surely we shall find images of the Virgin and Child. Through the whole of the Lapidarian Gallery you cannot even find the name of the Virgin Mary. What then is the voice of the Catacombs as respects worship? Does it not tell us that the early Church was not a church that deemed an array of rites and images

helpful to devotion? Does it not tell us that the early Church believed that Christianity takes for her system two foundation stones—"God is a spirit" and "God is love:" that on this stone, "God is love," she builds all her institutes of morality; and on this, "God is a spirit," she builds all her institutes of worship, and that these two rising, converge, till they clasp as their keystone "God is light?" Yes, yonder, amid the shades of the Catacombs, we see standing that illuminated arch on which we read, "God spirit," "God love," "God light," and men worshipping God in spirit and serving him in love are passing under that arch to the land where there is no darkness at all.

The Church of the Catacombs, then, has bequeathed to us no crucifix, no image of the cross-bearer, none of the bleeding Christ, none of the Virgin and Child. But she has bequeathed to us the glorious testimony addressed to her by an inspired hand, "Christ Jesus whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past." She stands before us a church full of faith, and therefore needing little for the eye, near to the countenance of God, and therefore needing little artificial illumination. Just as the Church recedes from the central light, she wants more of what is secondary—somewhat as it is in our planetary system, the farther from the sun, the more moon is needed. Yonder you see Mercury and Venus close to the central sun; and basking in his bright rays, they can do without secondary illumination—they need no moon. This Earth of ours, being much more distant from the original light, requires a moon. And Jupiter, so far away yonder in the cold, has his four moons; while, as to

Saturn, who is so distant that the sun's rays are dull before they reach him, oh, with what a display of rings and satellites does he not shine! Yet they are all not half so warm and genial as the rays that glow on Mercury and Venus where there are no moons at all.

Taking, then, the Church of the Catacombs as to its spirit, doctrines, ministry, and rites, what do we see? A spirit glowing with faith, hope, and charity, with domestic affection, and sympathies of universal brotherhood; a doctrine wherein is no place for purgatorial torments, but a blooming hope of bliss beyond the tomb; no appeal to the mediation of dead men, but happy trust in the sole mediation of Christ the Son of God; a ministry to which compulsory celibacy is unknown; and a ritual unpractised in gorgeous display, or in copies of heathen ceremonial. As that Church comes forth from her tomb to meet us in her grave-clothes, yet still living, we gaze on her; from her, glance to our own church, then turn our eye to that which lies between. Here we have a church rich in ceremonial, rich in symbols, rich in images, rich in altars, sacrifices, priests; but wretched in purgatorial pains, overrun with human mediators, and served by a ministry shorn of their proper manhood. Is this church that displays her caparisons amid the gloom of the dark ages the same as that church that walks so simply amid the light of the Christian morn? They are not one: then we glance again from the Church of the Catacombs to our own. Looking at the spirit, the doctrine, the ministry, and the rites of the Primitive and of the Protestant Churches, a glow of fellowship with the first believers lights up our very soul. Antiquity is on our side. Church of the Catacombs! thou art our church

Martyrs of the Catacombs! we are partakers with you of like precious faith; your Lord is our Lord, your faith our faith, your baptism our baptism, your God our God, your Father our Father, who is above all, and through all, and in us all. We exult in the sense of our oneness with Christ's earliest followers. And while so exulting, we adore that wise and silent Providence which has so ordered it, that the stones of Rome should preserve, the priests of Rome should collect, and the roof of the Vatican cover, a standing protest and testimony, from the Martyr-Church of the first ages, against the corruption and idolatry that now, alas! reign all around.

What would any disciple of an apostate Christianity make of these stones? And, on the other hand, what would an infidel make of them? What would he think as he stood in that Lapidarian Gallery, and looked on those epitaphs sixteen hundred or seventeen hundred years old, and found in them such tokens that the gospel of Christ is true? Here is another of that series of discoveries by which God has completed the discomfiture of *scientific* Infidelity. The evil genius of Infidelity wooed all the sciences; but they have all cast him off. He sought to make a home among the stars; but from every sphere there issued a voice having in it a tone of Christ, and evermore repeating, "When he prepared the heavens, I was there." Scared from the sky, he betook himself to the depths of the earth, intent on rearing a fortress, founded on the primitive rock, built up with all the strata, and garrisoned by megalosauri, and mastodons, and other monster inhabitants of former worlds. But as he proceeded with his imagined citadel, ever and anon sounded forth the same voice, echoing amid all the rocks, "When there were no depths I was brought

forth, when there were no fountains abounding with water; before the mountains were settled, before the hills was I brought forth." Driven from the depths, he turned to ethnology, and from the woolly hair of the Negro, the wild nature of the Indian, the wretched visage of the Australian, and the distinctive types of Mongol and Caucasian, of African and Malay, tried, in his coldness of heart, to construct an evidence that mankind was not a race of one blood and one brotherhood. But physiology tracking his path, sends us to-day from every tribe, the testimony as to man's body that "God has made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." Religion, too, has tracked his path, and now places before us a few out of every nation, and people, and kindred, who join to testify the oneness of the human soul, each repeating in his own tongue the one law written on their heart: "The first commandment is, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart; and the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Then he betook himself to Orientalism, sure of finding in the tomes of Eastern sages brilliant demonstration that the inspiration of Scripture was a fable. But now from Shashtra and from Veda, from the lore of Bhuddism, from the Zendavesta and the Adi Grunth, from the statutes of Confucius and Menu, we hear coming a voice, which, abashed by their spotted morals and crying absurdities, is compelled to murmur, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God." Driven from every other scientific retreat, he sought a rest in archæology, boasting that he would find in the Pyramids of Egypt, in the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, of Jerusalem and Rome, dust enough to blacken the brow of Christianity for ever

But this day we hear from the banks of the Nile, the Tigris, and the Euphrates, an ancient voice, proclaiming, "God at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto our fathers;" and at the same time the stones of Jerusalem and of Rome lift up their voice, and cry, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." That Jesus whom, less than a century ago, scientific Infidelity threatened to expel from the regards of mankind, now appears before us all sitting enthroned on the science of the universe. Every star of the firmament sparkles in his diadem; every ray of heaven's light flows in his vesture; and the whole earth dutifully presents herself as a footstool, which her mountains and her monuments adorn. At that footstool all the sciences meekly bow, hail Jesus as the Light of lights, and loyally proclaim, "We can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth."

The evil genius of Infidelity, chased from every scientific retreat, now seeks to build on a more kindred foundation — on the masses of dark, unholy, miserable men, who crowd the cities, and towns, and rural paths of Christendom. The aid which science has refused, he now finds in social evils, and gathering together the frauds, the oppressions, the murders, and the manifold iniquities, wherewith society is afflicted, he arrays these before the face of the Church, and says, "I still deny thy commission. Hadst thou been sent to regenerate the world, would it, after all these years, present a spectacle like that?" This question comes boldly from the lip of the sceptic, and should fall on the ear of all who believe with the force of sevenfold thunder. And a voice seems to come from the Church of the Catacombs, asking how it is that we dwell among mankind, and do

not transform them. That Church transformed the world; and what enabled her to accomplish it? Was it power or wealth, learning or talent, facility or the want of opposition? No. Christianity stood one day in Jerusalem, a church without a temple, a people, or a patron, and faced a world in which all that was mighty, ancient, or revered, stood up against her. Whom did she solicit—whom did she conciliate? Did she turn to the tyrants and flatter their oppressions? Did she turn to the priests and caress their mysteries? Did she turn to the philosophers and consecrate their dogmas? Did she turn to the multitude and indulge their follies? No; she assailed the injustice of the tyrant, the religion of the priest, the systems of the philosopher, and the prejudices of the mob. She attacked all, condemned all, made enemies of all. The multitude sought to tear her to pieces, the learned plied against her all their arguments, the priests exhausted their craft, and ten several times the imperial sword of the Cæsars was aimed at her heart, and dyed in her blood. Yet by a force invisible as wisdom, intangible as power—a force indescribable as the working of the will on our animal frame—by a strange, hidden power, which the philosopher could not analyse, the priest could not charm, the tyrant could not fetter, nor the clamour of the multitude scare, she bowed, and vanquished, and transformed them all. What was that power? Church of the early day! tell us wherein did thy great strength lie? That Church makes simple answer: “This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.” The early Church believed, and believing saw him that was invisible. She moved under no expectation that in proportion to her numbers, or talent, or faci-

lities, her work would speed. She moved under the consciousness that she was no natural agency, but an instrument sent of God to accomplish a supernatural work by supernatural aid. And this, brethren, is what, in our day, we most especially want. The world has grown wise in second causes. Men know a little, and are proud of what they know. They can trace the proximate causes of most things and contentedly rest there. For the cause of a war they go no further than the caprice of man; for a famine no deeper than the soil; for a pestilence no higher than the atmosphere. This habit has been carried, with most debilitating effect, into religion. We observe certain agencies employed to call forth certain results, and thus we have acquired a habit of looking on religion as a principle to be impelled forward in proportion to our numbers, our influence, our wealth, and our facilities. This is, in fact, treating Christianity, not as a divine instrument to create mankind anew, but as a salutary organisation for moral improvement. The truth is, that vital religion has never advanced according to any law of natural proportion, but according to the power of an inward life. It never will advance according to the proportion of wealth, talent, influence, or facilities, but in the midst of all these, if trusting in them, will halt; while destitute of all these, and impeded by all possible difficulties, if trusting in God, it will advance "according to the proportion of faith." As, then, reason points us to the masses of the untaught and the unholy, and asks by what wisdom or power do we hope to reclaim them, let us look into the eye of reason with a look as calm and as confident as her own, and openly say, "We have faith in the supernatural—we believe in the Holy Ghost."

But faith in the early Church was accompanied, as it is ever accompanied, by its kindred grace of love. The disciple of that day bore about with him a heart wherein were glowing celestial fires. God had loved him; in love the Son of God had died for him; in love the Spirit of God had led him into marvellous light; and his soul sang constant melodies of love. Love had prepared for him a better country; there were his home, his treasure, his Redeemer, and his best kinsmen. Moving toward that land his life on earth was a mission of goodness. He was here to set forth his Master's glory, to make others taste the love that was sweet to him. Thus animated, his own ease, or wealth, or even life, was to him of small account. They were cheerfully sacrificed to advance the cause he cherished. The world saw a people who, to do good, would accept any shame and greet any death. It was a new sight. Mankind had, theretofore, borne the selfish image of one who labours to make others fall, simply that himself may triumph. They now saw part of their own race transformed into the loving image of One who laid himself down that others might arise. It was this image of their Lord that made the early Christians winning. They had drunk into the spirit of the words, "He saved others, himself he cannot save." Touched with the fellowship of his sufferings, they too burned with a charity which, melting down the ice whereon sits the throne of self, opened warm springs of goodness that discharged themselves in gushes of solicitude for others, till in their generous heat self was dissolved and lost. The faith of the early Church, enabling her to see him that is invisible, gave her in herself the strength of conscious union with God. The love of the early

Church, seeking others and foregoing self, gave her before mankind the moral superiority of being manifestly renewed in the Divine image; for no human conscience, having before it an example of pure, tender, self-sacrificing Christian love, can abstain from owning, "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." Thus shining in the likeness of God, no wonder that the early Church won and transformed the world. The Church of our day, if burning with a lively faith and radiant with a love like that of Christ, would work mighty changes too; this dark cold world would soon be lighted up and warmed. Thus illuminated, the Church would no longer, in the eye of the world, glimmer through mists of selfishness and inconsistency, but all her candlesticks would be refulgent, all her stars illustrious—the light of the moon should be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun as the light of seven days. You may go into the rooms of one of our photographic artists and see a countenance with a plate set before it: but if the light is shut off no result follows. That unlighted countenance changes nothing. But let the rays of heaven stream in upon it, and forth with it writes upon the plate, in letters of light, its own image and likeness. Thus, thou, O Church of our own day, if strongly lighted by the glory of thy Lord, wouldst imprint thine image on all the world. So be it! Haste, haste the time when the Church of the Catacombs shall see her counterpart in the Church of the latter day.

The Nature of Romanism, as exhibited in the
Missions of the Jesuits and other Orders.

BY THE

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OF BATH.

THE
NATURE OF ROMANISM,

&c. &c.

OUR subject this evening is, "The Nature of Romanism, as exhibited in the Missions of the Jesuits and other Orders." I feel that I have to contend with many difficulties connected with the subject itself. I feel, too, that there may be some difficulties arising from my own peculiar views on the subject of Christian Missions; and I am, therefore, not without my fears that all my sentiments may not receive a response from all my hearers. But of this I am certain, that, as respects this meeting, I shall be heard with Christian fairness and candour; and that, as respects myself, I were not worthy to stand in this place, if, forming my own opinions for myself, I did not hold them with earnestness and avow them with fearlessness.

When the light of the Reformation, in the sixteenth century, broke upon our world, and its sun-burst scattered the clouds and the darkness of preceding times—when the shadowy forms and the mysterious shapes of an enchaining superstition shrank abashed before the light, it was to the Church of Rome a day of "lamentation, and mourning, and woe." She had till then

been the slave-master of the human mind—she had till then been the slave-merchant of the mind of Europe; and when now she saw a movement spreading among those who had so long been her slaves—when she heard the mutterings of a religious revolution, loud and deep, pervading the nations—when she saw those who had so long been her willing slaves in Switzerland and in Holland, in Germany and in England, spring to their feet, and burst their chains, and stand before heaven and earth a religion-enfranchised people,—she then felt that the charm of her power was dissolved—that she was “weighed in the balance and found wanting.”

It was at this crisis of her agony that the Order of the Jesuits came to her rescue. That wonderful band of men undertook, and well-nigh achieved, the revival of the Church of Rome. These men, well knowing the power of mind over body, and of spirit over matter, collected and concentrated within their Order an unparalleled amount of genius, and learning, and talent; and these being concentrated within the Order, like so many rays of light collected into a focus, were rendered intense by the profound subtlety, the patient endurance, and the marvellous unscrupulousness of purpose, that characterised the Order. These men came to the rescue of the Church of Rome. I have nothing to do this evening with the dismal page of history, which tells of their civil and ecclesiastical intrigues in Europe, nor with the immoral and irreligious principles disseminated in their schools in Europe, for these are not the subjects assigned me; my province this evening lies with their proceedings abroad—with their missions among the heathen. Those wonderful

men saw all the Church of Rome had lost by the Reformation, and seeing that she had lost millions in Europe, they proposed and resolved to regain for her fresh millions in their stead in Asia, in Africa, and in America. In this spirit they went forth, and, amidst the most painful difficulties, but with the sternest resolves and the most heroic energies, they planted the cross upon every shore; planting it, however, rather as the standard of their Church than as the emblem of the Gospel. They entered Canada, and preached along the waters of the great St. Lawrence, planting their churches, as they proceeded, among the Indian tribes. They passed down the valley of that great father of rivers, the Mississippi, and there, too, they preached their doctrines and gathered their proselytes, and thence spread themselves over the wide savannahs of Louisiana, there again teaching, and preaching, and settling their churches among the simple and wandering Indians; and there these churches even yet remain. They entered Central America, and there they preached to the teeming populations of that land, proselytising them by thousands and hundreds of thousands, and establishing, amidst the rich and luxuriant valleys of Mexico, the foundations of that Church which still to this day remains the richest in the world. They passed through the heart of South America, and there they collected Indian tribes and Indian nations, there they modified their civil institutions, and there they preached their doctrines with such marvellous success that they regained to Rome more proselytes in that populous and mighty continent than all she had lost by the Reformation in Europe. They passed on to the East, and there, as well as in

the West, they raised the banner of the cross, and their conversions in India are narrated as so numerous as almost to exceed belief: the churches they then founded are still in existence. They visited Japan, and in that strange and singular island they preached to its immense population with such zeal and success that from the monarch upon his throne to the Indian in his hut, they had all well-nigh embraced the profession of Christianity, when a storm of persecution dashed, as in a moment, all their cherished hopes to the dust. They entered China, and in that empire, deemed inaccessible to all others, they proselytised with such a strange success, both in the court and in the camp, both in the royal palace and in the peasant's cottage, that they counted their proselytes by hundreds of thousands, and collected their congregations and erected their churches without number. Their energy, zeal, and success in every region, were truly extraordinary; and I feel bound, in all truthfulness, to express my honest conviction, that, since the days of the Apostles, there never was a period in the history of the Christian Church in which the external profession of Christianity was more widely spread than by the missions of the Jesuits.

There must have been some great cause for this. In all that constitutes piety and zeal, they were in no degree superior to those of other churches; in all that regards self-denial and laborious effort, they had at least their equals amongst ourselves; and in all that constitutes heroic and holy endurance, amidst a most frightful and terrific hurricane of persecution, they have at least had their rivals among our own missionaries. But still, if there be any truth in history, and if the

records of these proceedings be not all a fable, the missions of the Jesuits met with a measure of success that has not been vouchsafed to all beside. There must have been some great cause for this; and, if I understand aright my duties this evening, I am to unfold that cause, by exhibiting the nature of the Romanism inculcated by the Jesuits in their missions among the heathen, and which contained in itself the true secret of their wonderful success.

When the Apostles and first missionaries of Christianity went forth upon their high mission, they went forth as men of undoubted piety and holiness; but that was not deemed enough in the wisdom of him who sent them. They were enabled by him to demonstrate their Divine mission by miracles of Divine power. Their piety and holiness were accompanied by miracle. The words of Scripture, "We know thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do the miracles that thou doest except God be with him," has a response in the common sense of universal mankind; and the Jesuit missionaries were aware of this. They knew that miracles had long since ceased in the Church, and though many among them were men of no common piety and holiness, according to their views, they still felt that something yet was wanting,—they felt that the power of miracle was wanting in the Church and in their missions, and they sought for its substitute. They, therefore, selected and sent forth for the field of missionary labour men of extraordinary genius and attainments; and these men went forth accompanied by miracle—not, indeed, in the strict sense of the word, but in a sense that made it equivalent in the eyes of the heathen. They went forth

with miracles of talent and of learning, and with these they arrested the attention and commanded the minds of their hearers. This was the character of their leading missionaries. They had indeed under them, and bound by vows of the most submissive obedience, a whole herd of inferior men—men of zeal, men of bigotry, men of ignorance, men of superstition, men of juggling tricks and pious frauds, “black, white, and grey, with all their trumpery;” but this was the character of their leading missionaries, and there is no appreciating fully the advantages which these men obtained for their missions by their genius and attainments. Their learning and their talents stood them in the stead of the miracles of primitive times. Wherever they went, they commanded the attention and secured the ears of their hearers. In China, they were immediately installed in all the seats of learning; they were constituted by the imperial authority the teachers of astronomy, the professors of mathematics, the practitioners of medicine; they became the school-masters, the language-masters, the music-masters, the drawing-masters, and, I verily believe, had it been necessary, they would have become the dancing-masters, of the Celestial Empire! Such masters easily and effectually tampered with the faith of their scholars. Those educated under them soon raised themselves to the loftiest eminence in the State; their trained pupils became the generals of the Chinese army and the ministers of the Chinese court; and all were disposed to give a candid hearing to men whose talents they respected and whose learning they admired. In Paraguay, where all this learning was of no value, they had recourse to their suggestive talents. They

exhibited the most consummate wisdom, according to that wisdom of which our Lord speaks: "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." In Paraguay that which the people wanted was the knowledge of the means by which they could expel and exclude the Spanish and Portuguese adventurers. What they wanted was, not the science of astronomy, but the science of strategy—not the knowledge of mathematics, but the knowledge of military organisation—not the science of botany, but the science of national defence; and this the missionaries taught them. They collected the Indian tribes, re-modelled their whole state and system, and reconstructed them into a powerful empire, in the very heart of America; and in this way they presented themselves before them, as men who were not only the teachers of a new religion, but who were the defenders of their country, the champions of their liberties, and the authors of their civilisation. It was the same way in every country and in every clime. Wherever the missionaries of the Jesuits went, they presented themselves not only as the apostles of a new religion, but as men of such great resources within themselves, and bearing with them such great practical and popular benefits, that they at once arrested the attention, secured the respect, and commanded the gratitude, of the peoples.

But while these men—learned, talented, zealous, self-denying, and unscrupulous—were investing themselves with the attention and the respect of the people, they proceeded with their missionary work through the herd of inferior missionaries, and in a way and on a principle totally different from the missions of all other Churches. They adopted the principle, that a confes-

sion of faith was sufficient for baptism; there was no over-nice inquiry as to the motives of parties, no over-strict searching into the consistency of the converts, no over-close examination into the sincerity of the profession or the reality of the conversion. There was no cold appropriation of a whole year's probation to test them, but the missionaries at once accepted them, on their profession of faith, and so baptised them. A principle like this is of gigantic importance in the question before us, and requires a few moments' consideration.

We ordinarily say in this country, that men are to be taken on their own profession, and we receive persons to baptism, whether children or adults, on their own profession of faith, or on the profession of faith made by their parents or their sponsors; and we know, by experience, that there is generally very little of close scrutiny as to the consistency of the motives of the parties in making this profession. When the Apostle Peter preached on the day of Pentecost, and the people asked, "What shall we do?" he answered, "Repent and be baptised, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins;" and we read of three thousand souls being then immediately received into the Church, without reading of any close examination, or any year's probation to test their sincerity. We read likewise of Philip joining himself to the Ethiopian eunuch, and when that man asked to be baptised, the answer was, "If thou believest in thine heart, thou mayest." He replied, "I believe;" and we read, that immediately he alighted from the chariot, and was baptised. And we yet again read of the Philippian gaoler, and his inquiry, "What must I do to be saved?" and the answer, "Believe in the Lord

Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" and during that long night the apostle preached to him and his family; and we read that he "baptised him and all his straightway." In this spirit—at least in part—we receive men, ordinarily, on their profession; and if I may be allowed to speak of the Church of England, of which I am a member, I believe it is usual to regard all her services as framed on the idea, or on the assumption, of the sincerity of the profession made by her members; and we receive persons to the baptismal font, or to the communion-table, on their witnessing a good confession, without any very close or nice examination as to their consistency or their motives. I am sure of this, that if we were to enter on a searching examination of every person who comes either to the baptismal font or communion-table in this land, we should have small reason to say that England was a Christianised nation. I do not hesitate to express my feeling, that this principle, great and gigantic as it is in its effects upon Christian missions, is a principle that, if it could be separated from the foul misuse that has been made of it by the Jesuit missionaries, would be a principle deserving of the earnest and the prayerful consideration of all who take a high and holy interest in the evangelisation of the world. But this is not my present object.

The Jesuits acted out this principle in all their missions. They preached to the heathen—they besought them to become Christians—they entreated them to submit to baptism, as sealing them into the Church, as enfeoffing them into the promises, as placing them in the way of salvation, and constituting them Christians; and when candidates came to be baptised,

some from a feeling of curiosity, and some from a love of change,—one from a desire to identify himself with Europeans, another from admiration of their talent, another still from some hope of temporal advantage,—when candidates presented themselves to be baptised, and some did so, impelled by the highest and holiest motives—they were received on their profession of faith. There was no examination into their motives, no searching into the morality of their previous character, no examination into the amount or clearness of their religious knowledge and religious experience; whatever they were, they heard the preaching of these missionaries, they professed their belief of it, they were baptised, and designated Christians!

It is impossible to contemplate this principle—the great and leading principle of the missions of the Jesuits—without feeling that it is a principle of the first and last importance, a principle of the mightiest magnitude and the greatest conceivable influence, either for good or for evil. But whatever be its character, it was adopted by the Jesuits, and adopted by those far-seeing men for a purpose. They adopted it, not so much for its own sake, as for the sake of a certain advantage derivable from it. They adopted it, because they knew it would secure to their schools and to their Order the training and education of the children. They knew that if once the parents could be induced to make even an external profession and an outward conformity, they would thereby thus secure the control and management of the children; and in order to obtain this latter, which was the great object at which the Jesuits aimed, they were prepared, without any scruple, to make any compromise of religion or of principle to secure the former.

They well knew the power of their educational system in the training of the young. They knew that if once they could train and educate the rising generation in the schools of their Order,—if once they could habituate their young eyes to look upon a round of Romish forms and ceremonies,—if once they could indoctrinate their young minds with the principles of Rome,—if once they could mould their plastic natures into a submissive obedience to the authority of a mysterious priesthood,—they well knew that if once they could accomplish this, their longed-for achievement was well-nigh perfected. They therefore sought the parents in order that they might secure the children, well knowing that when the parents would pass away, the children would still remain; and therefore they could, without any great stirrings of conscience, consign the whole adult population—the mere professed and baptised—unto the mysteries and destinies of eternity, and build their hopes upon that rising generation which had been trained in their schools, and would become submissive machines and passive tools in the hands of the Order. The parents, in a few years more, would lie low in the grave, and their children would then stand before the world as a Christianised people. For this they toiled; to this they applied all their energies; and it must be confessed,—for it is patent to all acquainted with the Order—that, whatever their principles were, they were fully and effectively implanted in the mission schools of the Jesuits;—whatever their principles were, whether moral or immoral, whether religious or irreligious, they were deeply chiselled upon the inner nature of their scholars; they were graven on them in infancy, and they remained in manhood, and they were seen in old age; they were the

motto upon the cradle, and they were the memento upon the tomb ; they were whispered in the chamber of their childhood, and again muttered in the chamber of their death ; for whatever the schools of the Jesuits undertake, the schools of the Jesuits are sure to perform.

The manner in which they proceeded then, and the manner in which they still proceed in their schools, is this : they narrowly and closely watch the intellectual developement of the young. They watch with sleepless eye, not the moral and religious progress, but the intellectual progress of the scholars ; and when they have found one with a certain amount of talent, a certain capacity for acquirement, a certain pliability of disposition, and a certain plastic nature, they at once fix on that youth, to be afterwards moulded into the instrument for their work. They waste no time in trying to convert his soul. They hold—and it is characteristic of Jesuitry that it always has some truth mixed with its falsehood,—they hold that the conversion of the soul is not given to the labour of man, or the effort of man, or the wisdom of man, or even the eloquence of men or angels ; they hold that the conversion of the soul belongs to him who has said, “ All souls are mine,” and they therefore waste no time in endeavouring to convert the soul, which they conceive is not of their province, and they spend all their energies in the developement of the intellectual powers, steadily and perseveringly bending and warping the young mind, by instilling those ideas, notions, and principles of conduct, and of submissive and unquestioning obedience, which in the end will make it the instrument they desire for their purpose ; and of all men living the Jesuits know best the power of steady and well-continued discipline

upon the elasticity of the young mind: it is like the continual dropping of water wearing away the hardest marble. They send this selected pupil to the schools of the mission; then he is transferred to the missionary colleges; then he is sent to the Propaganda at Rome, and then into some Jesuit establishment; and in process of time he comes out a polished and accomplished instrument in the hands of the Order. He is changed, indeed! We know, by the laws of chemistry, that if some species of metals be subjected to certain processes, we can utterly change their nature. We all know, in our daily experience, that by a very simple process, namely, the application of heat, we can change water into vapour, by the which that water, whose nature is to flow and flow on to the very lowest, is now so changed that its nature is to ascend and ascend to the very highest. So, too, there is a species of mental alchemy, which can so work in the disciplining of the young mind, as to make its after manhood altogether different in nature from its former youth; and I am sure it will be universally confessed—for it is written on every page of modern history—that the Order of the Jesuits are the most profound proficient in this alchemy, for they have proved by long experience, and by many a sad experiment, that manhood is not necessarily the larger growth and fuller developement of youth, but may be a thing almost, if not totally, distinct in its identity. Oh, they are the very converse of the alchemists of the mediæval times, who were said to be able to transfuse the basest metals into gold; for these Jesuits will take the noblest and most generous youth, and transmute him into the most slavish and the basest of manhood; thus transmuted

ing not the baser metal into gold, but the purest gold into the basest metal!

I have said that the Jesuits adopted this principle and pursued this course, in order to secure to themselves and their schools the training and education of the children. By this means they have effectually acquired one grand desideratum for their missions, for they have thus implanted in them a seed of durability, an element of permanence, so as that, when the parents pass from the theatre of this world, the children still remain in the hands of the Jesuits. But if these far-seeing men anticipated this consequent permanency, and gained this great advantage of durability by the adoption of this principle, it was followed by another result of a very different and of a most disastrous kind,—a corruption of the truth. Its consequence was the most fearful adulteration of Christianity, nor could it well be otherwise; for when men trained in one religion, holding the opinions of the same, and following the practices of it, are induced to give merely an outward conformity or professed assent to another and a different and an antagonist system, then it must be expected, that in proportion as the assent is only professed, or the conformity only outward,—in proportion as it is not real and vital, so there will be a retention, more or less, of the principles and the practices of the former religion. It is not in human nature,—it is not in the power of nature, or in the power of her children, to divest themselves altogether of any system that has been engraven upon their infancy, their youth, and their manhood. It becomes so inseparably interwoven with all that grows in the domain of our nature, that it can

not be eradicated and thrown off by any human effort. When the God of Nature and of Revelation himself undertakes the work, it is done—"He commands, and it stands fast;" but then it is a real conversion, and not, as in the case supposed, a mere professed assent and outward conformity. In such a case, therefore, the neophyte, renouncing Paganism and embracing Christianity, is still more than one-half a Pagan, and less than one-half a Christian; the errors and the elements of his former creed will be found mingling with the new belief he has adopted, and even the truths of his adopted Christianity will receive a colouring and an adulteration from being mingled with the errors of his abandoned Paganism; and the result must ever be, as was the characteristic of all the missions of the Jesuits, that the religion of their converts is neither an abandoned heathenism nor an adopted Christianity, but, like the offspring of the intermarried races, it is neither one thing nor the other—a mulatto religion—a half-caste theology!

This brings me at once to the nature of that Romanism which, under the name of Christianity, and under the banner of the Cross, was inculcated by the Jesuits and others in their missions among the heathen. The more it is considered, the more it will be found singularly calculated, in all its nature and composition, to ensure reception and to command success, as containing within itself the secret of its own success.

It will be recollected, that when Christianity was first preached, and the foundations of the Church first laid and proselytes first made to the Gospel of Christ, the Roman empire was in the full zenith of its splendour, its power, and its extent. It comprehended all that was

then known of Europe, Asia, and Africa. The prevailing religious ideas and practices of the West were connected with what is called the classic mythology; the prevalent systems of religion in the East were identified with the Oriental philosophy; beside these, and equally removed from both, was Judaism, the revelation of God to his ancient Israel. These three were the great prevailing systems of religion in the Roman empire in its palmy days; and "when the fulness of time was come, and God sent forth his Son, made of a woman,"—when the times of Christianity were arrived, and the Gospel of the Messiah was to be preached among all nations, then it was no more than natural—no more than we are prepared to expect, that while some of the converts would embrace Christianity in all its native simplicity and heaven-born purity, yet there would be others who would enter into the Christian Church, still retaining many of their former prejudices, and many of their former principles, and not a few of their former practices still lingering about their hearts, where they had been graven from their earliest childhood. They would be found, like parasitic plants, still interlacing their tendrils with all the fibres of the inner nature. This is the true original of Romanism, and it is this alone, as connected with the religious systems of ancient Rome, that explains the real nature of that system which we now call the religion of modern Rome.

I must endeavour to illustrate this. I have said that Judaism was one great prevailing religion in the empire of ancient Rome. The Gospel was first preached at Jerusalem, and proselytes were first made from among the Jews. It was, therefore, no more than natural, that some of the converts should prove, in the

day of trial, to be but half-converts at the best, and to have had still lingering and lurking about their heart a love for many of their former principles and practices. That this actually occurred, is evident from the records of the New Testament. The Jews at that period conceived that a man could justify himself in the sight of God by an accurate and careful observance of the rites and ceremonies of the Levitical institutions. They conceived that every fresh observance added to their merits, and that every new ceremony was an addition to their righteousness. They thus established the doctrine of human merit and human righteousness; as the Apostle expresses it, "Being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, they have not submitted themselves to the righteousness of God." Under such circumstances it was natural that many of the converts from Judaism should bring with them, in some measure and in some degree, this principle into the Church of Christ. We read in the Acts of the Apostles and in the Epistles of St. Paul, that this error was actually rife in the Church in those early ages—that some persons of Jewish tendencies were actually propagating it, and that some Judaizing teachers had actually received a welcome at Galatia, at Antioch, and at Rome. Two inspired epistles—that to Rome and that to Galatia—seem to have been written with the view of striking down this error, and proving that a man cannot be justified in the sight of God by any work of man—that if all the good works that all the family of man had ever yet done or conceived from the hour of creation to this day, and shall do or conceive from this day to the hour of doom, were all accumulated and set down to the account of one

man, they could not justify him in the sight of that holy God with whom we have to do. But, notwithstanding all this, the doctrine of human merit and human righteousness crept in— notwithstanding that it was the corruption and off-shoot of Judaism— notwithstanding that it was the first disturbing cause in the infancy of the Church,—and notwithstanding that it was stricken down by all the authority of inspiration, yet it was congenial to the fallen heart of man, and it fell in with and consorted well with other notions and other principles that were afterwards introduced, so that it remained permanently settled in the very heart of the Church, and became the prolific fountain of many errors. And connected with this, was the Jewish notion of their typical priesthood, and their typical altar, and their typical sacrifice, and their typical incense, and their typical washings. They abandoned the substance while they retained the shadow ; and then they imagined that because Jews had priests, Christians must have priests—because Jews had altars, Christians must have altars—because Jews had sacrifices, Christians must have sacrifices—because Jews had incense, Christians must have incense—and because Jews had washings, Christians must have holy water ; and so a series of Jewish elements was gradually introduced into the very heart of the Church, and in the end became the material elements and integral parts of the Romanism of later times ; so that no man can contemplate this subject calmly and dispassionately, without feeling, that while Judaism was one of the prevailing religions in the empire in the days of ancient Rome, it is no less an integral element in the constitution of that which is the religion of our modern Rome.

But I have said that the prevailing religious ideas and practices of the East were connected with what is called the Oriental philosophy. According to that system, there were two great principles, or spirits, or divinities, pervading the universe. There was the spirit of light and the spirit of darkness—the spirit of good and the spirit of evil; and according to this philosophy, it was supposed that the spirit of darkness and of evil had his empire in the fleshly form of man and in all the visible creation, and that the empire of the spirit of good and of light was planted in the spiritual essence of manhood and in all the invisible creation. It was supposed, then, that there was an unceasing conflict maintained between these two opposite and rival spirits in the world around us; and that the visible world, and especially our own manhood, was the destined field for the conflicts of these contending spirits. It was therefore held, that we ought to throw ourselves with all our energy into the party of the spirit of light, and that we were, therefore, to subdue and keep down our fleshly frame—that we were to practise all kinds of fastings to reduce it—that we were to expose it to every species of penance to punish it—that we were to use austerities of every kind and flagellations of every sort—that marriage was but the gratification of the fleshly, and not the spiritual nature, and was therefore to be most carefully avoided; and that all were to live in a state of celibacy, to retire to the anchorite's life, or to live in the hermit's cell. Such was this Oriental system: all who are acquainted with the state of the East, even at this day, are aware that it is still the same, and that the same absurd and puerile superstitions to this day characterise the universal East.

When the Gospel was first preached it made progress in the East, spreading over its vast population with wonderful rapidity; and it was not unnatural that many of those persons who had been trained and educated in the principles of the Oriental philosophy, should still retain in all their inner feelings some elements of the system when they passed into the Church of Christ. All ecclesiastical history mention this as an undoubted fact; and the heresies of Manicheism and of Gnosticism are but two of the many forms that this Oriental philosophy was introducing among the professing members of the Church of Christ. The result was that this system, as might be expected, gradually spread through Africa and through Europe; it introduced with it a system of fastings, and of penances, and of austerities, and of strange superstitions, and still stranger flagellations, with all the peculiarities of the hermit's life and the anchorite's cell; and in due time its views of marriage and of celibacy brought in the whole of the conventual system—the whole series of the monastic orders. And thus we may perceive how this strange and superstitious system, gradually stealing in from the East, has affected the religion of the West, and affected it to so great an extent, that we cannot view this subject with a dispassionate and philosophic eye, without seeing that that Oriental philosophy, which was a large and prevalent system of the Roman empire in the days of ancient Rome, is even yet a large component part of that Romanism which is now the religion of our modern Rome.

And once more. I have said that the prevailing religious notions and practices of the West were those connected with the classic mythology. We are all, more

or less, trained in a knowledge of this from our early youth, and it requires, therefore, but little explanation on an occasion like the present. But when, in the time of the Emperor Constantine, it became an object with him to promote a universal conformity, establishing one religion—Christianity—throughout his empire, it became a matter of interest and inquiry to ascertain how men were to induce a heathen population to abandon their gods and demi-gods, and to embrace the doctrine of the one God, to leave their “Gods many and Lords many,” and hold to “the One God, even to the Father, and one Lord, Jesus Christ.” Under the patronage of the court and of the Church, men gradually introduced the system of professing Christianity in the court and in the creed, while they held their ancient mythology in the affections of their hearts. They worshipped Christ in their public churches, and they worshipped their gods in their private homes. This led to a **system** of toleration—a toleration of the customs and feelings of the people. It was felt that they could not so outrage the universal population as to constrain the total abandonment of the religion in which they had been trained from infancy, and to enforce the adoption of another. This, therefore, led to a toleration of the worship of the heathen demi-gods under the new name of the worship of the Christian saints. It led to the toleration of the worship of heathen images under the name of the worship of Christian images; and in process of time, Jupiter, the chief among the gods, was worshipped under the name of St. Peter, the chief among the saints; and the adoration of Juno, as the queen of heaven among the heathens, gave place to the adoration of the Virgin Mary as queen of saints among

the Christians. Apollo and his train of demi-gods gave way to St. Paul and his train of martyrs; Minerva was dethroned, and St. Helena exalted in her place; and even the very shrines dedicated to the excesses of the licentious Venus became consecrated as the shrine of the tears of the repentant Magdalene; and not unfrequently the very names of the old demi-gods were retained in the new or Italic forms; and, as my own eyes have witnessed, Romulus and Remus, the founders of Pagan Rome, are now worshipped as St. Romulo and St. Remigio, the ornaments of Christian Rome!

A system such as this could not but prove a fountain from which flowed errors, various in their kind, and innumerable in their amount. It led to the invocation of saints—it introduced the use of images—it brought in the worship of relics—it propagated a belief in purgatory—it led to the enthronement of the Pope as the *Pontifex Maximus*, and sowed the seeds of a great variety of customs, and ceremonies, and superstitions, and observances, flowing from this union of ancient heathenism with modern Christianity: so as not unfrequently, it is merely the old religion under a new name. The Naiads and the Nymphs of the fountains and the groves are now nothing but the guardian saints and presiding spirits and angels of more modern times, and the household images of the Pagans have given place to the little crucifix and the tiny image of the Virgin; the old hero-worship of the ancients has given way to the saint-worship of the moderns; the name of Paganism has faded before the name of Christianity, but the worship itself, the religion itself, is still the same.

If, then, the inquiry be as to the nature of that Romanism which was inculcated by the Jesuits in their

missions among the heathen, I answer, that the ism which they brought with them was the system that I have now been describing—a system which, if it be essentially Christian, certainly is not exclusively Christian—a system whose component parts are Christian truth and Jewish formalism, classic idolatry and Eastern superstition—a system which is but the amalgam of the various religions of ancient Rome, now moulded and welded together, and baptised in a Christian name as the religion of modern Rome!

But this was not half the evil. It led to a still further and more frightful adulteration of Christianity. I have been describing what the Jesuits brought with them in their missions; and I have yet to describe what they inculcated and left behind them among the heathen. They adopted the principle already detailed—that of receiving all who made a formal profession of faith, and baptising them as converted Christians. It is narrated of St. Francis Xavier, the greatest of all their missionaries, that he habitually would walk, ringing a large bell through the streets of their villages and their towns, until he had collected a crowded congregation; and then he proceeded to recite certain forms and confessions of faith; and when he had found among the multitude any who were able or willing to repeat these formulæ or confessions after him, he forthwith baptised them. It is said that he baptised no less than 700,000 in this way! And a friend of my own informed me that he was present at the baptism of a whole tribe of Indians. They were marched down to a river, where the missionary waited for them; he baptised them all, hung a little crucifix round the neck of each, told them that now they were Christians, and they, pleased at the

pretty ornament they received, marched back, as instructed and as wise, as naked and as savage, as they came!

A system like this could not but give birth to the greatest corruptions; for it necessarily is a receiving of men into the bosom of the Church, who, if they do indeed hold any of the principles and the doctrines of Christianity, do hold likewise with them many of the elements and the practices of their previous heathenism. They are but half-converts at the best; and then, most unhappily and disastrously for the purity of the faith, the not unnatural desire of the missionaries to increase the nominal number of their proselytes, led them too readily to connive at the continuance of many of those heathenish opinions, and too willing to allow the retention of many of those superstitious practices. Indeed, so far—to such and so sad an extent—did the missionaries of the Jesuits go in this matter, that they not unfrequently professed their own assent to some of those principles, and even outwardly complied with many of their idolatrous and superstitious practices, with a view to secure thereby the greater influence and ascendancy over the minds of the people. And thus the Romanism which they established in their missions was not only the Romanism already described—that compound of Christianity and Judaism, and Heathenism and Orientalism—but it was *that* yet again and yet further adulterated, by a fusion with all the leading characteristics of the various mythologies of the nations among whom their missions were established

I will endeavour to explain the process by which they proceeded. We are all aware that there seem scattered throughout the universe some traces, either of the ori-

ginal revelation made to man, or of the original truth of God as known to man. We look on these as we look upon the doctrine of atonement by sacrifice, held, as it is throughout the heathen world, as but the traditional remains of ancient truth. The great principle that sin can be atoned for, and that God can be reconciled by sacrifice and the shedding of blood, seems to be almost universally received in the family of man, and must have been derived traditionally from generation to generation from the beginning. There are many other truths, though not so apparent to the eye of the world, retained and scattered in various forms, and in many districts, throughout the universe. The doctrine of the Trinity in the Godhead is very generally recognised throughout the vast extent of the East, and seems incorporated in many of their mythologies. It is remarkable, that in Mexico, at the time of its discovery, there was a tradition that the truth of God was to be revealed by some man coming from the East—from “the sunrise,”—seeming to be a trace of Him who is “the Sun of Righteousness;” and in California, of which we have heard so much of late, there was a tradition, at the time of its first discovery, that all virtue had once been taught to mankind by a man—a God in human shape—who was crowned with thorns, and put to death by the Indians; thus seeming to be a faint tradition of some preaching of Christ. In Japan, their divinities assume the form of a mother with a child in her arms, reminding us of the Virgin and the Child, as if it were some perverted tradition of the truth. And so, in many places throughout the East, there are various traces still continued, either of the primitive revelation still retained in memory, or of the preaching of the Apostles or of

others, in times long gone by, and altogether without record in history. There were these, and many other such traditional truths, too numerous to detail on an occasion like the present. They were like so many sparks of divine light, still alive, though scattered through the world; and though perverted, misrepresented, and misapplied, even smothered, amidst the crude and puerile idolatries of the nations, yet they were the groundwork on which able, learned, and adroit men, like the Jesuits, were able to build the first beginnings of their edifice. Whether in Paraguay or in China—whether in Mexico or in Japan—whether in Canada or in India—these men laid their hands on these smouldering sparks, they fanned them into a flame, and, with all their accustomed energy and all their acknowledged talents, they made them the means of persuading the natives that they were only teaching to them their own religion in a purer form,—that they were not introducing any new religion, but their old religion, in all its primitive purity.

That the missionaries of the Jesuits adopted this system with a view to inducing a more ready reception of their teaching and of their baptism, is very certain; and that they aimed in all this at obtaining the complete training and education of the children, I have already stated. It is a matter without doubt; but that it led to the most disastrous results, as to the purity of their teaching, is no less a matter without doubt. The steps of the process would be too tedious for me now to enumerate at any great length. It is enough at present to state, that the actual result was, that while many of the converts admitted many of the principles and practices of Christianity, they retained with them many of

the principles and the practices of their previous heathenism. Neither wholly abandoning the one, nor wholly embracing the other, they dovetailed the two systems, and the result was a new system of religion not easily described. In China, it was a Romanism with a mixture of Chinese mythology—the worship of Fo and Confucius being added to that of Christ, and the worship of heathen ancestors being appended to that of Christian saints. In Japan, the names of Xaca and Amida, and Coro, the Japanese divinities, were exchanged for those of Mary and of Christ, who were thus received into the Pantheon of Japanese mythology. And so, too, in Mexico, and Louisiana, and elsewhere; they retained the practices and the principles of their ancient mythology in conjunction with the practices and the principles of their adopted Christianity; and the result was, that instead of their preaching the Gospel of the Cross of Christ—instead of their preaching that Cross of which the Apostle says, “God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of the Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world,” and of which we may well say, that, whether in the land of the black man or the land of the white man, it is “the power of God to salvation to every one that believeth,”—the Romanism they introduced was not only the Romanism already described—that amalgam of Christianity and Judaism, classic idolatry and Oriental superstition, but it was *that* yet again and yet further adulterated, dovetailed with all the superstitions, and idolatries, and mythologies of the nations among whom they were located.

A few concise details respecting their missions may

not be uninteresting, as illustrative of the system I have endeavoured to describe.

The mission of the Jesuits at Japan was for a time singularly successful. There were two circumstances that greatly facilitated their success. One was, that the sick, the poor, and the infirm, were held by the native priests to be accursed; poverty, infirmity, and sickness, were pronounced a curse, and their victims accursed by the god of Japanese mythology; and, therefore, when the Jesuits preached the love, and the benevolence, and the charities of the Gospel, the whole of that class of the population at once rushed into the arms of the Church. But beside this, there was another facilitating cause. The religion of Japan had many analogies with the religion of Rome. The divinities of the Japanese comprehended a mother and son, precisely answering to Mary and Jesus; so precisely, that St. Francis Xavier mentioned, that when he arrived at Japan, and was present at the royal court, he sent a little picture of the Virgin and Child to the emperor. The moment the emperor received it he kissed it in a passion of devotion before all his court, imagining that it was a picture of his own cherished divinities! But beside this, the priests of those divinities in Japan were "forbidden to marry;" celibacy was established among them. They had a conventual system—convents of unmarried men, and nunneries of unmarried women; and they had religious processions, and they had lighted candles, and they had smoking incense—all precisely as in the Church of Rome; and with so many and so curious affinities in the two religions, able and adroit men like the Jesuits found but little difficulty

in persuading the simple Japanese that the two religions were, after all, but one and the same. They endeavoured to persuade them of this, and they found many and great facilities, and they had but little difficulty in changing the names of their divinities into Mary and Jesus; and then, with a little reforming of their monasteries and nunneries, and slightly changing their religious processions, and cautiously remodelling or recasting some of their principles, they left the Japanese with the name indeed of Christianity, but with all the reality of their ancient mythology! But notwithstanding all this, they were not neglectful of their mission and the objects of their mission among the young; and they toiled there and they laboured there until it seemed as if the whole empire, embracing a population estimated at twenty-five millions of souls, from the sovereign upon his throne to the Indian in his hut, were likely to embrace the profession of Christianity. And then, even at the moment of their success, it was discovered that the Jesuits were secretly intermeddling in the politics of the land, and actually intriguing for the overthrow of the native dynasty, in order to deliver over the whole empire of Japan to the crown of Portugal. This naturally raised a storm of indignation against them and their religion throughout the length and the breadth of the empire, and the fatal decree went forth, and all the missionaries were expelled for ever, and every convert was commanded immediately, and on pain of torture and of death, to renounce his Christianity. The result was disastrous indeed; but I rejoice to say, that it is but to speak the truth of history to testify, that many of those that were thus proselytised by these Jesuits, and now brought to their fiery trial, proved to be martyrs

faithful to the death, amidst the most frightful tortures, until, in the end, Christianity was exterminated from Japan.

In India the missions of the Jesuits were no less successful at the first. St. Francis Xavier, generally regarded as the most successful of all the missionaries, is said to have proselytised many hundreds of thousands of persons. He was a man of wonderful zeal and as wonderful success ; but the most remarkable man of all was the famous missionary, Roberti di Nobili. He was a member of the Order of Jesuits, and his proceedings illustrate the nature of the system pursued in their missions more happily than any other. He saw, with a keen and a quick glance, the two obstacles that opposed the introduction of the Gospel and retarded its success in India. He saw that one was the invincible repugnance of the natives to receive instruction from any but native teachers ; and that the other was, the profound veneration and deep attachment they felt towards their native Brahmins as the supposed lineal descendants of their god Brahma. Roberti di Nobili, seeing these two obstacles, at once resolved to remove them both ; and he, like the leading Jesuits of whom I spoke at the commencement, was a man of wonderful resources in himself. He stealthily retired from public view and concealed himself in the recesses of India. He stained his face till it was coloured like a native, he adopted habitually the customs of the natives, he watched for years the habits and feelings of the natives, and after years of devotion to the study of the language, he suddenly appeared another man in the very heart of India, proclaiming himself and his companions to be native Indians and Brahmins of a superior caste ! And when

the Indians raised some question as to the reality of the claim, he unfolded before their eyes an ancient, venerable, and time-worn parchment, and solemnly swore before heaven and earth to its authenticity—detailing, as it did, the lineage of Roberti di Nobili as a lineal descendant from the god Brahma, the god of India! *That* was a man of some resources; nor were his resources thus exhausted, for, when a doubt was raised still as to the authenticity of all his claims and his muniments, he proved them by subjecting himself and his companions to longer fastings, to severer penances, to more strange superstitions, to more painful austerities, and to more lacerating flagellations, than any of their own Brahmins were able to endure; and as the simple natives venerated their Brahmins with an unbounded veneration, on account of these their puerile and superstitious practices, they now felt that their former Brahmins were indeed outdone and surpassed in all that they regarded as the tests of true religion by these Brahmins of a superior caste. One of them narrates of himself, that when he used to preach to the Indians he always did so in a dress that opened behind; and as soon as he concluded his discourse, he used to draw out a scourge and forthwith proceed to scourge himself in the presence of his auditory; and the narrator adds, with great simplicity, and probably with as great truth, that he created a far greater impression by his self-flagellation than by all his preaching! But notwithstanding all this, these Brahmins of a superior caste inundated India for many years, laid hold of the rising generation, and made so many proselytes, that, notwithstanding all the high influence of England, and notwithstanding all the laborious and self-denying efforts of our Protestant missionaries, there

are at this day more Romanist than Protestant subjects of the crown of England in our realm of India.

The mission of the Jesuits to China is, in some respects, the most important and interesting of all their missions, and presents many peculiar features as characteristic of the system of the Order. In that vast and till then unknown empire they proceeded with consummate wisdom and prudence. They saw the antipathy of its curious population to any change of the old religion, or to the introduction of a new one, and therefore they appeared among them, not so much the missionaries of a new religion, as the missionaries of learning and of science. One among their number narrates, of his own arrival and that of his companions, that their arrival was announced to the emperor as "certain missionaries from Europe, acquainted with mathematics, music, and drawing." These men, therefore, were received at court. They became the private and personal favourites of the emperor; they were lodged with all honour within the imperial palace. Some made watches and clocks for him, others made organs for his amusement; some devoted themselves to sculpture, and engraving, and painting, for the adornment of his palace, others devoted themselves to the manufacture of fire-arms and cannon for his army; and in this way the missionaries employed themselves, ingratiating themselves into the favour of the great and the powerful: while teaching astronomy, at the same time they were tampering with the faith of their scholars; and while teaching mathematics, they were not unmindful of their missionary work and missionary objects. They secured the imperial permission to teach their religion, and they obtained royal permission to build churches, and so they proceeded steadily

and perseveringly with their work, until they succeeded in proselytising some of the royal family, and even the heir of the throne. Two of the greatest generals in China became converts to their teaching, many of the mandarins were subject to their faith, and upwards of half a million of proselytes generally throughout the empire acknowledged the Romanism of the Jesuits, while they had actually erected above three hundred churches, and had well-nigh five hundred missionaries located throughout the boundaries of that immense empire. But great as was all this success, it was purchased at a frightful price. For these men, seeing that the Chinese worshipped what in Scripture is called "the host of heaven" as the great object of their religious worship, the missionaries of the Order of the Jesuits not only permitted them to continue this material and idolatrous worship, but they themselves actually joined in it, on the subtle plea that it was no more than tantamount to their worshipping that great Spirit "whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain." And yet further, when they saw the Chinese worshipping their heathen ancestors with prostrations, and sacrifices, and libations, the Jesuits not only permitted and connived at this superstitious and idolatrous worship, but they themselves actually joined in it, under the plea that it was not a religious adoration but only a civil veneration. They connived at and joined in all these things, un-scriptural and un-Christian as they are, in order to secure an influence over the people. And thus these men seemed to labour, more for their own ascendancy over the population than for the influence of Christ and his Gospel over the minds and the hearts of the Chinese. To such an extent and to such a gross excess was this carried, that

the complaint reached even the court of Rome ; and after many a day of painful inquiry and anxious examination into the matter, the Jesuits were formally and by name condemned in the Bulls of the Pope. But notwithstanding all this they carried on their work effectively, till, as I have already said, they had above half a million of proselytes, above three hundred churches, and nearly five hundred missionaries located in every important district of the empire, when a change took place in the government, a new sovereign ascended the throne, the political influence of the Jesuits was thought too great, and a decree went forth, and they were utterly expelled. But still so effectually had they grounded their opinions, while they had had the opportunity, in the minds of the rising generation, that at this day in China,—that empire said to be so inaccessible to foreigners, and especially so inapproachable to Christians,—in that empire there are now whole villages in its very heart, where every inhabitant is a member of the Church of Rome, and no less than three hundred thousand native Romanists are numbered within the borders of that empire.

And now, one more illustration and I have done. I allude to the mission of the Jesuits to Paraguay. That region is in the heart of South America, and the various Indian tribes and Indian nations that fled from the Spanish and Portuguese adventurers settled in large numbers in Paraguay. There, too, the missionaries of the Jesuits penetrated ; and there they soon discovered that the way to the hearts of the oppressed and harassed Indians was by defending them, and teaching them to defend themselves, against the fierce and fiery adventurers of Portugal and Spain. They accordingly applied

themselves to re-model the Indian tribes and Indian nations; they introduced European fire-arms; they brought in a system of military organisation, located the Indians in strong villages and fortified places, then introduced a system of civil law and jurisprudence, and in the end established a complete and well-organised government in the very heart of South America,—an empire of which the sovereign and the chief was the Father-General of the Order of the Jesuits! The Jesuits were the bishops, and the very same Jesuits were the generals; the Jesuits were the priests, and the very same Jesuits were the colonels; the Jesuits were the confessors, and the very same Jesuits were the magistrates; the Jesuits were the keepers of the conscience, and the very same Jesuits were the keepers of the privy purse. All that were civilians were Jesuits, all that were politicals were Jesuits, all that were ecclesiastics were Jesuits; all the commerce, all the wealth, all the resources, all the treasury, were in the hands of the Jesuits. Arising from this source as its fountain, a stream of amazing wealth flowed, broad and rapid, into the Order in Europe, while all the time the Jesuits took unbounded care that no knowledge of the existence of this empire should extend beyond their Order; they enacted that no Indian should be allowed to learn either Spanish or Portuguese, lest the fact should steal out, through them, that such an empire was in existence in the heart of South America; and there it continued for years unknown to the world, no power in Europe was acquainted with the fact. It was to remain a secret within the Order of the Jesuits for ever. It was discovered by one of those providential dealings which the world calls accidental.

We are all aware, that when there was a dispute

between the powers of Spain and Portugal about their discoveries in the East and in the West, in India and America, his Holiness the Pope, with a prodigal liberality in that which was not his own to give, presented all the discovered world, extending to the East, to the crown of Portugal; and all the new world, extending to the West, to the crown of Spain; but in this most profuse liberality his Holiness seemed to have forgotten, that the world being round it was possible the two rival powers might meet at the antipodes—and this actually did occur. The Spanish and Portuguese governments came into collision with each other in the heart of South America; and then, a treaty being made, they were obliged to send commissioners with some forces to arrange the boundaries. To the astonishment of the commissioners and their forces they were met by a whole band of Jesuits, entreating them to cease their advance. They halted in profound deference to the priestly entreaty, and they then discovered, after a few days' delay, that the Jesuits were all in arms—that the whole population of the Indians were arming—that the Jesuit priests were suddenly transformed into Jesuit captains, sowing, as it were, the dragons' teeth, and the whole land bristling with armed men! they were obliged to pause and to send home to their respective governments; the crowns of Spain and Portugal were led to lay the matter before his Holiness of Rome, and they constrained him to issue a Bull by which the Jesuits were removed and their empire dissolved: but notwithstanding this, so well and so zealously had the Jesuits done their peculiar work in South America—so effectually did they lay hold on the mind of the rising generation, that to this day all the vast

population of that mighty continent, except a few wild and wandering tribes, are now Christian in name, and identified with the religion of the Church of Rome.

I have now done. These will serve as some few and faint illustrations of the system of the Jesuits in their missions to the heathen. The subject has been a large one—too large for my limited time as well as for my feeble powers; but I have done my best, and I do trust the young men of London will accept with kindness what I have done to serve them. I have endeavoured to shew that the missions of the Jesuits were committed to men of the widest learning and the greatest talent; I have endeavoured to shew that these men aimed always at securing the education of the rising generation, so as to give stability and permanence to their work; I have endeavoured to shew, that the Romanism they brought with them was in itself an amalgam of several different systems—that from that very cause it possessed features calculated to ensure its partial reception in every country; and I have endeavoured yet further to shew, that the Christianity they introduced was only Christian in name—a mulatto or half-caste religion—the offspring of Christianity married to Paganism; and, finally, that all this was done with the sinful connivance and the idolatrous compliance of the missionaries themselves. I do believe that the missions of the Jesuits, however successful in their way, have been the grand obstacle to the progress of the true Gospel of Jesus Christ in the world, and that they have, by the dissemination of their errors in heathen lands, lifted up an obstacle against all true and faithful missions, which no power of man, or wisdom of man, or labour of man, but the power of God alone, shall be able

to overcome. This is my full conviction. The Lord of Hosts will interpose in his own time and in his own way; his Spirit will yet go forth with his preached word; and then, whether with the Red man, as he hunts throughout the wide savannahs of America—or with the Black man, as he wanders over the burning regions of Africa—or with the White man, as he saunters amidst the haunts and scenes of civilisation—wherever there are souls, whether it be on the banks of the ancient Nile, or by the waters of the sacred Ganges, or by the streams of the Mississippi, the father of rivers—wherever there are souls, the love of God in the Gospel of Jesus Christ shall yet be proclaimed with power, and touch the heart and convert the souls of his people. The labour is with us—the result is with God.

The Bible; its Provision and Adaptation for the
Moral Necessities of Fallen Man.

BY THE

REV. HUGH M'NEILE, D.D.

MON. CANON OF CHESTER, AND INCUMBENT OF ST. PAUL'S, LIVERPOOL.

THE BIBLE,

&c. &c.

ONE of our own poets has said,—

“ The noblest study for mankind is man.”

Making one exception we agree with this. The exception is God; not as he is guessed at from the works of the external creation, nor as he is misrepresented by the varying and deceitful testimony of conscience within; but as he is manifested in Jesus Christ, and revealed in Holy Scripture. “ This is life eternal, to know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent !”

Our thesis is—*the Bible : its Provision and Adaptation for the Moral Necessities of Fallen Man*; and my aim in discussing it shall be at once to quicken the intelligence and deepen the piety of my numerous young friends, by inviting them to consider :—

- I. That some communications from God, such as those contained in the Bible, are necessary for fallen man. And
- II. That the communications which are actually contained in the Bible, are, in a remarkable manner, adapted to the necessities of fallen man.

I. It is no part of our present subject to prove directly that man is a fallen creature : that great truth is assumed, and from that we infer, at the outset, the necessity which exists for some such communication from God as the Bible contains. To a creature abiding in the state of perfection, which it is reasonable to ascribe to every work of God, as it proceeds directly from himself, there would be no occasion for any such communication. In such a creature there would exist nothing of disease, intellectual or moral ; and therefore such a creature would require nothing of remedy. The image of God within, and the works of God without, would supply and fill every want. Every created string, touched by an appropriate finger, would respond in harmony to the Creator, and the result would be happiness, as perfect as a creature could enjoy.

This is a lovely case ; but this is not the case with which we have to deal. With something approaching to this the imagination of benevolent enthusiasts has dealt, until a sentimental Deism has been adopted as the perfection of rational religion. Conjuring up before their minds a beautiful picture of what man *ought to be*, and forgetting how utterly unlike it is to what man *is*, they have proceeded, in the first place, to generalise their own abstractions, and then, fired with indignation at the insult put upon man, as they fancy man to be, by having such a remedial and mysterious process proposed to him as that which is announced in the Bible, they have proceeded to a scheme, divested, as they boast, of mystery, and plausibly clothed in the language of enlightened reason,—a scheme, however, which we must pronounce both dangerous and delusive ; dangerous, because it professedly and warmly advocates the fairest

fruits of moral virtue; delusive, because it seeks for “grapes on thorns and figs on thistles.”

This is, in brief, the history of that subtlest form of scepticism by which Revelation is assailed in these our times: not the scepticism of the sensualist, seeking to emancipate himself from the restraints of moral law—this still, indeed, slays its thousands, and yet is comparatively harmless—but the scepticism of the self-deceived and flattering enthusiast, who fancies himself, and theorises on his species, as angelic, and rejects all lower representations of man requiring special remedies as unworthy and interested inventions of a crafty priesthood.

The writers of this school on the Continent, and their disciples among ourselves, must be referred to *facts*. Man, as they fancy him, would indeed be a beautiful creature; and to talk of redemption or remedy of any kind for such a creature, would certainly be absurd: but where is he to be found? A creature with intellect so unclouded as to read in every plant the skill of its Creator, in every event the wisdom of its Conductor, and with conscience so sovereign as to silence every whisper and crush every movement of moral rebellion, would certainly not require any authoritative voice from a Lawgiver disobeyed—or any winning manifestation of affection from a Father forsaken—or any alarming threatenings of punishment from a Judge despised. But where, we ask again,—where is such a creature to be found? We answer—Certainly not on the earth; and as certainly we have no taste for spending our time in theorising a Deism, which may possibly be applicable to creatures who may possibly inhabit some other planet or system of planets.

Our first appeal, then, is to *facts*. Have creation without, and conscience within, proved themselves adequate to meet the moral necessities of fallen man, and to guide him into paths such as enlightened reason can approve? How is this inquiry to be tested? where Revelation is known, it is difficult, if not impossible, to have the experiment fairly tried. Because, thefts are committed, however unconsciously, from the divine communication; and the Deist, having learned from the Bible what conclusion concerning God he ought to establish, proceeds to *select* from nature those phenomena which suit his purpose for premises. It would embarrass him, to say the least, to take the phenomena fairly and indiscriminately as they present themselves; and he has never yet pointed out on what principle he makes the selection. We take the liberty of revealing his secret. He is not making his observations in order to arrive at a conclusion, but in order to justify a conclusion at which he has already arrived. "The main business of natural philosophy," says Newton, as quoted by Professor Stewart, "is *to argue from phenomena without feigning hypotheses*." We may truly add, without an arbitrary selection of phenomena; since a conclusion so drawn from *ex-parte* evidence can rank no higher, after all, than a feigned hypothesis. This is the history of many a ponderous volume on what is called natural religion; the soft and lovely features which present themselves on the face of external nature, fallen though it be, and the gentle and indulgent movements among men of a patient, long-suffering providence, are dilated upon with a rich and varied eloquence, and accumulated in triumphant proof of what was already, and from another source, known to be true; viz., that

“God is love.” The sterner aspects which the fallen frame-work of our world presents, and the dreadful judgments which proclaim among men the jealousy of an Avenger, are omitted; not because they are not there, they *are* there—but because they would disturb and derange the carefully-gathered *sortes* which is leading to the foregone conclusion.

But the experiment *was* fairly tried; opportunity was given to man, without Revelation, to shew what he could attain to and what he could not. The result was, that “in the wisdom of God,” that is, in the wise dispensation of Providence, which gave the opportunity, it was fully ascertained, and placed on historic record, that “man by wisdom knew not God” nor himself. The opportunity was fairly given, and large advantage was taken of it, in many things. In all that belonged to the civilisation of social life, in poetry, oratory, sculpture, architecture, they attained an excellence which is still held up as the model, the *beau idéal* of perfection; but surrounded by all this beauty, there remained the ghastly spectacle of gross idolatry. The masses bowed the knee, in abject superstition, before wood and stone; and the sages in their best estate only discovered their own ignorance, and inscribed their altar to the unknown, or as they thought, the unknowable God.

Where was, then, that inward light which is now boasted of as a sufficient guide? True, indeed, it is, that a rare spirit, even in those times and circumstances, may be found breathing after something better; and that passages may be cited from Cicero or Seneca, shewing how the law of divine morality, originally engraven on man’s heart, had survived, in those individual

instances, the traditions and corruptions of ages. But such exceptions did, in truth, serve but to exhibit the rule; and now, to represent such men as specimens of the race, or quote them as proofs of what the light within can do for mankind, would be as unfair and illogical as it would be to represent the "Principia" of Newton as a specimen of British literature, or quote them as proofs of the mathematical knowledge and profound philosophy of the people of England at the close of the seventeenth century. It should be remembered, also, that these men, so wonderfully in advance of their age, were themselves forward to acknowledge that the light they possessed was but a vain theory, utterly unable to control, in practice, the evil passions, and habits, and examples, by which they were surrounded. Plato frankly acknowledged, that to be a good man was impossible; that it was not human. And Cicero said, he saw no difference between the universally admitted fact that no man was wise and the conclusion that no man could be wise. He said, also, that although nature signifies in many ways her will concerning us, we are deaf in some unintelligible manner, *nescio quo modo*, and will not listen to her. He felt, but understood not, his moral disease. Ovid's description of it is so true that it has become proverbial, "I see the best and yet the worst pursue." *

* Γενεσθαι μὲν ἀνδρα ἀγαθὸν χαλεπὸν ἀληθεὺς ὄιον τε μὲντοι ἐπὶ γὰρ χρόνον τινα ἔγεγονεν δὲ, διαμένειν ἐν ταύτῃ τῇ ἕξει, καὶ εἶναι ἀνδρα ἀγαθὸν, ἀδύνατον, καὶ οὐκ ἀνθρώπειον.—PLAT. *Protag.* vol. i. p. 344, *Edit. Serrani.*

"Nam si consensu omnium philosophorum, sapientem nemo assequitur, in summis malis omnes sumus, quibus vos optime consultum a Diis immortalibus dicitis. Nam ut nihil interest utrum nemo valeat, an nemo possit valere; sic non intelligo quid

Our general statement, then, that some genuine revelation, some communication from the living and true God, was indispensable for the moral necessity of fallen man, is not weakened, but rather strengthened, by these celebrated sages of antiquity. They present human nature to us in its best attainable estate. What could be done for it, without revelation, which they did not do? And yet, even in their hands, it groans forth its confessions of ignorance and immorality. Facts are eloquent. "History proclaims," says Professor Butler, "and the sound of her testimony shatters in an instant the airy structures of mere speculation, that in point of fact, God never *has* been in any form acknowledged by the mass of mankind, except under the supposition of a direct interposition, whether true or false; that he never has been rightly or decorously worshipped by the same mass of men, until a true revelation, handed down by, and believed on testimony, did that for the world which the whole array of the 'natural laws,' the 'simple means,' the harmony of the world, and the glorious spectacle of the starry heavens, never effected in a single nation of the earth—never thoroughly and constantly effected, perhaps, in a single mind, since the fall of Adam! We are accused of evading arguments from reason: this seems to me to amount to something like *demonstration*, that a traditional revelation, built on testimony transmitted from man to man,—that is,

intersit, utrum nemo sit sapiens, an nemo esse possit."—CIC. *De Nat. Deor.* lib. iii.

"Multis signis Natura declarat quid velit—obsurdescimus tamen nescio quo modo, nec audiemus."—CIC. *De Amicit.*

"—— Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor."—OVID.

not a natural religion derived from the creation without, not a subjective religion originating in each man for himself, but a Bible and sermon religion,—far from being improbable (as the impugners of an ‘ historical creed ’ so eloquently insist), is actually the form of religion imperatively demanded by the *very structure of human nature*.

“ But even when driven by the evidence of facts to admit the necessity of *some* communication from God to man, the eloquent advocates of a teaching creation around, and a guiding conscience within, appeal proudly to the universality and perpetuity of those lights, contrasted with what they denounce as the partiality and exclusiveness of the Bible. ‘ If God were to interfere at all,’ they maintain, ‘ it would be by some *universal* agency, simple, general, and obvious, as the laws of his visible creation.’ They smile at the notion of God’s greatest exhibition of his will to man being acted upon the reduced theatre of a petty province, and made dependent on the chances of human testimony. ‘ In the moral, as in the physical world,’ exclaims the leader of the sentimental school of Deism, ‘ it is ever on a great scale and by simple means that Deity operates.’ But what if we retort, that it is those very laws of nature on a great scale—those very simple means—that have caused God to be forgotten? Not justly, we admit, for they *ought* eminently to have convinced men of his presence and power; but what of that? We are not now speaking of argumentative propriety, but of actual fact; not of man as he ought to be, but of man as he is. And it *is* an undeniable fact, that it is the permanence and uniformity of the natural laws of the creation that have beguiled men into speculative, and, still more, into practical atheism; that

it is the very perfection of the laws which has hidden the legislator. That hand that God has constructed so wondrously can write, 'There is no God!' Let it be smit with sudden paralysis, and the notion of an intervening avenger will arise; nay, let us at any time behold some strange *unique* in any of the departments of experience, and it startles our habitual slumber. That is to say, as long as the work is *perfect* we recognise no worker; but the moment it becomes deficient (the very thing which ought logically to produce the doubt), we begin to conceive and admit his reality. The more apparently capricious the works of nature, the more they resemble man's, and the more they remind us of direct agency analogous to the human. Now, if this be so, could it be expected that, to produce an acknowledgment of his being and attributes, the Deity would continue to employ the same medium of regular and ordinary laws, the same vast and uniform processes in the physical world, which in all ages have tended (such the miserable subjection of man to an unreasoning imagination) to render his agency suspected by some and practically forgotten by the many? To make himself felt he must *disturb* his laws; in other words, he must perform or permit *miracles*. But then he must exhibit them *sparingly*, as, if they continued to appear on assignable principles of stated recurrence and in definite cycles—nay, if they appeared frequently, though unfixedly, they would enter, or seem to enter, into the procession of the laws of nature, and thus lose their proper use and character. What follows? It follows, that miracles cannot be presented to every successive age, far less to each individual person; they must, then,

be presented only to some *particular age or ages*, and to some particular personal witnesses."*

To all others they must be matter of *testimony*; and the truth in corroboration of which they were wrought must also be matter of testimony. To have that truth handed down with a precision which shall entitle it to continued confidence, it must be *fixed*, and not left to the known and felt uncertainty of oral tradition. It must be *written*. And thus, a standard of truth which shall be fixed in itself, and in attestation of it miracles, which shall be matter of testimony, are shewn to be, not only desirable, but indispensable to meet the necessities of fallen man. Such is the Bible in its contents and in its corroboration. The things to be believed were *written*, that no uncertainty might remain as to *what* they are; and they were *divinely attested*, that there might be no mistake as to *whence* they are.

Let me add, they are all equally attested, though in themselves they are not all equally important. It is as true, as divinely attested, that the King of Assyria sent a great army into Palestine, as it is that a Virgin conceived and bare a son. It is as true, as divinely attested, that Cæsar Augustus, at a certain date, published a decree that the whole Roman empire should be taxed, as it is that Jesus of Nazareth rose from the dead. It is as true that David was guilty of adultery, as it is that Joseph resisted solicitation to commit the same sin. It is as true that Paul and Barnabas quarrelled, and separated in their missionary labours, as it is that by means of these labours they diffused the

* Butler's Sermons.

blessings of salvation among the Gentiles. It is as true that Paul wrote to Timothy to bring with him the cloak left at Troas, and the books and parchments, as it is that he left Titus in Crete, to set in order things left undone, and ordain elders in every city.

It is as true, as divinely attested, that the Jews said concerning Jesus, "He hath a devil, and is mad," as it is that Jesus said concerning himself, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life." The genuine doctrine of inspiration does not require that all things contained in the Bible shall be of equal importance, but only that all is of equal veracity. All that is recorded there as having been done, was done; all that is recorded as having been said, was said; whether it was said by good men or by bad men, whether by the devil or by Jehovah, all was indeed said. And the standard of good and bad, the principles by which we are to judge between the good and the bad, the character of the devil and the character of God, all are clearly stated. We are not referred to a standard elsewhere, whether in ourselves or in other men, or in creation around, whereby to sit in judgment on the contents of the Bible, pronouncing some of them inspired and some of them not inspired. But we are supplied with a standard in the Bible itself, whereby to judge of the nature and comparative importance of things, all of which are given by inspiration of God, and attested by miraculous evidence.

To say that we have a rectifying standard in ourselves is to say that fallen man possesses something superior to the Word of God, which is to make the Bible secondary, if not useless. Of what, then, can we judge? Of the *evidence* which attests the divine origin

of the Bible. The evidence is a condescension to our lower faculties. "Believe *me*," said the Saviour, "or else believe me for the *very work's sake*." The miraculous work is an appeal to our senses, *i.e.* a condescension to our infirmity. Reasonably satisfied thereby of the *origin* of the Bible, it is equally reasonable, THEN, to submit to its *contents*, even where they are above reason.

II. Our second general statement is, that the communications which are actually contained in the Bible are in a remarkable manner adapted to the necessities of fallen man.

This adaptation will appear if we consider man—

1. *As a compound creature, a mysterious combination of body and soul.*

In virtue of this constitution, the bodily senses are the usual avenues to the secret chambers of the spirit. It is through what our master of allegory, in his history of the Christian Pilgrim, calls *eyegate* and *eargate*, that knowledge in all its elements, and all its materials, is conveyed to the human mind. It is true, indeed, that on knowledge once obtained the mind acts within itself, comparing, contrasting, and abstracting; but for means of attaining it, man is dependent on his senses, and no communication would be adapted to his necessities which did not practically recognise this fact.

The Bible does this in an eminent degree. Its aim is at man's spirit; its subject is spiritual truth. But its conveyancers are sensible images and parables, and these not special or local, but universal; not scientific, but popular. Bread, water, air, light, morning, evening, the grass of the field, the trees of the forest, the mountains, the sea, the sun, the moon, the stars, all the

catholic imagery of nature, are pressed into this service. Also the ordinary occupations of men, as ploughing, digging, sowing, reaping, pruning, grafting, sheep-tending; there is not an object or an occupation open to the senses of all mankind, and thereby available for universal instruction, which is not made in the Bible a vehicle for spiritual truth. In Genesis, the trees of life and knowledge, the serpent, the pains of travail, the clothing with skins, the sweat of the face, the turning to dust; in Revelation, every object, from the seven candlesticks at the opening, to the river of life and the morning-star at the close.

Special and local images are indeed used in the Bible. Plants and animals, if used at all, must partake in some degree of this character, seeing that they vary with the varying latitudes and climates of their respective residences. The habits and customs of men in domestic and social life, must in like manner partake of this character, varying as they do with times and places. Still the idea intended by the image is conveyed universally, though not perhaps to all, with all its original vividness. All men have not luxuriated in the valley of Sharon, or stood in admiration of Mount Lebanon, or fainted on their weary way for lack of shelter from a tropical sun; yet all men can receive, though not with equal clearness, the ideas originally designed and illustrated by "the rose of Sharon," "the cedars of Lebanon," and "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Let the Bible, in this characteristic of it, be compared with any human composition, and immediately, the littleness, the localism, the individualism of man's book, though he be a great man, will shew in striking contrast with the largeness, the ubiquity, the catholicity of the Book of God.

In this we have considered man in his most elementary aspect, as he appears in the masses of the uneducated. Now, taking him in a more advanced stage, we observe that the Bible is adapted to him.

2. *In the nature of his intellectual faculties.* Of these three are eminently conspicuous—memory, imagination, and reason.

Memory deals with facts. History is its necessary food, biography its dainty meat. The Bible abounds in both. It contains a history of the world, condensed yet satisfactory, linked as it is to all the great movements and changes which can be traced in any or every other history. All the indelible marks which the deluge has left in the physical history of the world, and all the progress of nations, through the rise and fall of Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Persia, Greece, and Rome, are recognised in the Bible, and have their places assigned them in the great plan of God.

And who, in the most cursory view of the world's history, can keep the Jewish nation out of his sight? Wonderful from its beginning hitherto, its course is the most astounding fact in the annals of mankind. Its rise and progress, from a few helpless emigrants, through a long period of bondage and persecution, to the power and prominence of a great nation, with an army of above a million and a half of fighting men,* are such as to command a lodgment in the memory of any human being who once, and with attention, reads the narrative. And since their national downfall, their continuance as a distinct people in a state of separation from every surrounding people, deprived of every element of national continuity in themselves, without a territory and without

* 1 Chron. xxi. 5.

a government, is a miracle of above eighteen hundred years standing. The Bible alone, as a book of history past and to come—for prophecy is history to come—does justice to this fact, as undeniable as it is astonishing.

The Bible is rich in biography, and precisely of that domestic character most peculiarly suited to the memory of the masses of mankind. Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca, Jacob and his sons—who has not felt the touching tenderness, as well as the simplicity and beauty, of the history of Joseph? What unsophisticated human mind can come in contact with it, and not have lively interest excited? Let the classes, even the youngest, in our scriptural schools make answer, while every heart beats and every eye glistens, hearing how Joseph was cruelly sold, unjustly imprisoned, suddenly elevated from a dungeon to a throne, made the arbiter of the fate of his unnatural brothers, and the consoler of the old age of his beloved father. Moses, also, and Samuel and Ruth, and the widow of Sarepta, and the Shunammite and her son; truly the biographies of the Bible reach the hidden springs of man's heart, and, by means of images and facts the most familiar, supply his memory with materials adapted in an eminent degree to elevate him in the scale of moral being.

The Bible is adapted to man as endowed with *imagination*. Imagination deals with poetry: and where is poetry to be found so rich, so varied, so pure, so elevating, as the poetry of the Bible? Many portions of the Book of Job, the descriptive and prophetic Psalms, Isaiah, Nahum, Habakkuk; these elicit the noblest exercises of man's imagination, while they speak of him whose "glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of his praise. And his brightness was as the light;

he had horns coming out of his hand, and there was the hiding of his power. Before him went the pestilence, and burning coals went forth at his feet. He stood and measured the earth : he beheld, and drove asunder the nations ; and the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow : his ways are everlasting." —Hab. iii. 3-6.

It is this imagery, this food for the imagination, that commends the Bible to the unlearned. These have been—and notwithstanding the gigantic efforts of our educationists, these still are, and must long continue—the vast majority of our species. To them the Gospel is preached. To them the God of the Bible has addressed himself ; and knowing how dependent they are on the outward images of daily life for the conveyance of instruction to their minds, and influence to their spirits—knowing, that is to say, how imagination presides as the dominant power in their intellectual composition, he has spoken to them in what may be called household poetry—poetry from the host and the guest, the garden and the orchard, the sheepwalk and the vineyard. And while the Bible, thus adapted to the imagination of mankind, warbles in these strains of humble, familiar imagery among the habitations of the poor, it strikes at times a loftier note, and by exquisite combinations arrests and fascinates the most cultivated and exalted among men of genius. Where did Byron find the passage which he confessed was the most sublime he ever read? In the Bible.* Where did

* I have read somewhere, and cannot now recall where, that Lord Byron made the observation here referred to, with reference to the first chapter of Job.

Probably because of the simple, unhesitating tone, without

Milton imbibe the elements of that copious flood of rich and varied poetry, which rolled, and still rolls, in golden splendour in the high places of our national literature? Clearly in the Bible.

And not the pen only, but the pencil also. Where did those masters of the imaginative art, Raphael, Correggio, Michael Angelo, Leonardo, find those characters, and groups, and combinations, which, whether for tenderness or sublimity, for soothing softness in affliction or heroic majesty in deeds of daring; whether for the mild benevolence of compassion or the patient endurance of agony; for calm self-possession before the tyrant of Babylon, in the immediate prospect of a fiery furnace, or for impassioned fervour of missionary zeal on Mars Hill, or dignified remonstrance when left alone in his fidelity at Antioch — embodying and addressing the highest powers of the imagination of mankind, exercise an energy, and command an influence, before which millions of our fellows bow in the thrilling ecstasy of an unexamined devotion? Where?—assuredly, undeniably in the Bible.

Neither is this all. But where, I ask again, did those composers who, by magic combinations of sounds, evoke all the slumbering powers of man's imagination? Where did Handel, and Mozart, and Mendelssohn, and Haydn, find subjects suited to their lofty strains? Their music was too sublime to find utterance in themes supplied by mere human genius. Nothing of Homeric

explanation and without apology, in which the great truth of the personal agency of Satan is there stated. The human enemies of Job, and the destructive elements of nature, are there presented to us as the ready instruments of him who is afterwards called "the god of this world." and "the prince of the power of the air."

invention or of Mantuan polish,—nothing sung by Pindar, or thundered by Demosthenes, or elaborated by Cicero, was in keeping with their lofty muse. Nothing, beginning and ending with creatures, however scientific in its discovery, and valuable in its application,—nothing in the whole range of what is called “useful knowledge” could rise above the comparatively contemptible in their sight. To the Bible they turned. The “Creation,” the “Messiah,” “Elijah”—these, and these alone, and these mainly in the words of the Bible, were accounted worthy to convey their magnificent melody.

The Bible is adapted to man as a *reasoning* creature. Reason deals with argument, research, comparison, inductive inference. The Bible fully responds, whether considered in some of its separate portions, or taken as a whole. The Epistles to the Romans and Galatians present the truths of redemption, with all the *vis consequentiæ* of a logical argument, close and conclusive. The ruin of man, Gentile and Jew,—of the Gentile, manifested by his conduct in violation of the law of his conscience; of the Jew, manifested by his conduct in violation of the law of Moses; “the righteousness of God without the law,” provided and proclaimed in Jesus Christ; the confidence in God’s veracity, through which that righteousness becomes available for man; man’s sin abounding, God’s grace much more abounding; the new nature in man inseparable from trust in God; the holy breathings and struggles and conflicts of that new nature; the triumph of grace in the end, according to the purpose of God from the beginning; and all the “fruits of the Spirit,” by which this triumph is practically exhibited, in love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, temperance. Here is food for reasoners! St. Paul supplied what Mrs. Hannah More called the

wedges of fine gold. Human reasoners are the wire-drawers.

Taken as a whole, the Bible invites man to the highest exercise of his reasoning powers. Truth is one. Its comprehensive germ is in the first prophecy of him who saw the end from the beginning. Ruined man restored by Divine Man; the Restorer wounded to a temporary death by the great enemy of God and man; the enemy crushed to everlasting destruction by the risen and returning Restorer. These elements pervade all that follows. Bleeding sacrifices speak of ruin, and history supplies its woeful illustrations. The Gospel announces recovery, and Christian experience realises the precious blessing. Prophecy, while with one voice it completes the glad tidings, with another proclaims retribution — retribution in itself tremendous, in the manner of its announcement plain, and, for the present, painful. *For the present*, because there is a time for everything; and the Bible, to be understood as a whole, must be viewed with reference to its different *times*, as well as its different subjects.

Where this is not done some parts of the Bible are neglected by Christians, and evaded as painful and inapplicable, while the same parts are seized upon and made prominent by the enemies of Christianity, as proofs that the Bible cannot be of God. I refer to such passages as these: “That thy foot may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies, and the tongue of thy dogs in the same;” and “The righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance; he shall wash his feet in the blood of the wicked.” Some deistical reasoners have not scrupled to call these passages, and their parallels, atrocious, and on the strength of them to reject the Bible altogether; nay, some have even dared to turn

to a theme of ridicule and merriment the saints in armour, with drawn swords, at once the judges and executioners under penal laws. Others, more moderate, but not less mischievous, ascribing such sanguinary sentiments to the yet unsubdued passions of the individual writers, have grounded on these passages a theory of inspiration which amounts to no real inspiration at all. What, then, has Christian reason to say in their defence? Or how does the Book which contains them commend itself to man as a reasoning creature?

“To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven,” a time to keep silence, and a time to speak; a time to have patience, and a time to strike. Christian character and conduct, as we now understand them, belong to this present period of this world’s history. During this present period, the conduct of God towards us, or his dealings with us, are *Christian*. They are all in Christ; they are characterised by love, mercy, patience, long-suffering, doing good even to the unthankful and the evil. Christians are called to be *imitators of God* in all this, to walk in love, to shew mercy, to exercise patience, to return good for evil. So far all is plain; and if the Bible contained nothing except what belongs to this period or dispensation, every part of revealed truth would be congenial to the Christian mind. But if another period be spoken of in the Bible, of a different character from the present; and if, with reference to that other period, God be spoken of as no longer exercising love, and mercy, and patience, but, on the contrary, executing vengeance, taking the wicked in their own snare, and, in righteous retribution, returning evil for evil; and if, with corresponding reference to that yet future period, the people of God be spoken of as seeing, and joining, and even

rejoicing in the vengeance; then in those parts of revealed truth there is doubtless something painful to the Christian heart, as at present constituted and cultivated, and yet in strict accordance with sound reason.

This is the fact. A period of *retribution* is revealed, to succeed this period of *forbearance*. We are informed, with great plainness, by both Apostles and Prophets, that "in that day," or at that period, God will execute judgment. St. Paul, with the sort of feeling now excited among us, asked, "Is God unrighteous, who taketh vengeance?" and answered, "God forbid! for then, how could God judge the world?" Here is an appeal to right reason. It is reasonable to expect that God shall judge the world; but how can he do so righteously if it be unrighteous in him to take vengeance?

What follows? *Imitation of God* is the great standard of practice in his reasonable children. While patient love is the father's practice, patient love is the children's duty. If at any time, or under any circumstances, the father's practice shall become different, then a corresponding change will take place in the duty of the child. *Joy in God* is the great standard of feeling. While the father delights in mercy, the dutiful child rejoices when he sees the mercy. If at any time, or under any circumstances, the father should shew himself as delighting in vengeance, *then* the dutiful child will rejoice when he seeth the vengeance. It is reasonable to believe that such a time and such circumstances shall come; but it would not be reasonable, neither are we at all called on by the Bible, to anticipate the experience of that time, or endeavour to cultivate *now* what will become a duty *then*. On the contrary, our duty now, our reasonable service, is to imitate

what God does now, and to be "merciful as our Father also is merciful."

And if it be asked, Why look beyond this at all at present? the answer is, Because the happiness of the children of God cannot be *perfected* until that future period. They are struggling now, and fighting against corruptions and temptations; and *waiting* till the glory of Christ shall be revealed, when they too shall be glad with exceeding joy. It is reasonable to help and sustain them in their conflict, by this "blessed hope;" but when they look forward at it, they find it contemporaneous with, and inseparable from, the judgment of the wicked. "We give thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty, which art, and wast, and art to come; because thou hast taken to thee thy great power and hast reigned. And the nations were angry, and thy wrath is come, and the time of the dead that they should be judged, and that thou shouldest give reward unto thy servants the prophets, and to the saints; and them that fear thy name small and great; and shouldest destroy them which corrupt the earth." Rev. xi. 17, 18.

None shall be destroyed in that day but such as righteously deserve it, that is, such as have been ungodly and unrighteous before. Now, imagine a prophet, imagine the great Prophet of the Church himself, Jesus Christ, contemplating and describing the wickedness of man, and anticipating the judgment of God, and you have the key to those portions of the Bible. Read thus the fifty-eighth Psalm: He says, "Do ye, indeed, speak righteousness, O congregation? Do ye judge uprightly, O ye sons of men?" Are you such as God should spare and make happy? I put it to yourselves, to your own reason and conscience

On the contrary, he then describes their wickedness, derived from father to son, and persevered in against remonstrance, "Yea, in heart ye work wickedness . . . estranged from the womb . . . ye will not hearken." He then desires the end, the winding up of the whole scheme, that he may see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied. This necessarily involves the judgment on his enemies. So he says, "Break their teeth, O God, in their mouth; break out the great teeth of the young lions! Let them melt away." He predicts the *suddenness* of this destruction at last, "Before your pots can feel the thorns, he shall take them away as with a whirlwind, both living, and in his wrath." He predicts the joy and co-operation of the righteous in the vengeance, which it shall then be the will of God to inflict, "The righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance: he shall wash his feet in the blood of the wicked." And then, in conclusion, the mystery of providence is ended, and the righteousness of God in retribution fully recognised and acknowledged, "So that a man shall say, Verily, there is a reward for the righteous," after all his patience; "verily, there is a God that judgeth in the earth," after all his long-suffering.

I venture, then, to repeat, that the Bible, as a whole, taken fully and fairly, without partiality and without hypocrisy, contains rich provision, and is wonderfully adapted, to meet the necessities of fallen man in the exercise of his intellectual faculties, memory, imagination, and reason.

3. Again, thirdly, the Bible is adapted to man in *the diversities of his mental character*.

We have no reason to believe that there is any more **sameness** in the human mind than in the human body.

The diversities are endless. It is difficult to find a single family to all the children of which the same treatment shall be equally suitable. Discrimination is wisdom. But in this respect few men are wise. Discrimination demands largeness and latitude in the mind ; whereas the history of the world is the history of man's littleness and exclusiveness, whether viewed as king, priest, or father. His tendency is to elevate himself into a standard, and thereupon to issue an act of uniformity. The consequence is division, and subdivision, and subdivision again, splitting kingdoms into parties, and churches into sects, and families into self-opinionated individuals. This is not done wilfully for contention sake, but inevitably for conscience sake ; and it is referred to, not as a proof of man's quarrelsomeness, but of man's littleness, and of the darkness which still belongs to the most enlightened.

If men could distinguish with undoubted accuracy between what may be yielded for peace sake as mere personal preference, and what must be maintained for conscience sake as divine truth ; then holy harmony might be secured by mutual concession. But this cannot be ; and, therefore, conscientious fidelity on either side renders disagreement inevitable. It is easy to say and to prove that men *ought* to be of one accord, of one mind, but this, like other features of perfection, is unattainable in our present condition.

No book of man can meet the endless diversities of thought and feeling thus exhibited. The best lacks variety. Man, in the littleness of individualism, speaks to individuals ; and, in the greatest mind, there is a narrowness, which, considered comparatively, amounts almost to a monotony. Twelve successive lecturers on this platform address twelve successive classes of cha-

acters, each evoking a response in some which he has no key-note to awaken in others, and all leaving many notes untouched which would awaken each its congenial echo in characters of still different descriptions. No man, no twelve men, can speak to the hearts of all men.

But God speaks to all. The Bible repudiates individualism. It has, indeed, one lesson to teach to all, but it does not place all its pupils on the same form, or insist on them all learning the lesson in the same manner. It contains no act of uniformity. It contains one truth, as it reveals one God; but the truth, as it was told "at sundry times," so also it was conveyed "in divers manners," amounting to the most striking contrasts. Man, in all the varieties of his mental character, from the extreme of phlegmatic reasoning, on the one side, to the extreme of impassioned impulse on the other, presents no greater contrasts than the Bible does in its modes of teaching. Compare Genesis, simple, unadorned, pathetic story, with Daniel or John the divine, figurative, ornate, sublime, symbolic prophecy. Compare, also, the wonders of Exodus with the simplicity of Ezra and Nehemiah; the stately and deliberate legislation of Deuteronomy with the glowing bridal imagery of the Song of Songs; the military discipline and victorious marches of Joshua with the plaintive strains and lamentations of Jeremiah; the veiled mysteriousness of Job, dark and oracular, with the historical plainness of Matthew or Luke; the connected, logical argumentation of St. Paul, with the abrupt visions of Isaiah and Ezekiel; the cool sententiousness of Proverbs with the gushing current of thought and feeling in St. Peter. The variety is interminable—domestic narrative, national history, legislative enactment, sententious morality, descriptive and devotional poetry,

sublime prediction, parables so simple in diction that a child can trace the story with interest, and so compendious of truth that the most advanced divines are still learners at them, classical realities of place, and person, and custom, close logical reasoning, the affectionate tenderness of warm hearts urging religious truth, and feeling, and consistency; and, finally, the noble arch of historic prophecy, spanning the whole interval between the first and second comings of Jesus Christ, a guiding light to his watching disciples, a bursting thunder-cloud 'o his infatuated enemies!

4. The Bible is adapted to man in his *consciousness of guilt*, and the consequent craving of his heart after some remedy.

Man, as a moral creature, cannot stifle his sense of guilt. There may indeed be such monsters in human form as are past feeling. We believe there are such, described by the Apostle as given over to a reprobate mind, to believe a lie; but they are exceptions, and it remains a general truth, that man as a moral creature cannot stifle his sense of guilt. Neither can he shake off the conviction that the punishment of sin is righteous. He cannot find a key to reconcile this truth with the hope of mercy which lingers around him, and the desire for the recovered favour of God, which does and will from time to time spring up within him. The combination involves him in perplexity, and he turns away from the subject baffled and dissatisfied, to seek among creatures by whom he feels he is not detected that self-complacent ease which he cannot have in the conscious presence of the heart-searching God.

He finds it superficially; and while he is content to be superficial, he possesses an awful capability to keep the deeper cravings of his heart in abeyance. The great

question lies there unsolved, hid beneath a thick unwillingness to grapple with it, but from time to time asserting its supremacy and creating alarm.

No communication of man can meet it. It is easy to *talk of mercy*; but to represent God as a conniver at the sinner's escape is to slander him, even in the estimation of the sinner himself; while to represent him as righteous and true is to consign the sinner to inevitable destruction.

In its provision and adaptation the Bible shines here pre-eminent, because it solves the great question, "How can man be just with God?" The Atonement, itself a mystery, is a great reconciler of other mysteries, and the true secret of solid peace, because we see in it, though imperfectly for the present, that the holiness of God is made consistent with the acceptance of sinful man, that God is just while he justifies the unjust. True, this involves what is above and beyond human reason; but nothing can be more reasonable than that any real information concerning God should do so; that any real glimpse into the infinite should overrun and exhaust the faculties of the finite. And nothing can be more true than that at that point where the finite fails, we must receive the kingdom of God as little children, or not receive it at all. What God has been pleased to reveal in the horizon without explanation sheds the light of explanation upon every object between us and it. If we reject it because it is partially unsearchable, involving what is not revealed, we throw all the intervening objects into darkness and confusion. But accept the treatment of little children in the horizon, and then enjoy the treatment of reasoning friends in all the landscape. The Incarnation is in the horizon. Receive it on *authority*, and every subsequent step in the great work of re-

demption becomes a matter of reasonable argument. The righteousness of God is the righteousness of man also. The law of God is honoured ; its every precept fulfilled by man and for man ; its every penalty endured by man and for man ; and all this, possessing such meritoriousness in the moral government of God, that on the strength of it the Lawgiver and Judge can consistently act as the Father and the Friend.

This is the true glory of the Bible in its adaptation to fallen man. Other teachers deal gently with man's corruptions, having no cure for deep wounds. They can heal but slightly, and therefore they are cautious to wound only slightly. The Bible probes the sore to the quick, conscious of possessing an adequate remedy. It fears not to magnify the holiness of God, and to exhibit in darkest colours the wickedness of man, separating between them as far as heaven is from hell : because it reveals a Mediator qualified to fill the mighty chasm, a Daysman to lay his hand upon both. It gives examples of sin, examples of punishment for sin, examples of forgiveness of sin. It contains pungent descriptions of the nature and exceeding sinfulness of sin, revelations of secret heart sins, tremendous denunciations of Divine wrath against the impenitent sinner, and the most encouraging assurances that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin : teaching the soul throughout, that here it has to do with great realities, not theories or controversies, not human playthings of speculation, but grand momentous verities, the issues of life and death.

5. The Bible is adapted to man *in his instincts of desire*.

Man as a fallen creature feels himself capable of improvement. He feels that his species is capable of improvement. He desires it and the enjoyment sup-

posed to be inseparable from it. Improvement of some kind, or what is supposed to be improvement, is the instinctive desire and the perpetual aim of civilised man. To increase his physical comforts ; to add to his wealth all that wealth can procure ; to multiply his social enjoyments ; to give more comprehensive energy to his public institutions, especially those of civil government ; that authority may be efficient without power to be tyrannical, and liberty full and generous without opportunity to degenerate into license ; that sanitary reforms may exclude sickness, and social reforms banish poverty, and hardship, and oppression. These are the instincts of man's desire ; but in these, improve as he will, he is perpetually baffled and disappointed. There remains a hindrance in his way which none of his reforms can remove. It is not poverty, not sickness, not over-population, not mistaken legislation. These are only symptoms, and for symptoms only human politicians prescribe. The real hindrance is *sin*. For this they cannot prescribe. They do not feel adequately its dangerous consequences. They do not seem to feel at all its inherent wickedness. Hence they weary themselves in the very fire, and all in vain. All attempts to make the world happy without making it holy have been and must be vain. So long as man labours to benefit himself without reference and deference to the revealed will of God, his labours must be abortive and his desires unsatisfied. Judging of others by himself, and feeling in himself a willingness to take advantage of others for the attainment of his own selfish ends, he is and cannot but be suspicious. He laughs to ridicule the notion of disinterestedness as an Utopian fancy of weak minds, and his confidence for all the honesties of social life is in the

iron hand of the law hanging over and ready to lay hold of every defaulter.

He desires a better state of things, and *talks* of confidence, and peace, and universal good feeling ; while his real reliance for the attainment of what shall approximate to this, is based on the possibility of making it a matter of universal self-interest. Thus he groans, being burdened. He desires and attains not, because he desires amiss, looking for happiness without holiness. He labours, and succeeds not, because he labours for himself first, and until God is his first object, man must be dissatisfied.

To such a creature the Bible is indeed adapted. It explains the groaning travail of the earth ; while it reveals the blessed hope of a “ new earth,” wherein all the instincts of man’s desire after peace, and plenty, and liberty, and joy, shall be fully satisfied. It exhibits existing evil, not as the triumph of an independent power antagonistic to Jehovah, as the Manichæans taught, and as every Deist who tries to be consistent must sometimes suspect, but as the righteous judgment of Jehovah himself. Isaiah, xlv. 7. It tells briefly the history of the present disjointed state of things—that the earth and all the creatures it contained were intrusted to the care and keeping of the first man ; that by his wilful disobedience, not himself only, but also his fair dominion, in every department of it, fell under the righteous anger of its Creator. It became “ *subject to vanity* ” by reason of him who so brought a curse upon it. But the ruin was not final. The purpose of redemption in Christ arrested the judgment (he is the shield of the earth), and the fall was not into a state of despair, but into a state of hope—

hope of "*the restitution of all things.*" *Because the creation shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.* The children or church of God militant here on earth, have already a deliverance in the Spirit, which is an earnest, or first-fruits, of a still more complete and glorious deliverance. "The creation as yet groans and travails, *waiting for this manifestation of the sons of God*; and not the remainder of the creation only, but the sons of God themselves, who have the first-fruits of the Spirit, even they themselves groan within themselves, *waiting for the adoption*, to wit, the redemption, or resurrection, of the body." "The second man is the Lord from heaven;" and for him, THE SECOND ADAM in his manifested human nature of the seed of David, is reserved the glory of a perfect kingdom upon earth. "A sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of his kingdom." "He shall execute judgment and justice on the earth." "He shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor. All kings shall fall down before him, all nations shall serve him." "His saints shall reign with him; and the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions (or rulers) shall serve and obey him."

Man's ideal of perfection, will then be realised. Kingdom, church, family, all one, identical in every interest, ardent in every affection, holy in every pursuit. In public life, no oppression, no injustice, no dishonesty, no triumph of hypocrisy, no compromise or concealment of the truth of God, for the sake of present advantage among men. In private life, no poverty, no sickness,

“no sorrow, nor crying. neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away, and he who sitteth upon the throne saith, Behold, I make all things new.”

“Well spake the prophet, Let the desert sing ;
Where sprang the thorn the spiry fir shall spring,
And where unsightly and rank thistles grew,
Shall grow the myrtle and luxuriant yew.”

These visions and revelations of what shall be respond with satisfying fulness to the best and most cherished longings of the human heart. Whatever special interpretation may be put upon them, they present

“Bright scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,
Scenes of accomplished bliss ! which who can see,
Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
His soul refreshed with foretaste of the joy ?”

Fallen man can as easily cease to be as cease to hope ; and no religion which did not abound with objects of hope could be adapted to his moral necessities. The Bible is eminently a book of hope.

But I must forbear. My young friends, prize and revere the Bible. Objections are easily made to parts of it, and you may not always and immediately see the true and sufficient answer ; but you may rely upon it, that such an answer there is : and in refusing to give any agitating heed to the objection, you are not guilty of either prejudice, or obstinacy, or ignorance, but are exercising a wise discretion. There are subjects, it is true, to which this observation would not apply. On many subjects there are opinions, adopted without sufficient evidence, or, though most reasonably adopted, yet open to revision and even alteration upon a change of

circumstances. On such matters, to refuse fresh inquiry is indeed to betray prejudice; but the matter now before us is not of this kind. The authenticity of the sacred books composing the Bible, and the inspiration of their several writers, are no longer open questions. The battle has been fought and won; and when obstinately renewed, it has only been to crown the champions of Revelation with the laurels of more complete victory.

True it is, that difficulties existed. It was fitting for our moral discipline that they should. True it is, that other difficulties may still exist, and that a full and satisfactory harmony between the statements of the Bible and the discoveries of science may not be easily and speedily exhibited. But the wisest of our men of science will prosecute the inquiry with an honest anxiety to discover the harmony which certainly exists—a state of mind removed as far as possible from a disposition to discover and magnify supposed contradictions. Should what seems for a time to be a *real* contradiction arise, it will be a matter of grave and anxious concern to every man whose opinion is of any value, or whose companionship is desirable. If in any of your associates you find it otherwise, and perceive a disposition gladly or flippantly to lay hold of the supposed discrepancy as an argument against religion, beware! It will be no more than common prudence to avoid intimacy, and, as far as possible, even ordinary companionship, with such persons.

From intellectual difficulties, even such as may for the present remain unsolved, turn to the moral adaptations of the Bible, and there see what an instrument it has pleased God to prepare for you; for your memories,

for your imaginations, for your reasons, for the variety of your mental characters, for your consciousness of moral guilt, for your instincts of desire. I have said *an instrument*, and I cannot conclude without reminding you, that after all it is no more than an instrument, suitable, indeed most suitable, eminently adapted for the accomplishment of its purpose; but like every instrument requiring a power to wield it, to put it and keep it in efficient action,—that power is the Holy Ghost. The Word is, indeed, like a hammer to break the rock in pieces, and, like a sword, to pierce to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit; but neither sword nor hammer can perform their appropriate service without a living hand. The adaptation of the Bible to fallen man is one thing; its success in turning him to God is another thing. Adapted it is, in itself, graciously so; successful it can never be, but by the immediate energy of that Almighty Hand which grasps and guides all causes and all effects, to the manifestation of his own glory. Ask, my young friends, for the personal experience of that saving energy in your hearts and minds: ask, and you shall receive; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you. The Bible will come to you, “not in word only, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance;” and then you will be able to appreciate that contrast between the sure word of God, and every attempt to disparage it, which Jehovah himself uttered by the mouth of his holy prophet—“He that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; and he that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully: what is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord.”

The Apostle Paul.

BY THE

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THE APOSTLE PAUL.

IN the character of Paul we have every element of a fine example. There have been many men, generally esteemed as good men, and even as great men withal, who could not be placed before this Association as examples. Our information concerning them is not adequately large, nor is our conviction of their full consistency sufficiently strong, to warrant us in saying to this illustrious assembly of young men, "Observe, that you may understand them; understand, that you may revere them; revere, that you may imitate them." They have not left you an example either definite enough, or admirable enough, for you to follow in their steps.

With the Apostle Paul, however, it is otherwise. Concerning him our information is richly adequate, and our conviction of consistency profoundly, even intensely, strong. Beyond what may generally be imagined are we acquainted with his entire history, with his whole career. I know not, indeed, that a single element is wanting, hardly, perhaps, a solitary circumstance, to render his example, in all respects, complete. It is an intelligible example, a suitable example, an available example, a safe example. As to the entire-

ness of his history, we have memorials of his boyhood, we have mention of him as the young man, and we have letters from him as "Paul the aged." As to the general nature of his history, we find him associating freely with mankind, doing much and suffering much that is common to our humanity at large. As to the details of his history, we see him under the most diversified aspects—now the plodding student, then the industrious artisan—now the eloquent advocate, then the faithful correspondent—now the solitary traveller, then the honoured guest of the chief man of Melita—now the restorer of hope which the Adriatic storm had all but annihilated, then the fearless and magnanimous expectant of martyrdom in the prison-house at Rome. There is hardly an honourable position which, more or less fully, he had not occupied,—scarcely a relationship of human life which, more or less intimately, he did not sustain.

Informed, therefore, of our design to set forth Paul as a man to be imitated by yourselves, even a cursory observer would pronounce in favour of the design. There was about him so much of the real, every-day man. There were, throughout his course, so many of the ordinary ups and downs. There was such a wholeness, as well as such a naturalness, in his history, that it seems something within our reach. There is nothing transcendent, nothing mystical, nothing romantic about it. It is a thing of our own sort—a thing to be taken at once as a model for ourselves.

All the antecedents suggest this; and great authority confirms it, for thus was it written by him when writing by the authority of God, "Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ Jesus." Admirably is this ex-

pressed. He was the model, not absolutely but relatively. He was avowedly subordinate, not supreme. In no wise to the withdrawal of our attention from the Divine Master, but all the more effectively to concentrate and infix our attention, did he say, "Walk so as ye have us for an ensample."

A great help, indeed, was this. How often have we availed ourselves of help analogous to this! The sun, shining in its strength, so dazzles us with its overpowering light that we are unable steadily to gaze so as to apprehend the appearances which the sun assumes; but when it is reflected from the pellucid lake, we are able steadily to gaze. What is large is diminished—what is dazzling is softened—what, through excess of splendour, is lost to the unaided vision, is distinctly and at once discerned.

So with the Sun of Righteousness, when contemplated in its own glory, and when contemplated in the reflexion of that glory in the character of the Apostle Paul. Contemplated in itself, it may overwhelm us. Contemplated in its reflexion, it does not overwhelm us; at all events, it need not overwhelm us. We see a man of like passions and of like condition with ourselves enabled by Divine grace to imitate Christ; and when, in our ignorance and folly, we say that we cannot imitate Christ—that his example may be admirable enough, but that it is not imitable, then Paul says, "Then imitate me." His example is substantially the example of Christ himself, reduced, and chastened, and adapted to the imperfect and feeble vision of our mental and moral eye. I may, therefore, be sure of your attention to-night, for although you might have been engaged on a more entertaining

subject — on a more profitable subject you could not have been engaged than on the character of the Apostle Paul.

It will be well to look at him in his childhood, at Tarsus, in Cilicia. That was his birthplace; a famous city on the river Cydnus, about two hundred miles a little to west of the north of Jerusalem. According to an opinion of very early prevalence in the Church, he was born in the second year after Christ. In consequence of some special circumstances, of which we are not informed, he inherited the immunities of a citizen of Rome, of which in his apostolical career he afterwards made such famous use.

Tarsus was remarkable for its cultivation of philosophy, and for its love of learning generally. Strabo tells us that “the inhabitants of Tarsus were so zealous in the pursuits of philosophy and the whole circle of Greek study, that they surpassed even the Athenians and Alexandrians, and indeed the citizens of every other place that can be mentioned.” It was the birth-place certainly of many distinguished Greek scholars.

Living amidst such literary advantages, it is probable that his parents secured them for their son Saul at an early age, and that thus he laid the foundation of that scholarship of which he made such effective use when afterwards ministering in the work of Christ. But whatever his initiation into general literature, we know that his initiation into all the elements of Jewish literature was full and of the best kind. His parentage being so thoroughly Jewish, for he was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, the national practice of early instruction was scrupulously observed

According to that practice, at five years of age a boy

began the study of the Scripture; at ten he undertook the Mishna; and at thirteen he became a subject, or a son, of the law. Our knowledge of Paul as a school-boy is only inferential—it is indeed not knowledge, but conjecture. Still, judging from his subsequent celebrity, the conjecture is a sound one, that he was a diligent student, a person most thoroughly in earnest from the first. The fact that in his later life he had at command no small part of the treasures of the Greek language, that, as Dr. Bentley assures us, “he was a great master in all the learning of the Greeks,”—this fact is a strong indication of early literary culture, wherein he took great delight. That he was joyous, and frank, and vehement, and daring, evincing out of school rather a strong tendency to roguery and frolic, there can be little doubt; but that he evinced in school a more than ordinary portion of industry and intelligence there can be no doubt. Whatever was once said about some of you young men, and peradventure about some of us lecturers, it could not have been said of young Saul at Tarsus,—

“The whining school-boy! with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.”

No. Ready enough for his relaxation, he was just as ready for his work, getting rapidly over the intermediate region of tedium and depression into the region where labour would be its own gratification and reward.

About the age of fourteen, probably, Paul was brought to Jerusalem, just the age at which many of ourselves came away from our fathers, or our widowed mothers, that we might learn to get our daily bread. And this, in part, was what Paul went to Jerusalem for. You

remember your excitement when setting about your new employment,—your nervousness lest you should not do it right—your blunderings and your embarrassments, and your vexation and your distress,—the heartless taunts of one associate in the shop because you were so stupid, and the kindly assurance of another that, when he was a young beginner, he was stupid too. You remember all this. So do I. Some of you know all about it just now. Paul knew all about it too, for he went to learn the trade of a tent-maker, just as youths learn their trades now. He had to begin at the beginning—to pay attention—to try his hand—to take care—to bear reproof—to get over his mortification as best he could—to stick to it—to make another and yet another effort, and so, failing less and less frequently, and succeeding, as learners only can succeed, by degrees, he could at last make tent-cloth as well as his instructors—in all probability a great deal better; and thus, according to an excellent usage among the Jews, he was able with his own hands to earn his daily bread.

What portion of time he gave to his handicraft we do not know. Certainly nothing like all his time, for he had to prosecute his learning and to mind his books.

He tells us that he was brought up in Jerusalem at the feet of Gamaliel. This choice of a teacher was profoundly wise. All collateral testimony agrees with the statement of the Scripture that he was a man had in reputation among all the people. That he was a learned man may be inferred from his position in the council. That he was a right-minded, true-hearted man, may be gathered from his noble defence of the first Apostles before the Sanhedrim. Having brought Peter and his brethren to their tribunal, the chief priests in council

were so confounded with their defence that they knew not what to answer; and, as their only remedy, they took preliminary measures for putting them to death. Gamaliel was present, and heard their counsel against the disciples of the Nazarene. He had no sympathy with their discipleship, but he had humanity and common sense enough to know that this was not the way to put their discipleship down. Hear the tutor of our future Apostle of the Gentiles! "Refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God." A tutor, indeed, was this worthy such a pupil as the generous, the energetic, the ambitious Cilician boy. Under the tutorship of Gamaliel Paul became indoctrinated, not only with the letter, but with the sentiment and spirit, of the Old Testament. The method of instruction adopted was precisely the thing for such a mind as Paul's. He had not to listen, day after day, to the prosaic oral instructions of his master, as have the students in our modern colleges; neither had he to repeat from memory to his master what he had just learnt. The thing was done catechetically or responsively—the teacher asking the learners impromptu questions, and the learners asking similar questions of their teacher in return.

Vastly different from the dull routine of our seminaries was the vigorous, diversified, intellectual collision of the seminaries at Jerusalem. Difficult questions were started, avowedly for curious and recondite discussions. Singular interpretations were proposed, expressly to put the acquirements, and the subtlety, and the vigour of the school to the severest tests. No matter

how monstrous a position might chance to be, if it could be logically defended. No matter at all how intricate or how interminable a discussion, if its dialectics were well maintained.

Under tuition of this kind the mind of Paul became remarkably well disciplined, and well furnished withal. Full well did he understand what in his better times he called fables, endless genealogies, questions and strifes of words. And, what was of more value, he thus got to apprehend the scope, and the meaning, and the applicability of the oracles of God.

During the period of his discipleship with Gamaliel, he ranged himself formally among the Pharisees, adopting their habits and priding himself on his punctilious observance of all the peculiarities of the sect; for, when speaking long afterwards of those who had known him from the beginning, he declared that they would testify how that "after the most straitest sect of their religion he had lived a Pharisee."

As he was approaching the termination of his educational career, he heard of Christianity; and, perhaps, either in the temple or about the streets of Jerusalem, saw the Author of Christianity himself. At all events he knew, not only of his existence, but of his claim to be regarded as the Messiah. Stern, however, and impassioned was his determination utterly to resist the claim. Merely to reject it would not suffice. It must be resisted actively, and to the last. Ignorant with a kind of ignorance of which he was afterwards ashamed,—ignorant under circumstances wherein he was so culpable, that he needed the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, in order unto eternal life,—unjustifiably and criminally ignorant, but still ignorant of the merits of Christianity,

he addressed himself to oppose its promulgation, and, if possible, to put an end to it at once. He had no such idea as his old master that peradventure Christianity might be of God after all. It was a profane and presumptuous innovation—a vulgar and vile conspiracy—an atrocious, antinomian heresy, only to be taken notice of that it might the more speedily be rooted out.

Among the first Christians there was one named Stephen, a disciple indeed, who was neither to be flattered nor frightened out of what he held to be the truth. “Why would he act in direct opposition to the Sanhedrim?” Simply because the Sanhedrim was acting in direct opposition to the will of God. “Who authorised him to say that?” His own conscience. “But should he not forego his own conscience? Should he not act upon the judgment of the authorities rather than act upon his own?” No. Necessity was laid upon him to hold by the truth of Christianity. Then he must die. If they could not convince, they could punish. If they could not seduce, they could sacrifice. “Stone him!” was the cry, “Stone him!” and it was the cry of Saul amongst the rest. “When the blood of thy martyr Stephen was shed, I also was standing by, and consenting unto his death, and kept the raiment of them that slew him.” Foremost among the men who were engaged in the death of the proto-martyr stood the future Apostle, for the witnesses, whose office it was to cast the first stone, laid down their clothes at his feet. None more prominent than he. None more ready to do anything and everything which the martyrdom of a Christian required. None more complacent, from first to last, with the spectacle whereby the opponents of Christianity had been emboldened, and the advocates of Christianity

dismayed. In vain the devout resignation of Stephen. In vain the great lamentation of the men who carried him to his grave. With characteristic vehemence Paul denounced it, setting himself thenceforward to the extirpation of Christianity as the great business of his life.

Not content with such influence as he could exert personally, he sought an official appointment with the command of such resources as could be assigned to him by the chief priest. "He went unto the high-priest and desired of him letters to Damascus to the synagogue, that if he found any of this way, whether they were men or women, he might bring them bound to Jerusalem." The Sanhedrim held jurisdiction over all synagogues throughout the world. Its directions were everywhere imperative. Its will was law.

Receiving commission, therefore, from the Sanhedrim under the sign-manual of the high-priest, Paul could carry out his purposes with a high hand. For the period of rather more than a year were they thus carried out. He breathed out threatenings and slaughters. He made havoc of the church. He punished the disciples in every city. He was exceedingly mad against them. He compelled them to blaspheme.

Never has the Gospel had an opponent whose natural temperament, whose educational prepossessions, whose official position, whose manifold resources, rendered him so formidable as was Paul. Was there a man in all Judæa who pretended to have ground for self-exultation? Was there a descendant of Abraham anywhere who thought he might have confidence in the flesh? Paul challenged the man's pretension by averring that he himself might have it much, much more. There never

had been zeal like his. And the exponent of his transcendent zeal was this, "Concerning zeal persecuting the church."

Under these circumstances, we find him attaining, say his thirty-fifth year. He was now about thirty-four or thirty-five years old, and well known among all his countrymen as one raised up for their deliverance from the repulsive innovation of the accursed Nazarene. The crisis of his history was at hand. Unknown to every created mind, there was a purpose in the mind of God relating to his conversion,—a purpose which required, and which guaranteed, the removal of his enmity against the Gospel of Jesus Christ

The set time for the accomplishment of that purpose having come, it was of course accomplished, God working all things together according to the counsel of his own will. On his way to Damascus Paul was arrested by a voice from heaven, and, through the mighty power that accompanied the voice, he was translated out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son. Old things at once passed away, and all things became new. The persecutor was an advocate, the adversary an ally, the enemy a friend, the foe a brother, loving and greatly to be beloved.

Instead of entering Damascus, as had been anticipated by the Jews, with exultation, and by the Christians with dismay, he entered to the disappointment of the both. He was expected to arrive in official state, bearing himself loftily, as the commissioner of the high-priest, in his progress to the synagogue, there to occupy the judgment-seat; but he arrives in the deepest humiliation, a blind man for the time being, actually led by the hand of others, and lodged unostentatiously enough

in the house of one Judas. Great was the consternation of the opponents of Christianity; almost as great the consternation of its friends. They doubted in their minds concerning what had come to pass. They could not believe that he had embraced the Gospel. It was some deeper form of his malignity against the Cross. He was only counterfeiting appearances that he might all the more effectually trample them in the dust. They were perplexed.

It pleased God to relieve their perplexity by communicating to one of their number, named Ananias, the fact of Paul's conversion. In obedience to that communication, Ananias at length visited the convert, found him a disciple indeed, received from him the profession of his faith in the Redeemer, buried him by baptism into the death of Christ, and then bade him God speed in his mission of evangelic mercy to all mankind.

Great, indeed, was the excitement occasioned by his conversion to Christianity. It was an incredible, an impossible thing. Such a man, with such an education, and such a position, and such power, and such prospects, actually a Christian! More than this, such a man a preacher of Christianity! How could such things be? But so they were. "He preached the faith which once he destroyed." True to his original instincts, Paul did this without delay. It was immaterial to him who applauded or who condemned. He cared but little how he might be encouraged by friends, or how he might be persecuted by foes. His heart was fully set within him to know nothing any longer among men, but Christ and him crucified. He felt that the obligation to do a thing arises immediately and imperatively from the discovery

that the thing is right;—an important principle this, by the by, for you young men. Let there be grave and comprehensive thoughtfulness about everything which rightfully claims your attention. Let there be as much deliberation, by all means, as the nature of every claim properly requires. But let there be no deliberation at all in complying with that claim when once it has been made out. If anything ought to be done, let it be done, according to your great ensample, who tells us that immediately he did not confer with flesh and blood, but went promptly to the performance of the will of God.

Having remained at Damascus for a while, Paul went away into Arabia, whence he returned to Damascus again; whereupon, we may say, that his career as a Christian man, his public career began. To adduce every great incident in that career will be impossible. It is a career of great incidents. A few must be selected which will bring out some of the features of his character in which he should be especially imitated by yourselves.

A great feature in his character was humility. At Lystra, a city of Lycaonia, Paul preached the Gospel, and healed a man who had been a cripple from his birth. Admiration was greatly excited, admiration which tended towards practical idolatry. Never had Lycaonia been so honoured. Why—there was the father of the gods himself, and there was his favourite attendant! Garlands, and incense, and sacrifice, and solemn ceremonial, and sacerdotal service, were in demand at once. “The gods are come down to us. Their form is the likeness of men, but Jupiter and Mercury are here.” So remarkable was the impression which Paul had produced, that a singular opportunity for the gratification of per-

sonal vanity was thus placed within his reach. But he let it slip. Nay, he solemnly disowned the veneration which they were in the very act of offering; for, rending his garments in token of his vexation at their folly; he said to them, "Sirs, why do ye these things? We are men of like passions with yourselves." It could not be, seeing that their influence was so signally superhuman, and that their eloquence was beyond comparison profound. "Indeed," Paul maintained, "it is so. We have nothing which we have not received, and we dare not glory as though we had not received it."

And, as at Lystra, so everywhere else. Man of renown as he was, he was everything but a proud man.

True, indeed, there was no servility about him,—no odious cant, pretending that he was possessed of no excellency, that he was distinguished for no virtue, that he was as the filth and offscouring of all things, that he was useless amidst the aggressions of the Gospel upon the domains of sin. So far from talking after this manner, he was conscious of his qualifications for effective service, and of his performance of effective service. He knew very well that he had made Felix tremble, and he was quite aware that he had left the most erudite of the Athenians without excuse. There was no voluntary humility which sanctimoniously disclaimed all this, but there was the genuine humility which devoutly ascribed it all to God.

True, moreover, there was no abject relinquishment of his rights as a citizen or as a man. When the Philippian magistrates found out that in imprisoning and scourging him they had imprisoned a citizen of Rome, and were anxious that he should at once go free, he stood upon his citizenship, and in one of the finest spe

cimens of self-respect on record, required the suitable reparation of the wrong he had endured: "They have beaten us openly, uncondemned, being Romans, and have cast us into prison; and now do they thrust us out privily. Nay, verily, but let them come themselves and fetch us out." There was no mere bravado in all this; no noisy, vulgar, opinionated pretence of jealousy for public rights, which, being interpreted, would have been mean and narrow-minded jealousy for himself: it was the Christian man's dignified assertion of his constitutional immunities as still a well-accredited member of the Roman commonwealth. And he made the magistrates come to him, and desire from him, as a favour, that he would leave the prison and depart. Having gained his purpose, he did depart, not however until he had visited Lydia and the brethren, as an expression of his full determination to leave the city of Philippi with the bearing of a reputable and right honourable man.

And after this manner did he always act, whenever his enemies would make the fact of his being a Christian a reason for treating him as though he had ceased to be a man. Take another illustration. A body of wicked Jews had agreed, at the instigation of the high-priest, to put him to death on his journey from Cæsarea to Jerusalem, provided Felix would send him up to Jerusalem professedly to be judged there by him. Aware of the truculency of the whole set, Paul thus addressed himself to Felix: "I stand at Cæsar's judgment-seat, where I ought to be judged. To the Jews have I done no wrong, as thou very well knowest. For, if I be an offender, or have committed anything worthy of death, I refuse not to die: but if there be none of these things whereof they accuse me, no man may deliver me unto them. I

appeal unto Cæsar." Now you may understand Pauline humility. It did not consist in the abnegation of his privileges as a citizen, nor in the sacrifice of his sense of self-respect as a man. It was a masculine sentiment, not a sanctimonious pretence. It was the habit not of the sycophant, but of the saint. One passage declares it all: "By the grace of God, I am what I am: and his grace, which was bestowed on me, was not in vain; but I laboured more abundantly than they all: yet not I, but the grace of God, which was with me."

Be this Pauline humility your own! Have you been blessed above others, in your natural temperament, in your educational advantages, in your intellectual capacity, in your literary status, in your commercial position, in your general prospects? Can you do what others could not do? Do you know already what others will never know at all? Are you in possession of, or are you rapidly acquiring, the good name that is better than precious ointment? Be happy by all means, downright happy, and thankful withal; but don't be proud. Avoid all superciliousness—all haughtiness—all assumption—all airs. At those times when, in the social circle, you are treated with marked respect: when, in the arrangements of business, you are asked for important counsel: when, in assemblies for purposes of benevolence, you are listened to with delight: when, in literary or scientific investigations, you are sensibly getting on: when, in commercial, or academical, or juridical, or political competition, you are, among many others, confessedly the better man, at all such times be clothed with humility. Be it so that you are an instructive companion, an effective advocate, a distinguished scholar, an honourable merchant, a prosperous tradesman, a popular arbitrator, a genuine

patriot, a world-wide philanthropist, a man whose neighbourhood is at once vocal and harmonious in your praise ! What then ? You have nothing that you did not receive. You have nothing whose continuance is independent of the immediate will of God. It is he who giveth you the power to get wealth. It is the Spirit of the Almighty which giveth you understanding. It is in God's hands your lives are, and his are all your ways. Without him you could do nothing. Then walk humbly with God. Enjoy all your Father gives you, and use it all. Let there be dignity, and let there be delight that you are what you are ; but let there be the practical recollection of the great truth, that entirely to the sovereignty of the King Eternal must all excellency be ascribed.

Another great feature in Paul's character was sincerity. His habit was well expressed by his own language, "not walking in craftiness, nor handling the word of God deceitfully ; but by the manifestation of the truth, commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God." On one occasion there were some among his brethren who, in his judgment, had handled the word of God deceitfully. This is his statement of the fact : "When Peter was come to Antioch, I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed, for before certain came from James he did eat with the Gentiles : but when they were come, he withdrew and separated himself, fearing them which were of the circumcision. And the other Jews dissembled likewise, inasmuch that Barnabas also was carried away with their dissimulation." We have the clearest proof that Paul lived with these brethren in strictest friendship. Peter calls him, "our beloved brother Paul." But, whatever Paul's love

for them, his love for the truth was greater still. Integrity was quite as much a duty as charity. There might not be as much pleasure in the discharge of it, but its discharge was imperative notwithstanding; inasmuch as dissimulation was a hateful thing; quite as hateful, whether resorted to to escape opprobrium, or to obtain applause. So hateful was it that Paul went to his companions, and rebuked them to their face. Why had they not adhered to their convictions of right and wrong? Why, because circumstances had altered, were they altered in regard to what they had before deemed to be essential truth? If it was truth, they should adhere to it. Through evil report, as well as through good report, that which was right should be maintained. Through evil and through good report did Paul maintain it. However narrowly you may scrutinise his conduct, you can discover no symptoms of artifice, no indications of hypocrisy, no marks of pious fraud. His life was just a transcript of his character; his words and actions were the simple bodying forth of the emotions and the volitions of the inner man. Every assurance of earnestness, and all professions of solicitude, originated in sentiments of which they were the appropriate sign. When he uttered the language of kindness, he was kind. When he uttered the language of gratitude, he was grateful. When he uttered the language of penitence, he was penitent. When he uttered the language of devotion, he was devout. He had not one meaning for his phraseology in the Church, and another meaning for it in the world. He did not say one thing and intend another. Not one step had he advanced towards the appalling capability for discriminating between a white lie and a black lie. A lie was a lie in his esteem, when-

ever, either in word or in deed, there was an intention to deceive. Can you not imagine, gentlemen, how his great soul would have loathed the diverse equivocations of our fashionable life, and the manifold equivocations of our commercial life, and the specious equivocations of our social life, and the professional equivocations of our religious life? How solemnly would he have denounced all the pretexts and excuses for those equivocations, sternly enunciating as his watchword when doing battle with them all, "Whatsoever things are true!"

Imitate this fine characteristic of Paul. Carefully cultivate the habit of integrity in all your intercourse of all kinds with mankind. Let nothing tempt you to swerve from the straightforward line of simplicity and godly sincerity. Be everything which you seem to be.

There will be difficulty in this matter. There are many usages of society which are fearfully artificial, and there are certain modes of conducting business which are despicably fraudulent, and within the circle of the Church itself there are precedents for simulation and sham. By these snares you may easily get entangled. You may come to feel it almost necessary to your position that you should express solicitude which you do not cherish, that you should profess attachments you do not feel, that you should make statements you do not believe, that you should display an energy you do not realise, that you should assume a spirituality of mind you do not possess. Many and manifold will be your inducements to be insincere. Men and brethren, make up your minds to resist them all. Whatever others do, be yours the resolution to approve yourselves as genuine, sincere, unsophisticated men. Get a character for uprightness. By patient continuance in well-doing make

it known that you are clumsiness itself at duplicity. Maintain an honest abhorrence of all dissembling, and cultivate dislike of affectation of every kind. Constrain the whole band of your associates to regard your word as your bond. And, if at any time required by an unprincipled employer, either to tell a lie, which is bad enough, or cleverly and elaborately to enact a lie, which is often a great deal worse—refuse! Quit you like men. Keep a conscience at all costs. Buy the truth, and, no matter of what value the proffered equivalents, sell it not. Whatever your condition, be sincere.

I do not, indeed, I do not want you to be rude, and churlish, and uncouth. Far from me be the inculcation of that low-lived, reckless, busy-body, turbulent obtrusiveness, which will inflict any amount of pain, upon the pretence that it must be faithful, and which will perpetrate any amount of wrong, on the ground that it must speak out its mind. Speak out your minds and welcome! But before you speak, take care to have your minds duly informed and rightly affected about the persons and the things of which you speak. Uprightness sustains no necessary relationship even to bluntness. Integrity disowns not only all kindred, but all communion with insensibility to the feelings of those with whom we have to do. Paul's sincerity is that of which I am treating, and his was the sincerity which spake the truth, but evermore spake the truth in love.

A third feature in his character was independence of circumstances. I have referred you to his imprisonment at Philippi. It was imprisonment of about the severest kind. "The magistrates rent off their clothes, and commanded to beat them. And, when they had laid many stripes upon them, they cast them into prison,

charging the jailor to keep them safely, who, having received such a charge, thrust them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks." There, in such a condition, they surely were discouraged, discomforted, dismayed! No pleasant intercourse now—no bounding hope—no strong consolation—no glorious prospects—no rapturous aspirations. Why not? Why, they are in prison—they are in the inner prison,—they are lying on the cold ground in the inner prison, with their feet made fast in the stocks,—and they are lying there, not knowing what will be their doom of ignominy and of suffering on the morrow. What then? What has this, or aught like this, to do with Paul's hopes, with Paul's consolations, with Paul's confidence in God? True, his body was shut up in prison, but his soul, in its liberty, was at large. His limbs were fettered, but his mind was free. Had he walked by sight, he would have been dismayed, but able, amidst the darkness and dreariness of the prison, to walk by faith, he was strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. "At midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God, and the prisoners heard them." Strange sounds to reverberate through the silence and seclusion of a Philippian gaol—these sounds of solemn supplication and sacred song! Was there fanaticism in the man? Did Paul sing in delirious, insane, fool-hardy indifference to his lot? Were the sounds, which the prisoners heard, the desperate, half-convulsive vociferations of men who would otherwise have been overwhelmed in woe? Not at all. Paul's prayer was an intelligent act of unfaltering reliance upon God's providence, and Paul's praise a spontaneous utterance of his enjoyment of God's grace. Why should he tremble? Why should

he be alarmed? Suppose he was in the hands of wicked men who were compassing his disgrace and his destruction! The Lord was not going to suffer his faithfulness to fail. Suppose that circumstances were weighing him down to the very earth! He was not the victim of circumstances after all.

Neither, Sirs, are you the victims of circumstances. That they affect you powerfully, is admitted; that they affect you irresistibly, is denied. They involve no stern fatality against which you cannot struggle. They come with no inherent force which you are unable to surmount. They may, indeed, become your masters, but you may become theirs. They may rule you, but you may rule them. It is quite possible to bring them all beneath your power, and so systematically and habitually to subordinate them to your control, that they shall finally succumb.

A lesson this of some moment at the present time, perhaps to many among yourselves. I have known young men throw all the blame of their profligacy, of their intemperance, of their dishonesty, of their indifference to religion, upon surrounding circumstances. Had they been more favourably situated, they would never have abstracted their employer's property, they would never have crossed the threshold of the haunts of vice, they would never have relinquished their attendance on the services of the house of God. Circumstances have done it all.

Gentlemen,—let none of you thus deceive yourselves! Circumstances may have provided you with the opportunity of doing evil, and they may, moreover, have stimulated the desire to do evil, but every one of those circumstances might have been mastered, just as every

one of the like circumstances may be mastered at present, or in the time to come.

There is no more necessity for your being ungodly because you are surrounded by ungodliness, than there was for Paul being gloomy because he was surrounded by gloom. He could look, through the things seen, out abroad upon the things which were unseen. So can you. He could overcome evil when evil was threatening to overcome him. So can you. He could say, in respect to society and pursuits not in themselves sinful, "All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient. All things are lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the power of any." You may say the same thing. God has given you a capability for this personal independence of circumstances, and he has provided you with all-sufficient help for the assertion and the holding fast this independence. You need not become the victim of unholy influences, the bond-slave of untoward incidents, the creature of all manner of impulses from without. God has capacitated you for resistance, and if you put your trust in him,—heartily, and habitually, and intelligently, and evangelically, he will nerve you for resistance. You will be in the world, but you will not be of it. Liable to danger, you will escape it. Assailed by the fondest blandishments, or endangered by the fiercest threats, you will be unconquered, standing fast in the liberty of the sons of God, as you say, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" Ever choose a situation, when choice may be offered you, whose circumstances will be the most favourable to your virtue and your godliness. Don't be foolishly and absurdly reckless about where you are; but, be it where it may,

mind this, that no condition, however unfavourable, will necessitate ungodliness ; and no condition, however favourable, will, by itself, make you a man of God. You must be devoutly active, not slavishly passive. You must recognise your power, and your obligation to use your power. Not doing this, nothing will save you, either from impurity, if assailed by the impure—or from intemperance, if assailed by the intemperate—or from dishonesty, if assailed by the dishonest—or from atheism, if assailed by the atheistic. No circumstances will save the man who is unfaithful to his vocation as a moral agent. Were he placed, where Adam was placed, in the garden of Eden, with its marvellous encouragements to righteousness and true holiness, he would be a transgressor there. Yea, were he placed by the tree of life in the midst of the Paradise of God, he would be a transgressor there. The first transgression of all was perpetrated there. As if on purpose to warn you against mistaking your relation to circumstances, the first sin that the creature ever perpetrated was perpetrated amidst the surpassing and transcendent circumstances of heaven. The man who is unconscious of his capability, and forgetful of his obligation and insensible of his dependence upon God, will be wrong anywhere. The man who is conscious of his capability, and mindful of his obligation, and sensible of his dependence, will be right anywhere. Profligacy will not make him profligate ; deism will not make him deistical ; vanity will not make him vain ; he will govern and not be governed. Like Paul he will not be brought under the power of any of the accidents of time and place. With our illustrious example, though troubled on every side, he will not be distressed — though perplexed, he

will not be in despair—though persecuted, he will find himself not forsaken—though cast down, not destroyed.

Another notable feature of Paul's character was moral courage. On his journey to Jerusalem from Asia Minor, it was revealed to him by the Holy Ghost that in every city bonds and afflictions were awaiting him. The thing was certain beyond dispute. Now hear his language, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy." You are catching the genuine, rational, heaven-born heroism of this man of God. All before him was uncertain. The darkness of his path was enlightened only by a single ray, and that revealed the awaiting prison-house. The obscurity of his prospect was illuminated no further than to disclose the cruel bonds. All he knew was this, that at every step tribulation was at hand. Nevertheless, with an unquivering lip, and an unshrinking eye, and an unyielding step, he went on his way. Would he not avoid the impending danger by compromise or by flight? This was actually put to him. When his companions were informed of his jeopardy, they besought him not to go up to Jerusalem. It was in vain. Had he not counted all things loss for Christ? For Christ, if it must needs be so, he was ready to lose his life.

Not that he was apathetic, or misanthropic, or fanatical,—a man weary of his existence, a monomaniac ambitious of a martyr's death. Not, either, that he was an iron-hearted stoic, pretending, in his monstrous moodiness, there was nothing in death to be concerned about and nothing in life to be dearly loved. That his humanity, at this moment, was the real humanity of our species, we are sure, for he could

not bear the grief and the lamentation of his friends, as they besought him to be careful of his life. Never was there anything richer. "What, mean ye to weep and break my heart?" He could withstand the King of Terrors, but he could not withstand their tears. The heart, whose fortitude was unshaken at the roaring of the beasts of prey, was positively tremulous as it hearkened to their sobs. By cruelty such as only Nero could elaborate was he indomitable, but by the effusions of a generous friendship he was overwhelmed.

Clear, therefore, to demonstration was Paul's humanity. He had no more liking for persecution than you have. Instinctively was he ready to rejoice with those who did rejoice, and to weep with those who wept. Albeit, he would hold on his way, fearless of all consequences, bravely determined to do right. Not only would he do nothing which his principles condemned, he would do everything which those principles required. He stood ready, according to his convictions, to dare to do anything whatsoever rather than offend God.

Be you as daring as was Paul! You will need all his bravery in order to be right, honourable, and consistent men. The enunciation of unpalatable truth, however considerately enunciated, will make many a man your enemy, who would otherwise have been your friend. The adoption of an unfashionable course of conduct, however unostentatiously adopted, will deprive you of important patronage, which otherwise you would have enjoyed. The adherence to your convictions of right and wrong—that sort of adherence which will be alike insensible to the smile of the flatterer and the frown of the tyrant, will bring you often into trouble,—for the time being even into disgrace. Though

in different modes than formerly, yet, if you will live godly in Christ Jesus, you will have to suffer persecution. Make your minds up to suffer it. I know this is much easier said than done. It would be a far easier thing, and a much more pleasant thing, to swim with the current of popular opinion than to breast that current and stem it right up to the fountain-head. I know that very well. But I am dealing with the example of a man who looked, not at what was easy, but at what was right; and, with him as the example to be imitated, I beseech you likewise, at the hazard of pleasantness and ease, to look at what is right. If grave and prudent men should talk to you plausibly about the main chance, pouring out their pity that you will not hold your peace, that you will not consent, for a while at least, to be just nothing that you may all the better secure the main chance; tell them that the main chance with you is the favour of the Most High; tell them that God never made you to be just nothing. You are a man, and you came into the world with the foreordained and indefeasible obligation of proving all things and of holding fast that which is good. And tell the advocates of our conventional morality, and the slavish admirers of anti-Christian law, substantially the same thing. If they put you beneath their ban, be it so. If they charge you with all manner of evil, never mind. If they say that it is eccentricity, not principle; chagrin, not religiousness; obstinacy, not conscience; a deeper form of worldly policy, not spirituality of mind,—let them say on. If they describe you in their coteries, or peradventure in their publications, as an ambitious man—a disappointed man—an illiterate man—a self-important man—a violent man—still quietly hold on your way. Be more and more careful to put

to silence the ignorance of these foolish men. Spare no pains in evincing that their insinuations are calumnious, and in demonstrating that their accusations are all of them untrue. Take profoundest care never to imbibe the spirit of the bigot, never to attract the sympathies of the partisan. At the same time, prepare to endure all that may be inflicted on you, rather than do what you know you ought not to do, or leave undone that which you are assured you are required to perform.

We want a great deal more Pauline courage in the world; and to you we look for it. Young men of England—young men of Great Britain and Ireland rather! humanity, groaning under a thousand wrongs, needs your vigorous interposition. Christianity, doing desperate battle with the world, and the flesh, and the devil, asks your co-operation in the conflict, with heart and soul. Truth, resisted by proud men who would be paramount, and fettered by vain men who would be wise, and modified by ambitious men who would be popular, and misrepresented by selfish men who would be innocent, and suppressed by timid men who would be undisturbed,—truth, thus labouring on against evil, summons you, in your manhood, to its aid!

Put on the whole armour of God, and obey the summons! With your whole energy, with your whole fervour, with your whole intelligence, take your own place on the Lord's side, and occupy it until the Lord shall come. Survey your difficulties, that you may surmount them; contemplate your enemies, that you may withstand them; apprehend your responsibilities, that you may discharge them; realise it fully, in order that you may walk worthy of the vocation wherewith you have been called. Amidst the clearest convictions of an enlightened judgment, and the right generous emotions

of a loyal heart, get the notion of your personal proper individuality, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. In the living consciousness of your regenerated nature, await the orders of the Captain of your salvation. Be the Greathearts of the world, and the Ironsides of the Church, inscribing on your banner, "Not our own;" taking for your watchword, "Valiant for the truth;" emboldened with might in the inner man by the pledge of your triumphant leader, "Be you faithful unto death, and I will give you a crown of life." Mark,—aye and mark well, how Paul was emboldened by this very pledge, at a time when all foreign excitement was withdrawn from him, and he was left, in his oldest age, most severely and solitarily alone. He is not surrounded by a thronging auditory, eager either rapturously to applaud or scornfully to denounce. He is not travelling, in ardour and energy, and in the greatness of his strength, from Jerusalem all round about unto Illyricum, God causing him to triumph in Christ, and making known the Saviour of his name by him in every place. No. He is again in prison, no companion associated with him now—no kindred spirit with whom to reciprocate the precious charities of evangelic love. He is all alone. A little more, and he will be taken from his solitude to meet the inhuman stare, and to hear the savage exultation, of a Roman mob. Yet a little while, and Nero,—that incarnation of all brutality,—will have him wrapped in the vesture of fierce combustibles that he may burn like a flaming torch, or he will have him mangled by crucifixion on the ignominious tree, or he will have him driven into the arena of the Coliseum, there by beasts of prey, in lingering excruciation, to be devoured. The next sound that falls upon his ear may be the summons

to come out, that thus, in mortal agony, he may be destroyed.

Alive to all this, he thus soliloquises, "I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep what I have committed to him until that day." He pauses—and then, as if planting his foot on the Rock of Ages, and leaning on the throne of the Eternal, with a confidence which has never been disappointed, he proceeds, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight. I have kept the faith. I have finished my course. Henceforward there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me at that day." That was moral courage in maturity. That was death swallowed up in victory. That was coming off more than a conqueror

Say yourselves, gentlemen, as you look on "such an one, Paul the aged," in his prison-house, if his position was not the climax of the heroic, the perfection of the magnanimous, the consummation of the sublime.

The last feature of Paul's character which we specify was his systematic and impassioned devotion to the Gospel of Christ. And, when I speak of the Gospel, I refer to the fact of Christ's substitutionary death, in its bearing on the whole moral government of God. Always intelligible and energetic, transparently lucid withal, never is the Apostle so much so as when he speaks or writes about the Cross of Christ. He positively labours for adequate phraseology, and, having exhausted the wealthy treasures of his manifold vocabulary, knows not what to do next with the thoughts yet unuttered, with the emotions still unexpressed. He determined not to know anything among men, but

Christ, and him crucified. He declared, first of all, that Christ died for our sins. So impulsively was he affected when he thought of the work of human redemption by the sacrifice of the Son of God, that he exclaimed, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of the Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."

And herein we find the source of his magnanimity—the secret of his ever memorable self-sacrifice to God. For great actions there must be great motives. Deeds of renown require principles of power. In order to any outward and visible sign of moral greatness, such as I have described to-night, there must be answerable inward spiritual grace. There was that grace in Paul. Do you ask for the motives of his humility and sincerity, or do you inquire into the principles of his courage and kindred virtues, he gives you the answer thus.—"The love of Christ constrains us, because we thus judge that, if one died for all then were all dead; and that he died for all, that they which live should live henceforth not unto themselves, but unto him who died for them and rose again."

This dying of Christ for all was not just an article of his creed, and nothing more; the thing laid hold of him as a possession; it bare him right away with itself. Had the only-begotten Son of God actually been made flesh—had he who was with the Father before the foundation of the world become the man Christ Jesus—had he to whom it appertained to be equal with God, become obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross?

And had he done all this in order to rectify the confusion of a disordered universe, to restore our lapsed humanity to its primeval loyalty to God, to do for man all comprehensively, what man never could have done for

himself, and what, otherwise, even God never could have done for him? Was it so that the human race would never have been perpetuated—that man's probation would never have been established—that the sinner's salvation could never have been guaranteed apart from the great mystery of godliness? Was all such virtue as remained to man by nature, and all such excellency as had been exhibited by man through grace,—was it all attributable exclusively to the mediation of the Lamb of God? Then he could only speak, and think, and write of the Lamb of God with ecstasy.

Reverence was suitable, but reverence was not enough. Admiration was appropriate, but admiration was not sufficient. The homage of the inner man was congruous in the last degree, but the homage of the inner man was all inadequate.

“On such a theme 'twas impious to be calm,
Passion was reason—transport temper here.”

So thought Paul, and so he acted throughout his illustrious career. Hear his own account of the philosophy of that career,—an account which brings the whole matter right home to our apprehensions as a career quite imitable by ourselves: “I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.” In that one paragraph you have all I mean. You see there how Paul got to be what he was; and you see just how you may get to be substantially like him. Would you be like him in his masculine humility? Would you resemble him in his genuine sincerity? Would you imitate him in his lofty independence of circumstances? Would you be just the same

sort of man in moral courage?—then glory, as he gloried in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Look to it, that you are neither complacent legalists, nor orthodox formalists, nor evangelical sentimentalists! Let your reliance upon the suretyship and sacrifice of Christ be the practical, conscious, experimental reliance of men, who feel that but for that suretyship they are lost. Never discourse about religion but as the religion of a sinner. Never talk of man's relationship to God but with reference to an Intercessor. Never suffer the dogma to go uncontradicted that the idea of an atonement is outrageous, or that the provisions of the Lord's atonement are niggardly and mean. Get all—indoctrinated with the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. Aim, as the great business of your lives, to comprehend the heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths, of the love of Christ. Let the life you live in the flesh be a life of faith on the Son of God, and in your measure you will be just what Paul was, a man of God thoroughly furnished unto all good works.

I am the more anxious to urge this peculiarity on your adoption, on account of a two-fold jeopardy in which it is placed at the present time.

There are men who make light of the atonement, not after the manner exactly of the last generation, but after their own manner of significant suggestion, of incredulous inquiry, of half-respectful, but half-satirical surprise. Taking some most indefensible expression, or some series of most indefensible expressions, from a theological treatise, or an ecclesiastical formulary, or an orthodox hymn-book, they will make the most of its unhappy phraseology, and then ask you if this doctrine of

the Cross has any claim on your respect. As if they had been talking of the doctrine of the Cross! As if they had honourably and comprehensively set forth the doctrine which they want us to despise! Abandon, by all means, any phraseology that is fairly objectionable. Give no advantage to philosophy, falsely so called, by the careless use either of the language or of the illustrations of our theologic schools. Take all kinds of care to lay hold of the doctrine as Paul held it; but lay hold, and keep hold of it, with all your heart. You may be told that you live in an age of cant. You may be told that the simplicity of the Gospel is a thing now but rarely to be met with. You may be told that, through the labours of certain great minds on the Continent, and of their disciples elsewhere, the antiquated notion that guilt needs the interposition of a sacrifice for its forgiveness, and the absurd notion that interposition has been rendered through the death of the Son of God, have all been exploded, that the really intellectual give no credence to them, that by the philosophical thinkers they are now wholly given up. You may be told all this with a view to get you to give them up too. But, gentlemen, be you still imitators of Paul. Keep to the philosophy of religion as laid down by him. If he teaches that Christ was made sin for you, believe him. If he teaches that we have redemption through the blood of Christ, believe him. If he teaches that there remaineth no other sacrifice for sin, and that the man who rejecteth his sacrifice must endure a fearful looking for of judgment, and even fiery indignation, believe him. Our end is gained if you will believe the doctrine which Paul inculcated, and glory as he gloried in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; by which—observe it well—by

which Cross he was crucified unto the world, and the world unto him. This was the victory which overcame the world, even his faith.

Then there are men who, whilst believing the atonement of Christ, do, nevertheless, withhold it, and insist on the impropriety of disclosing it except to a favoured few. They would have a system exoteric for the vulgar, and another system esoteric for the refined. I quote their language: "As to the prevailing notion, that it is necessary to bring forward the doctrine of the atonement explicitly and prominently on all occasions, it is evidently quite opposed to what we consider the teaching of Scripture. The Church is entirely a system of reserve. The one instance in her usages which partakes least of this reserved character is the practice of preaching, which she merely sanctions and admits. The doctrine of the atonement, as once made upon the Cross, is the exclusive possession of the serious and practised Christian."

Anticipating the objection, that thus the doctrine of the atonement is comparatively useless, that, in fact, it is disparaged and depreciated, these advocates of reserve reply, "By no means. We thus make it the very highest of all things—a talent of excellent worth—the very jewel of great price, infinitely sacred and divine." But, gentlemen, how transparent the fallacy of this reply! It is just as if a class of men were to enclose the light of the morning in some inner chamber—to shut up the precious air in some holiest of all,—and then, addressing themselves to the uninitiated, amidst their exhaustion and their gloom, to discourse to them in priestly cadences and awful tones, about the unrivalled beauty of the light and the inestimable value of the air

Suppose such a case, and in the mockery of human misery which it embodies, and in the counteraction of the Divine purposes which it attempts, you may see the sophistry of describing the atonement as invaluable, whilst from the people the atonement is withheld. "Reveal the light," the man in obscurity would demand; "its beauty is its action on my eye." "Distribute the air," the man in extremity would implore; "its value is its operation on my lungs." Just so with the atonement of Christ. It must be promulgated, expounded, enforced, ere it will become the power of God unto salvation.

Hence the urgency of my entreaty to you to hold hard by the Gospel. Unless you mind you will be corrupted from the simplicity which is in Christ. From the most opposite directions are you endangered. Neology, with its ponderous reading, will tempt you to emasculate the Gospel. Popery, far more insidious from Oxford than from Rome, will entice you to the fellowship of those who make the Cross of Christ of none effect. And let this be done effectively. Let the enemies of the Cross of Christ secure your society and your sympathies with them, and farewell to any hope that you will be as humble as was Paul, as sincere, as courageous, as independent of the accidental circumstances of time and place. Never were cause and effect more indissolubly united than were Paul's opinions and Paul's conduct—Paul's principles and Paul's practice—Paul's faith and Paul's works. His works were all attributable to his faith; and his faith had invariable, and systematic, and right grateful reference to the truth, that God had made Christ to be sin for us, though he knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.

And now to conclude. Much more might have been said ; many other peculiarities of Paul's character might have been adduced ; to various instructive incidents besides in his remarkable history, might we have given heed. We might have closeted ourselves with Paul when, as a son with a father, Timothy was communing with him on the momentous affairs of the new-formed church. We might have stood in the sick chamber of Trophimus at Miletum, and have seen Paul ministering, gently as a nurse, to his necessities, until, summoned to another sphere of duty, he knelt down, and in faltering accents commended his friend to God in prayer. We might have opened the door of Aquila's house at Corinth, and have found Paul at the loom there, weaving his appointed task of tent-cloth ; cheerily, but hard at work. We might have gone to Mars Hill, and finding Paul alone in the early morning, have seen him at first wrapt in absorbing thought, and then presently agonised with irrepressible emotion, because the city was wholly given to idolatry. We might have placed ourselves on board the ship which was bearing him to Italy, and, whilst alarmed at the danger of the Euroclydon which she had been encountering now a long fourteen days, we might have admired Paul's attitude and have been awed by his authority, when, just visible amidst the gloom, and quite audible amidst the storm, he stood forth amidst the distracted crew of the weather-beaten vessel, and bade them be of good cheer. We might have pressed into the court-house at Cæsarea, when, with great pomp, Bernice, and Agrippa, and Festus, and the chief captains, and the principal men of the city, were assembling, evidently for some special entertainment ; and, having got a view of the prisoner who was being

arraigned, we might have found that it was Paul; and, hearkening to his wonderful oration, we might have seen Festus so moved that he could not repress his admiration, and Agrippa so moved that he was nearly persuaded to be a Christian; and, wondering in ourselves, what would come next, we might have witnessed that masterpiece of all perorations—that finest, most graphic, all-incomparable appeal,—“I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except,” pointing then to the chain suspended from his outstretched arms, “except these bonds.” All this might have been done at length and with great advantage had time permitted. Time forbidding, we must be content.

One word, and I have done. Excellent as was Paul's example, it was not perfect. Only one example was ever perfect—the example of our blessed Lord. To that ultimately must we have respect. According to that, as to our standard, should we aim to act. Judged by that standard, Paul himself was imperfect.

A single illustration of the superiority of the Saviour to the Apostle must suffice. We find Paul on one occasion, when standing before the council, shamefully entreated by the high-priest. We find Christ, on a similar occasion, shamefully entreated by the high-priest also. How did Paul demean himself? He indignantly exclaimed, “God shall smite thee, thou whited wall!” How did Christ demean himself? “He answered never a word.”

Be you, then, followers of Paul; but only as he was a follower of Christ.

Maury.

BY THE

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MONEY.

“MONEY,” says Dr. Adam Smith, “is the great wheel of circulation and distribution,—the great instrument of commerce.” Torrens compares money to “a highroad or navigable river, which, by facilitating exchanges and perfecting the divisions of employment, increases to an incalculable extent the mass of wealth.” Thomas Carlyle calls money “the master-organ—the soul’s seat—the pineal gland of the body social.” Henry Noel Humphreys describes money as “one of the inventions that has had the greatest effect upon the destiny of man, influencing the course and form of his progressive civilisation more, perhaps, than any other.” “Money,” writes John Stuart Mill, “is the medium through which the incomes of the different members of the community are distributed to them, and the measure by which they estimate their possessions.”

Turning from political economists, from philosophers, and from numismatists, to poets, hear Thomas Hood sing,—Hood, with laughter always on his lip, and with seriousness ever in his soul,—

“Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammer’d, and roll’d;
Heavy to get and light to hold;

Hoarded, barter'd, bought and sold,
 Stolen, borrow'd, squander'd, doled:
 Spurn'd by the young, but hugg'd by the old
 T'o the very verge of the churchyard-mould;
 Price of many a crime untold;
 Gold! gold! gold! gold!
 Good or bad a thousand-fold!

How widely its agencies vary,—
 To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
 As even its minted coins express,—
 Now stamp'd with the image of Good Queen Bess,
 And now of a Bloody Mary."

With similar thoughts, though in a different strain,
 wrote the devout Herbert, more than two centuries
 ago,—

" Money, thou bane of bliss and source of woe,
 Whence comest thou, that thou art so fresh and fine?
 I know thy parentage is base and low:
 Man found thee poor and dirty in a mine.
 Sure thou didst so little contribute
 To this great kingdom, which thou now hast got,
 That he was fain, when thou wast destitute,
 To dig thee out of thy dark cave and grot.
 Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright:
 Nay, thou hast got the face of man; for we
 Have with our stamp and seal transferr'd our right:
 Thou art the man, and man but dross to thee.
 Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich;
 And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch."

All the utterances we have quoted are but the echoes
 of voices which address us through the Holy Scriptures.
 The Bible saith, " Money answereth all things;" " Money
 is a defence;" " The love of money is the root of all
 evil.

According to these representations, money is an in-
 strument of peculiar and extended power; exerting an

influence on production, on exchange, on the manners and morals of society, on the outer and inner life of mankind. Moreover, in giving money this position, philosophers, poets, political economists, and inspired men, agree.

But for testimony to the power of money I need not go to books. Out of the mouths of men proceeds sufficient evidence. I hear politicians call money "*The sinews of war*;" and they mean, too, the sinews for other conflicts than the struggles of flesh and blood. And to come nearer this audience—did my ears betray me when I heard a young man translating the word by which I have designated the topic of this lecture, and, using the language common to thousands, say not, "I am going to hear a lecture on *Money*"—but, "I am going to hear a lecture on THE MAIN CHANCE?"

We have shewn the importance of our theme by words of poetry, philosophy, and Scripture; but if destitute of such support, we could have sanctioned the selection of our topic by that free and easy phraseology of men which, because it pours out the abundance of the heart, exhibits the relation of the subject of this lecture to the hopes and fears, to the joys and sorrows, of the great mass of mankind.

Being, then, in contact with this wide subject, MONEY, what shall we attempt? We shall try to utter a few true words on the HISTORY and PHILOSOPHY, on the USE and ABUSE of Money: we shall do this with the intent of arousing to the study of this topic those who have not read and thought upon it,—of encouraging in the study those who have entered on the investigation,—and of ministering both a stimulus for the use and an antidote for the abuse of an instrument so mani-

festly and pre-eminently potent alike for good and for evil.

We begin with the HISTORY of Money. A good sketch of the history of metallic money may be gathered from the Bible. Metals, the utility of which is second only to food, were early discovered and employed. According to Moses, metals came into use in the seventh generation from Adam. But it is not until 1700 years have elapsed, that we read of metals as a medium of exchange. In the Book of Genesis, Abraham is said to have been rich in cattle, in "*silver and in gold.*" We read the words "*bought with money*" as words used in Abraham's day, and are informed of the patriarch's receiving a present of "*a thousand pieces of silver.*" But following these incidental notices of metallic money is a record of an act of exchange, in which the precious metals were the medium. We read, "And Abraham *weighed* to Ephron the silver . . . four hundred shekels of silver CURRENT WITH THE MERCHANT." This is the earliest record of exchange. But in the same book similar transactions are recorded. A lad is sold for twenty pieces of silver. Money is mentioned as the property of women; a field is bought for one hundred pieces of money; corn is sold for money; and we meet with the phrases, "*bundles of money,*" and "*money in full weight.*" According to the *Book of Genesis*, a metallic money was current in Egypt, in Canaan, and in intermediate and surrounding countries; it was current at a very early period, say from 2000 years B. C.; it was passed by weight, not by tale; it was in the form of spikes, like the ancient Greek obolus; pieces of particular weight and quality were current; superabundant produce was turned into this money; and it

was used in the purchase of land, corn, slaves—of all that money could be supposed in that day to command. *In the other books of Moses*, money is mentioned as an instrument well known; and we read of pecuniary accumulations, loans, and gifts; of sales and purchases through money as the medium; and of money as bound up in the hand,—money being distinguished throughout from “garments” and from the “stuff.” Laws concerning USURY are also given.

The Book of *Job* stands next, chronologically, to the books of Moses. Hence we learn that metallic money was known in the land we now call Syria,—that there were pieces of current weight, and that money was exchanged for labour and for produce.

Throughout the writings of the Old Testament we read of money as gain and as presents, of land valued in money, of money treasured, laid out for labour and exacted as tribute, of ransom-money, borrowed money, and of money exchanged for produce; and it is spoken of as in bags, and as passed by weight; it is also distinguished from stuff and other property. Usury is also repeatedly mentioned.

Let it be observed, that in a cycle of history as wide as that of fourteen centuries we have no record of any great change in money. Money is still metal, gold and silver (chiefly silver); it is uncoined, and passed by weight. An illustration of this occurs in the history of Jeremiah. Jeremiah says, “I bought the field of Hanameel, and weighed him the money, seventeen shekels of silver.” This accords precisely with the account of Abraham’s purchase of Machpelah some fifteen centuries before.

But when we look into *the New Testament* money

wears a different aspect. There we read of another metal—gold, silver, and brass or bronze; there we find money not in bundles in the hand or in the sack, but in purses; there we observe image and superscription on money; there we see money in pieces of known value,—the mite, the farthing, the penny, the pound, the stater, the talent; there we have the table of the money-changer; there, in fact, we find recognised all the circumstances which belong to a COINED metallic currency. So that while in the Old Testament we have the same functions given to money that are awarded it in the New, there is this difference,—in the older book we have an *uncoined* metallic currency, and in the more modern book a currency of *coin*.

From the Scriptures we learn that a metallic medium of exchange was common in Egypt, Canaan, and surrounding countries, as early as 2000 B. C.; and that in the lifetime of Christ coined metallic money was current throughout the Roman empire,—an empire which at that period embraced the then known world.

We turn from the Bible to other writings. *What is the profane, the classical history of Money?* Let us take the oldest classic poet and the most ancient historian—Homer and Herodotus. Homer is generally believed to have lived at the beginning of the ninth century before the Christian era. Now Homer frequently alludes to transactions of barter, and he introduces a measure of value; but he makes no mention of metallic money. He speaks of wine being purchased by the exchange of oxen, slaves, and iron; and he estimates suits of armour by oxen—a suit of golden armour by a hundred oxen, and a panoply of copper armour by nine oxen. Now, the fact that Homer never mentions metallic money is

evidence that, in his day, it did not exist *in the lands* which his eye and his song commanded. His writings afford ample occasion for the mention of metallic money, both as a medium of exchange and as a measure of value; and the genius of Homer would certainly have introduced this invention to his song had it been known to him. The exchange which Homer records is simple barter without any common medium. It is said that his stepfather was *paid in wool* for the lessons he gave the youth of Smyrna in music and letters.

Come forward four hundred years. Herodotus lived in the fifth century before the Christian era. Writing of the Lydians, he testifies, "They are the first of all nations we know of that introduced the art of COINING gold and silver." This author also attributes the coining of money in Persia to Darius Hystaspes, and the first coinage in Egypt to one Aryandes, a governor subject to this Darius; while he refers to coined money among the Greeks as well known and generally employed.

From the day of Herodotus forward mention is made by classical writers of coined money as a common commercial instrument; these testimonies to the invention of coining, and to various circumstances connected with coined metallic money, proving coinage to have been known in the day of Aristophanes, Aristotle, Thucydides, and others. And it should be remarked, that both Greek and Roman writers speak of their respective countries as beginning with exchange in kind, then passing to exchange by the rough metallic medium, thence to metal bars and rings, and rising from the use of that medium to coinage.

Those sources of information to which we have access have supplied us with the following outline of the history of money. Take this history, first, *in its connexion with different countries*. Concerning *Ancient Assyria*, Layard writes, "Although the precious metals were known at a very early period—even Abram, a dweller in tents, being rich in gold and silver,—*no coins* have been discovered amongst the Assyrian ruins, nor is there anything *in the Sculptures* to shew that the Assyrians were acquainted with money as in Egypt. Metals in their rough state, or in bars or rings, may have been passed by weight, or if precious as ring ingots, or as gold dust, in exchange for merchandise and in other transactions, but *not as stamped coins or tokens*." Layard adds, "It is remarkable that *no coin* has as yet been discovered in *Egyptian* ruins." The sculptures of ancient Egypt exhibit metallic money in the shape of rings; and it is all but certain that, with the exception of the attempt named by Herodotus, there was no coinage in Egypt until introduced by the Greek sovereigns. In *Asia Minor* the Lydians had gold coinage at the close of the ninth century before Christ. In *Greece Proper* there were coins at the close of the eighth century before Christ. The laws of Solon, promulgated about 590 B.C., refer extensively to metallic money; thus proving coined money to have been well known among the Greeks in the day of Solon. The *Romans* had a coinage of their own as early as the fifth century before Christ. *Judea* had no independent coin until the time of Simon Maccabeus, about 144 B.C., and this was speedily superseded by Roman coin. *Britain* had no coined money in Cæsar's day, for he says, writing of the Britons, "They used for money brass or iron rings, sized at a certain

weight." It is probable, therefore, that coinage was introduced to this country by the Romans, although gold coins exist, which are said to be British, of a very early date. Noel Humphreys states, "It appears that the art of coinage, finding its way northward through Macedonia and Thrace, must have at a very early period found its way into *Transalpine Gaul*, and even *Switzerland*."

Having carefully weighed the evidence, we incline to the opinion that the invention of coined money belongs to the *Lydians*. The constructive character of that people, the position of their country, the splendid gold mines to which they had access, the golden sands of their river Pactolus, the testimony of gold coin still in existence, the general accuracy of Herodotus in matters of fact, and the support given to his statement by several other classic authors, all favour this opinion. Then, as the Greeks, and Persians, and Romans, were contemporary and successive centres of power and civilisation, the art of coinage was spread by their means, until coined metal became a common medium of exchange among all civilised nations.

If you read the history of money by the *substances employed as media*, it runs thus,—Produce not metallic. gold, silver, iron. copper, bronze, platina, leather tokens, and paper. Lydia and Persia begin with gold. Greece starts with silver,—hence, in the tongue of the Greek, silver and money are synonymes. Rome had ultimately gold and silver, but started with copper,—copper and money being synonymes in the Roman tongue.

Reading the history of *money in connexion with the fine arts*, we have metal in irregular pieces—pieces in shape as rings, pieces struck on the die, pieces cast.

We have first but one side ornamented, the other bearing the rude mark of the punch; then both sides are embellished. And we pass from initial letters to names, from one word to several, from a head to an entire form, from one form to a group, from rude execution to forms worthy of Phidias and of that land of genius and beauty whence that immortal sculptor sprang.

Monetary interests and institutions may be ranged as follows:—*Lending money on interest* is named in Exodus as a transaction well known in Moses's day. The fact that the metal was uncoined would not prevent this transaction. M'Cullagh "On the Industrial History of Free Nations," referring to *Athens*, states, "A great many persons lived on the interest of money, and trade was carried on to a great extent by sums borrowed for a certain number of months at a stipulated percentage. Of these transactions, and of the forms of security by which they were defined, the legislature took special and minute cognisance. A considerable portion of the capital employed in foreign and domestic trade was thus obtained; and as the easy and enjoying habits of the better classes, and the custom of distributing property among the children according to their need or their desert, combined to check permanent accumulations, money in large masses was comparatively scarce, and the interest high; ten per cent being considered reasonable, and fifteen and twenty per cent being often given."

Concerning *Mints*, Dr. Schmitz (in that rich treasury of classic lore, "Dr. W. Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities,") writes, "In *Greece* every free and independent city had the right to coin its own money." "We do not hear of any officers connected with

the management or the superintendence of the *Athenian* mint. How far the right of coining money was a privilege of the central government of Attica is unknown; but the extant coins shew that at least some demes of Attica had the right of coining, and it is probable that the government of Athens only watched over the weight and purity of the metal, and that the people in their assembly had the right of regulating everything concerning the coining of money." The same author states, "The whole regulation and management of the *Roman mint* and its officers *during the time of the Republic* is involved in very great obscurity." He adds that, "probably every Roman citizen had the right to have his gold and silver coined at the public mint under the superintendence of its officers;" that "subject countries and provinces were not deprived of the right of coining their money;" but that from "the time of Augustus coining *silver and gold* became the exclusive privilege of the emperor;" that "from Gallienus *all* money was coined by the emperor, and that Roman quæstors and proconsuls took charge of the mints in the provinces." Gibbon expresses a similar opinion. English minting dates back to the Anglo-Saxon period, and involves an interesting branch of our national history.

Banks and bankers are of very ancient date. At Rome "there were private bankers, who did all kinds of broking, commission, and agency business for their customers." In the cloisters around the Forum were their shops, and they attended sales as agents, assayed and proved money, received deposits, kept the account-book of their customers, and in the modern sense of the word were bankers. Men of similar occupation seem to have existed among the Greeks.

English banks and banking cannot be treated here. The Bank of England, the Stock Exchange, and Joint-Stock Banks, are each topics deserving the discussion of a separate lecture. To Francis's admirable volumes on the Stock Exchange and Bank of England—to Gilbert's instructive Treatises on Banking, and to Hardcastle's "Banks and Bankers"—we refer those who seek information on these institutions.

From what has been said it will be observed that the historical origin of uncoined metallic money is unknown, and that the progress of monetary invention was slow, unstamped metal having existed at least a thousand years before coinage. The earliest coinage on which men have been able to fix their eye is in the ninth century B.C. From that time metallic money has spread, until now it is the currency of the world. The races still adhering to simple barter are very few, and of course uncivilised. The invention of cotton paper and the art of printing made the medium of exchange yet more elastic; and it remains to be seen whether men will substitute the messages of the electric telegraph for promissory notes and bills of exchange. The speed of the transaction would suit them, but the accuracy and safety—!!!

How like our own history is all general history! To ourselves the *real* is in the nearest past—this is linked to the *poetry* of the remoter past—and beyond this poetry is *oblivion*. Our earliest infancy is oblivion, our childhood and youth poetry, our manhood is alone reality. And so the events of the centuries nearest us are true history, the facts of centuries beyond are clothed from fancy's busy and splendid looms, and the centuries beyond them are down deep in the darkness of human ignorance and forgetfulness.

We advance to the PHILOSOPHY OF MONEY.

Are we supposing the improbable, when we imagine that many men are living on the banks of our river Thames, who daily see it run by them,—witness its tidal changes—its highest floods and lowest ebbs—see it more or less troubled and turbid—speak of its speed and depth and breadth—and make it the channel of their own commercial dealings; but who have never asked, Where does it rise? What makes it tidal? What is the length of its course? and Whither does it flow? Moreover, would not some men stand by, while that river drowned their wharfs by its floods, or forsook their quays in drought, and never inquire into the cause? We believe there are such men. And a writer in the “British Quarterly Review” declares his belief, that multitudes occupy this very position in relation to the science of money. He writes, “We think it was Dr. Johnson, who on hearing a concerto played, which he was informed was very difficult, replied, ‘He wished with all his heart it had been impossible!’ Probably nineteen men out of every twenty, nay ninety-nine out of every hundred, when they happen to hear anything said about the question of the currency, feel a sentiment not very dissimilar.” The reviewer adds, “No man, whatever may be his intellectual resources in other respects, can really understand the history of his country for the last century and a half who is unacquainted with this question.” The discussion of this branch of our subject we know is important, and we wish to make it both useful and interesting. We venture the following definition of money,—

Money is an instrument of exchange of common and known value, serving the double purpose of a medium of

exchange, and a standard of value. On Plato's explication of classification, viz. "seeing one in many, and many in one," this definition will stand. Generically it includes the many materials of common and recognised value, which have discharged the business of money, and specifically it excludes the commodities which are mere accidents of barter. Let us look into the matter.

Commerce—the exchange of one commodity for another—is *the offspring of God*. It is not a creation by God, but it is born of God. Exchange is as really the offspring of God as the sons and daughters of Adam. Only the first human pair were created, all other human beings are born of them. Yet being born of Adam according to Divine arrangement, they are by virtue of those laws born of God. Certain circumstances originate commerce—these circumstances are divinely appointed. Commerce is the inevitable produce of these conditions, and commerce may on these grounds be said to be of God. The circumstances which originate exchange are certain geographical and physiological laws. Thus, different latitudes are favourable to different productions. In northern latitudes we find iron, fur, and hemp. In southern latitudes we have cotton, coffee, spices, sugar, and rice. In intermediate latitudes we have wheat, wool, and flax. By indubitable signs one country is shewn to be best fitted for agriculture, and another for manufactures. These "aptitudes"—to borrow a term from Dr. Wayland of America—these aptitudes are not only given to separate countries, but to distinct portions of the same country. *And the yielding aptitudes of the earth are responded to by the producing aptitudes of men.* One man can do what another man cannot do. One man *likes* to do what another *dislikes*. And of a number of

things which any ten men can do, and like to do, each one of the ten will excel his fellow in the style of accomplishing some particular work. Now, by each man applying himself to that kind of labour to which he is most adapted, he produces most and will possess most. But mark another fact. *While men have particular qualifications for particular employments, and while countries are adapted to yield particular produce, every man wants more than he can produce, and desires more than his own country yields.* The shoemaker cannot clothe himself with shoes. The tailor wants a stiffer covering for his feet than cloth. The builder cannot eat his houses. The farmer cannot construct a dwelling of his wheat. The wheat-grower will relish some coffee, and has a tooth for sugar. The coffee and sugar-planter require wheat. The cotton-grower will be benefited by contributions from all.

Now, what do we want in order to secure to men producing one thing, the advantage of the productions of other men? What do we need to give the blessing of each land to all lands? We need but that simple arrangement—exchange. And money—What is money? *Money is an instrument for facilitating exchanges.*

Allow me here to remark, that when we observe how God has given to particular soils and climates distinct increase — when we see that God has distributed faculties, facilities, and dispositions for labour among the sons of men—we are made to long for the day when between fellow-citizens and between nations there shall be “freedom of labour, and freedom of sale; competition with all the world, and competition for all the world.” On the policy of particular political measures professing to

recognise these principles, there is room for diversity of opinion ; but the principles are immutably established by the providence of God.

But to return. The aptitudes of countries ; the aptitudes of men ; the wants and the wishes of mankind, secure division of labour ; division of labour begets exchange ; and exchange has begotten money.

We must recur to the history of money to develop monetary science. It is needful here to remind you, that *in the earliest periods of exchange a fixed medium was unknown*. Then, men bartered their surplus wealth for whatever other surplus a neighbour might be ready to part with and they desire to take. Such exchanges were, however, necessarily limited. Adjustment was difficult and uncertain, and labour, enterprise, and skill were depressed. *The next step was to make commodities of general value the instrument of exchange*. And we read in the early history of civilised nations and in accounts of uncivilised countries, of skins, cattle, corn, salt, shells, fish, and sugar, discharging monetary functions. But the imperfections of these *media* were early developed. A *skin* could not advantageously be divided when the owner wished an object of inferior value. Against *cattle* lie similar objections. *Corn* is divisible, but a valuable quantity is bulky and heavy. *Salt* and *shells, fish* and *sugar*, are all perishable and weighty ; and these articles, with those already named, vary in value, according to the state of pasture, crops, and fisheries. As time rolls on, another medium of exchange is wanted — is sought and found

Some have affiliated money to “*necessity* ;” and certainly necessity had much to do with its birth. But we

would rather say, industry has strong instincts — instincts that are both wise and inventive; and these instincts of industry gave money birth.

That medium of exchange must be best which unites in itself the largest amount of the following qualities: — sameness of value both as to time and place, divisibility, durability, and facility of transportation. The metals — especially gold and silver — possess all these qualities in a great degree. We may have them in tons or in grains: wear is slow; fire will not destroy them; when divided, they can be fused again and re-blended; and, except where large values are concerned, they are easily conveyed from place to place. Because metals possess these qualities, they were early and (in civilised countries) universally adopted as a medium of exchange.

Throughout a long period, metals were used in exchange, either in a rough state or as bars and rings. But the passing of uncoined metal as money *involved weighing and assaying*. Apart from this mode of determining both the quality and the quantity of the metal, exchange could not be accurately conducted. Yet this weighing and assaying are slow, laborious, and uncertain processes; and for these evils the instincts of industry found a remedy. *Coinage is that remedy*. Coined money is metal so stamped, and shaped, and sized, as that by its form and inscription you are, according to the etymon of the word money, advised of its value. Herein is great advantage. Coined money can be passed by tale; weighing and assaying are needless; labour and time are saved; and the strength and hours which the mere act of exchange would engulf can now be employed in wider barter, and consecrated to extended production. *Money is an instrument for facilitating ex-*

changes. “To the establishment of the towns, more particularly of the colonies, and to the regular intercourse kept up between them, has been attributed the introduction of coined money among the Greeks.”

The commercial principle on which metallic money is based is that of quid pro quo—value for value. Metallic money is not an arbitrary sign of value, but value. “Money,” says Stuart Mill, “is a commodity, and its value is determined, like that of other commodities, temporarily, by demand and supply; permanently, and on the average, by the cost of production.” Sustained by this authority, we repeat—money is not an arbitrary sign and measure of value; but it is one commonly recognised and equably sustained value—the measure, representative, and exchangeable medium of all other values. Thus I give a penny for a box of lucifers; the cost of producing these two things is equal—the demand for them is equal. I exchange a shilling for a quire of paper; the cost of producing the paper and the shilling, and the demand for the paper and shilling, are both equal. And when I say a box of lucifers sells for a penny, and the price of a quire of paper is one shilling, the penny and the shilling are the measure of the value of the lucifers and paper.

We limit some of the foregoing remarks to *metallic* and *commodity* money. We exclude from some of our observations *paper* money.

Paper currency is an instrument valueless in itself, measuring and representing value. The basis of paper-money is credit in the issuer's professions of wealth and probity. The issuer of paper-money *promises* to pay, and *orders* payment; and the value of the paper depends on the accredited basis of the order and promise.

The circumstances which led to coinage gave birth to paper-money. It is for circulation "a new wheel, which costs less both to erect and maintain than the old one." As coinage is superior to unstamped metal, and unstamped metal to other commodities, so paper is an improvement on mere metallic currency. *It saves expense.* M'Culloch says, "If the currency of Great Britain amounted to fifty millions of gold sovereigns, and if the customary rate of profit were five per cent, this currency, it is plain, would cost two millions and a half a-year; for, had these fifty millions not been employed as a circulating medium, they would have been vested in branches of industry, in which, besides affording employment to some thousands of individuals, they would have yielded five per cent, or two and a half millions a-year nett profit to their owners. Nor is this the only loss that the keeping up of a gold currency would occasion. The capital of fifty millions would be liable to perpetual diminution. The wear and tear of coin is by no means inconsiderable." Thus paper saves expense. And paper currency, in many instances, facilitates payments. This will be seen in the fact that one thousand sovereigns exceed twenty-one pounds troy. As avoiding risk, delay, and expense; and especially as *accommodating the supply of an exchangeable medium to temporary and sudden augmentations of demand*—paper currency well regulated is an advance on a mere metallic currency. It may be less secure, and more liable to depreciation; but, by making the circulating medium elastic, and through effects already named, the advantages greatly exceed the evils. We suspect that the Carthaginian, in his token of sealed leather, gave industry a hint of this improvement; which, when cheap material for inscription

and ready instruments for inscription were invented, industry was ready to take.

We are not prepared to say what amount of control the Government of a country should put forth on the currency of a nation ; but we are quite sure of this, that as children may be nursed into weakness, and that as go-carts may be used beyond their season, so Governments may legislate *in excess* until the people are, like rickety children, or as children several years old, unable to run alone.

There are a few facts connected with the philosophy of money that we can merely mention.

Money is not wealth, but an instrument for circulating and distributing wealth ; neither is money capital, but a means of employing capital.

The functions of money are performed with completeness according to the invariableness of its value and quantity : great and sudden variations in the currency have an injurious effect on barter.

The value of money, although individual, is not arbitrary, and is in an inverse ratio with goods.

Money finds its way to whatever hand and to whatever land presents the strongest demand for it ; and no legislation can arrest its progress.

The *rapidity* with which money circulates affects industry and wealth as really as the quantity of money circulated.

By money, cheapness and dearness are fixed.

Credit is not capital, although it performs the function of money ; but credit is permission to use the capital of another.

Money becomes a source of wealth by its distribution of wealth.

“The value of money, other things being the same, varies inversely as its quantity; every increase of quantity lowering the value, and every diminution raising it, in a ratio exactly equivalent.”

Such phenomena attend that instrument, the power of which is so generally recognised. But its power is limited. Men may thrive *by* money as by one means, but not *in* it, as though man were a plant and money his proper soil. Man is an *inverted* tree: the root is upward, the branches downward. Other trees root in earth and get nourishment from heaven; man is to root in heaven, and to draw a partial, a temporary life from the earth, until a season of *reversion*, when not only the root shall be fixed in Paradise, but the trunk raise its head, the branches spread, the leaves unfold, the bloom develope itself, the fruit come to perfection, and the whole tree find soil and climate, light, heat, and dew in the cloudless sapphire of Paradise—beneath Eden’s eternal suns.

We pass forward to the USE OF MONEY.

Money, as we have already shewn, is an instrument for facilitating exchanges—it is the wheel of circulation and distribution. We proceed to inquire, What advantage is there in it to the individual and to the race? For what ends may men seek to possess and to employ it? “Every man,” it has been said, “is rich or poor according to the degree in which he can afford to enjoy the necessaries, conveniences, and amusements of human life . . . the far greater part of these he must derive from the labour of other people, and he must be rich or poor according to the quantity of that labour which he can command or afford to purchase.”

To the individual, therefore, money is an instrument for

supplying some of his wants, and for gratifying some of his desires. We lay stress on the word *some*, because there *are* wants and desires to which money cannot minister. Socrates expressed a common truth, although the degree in which he applied it was peculiar—when looking on a variety of articles of furniture, he said, “How many things are here that I do not want!” The intense thirsts of his spirit subjected even the common cravings of the flesh. *But all souls have thirsts*—thirsts which the earthly and material cannot quench.

Now, by money we exchange the products of our own powers and of our own land for the produce of other men and of other climes, and hereby we obtain not only what is necessary, but objects of taste and luxury. Where money is abundant this power is great. “To possess it is to exercise a sway less obvious, indeed, but in its extent far more imperial than that which ever rewarded or punished the successful arms of the most illustrious conqueror—a sway as universal as the wishes of mankind—a sway, too, which is exercised in every case without compulsion, and even with an eagerness on the part of him who obeys, equal to that which is felt by him who commands.” “The empire which a rich man exercises finds **no** nation or tribe that wishes to resist it. He gathers around him the product of every sea and of every soil. The sunshine of one climate and the snows of another are made subsidiary to his artificial wants; and though it is impossible to discern the particular arms which he is every instant setting in motion, or the particular efforts of inventive thought which he is every instant stimulating, there can be no doubt that such a relation truly exists which connects with his wishes and with his power the industry of those who labour on the

remotest corner of the earth which the enterprising commerce of man can reach."

Again : *By the legitimate use of money the individual faculties are developed, and at the same time mutual dependence is promoted.* The effect of money is to carry out between individual men and different nations the analogy which the apostle Paul applies to the Christian Church. "The body," he says, "is not one member, but many. If the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body ; is it therefore not of the body ? And if the ear shall say, Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body ; is it therefore not of the body ? If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing ? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling ? And if they were all one member, where were the body ? But now are they many members, yet but one body. And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee ; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you." Now all nations are a body, and separate nations are particular members of a body. The multitude of the men of one country is a body, and the men of particular aptitudes are particular members of that body. Every nation needs for its prosperity what other nations can produce. The individual man requires for his welfare what his fellow-citizens can produce. Money distributes individual produce, and makes all produce common. Hereby, then, man's individuality is preserved, and his mutual dependence at the same time promoted. What civilised man can now be content to live in independence ? What nation can now afford to close her ports ? As the principles on which money is based are developed, individual human power will be brought out, and human society become more

possible. A Robinson Crusoe life, whether for nations or for men, cannot now be. And as to monopoly, exclusiveness, and war, the unchangeable laws which gave birth to commerce *doom them*. The Bible tells me that the "nations shall learn war no more." But had I no Divine revelation, and could I assume the growth of division of labour and the extension of exchange, I might safely on that basis utter the prediction, "Men shall beat their *swords* into *ploughshares* and their *spears* into *pruning-hooks*." Money, rightly used, helps forward universal amity and peace, and at the same time establishes the individuality both of men and of nations.

The use of money then is to distribute the products of individuals and of countries, thereby securing to the individual the largest number of blessings, and thereby tending to make nation with nation, and citizen with citizen, members of one body—kindred in one family.

In these general statements many particulars are involved. A few we will specify.

Money augments production. If men could not exchange, they would not produce more than was necessary for mere existence. And without an elastic medium of exchange, barter would be very slow and contracted. Money is that elastic medium.

Money helps to secure the rights of industry. A man starts as a cotton-spinner. He was *born* in poverty. He receives no property from his relatives. He has reached, say, twenty-five years of age as an *employé*. From his income as servant to a firm he has saved a little money, and with this and credit in his honesty, skill, and diligence, he starts. He produces yarn—exchanges his produce and becomes wealthy. Before—he had not in his native land the possession of a burying-

place—now he owns land. Before—he was a man of good sense, prudence, sagacity, and skill, but his light wanted a candlestick—now it is lifted up. He was surrounded by hereditary power and entailed territorial wealth—and the representatives of this power and property quite excluded him from their society, and precluded his influence on the people of his neighbourhood; but by his industry he has curbed their influence and broken up their exclusiveness; and though men of title and hereditary rank will still please themselves *when* and *where* and *how* they recognise him, the cotton-spinner has shewn these folk that industry has rights as well as lineage, and that though he has not the names of noble ancestors, he has the power and spirit to provide a name for himself.

The occasion requires that prominence be given to the *commercial* aspect of money; but we would remind you that money exerts a beneficial influence on art, literature, and science, and is the only power by which works of public utility can be carried on. And let it not be forgotten that money is a mighty instrument in the enterprises and ministries of benevolence, and that it renders good service to the Christian Church. By money—the hungry, who cannot earn their own bread, may be fed; and the naked, who are unable to provide themselves with raiment, may be clothed. By money—shelter may be found for the houseless, and hospitals be opened for the needy sick. By money—some of the tears of the poor widow may be wiped away, and some of the cries of the fatherless be hushed. By money—information may be diffused among the ignorant, and education supplied to those who, apart from the resources of others, must remain untrained. By

money—the Book, whose price is above rubies, may be put into the hands of those who otherwise would be destitute of the Word of Life. By money—buildings for religious worship and instruction may be raised, and men enabled to give their whole time and strength to the service of the Church and to the ministry of Christian Truth. We have said, Money *may* do all this. We remind you that money *has* done all this—that it *has long* been thus employed — that *now it is* the instrument of mighty benevolent, and religious services in the earth — that under the Christian dispensation its services have been greatest and most blessed ; and that of the Messiah about whom it was predicted—“ Prayer also shall be made for him continually, and daily shall he be praised ;” it was also foretold, “ *To him shall be given of the gold of Sheba.*”

In the objects to which the good Samaritan consecrated his two pence, and to which the poor widow gave her two mites, see the benevolent and religious use of money.

We advise young men, to *get to know by study and observation the VALUE of money.* There are many men, and multitudes of young men, who proceed on the principle of parting with their money at the earliest opportunity. Hear some of Poor Richard’s maxims in his “ Way to Wealth.” “ Always taking out of the meal-tub and never putting in soon comes to the bottom.” “ Silks and satins, scarlets and velvets, put out the kitchen fire.” “ Creditors have better memories than debtors.” “ What maintains one vice would bring up two children.” “ Buy what thou hast no need of and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.” “ Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths—at a good pennyworth pause

awhile." "If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some." "No morning sun lasts a whole day." "Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but expense is constant and certain—it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel." "Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt." "It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright." Herein is wisdom, and this wisdom is from above. Poor Richard's teaching is sustained by Scripture.

Just before this lecture commenced we were asked if we were about to reveal to our audience some means for getting money; we will do this now. To get money, STUDY AND ACT OUT THE BOOK OF PROVERBS. Next to that Book stand the maxims of the author already quoted. Poor Richard says, "He that hath a *calling* hath an office of *profit*." "The *rolling* stone *gathers* no moss." "Little strokes fell *great* oaks." "It is foolish to *lay out* money in a purchase of *repentance*." "Sloth, like rust, *consumes* faster than labour wears." "Pride is as loud a *beggar* as want, and a great deal more saucy." "By *diligence* and *patience* the mouse cut in two the cable." We may crown these words of wisdom with the testimony of the Apostle Paul, "*Godliness is profitable for all things.*" But some young men *overvalue* money; and, although this is not a common fault with men while they are young, it often becomes their besetment in after-years. Gold, if

"Spurn'd by the young, is *hugg'd* by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould."

We proceed to discuss the ABUSE of Money.

The abuse of money must be very great to justify such language as we find used concerning it. Eras.

mus said, "He desired wealth no more than a feeble horse doth a heavy cloak bag." Lord Bacon writes, "I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue. The Roman word is better, *impedimenta*: for as the baggage is to an army so are riches to virtue, it cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march, yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory. Of great riches there is no real use except it be in the distribution, the rest is but conceit. Certainly great riches have sold more men than they have bought out." Jeremy Taylor says, "Riches is nothing but danger, trouble, and temptation, like a garment that is too long and bears a train; not so useful to one as troublesome to two—to him that bears the one part on his shoulders, and to him that bears the other part in his hand." "Riches is a blessing like to a present made of a whole vintage to a man in a hectic fever; he will be much tempted to drink of it, and if he does he is inflamed and may chance to die with kindness."

It must be to the abuses of money and to their evil effects, as also to the commonness of the abuse, that Christ referred when he said, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!"

What are these abuses?

1. *To hoard money is to abuse it.* Money is the wheel of distribution, and to hoard it, is to keep in stillness what was constructed for motion. Bacon says, "Money, like muck, is meant to be spread." Hoarding injures the miser.

"Gold thou mayst touch; but if it *stick*
Unto thy hands, it *woundeth to the quick.*"

To call a mere accumulator of money "wealthy" is to

employ a misnomer. So Cowper thought. Apostrophising a miser he sings :—

“ They call thee rich, I deem thee poor,
 Since if thou darest *not use* thy store,
 But savest it only for thine heirs—
 The treasure is not thine, but theirs.”

2. *To make the possession of money the chief basis of social preference is to abuse money.* Is it money only that can make a woman a lady? is it money alone that makes a man a gentleman? *Are* monied women and monied men always entitled to the civility which these names award? A leper may put on jewels; but a jewelled leper is a leper still. Money was not invented to exalt the few, but to bless the multitude. Of the people who lived nearest to the birthtime and birthplace of money it has been said,—“ It seemed a deeply-rooted instinct of the Greeks to resist the exclusiveness, whether social or political, that was based on the mere possession of money, far more inveterately than that of a dominant race.” This deeply-rooted Grecian instinct should have a yet firmer hold of Christian men. To the judgment of a Christian, a “ man made of money ” should be a golden calf rather than a man. A Christian’s social estimate should be formed on what a man *IS*, and not on what a man *HATH*. Let the world worship in the house the creed of which is money; but let all who profess a nobler origin forsake such temples, and frequent the shrines which inclose intelligence and wisdom, goodness and truth.

3. *Money is abused when lifted out of its sphere.* To *stake our happiness* on the possession of a certain amount of money, or on the incessancy of accumulation, is *unduly* to exalt money. Money was never meant to

be the sole source of pleasure, the one chief basis of happiness. We have admitted that money answers our bodily wants—that it commands the services of others—that it exerts a beneficial influence. We have reminded you, that the Bible saith:—“The rich man’s wealth is his strong city.” “Money answereth all things.” “Money is a defence.” But even some of the services that money renders are deceptive and useless. “The rich hath many friends”—“Wealth maketh many friends.” Are such friends worth having? What are they better than the flies which haunt some perfumed unguent, or the wasps which uninvited come to a table spread with confections? And are not the ministrations of money limited? Money will not meet all wants—cannot gratify all desires. Money will not exclude sickness and pain, bereavement and death. Money cannot bar the mind against thoughts of darkness, or bolt the heart against emotions of bitterness. Money is not wisdom—money is not goodness. Give money its due, but let us not lie unto it! Is not the tenure of money uncertain? “Certainly riches take to themselves wings, and fly away as an eagle.” Your conveyancer records your rights in property thus,—“to *have* and to *hold*.” But he professes more than he accomplishes. He may convey to you the *habendum*, but he can secure nothing beyond. The tuggings of losses, unexpected expenditure, and such-like—saying nothing about prodigality and oppression—frequently destroy the *tenendum*. And money has its drawbacks! There is trouble in getting it, trouble in keeping it, trouble in using it, and vexation in parting from it. It promises more than it pays. It often dulls and defiles the best affections, and it has

moral entanglements peculiar to itself. It binds one man to vanity, another to pride, and another to lust. It leads some to rebel against the appointments of Divine Providence, to forget God, to oppress their fellow-men; and it is an instrument of fearful mischief. The success of these entanglements is not *inevitable*; for we have Job rich and just, Abraham rich and strong in faith, Isaac rich and devout, David rich and obedient to God: but money "hath cast down many wounded, yea many strong men have been slain by it."

Considering the discount which is inseparable from money—its uncertain tenure—its limited ministrations—we see that to stake our happiness on money is to abuse it; it is to go to sea in a craft made of osiers, it is to build your daily dwelling upon quicksand. "You must be a happy man, Mr. Rothschild," said a gentleman, who was sharing the hospitality of the first Baron Rothschild's home, and who was marking its superb appointments. "Happy! me happy!" was the reply. "What! happy when just as you are going to dine you have a letter placed in your hands, saying, 'If you do not send me 500*l.* I will blow your brains out!' Happy! me happy!" How true is it, "The sleep of the labouring man is sweet," but "the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep."

Our opinions on any subject are justly confirmed when men of different character and pursuits agree in their testimony concerning it. Hear the author of "Friends in Council,"—a man evidently living in a very different sphere from that which Rothschild filled. He says:— "It has often occurred to me to think how inappropriate is the eulogy of the moralist or the preacher on the life of the *rich* and powerful, when, for the sake of contrast,

it is set up as if it were the height of human success, at least, in the way in which it professes to succeed. You would think, to hear a preacher of this kind, that the lives of people in the upper classes were something really comfortable and beautiful. . . . To me, on the contrary, since my first entrance into society, the life of those who are considered to be the most highly favoured by the God of this world has always appeared poor, mean, joyless, and, in some respects, even squalid."

To make money the end of life, or to put money before health, life, mental culture, domestic happiness, good social influence, the common weal—is to lift money out of its sphere. But exposition of this statement we may blend with illustration of another abuse of money.

4. *Money is abused when pursued by means that are evil in themselves or injurious in their effects, and when it is so employed as inevitably to inflict personal and social mischief.*

To get money *by consecrating the whole of a man's time and energy to its pursuit* is to get it by evil means. *Is it not evil* so to labour for the bread that perisheth as to exclude all opportunity of feeding the mind with the meat that endureth? What is this but to starve the nobler part of human nature? *Is it not evil*, by absence from home lengthened to an extreme in pursuit of money, to make a wife a widow and children fatherless while the husband and father yet lives? Was *such* living together all that was meant when to the question, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the honourable estate of marriage?" the then pliant bridegroom said, "I will?" The wives of many money-getters would be justified in returning to him who bound

them in wedlock with the complaint:—"My husband hath left me to govern *our* house, to educate *our* children, to fight the battle of life alone: bid him therefore that he come and help me." *Is it not evil* to be living in society like a dislocated member of the body politic—a dead weight on the brotherhood of man; or to be living on the community like the leech, whose incessant cry is, "Give, give?" *Is it not evil* to be acting on the principle, Let us eat and drink, when to-morrow we die—when by sowing to the spirit we might reap life everlasting? Money is too small an end to justify such absorption and consecration.

To *sacrifice the future welfare of the spirit, the cultivation of the mind, happiness, and character*, to the gain of money, is to pursue it by evil means. "What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his soul? what can a man give in exchange for his soul?" "A *good name* is rather to be chosen than great riches, and *loving favour* rather than silver and gold." "Happy is the man that findeth *wisdom*, and the man that getteth *understanding*. For the merchandise thereof is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold." Because *excessive speculation* of every kind, and the smallest amount of speculation of a certain class, involves such costly sacrifices as we have named, all risks of this character must be condemned. Great risks on small odds involve hard and incessant thought; employ ceaselessly the imagination; make a man's heart oscillate between objects of hope and objects of fear; over-joy or over-sorrow him; break his nights and excite his days. Hereby, too, life is often shortened, and health irreparably broken; and, what is worse, tempt-

ations to fraud being multiplied, character is frequently destroyed. The graves of suicides, and the gallows of the malefactor, protest against the course of the speculator. And if any, prompted by the deceitfulness of evil, ask,—*And what is speculation?* We reply, those risks which a man cannot encounter and at the same time be obedient to the Divine caution—“Do thyself (not thy purse—thyself, thy body, thy spirit) no harm.”

To seek money by tempting, deceiving, and oppressing others, is to pursue it by evil means. Into that philosophy of labour and wages which political economists discuss we cannot now enter. But there is a standard of remuneration far more sure, and more accessible. And we think this standard should be lifted up—that the heads of commercial establishments need to have it exhibited to them. Let it be distinctly understood, however, that we are not about to exhibit a standard of remuneration to the employer, without respect to the services of the *employés*. There are men who, on account of their idleness, carelessness, and imprudence, are not worth their salt. And yet some of these men expect their employers to give them a liberal salary for their services. *Justice* excludes such from the remuneration which the diligent and active receive. Let the employed place themselves in the position of their employers, and regulate their services by the expectations they would cherish if they were principals and not subordinates. But to return to the standard of remuneration which the employers should recognise. Let us take a few supposititious cases. Say that a banking firm, consisting of four or five partners, divides as profit 50,000*l.* a-year

Say that a young man enters that house at twenty. He starts with 70*l.* a-year. His income rises and rests—rises and rests until, if all has been well, he reaches 200*l.* And here at this 200*l.*, unless death do some dreadful havoc in the establishment, *that man may remain thirty years.* He must find sureties; he must to a certain extent be educated; he must dress and behave like a gentleman; he must live in decent style; and he is under heavy responsibility. Now if he lived alone, this income might be sufficient to meet such expenses as he is supposed to have, although that is not the only consideration for his employers to entertain. But God has provided a help for him, and he is not so foolish as to try to stumble through life alone; neither is he so ignorant of what true wealth is as to wish to be a married man without, what inhuman advertisers sometimes call, “incumbrance.” Yet what will keep one will not support two; and what will support a man and his wife will not suffice for them and the contents of the cradle; and what will feed the first-born will not feed, and clothe, and educate, and place in business, some six or seven after-born. And we say, *Is it right for men to amass wealth* on a crushing system like this? Lest, however, any should think our eye is particularly directed, take a firm of warehousemen—say they divide as profit some 30,000*l.* a-year. And with the exception of the buyers, and head clerks, and leading salesmen, a young man may serve that firm as a salesman fifteen or twenty years, and unless he have more than average ability his income will not reach 150*l.* Take a retail establishment, say the firm divides 10,000*l.* a-year; and a young man going into that house after his apprenticeship, is ten years rising

to an income of 90*l.* In each of these cases we suppose the *employés* to be serviceable to their firms. We assume that they have served a firm ten, fifteen, twenty, or thirty years. The period of their service establishes their worth. Let it also be noticed, that we assume the firm to be prospering—to be amassing wealth.

Now what we say is this, that for commercial firms to amass wealth by a treatment of their *employés*, which does not award them sufficient remuneration, and which gives them no participation in profits which they are the instruments of amassing, is to get it by evil means. And if the heads of such houses were to honour us with the inquiry—By what table are we to calculate the remuneration of those who serve us? we should put before them this ready reckoner,—“*As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.*”

Would that the cases of oppression we have put, were the worst in the land! What must we say to “shirts by the thirty thousand made at twopence halfpenny each”—“to thirty thousand needlewomen working themselves swiftly to death” that their employers may make haste to be rich? Hear what God says! “GO TO NOW, YE RICH MEN, WEEP AND HOWL FOR THE MISERIES THAT SHALL COME UPON YOU.”

Among temptations and deceptions as a means of money-getting, LOTTERIES stand prominent. Francis, quoting from the Report of a Committee of the House of Commons, introduces the following statement:—“The foundation of the lottery is so radically vicious, that under no system can it become a source of gain and yet be divested of the evils and calamities of which it has proved so baneful a source. Idleness, dissipation,

and poverty, are increased; sacred and confidential trusts are betrayed; domestic comfort is destroyed; madness often created; crimes subjecting the perpetrators to death are committed. No mode of raising money appears so burdensome, so pernicious, and so unproductive. No species of adventure is known where the chances are so great against the adventurers; none where the infatuation is more powerful, lasting, and destructive. In the lower classes of society, the persons engaged are, generally speaking, either immediately or ultimately tempted to their ruin; and there is scarcely any condition of life so destitute and so abandoned, that its distresses have not been aggravated by this allurement to gaming."

The history of wealth acquired on the principles of lotteries, is in every aspect most unsatisfactory.

It is to such abuses of money as these named that the Apostle Paul points when addressing Timothy. He said,—“The love of money is the root of all evil, which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows.” An examination of this language, and reference to the context, shews that by love of money Paul meant an inordinate desire for it, and an undue estimate of it: such a desire for money as excludes contentment, as prompts men to force the season for obtaining it, to “make haste to be rich;” such a desire as leads men to make money the thing desired, the object coveted, the end to which they stretch forward; such a desire as induces men to try to get money at all hazards; and such an estimate of money as prompts them to make gold and godliness one. Now this we are told

is the root of all evil—literally, EVILS. It is the origin of all kinds of evil—of wickedness, misery, and mischief. Tell me the *sins* which this love of money has not occasioned. Does it not lead to lying, theft, injustice, false witness, oppression, murder, and that most horrible of all horrible things—the *sale of a woman's virtue*? Oh what can be the feelings of those young men—of men, whether young or old, who sustain this hellish barter? Of all abuses of money this perhaps is the worst.

And whose powers of description can do justice to the *miseries* which love of money has created? Multitudes have been hereby pierced—STABBED THROUGH AND THROUGH—with many sorrows. Within men, this hell-born passion has awakened maddening disappointment and cruel remorse; it has brought to the very core of their heart a gnawing worm, and has filled their spirit with consuming fire. *Without men*, this love of money has induced poverty, ignominy, and death. Men, surrounded by religious advantages, have hereby had their conscience seared. Men, with godly convictions, have hereby stultified their religious knowledge. Men, fitted to bless their generation, have hereby become tempters of their fellow-men; and not a few who have made a profession of Christianity have by this love of money become apostates. History and biography, both inspired and uninspired, crowd examples of the evil of the inordinate love of money on our attention. Balaam and Achan, Gehazi and Judas, Ananias and Demas, are but a type of a class, the numerical extent of which presents a most fearful spectacle. But enough has been said of the abuse of money and of the evil means by

which men seek to obtain money. It must be quite clear that to hoard money—to make the possession of money a prominent social bond—to sacrifice superior interests to money, and to pursue it through evil ways, is to prostitute it on the one hand and to idolise it on the other. To young men disposed so to abuse money we again address the Bible caution:—"The love of money is the root of all evil, which while some have coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

Our hope for this country is, that the abuses of money are on the decline. The prime minister does not now bribe his supporters with bank-notes in table napkins at ministerial dinners. Incomes, varying from 500*l.* to 800*l.*, are not now given to members of the Senate for supporting a party. Government contractors do not now receive 17,000*l.* and 30,000*l.* above the trade price of the commodities they supply, neither can they escape with supplying hundreds of tons of goods less than they agreed to deliver. If five millions were now raised for the Exchequer, it would not diminish in its way some two millions and a half. Forced loans and miscalled benevolences could not now be attempted. A Tulip Mania could not be quickly raised. Hospitals are now created on a better foundation than seamen's tickets. Charitable corporations and South Sea Bubbles find it harder to live. Unbought votes in our Senate are now common. The Stock Exchange contains animals of closer affinity with the human kind than bulls, and bears, and lame ducks. Francis Baily is the intellectual ancestor of an increasing few, who relieve and sanctify the pursuits of business by science, and who obtain leisure and resources for the pursuit of science

by the results of business. Individuals who have become gods by dishonesty, are made, when their iniquity is discovered, to die from society as degraded men. Books have a wider sale. Early closing is on the increase. Wages, in *some* branches of employment, are on the rise. Thomas Gray, could he live again, would not die unrewarded. Book Societies, with Literary and Scientific Institutions, multiply. And ministers of religion in their teaching bear more on commercial matters. Among men of business there is more thought about health and intellectual culture, and there is more regard to character and to right principle, than there was some fifty or even thirty years ago.

All these circumstances are good omens. We say "omens." We are not complacent in the present; but we are hopeful toward the future, and the present is a portion of the basis of our hope. Money still oscillates between abuses of opposite kinds, but the arc its abuses describe is becoming daily less, and we expect to see money rest in the centre of its proper and legitimate service. The principles we have advocated are now held by many, and will, we believe, be increasingly adopted, advanced, and extended, until the leaven now in the meal shall leaven the whole lump.

We do not, however, look for the advent of *prophets* and *seers*, of *true priests* and *godlike souls*, TO PREACH SOME NEW TRUTHS as the means of bringing in the right use of money. We have had (in history, example, experience, Christian institutions, and other divine voices) the Apostles and Prophets: and we look for the recognition in conduct of the OLD truths they have taught.

The moral glory has been revealed, and we expect all

flesh will see it together. The right use of money will not be a social creation from without, but a growth from within. Yet if we would help forward "this good time coming," a Christian may take a hint from the moneyers of Greece and Rome. The Roman Mint adjoined the Temple; and the coinage of Greece bore religious emblems;—both circumstances signifying—that the principles of the Temple are to be carried into exchange; that exchange may look to the Temple for the upholding of its integrity, and for the spirit of diligence, prudence, and zeal; that in using money men should be reminded not only of what is due to Cæsar, but of what is due to God; and that instead of separating money and religion, giving money ITS sphere and religion ITS sphere, religion, like the sun of our planetary system, should fix money in its orbit, command its revolutions, make it fruitful, and cause the otherwise dead ore of earth to shine with a brilliancy that heaven only can supply.

Let us make, so far as our conduct can make it, money a planet in that system to which religion is the sun. This will hasten forward the good time of which we have spoken. That time *will* come, whether *we* aid its advent or are indifferent to its dawning. But it will be a double good to behold its brightness and to have ministered to its approach:—

“ There is a fount about to stream,
 There is a light about to beam,
 There is a warmth about to flow,
 There is a flower about to blow,
 There is a midnight blackness changing
 Into grey :
 Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way !

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen ;
Aid it, hopes of honest men ;
Aid it, paper ; aid it, type ;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,—
And our earnest must not slacken
 Into play :
Men of thought and men of action.
 Clear the way !”

Music in its Relation to Religion.

BY THE

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MUSIC IN ITS RELATION TO RELIGION.

FROM what our chairman, Sir Edward Buxton, has said, I fear an impression may be made that I am here to advocate Scottish congregational music in contrast with English congregational music. This is not so. Perhaps he has heard in our Scottish churches, if I may judge from his remarks, the most attractive specimens, and thus the favourable opinion the honourable baronet has just expressed may be formed on those specimens: but this I will say, that in no country in the world are the hearts of the people more replenished with that which is the substance of music—gratitude and love; and so far they are worthy of your esteem and the approbation of our chairman.

There are two lights in which music, sacred or secular, may be regarded; first, as an innocent and even refreshing amusement for young men exhausted by the toils and fatigues of the day; and, secondly, as a handmaid of Christian worship,—auxiliary to the effort of the worshipper,—an interpreter, in short, to those deep and thrilling emotions of the Christian heart, of which song alone can be the appropriate exponent and vehicle. J

must request that I be not construed as the advocate of every plan by which it has been attempted to promote the study or practice of sacred music ; nor is the advocacy of this lecture responsible for the abuses which have been or may be grafted on it. I am not, I candidly tell you, an admirer of late hours in any place, on any pretext, either for labour, or amusement, or study.

All I shall attempt to do is to illustrate and expound the subject committed to my hands, and leave its cultivation to the sound principle, good sense, and skilful and prudent adoption and management of the Young Men's Christian Association. I have said that music may be regarded as a valuable recreation. There is an hour often recurring in every man's life when amusement or recreation alone is suitable. In the case of the young, recreation must be ; and I conceive that he who shews you a spring of occasional enjoyment, that will keep you at home and render alike inexcusable and unnecessary the unhealthy excitements of tobacco, dissipation, and other destructive stimulants, confers on you greater good than meets the eye. The bow cannot be always bent,—the thoughts and powers of the mind cannot be sustained always at full stretch ; there must be hours for recreation. To indicate a sublime pleasure, enjoyed by the blessed and obligatory on the Church on earth, which will elevate while it refreshes, and invigorate for duty, is, therefore, I humbly submit, no useless effort. We, the lecturers in this hall, have been labouring to secure for you spare hours—less drudgery and more time. In all our addresses we have, perhaps, too much assumed that the cultivation and information of your minds is to be your *only* effort after the day's labour ; and I admit it is the *main* thing, but it is not the *whole* thing. There must

be employment also that will interest the mind, and not exhaust it—that will enable you to study the more thoroughly that you have had an hour of joyful recreation. I would try to shew you how, amid so much fitted to instruct and improve, which you have listened to in this hall, you may find one subject fitted to cheer, delight, and refresh, when weary, and on that day which is the pearl of days and the glory of the week, prepare you to engage in not the least noble exercise of the sanctuary, the praise and glory of God in sacred song.

Both music and acoustics have a greater relation to Euclid and geometry than at first appears. A good mathematician only can thoroughly understand the principles of music. It is an intricate science. Yet there is much in music which any ordinary mind can understand, and more which a good ear can appreciate. Much is within reach of a few hours' study, and more still attainable by a few months' practice. A man may, however, be a good singer or performer, or reader of music, and yet not a good musician—we may excel in the practice and yet be ignorant of the theory, and still more of the science, of music.

The eye is the recipient of the impressions of the beautiful, and the ear the chamber of the impressions of melody and harmony; one is a *camera lucida*, the other is a music-hall. Light reveals to the eye the tints of the flowers, the brilliancy of the stars, the splendours of the sky, and the beauties of the landscape; the air carries on its wings the tones, and vibrations, and harmonies of Haydn, Handel, Mozart, and Mendelssohn. Beautiful it is that for a two-shilling-and-sixpenny ride on the railway I can feast my sight upon green trees and sweet flowers, and enjoy bright views and beautiful

landscapes; and it is no less so that for half-a-crown I can summon five hundred musicians to this platform, and order them to render to my ear what Handel conceived and Mendelssohn composed. The eye often cannot see the beautiful, from confinement in a city; but we can easily hear, even in a city, the sweet sounds of music. The greatest joys are on the highway, after all; the pleasures that really elevate are cheap; those that injure and debase are expensive: the flowers that beautify the earth with colour, and delight the passer-by with fragrance, are everywhere; the poison-berry and the deadly nightshade are found only in the untrodden swamps, where you have no business. I can enjoy all the glories of the sky, the earth, the sea, as much as the autocrat of all the Russias. If I gaze upon some beautiful and extensive landscape, I find that one part of it belongs to Sir Edward Buxton; another to my friend beside me, Sir John Maxwell; and a third part to some one else: but the most beautiful part of the landscape, the cream of it all—the beautiful view—the beggar at the roadside owns and sees just as much as they, and can enjoy just as much as they do. All that is beautiful in tower, or tree, or winding stream, every passer-by can see and be charmed with without asking leave. No trust-deeds can contain this beauty,—it cannot be monopolised by any. So it is with music. Any ear may hear it in nature, and any one for very little may create it. It is a great leveller,—this is a mistake,—it is a great dignifier and elevator; it brings high and low nearer to each other. The wind which rushes through the organ of St. George's Chapel at Windsor has first passed through the barrel-organ of some poor Italian boy: the organ of church, and chapel,

and meeting-house, the voice of Jenny Lind and that of the street-singer, have but one common capital to draw on,—the unsectarian and catholic atmosphere, the failure of which would be the extinction of Handel, Haydn, and Mozart.

The air sometimes calls up Handels, Haydns, and Mendelssohns, on the ocean, in the forest, and on desert wilds; and these, like invisible, but not inaudible, musicians, make glorious music. Sometimes the shrouds of a ship, as she rolls on the tempestuous deep, raise wild sopranos to the skies; sometimes the trees and branches of a forest of gigantic pines become mighty harp-strings, which, smitten by the rushing tempest, send forth rich harmonies,—now anthems of joy, anon dirges over the dead; sometimes the waves of the sea respond like white-robed choristers to the thunder bass of the sky; the Alps and Apennines sounding like accompanying drums as they cast off the avalanches,—and so make Creation's grand oratorio, in which "the heavens are telling," and the earth is praising God; sometimes "deep calls unto deep," the Mediterranean to the German Sea, and both to the Atlantic Ocean; and these, the Moses and Miriam of the earth, awaken rich antiphones, and form the opposing choirs responding from side to side in Nature's grand cathedral, praising and adoring the Creator and Builder. Were man silent, God would not want praise.

It is remarkable that almost all the sounds of Nature,—the bleating of sheep, the lowing of cattle, the moaning of the wind among the pines, the chimes of the waves, are on the minor key,—plaintive,—sad. This is Creation itself giving proof of the apostle's assertion, "All Creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together

until now." She feels the curse is on her,— cold and heavy on her heart,— and, longing for deliverance, she gives utterance to her ceaseless, deep, and heart-rending *Miserere*; and she will do so until her Lord transpose and transfigure her, and bid her assume the major key, and give himself the key-note; and then the spheres above and floods below, and the mighty multitude of redeemed hearts and retuned voices, will raise their united and everlasting hallelujahs. Sin has thrown Creation's choir very much out of tune. We hear but occasional snatches of her grand harmonies, reminding us of the time when all was very good, and predicting the time when all will be so again. The great Minstrel is the same, the instrument only is out of tune.

But music exists not only in the lower, but also in the higher, grades of creation. We laugh, and cry, and speak music. Everybody is more or less of a musician, though he knows it not. A laugh is produced by repeating in quick succession two sounds which differ from each other by a single whole tone. A cry arising from pain, grief, or bereavement, is the utterance of two sounds differing from each other half a tone. A yawn runs down a whole octave before it ceases. A cough may be expressed by musical intervals. A question cannot be asked without that change of tone which musicians call a fifth, a sixth, or an eighth. This is the music of nature. There is not a man who speaks five minutes without gliding through the whole gamut, only in speaking, the tones, from not being protracted, slide imperceptibly into each other. In short, every sound of the human lip is loaded with music. So much is this the case, that one man will pronounce your name, let it be the most plebeian you can specify, with such exquisite

beauty, and in so musical tones, that the commonest name will sound grander than a duke's, or an earl's, or a lord's; and another man will pronounce your name so unmusically and harshly that, let it be the Duke of Wellington's, it will sound as common as the most common name. I have gone into a shop to purchase an article, a lady has served me, and recommended me something else in so musical a voice that the sovereigns, shillings, and sixpences in my pocket, have become choristers, treble, contralto, tenor, and bass, and I have found myself an unexpected purchaser of unexpected bargains.

I can tell if a preacher be musical or not as soon as he begins to speak. I have heard a preacher start on C, key of A three sharps, and chant the sermon, the audience asleep, the preacher only awake. Yet some of our most eloquent preachers have had very unmusical voices. Chalmers had a most grating, dissonant voice; but the weight and magnificence of his thoughts caused it to be forgotten. Robert Hall had a weak and untuned voice, and yet his preaching, as testified by all that heard him, and easily seen from all he has written, was exceedingly eloquent. Among great living preachers, Melvill has an unharmonious voice—hard and jerking; and yet he rivets and secures the intellect and heart of all that listen. Dr. M'Neile, if you hear him speak, and not read, has a magnificent voice, of great compass, melody, and power, adapted to produce great effect. But probably the grandest voice I ever heard was Edward Irving's; it was unequalled for depth, compass, power, richness, and delicacy of intonation. I never heard any approach to him in these respects. My hair has almost stood on end while hearing him repeat the 137th Psalm; and a celebrated actor declared that the richest musical

treat in London was to go and hear Edward Irving repeat the Lord's Prayer.

All the sounds of nature are to my ear, and I dare say they will be to yours, if London labour suffer you to hear them, singularly suggestive. I do not mean the sounds which you hear in the streets of this mighty Babylon, but the sounds of nature. I never hear the thrush or the blackbird, or, as we Scotchmen call them, and I think more poetically, the mavis or the merle, without thinking of the Grampian Hills and Dee side till "auld lang syne" comes up in all the freshness of boyhood. The owl hooting from the hollow of an old oak-tree reminds me of the Pope speaking *ex cathedrâ*, or a fat monk chanting a midnight mass in exchange for a mid-day meal. The lark rising on untiring pinion, and making the air ring with its sweet minstrelsy, ever singing and ever soaring upward and upward, as if borne on waves of sound to the bright sun and blue sky, reminds me of the Protestant Christian, who visits earth only to rest, again to rise with the light, and with renewed vigour mount upwards.

All creation, providence, and redemption, are, to my ear, rich in grand harmonies. All human life has seemed to me, as to Longfellow, a vast and mysterious cathedral, amid whose solitary aisles and under whose sublime roof mystic tones and melodies perpetually roll. The mood we are in, as every one knows, gives meaning to every sound. I hear at times, from its chantry, a funeral psalm or psalm of life, that has called up the pale faces of the dead; at other times, I hear mystic sounds from the past and future, as from belfries outside the cathedral; and again, at other times and in other circumstances, a mournful, melancholy, watery

peal of bells, as is heard sometimes at sea from cities far off below the horizon. Walk out on some wild common, on a still, frosty night—the deep and overwhelming silence is almost audible. From the measureless heights and depths of air there comes to us a rich under-tone—half sound, half whisper—as if we could hear the crumbling and falling away of earth and all created things in nature's processes of reproduction and decay; the very sounds, as it were, of the lapse and rushing of the sands of life in the great hour-glass of time. So a poet speaks:—

“Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers,
 Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
 Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
 From loneliest nook.

'Neath cloister'd boughs each floral bell that swingeth,
 And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
 Makes sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
 A call to prayer,—

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
 Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
 But to that fane most catholic and solemn
 Which God hath planned,—

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
 Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,
 Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
 Its dome the sky.

There, amid solitude and shade, I wander
 Through the green aisles, and, stretch'd upon the sod.
 Amid the silence reverently ponder
 The ways of God.”

Another of your own poets says :—

“ There’s not the smallest orb which thou behold’st,
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim.
 Such harmony is in immortal souls;
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.”

Music is universally appreciated and practised. The English ploughboy sings as he drives his team, happily ignorant whether protection or free-trade is the best ; the Scotch Highlander makes the glens and grey moors resound with his beautiful song ; the Swiss, Tyrolese, and Carpathians, lighten their labour by music ; the muleteer of Spain cares little who is on the throne or behind it, if he can only have his early carol ; the vintager of Sicily has his evening hymn, even beside the fire of the burning mount ; the fisherman of Naples has his boat-song, to which his rocking boat beats time on that beautiful sea ; and the gondolier of Venice still keeps up his midnight serenade. One of our own poets hath said :—

“ The man that hath no music in his soul,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
 The motions of his spirit are as dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus.
 Let no such man be trusted.”

He is sure to be a long-hour employer.

Who has not read of the all but magic power of Tyrolese song ? What terrible excitement has the *Marseillaise* produced upon the streets of Paris ! The old soldier feels young when he hears the sound of the bugle, or the roll of old England’s conquering

drum. I have seen an old war-horse in a coal-waggon rear and prance, as ready for the charge, on hearing the note of a trumpet. What Briton does not feel thankful to God and happy in his privileges, on hearing what is still, and I pray may long be, the national anthem, "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN," which I shall now ask my friends behind me to illustrate?

[The national anthem was then sung by the choir.]

Music was part of the preparatory Pythagorean discipline. Aristides says, "Music is calculated to compose the mind and fit it for instruction;" Picus Mirandola, "Music produces like effects on the mind as medicine on the body;" Plato, "Music to the mind is as air to the body;" Homer, "Achilles was taught music in order to moderate his passions;" Aulus Gellius, "Sciatica is cured by music;" Milton, "If wise men are not such, music has a great power and disposition to make them gentle;" Chrysostom, "God has joined music with worship that we might with cheerfulness and readiness of mind express his praise in sacred hymns;" Bishop Horne, "The heart may be weaned from everything base and mean, and elevated to everything excellent and praiseworthy, by sacred music." Martin Luther was deeply affected by music. One day two of Luther's friends, on visiting him, found him in deep despondency, and prostrate on the floor. They struck up one of the solemn and beautiful tunes which the Reformer loved. His melancholy fled; he rose and joined his friends, adding, "The devil hates good music." Some of Luther's tunes are from the old Latin chants, and others were composed by himself. "Most of the singing in the Mass," he said, "is very fine and glorious, breathing nothing but thankfulness and praise,

such as *Gloria in Excelsis*, *Alleluia*, *Benedictus*, *Agnus Dei*;" and some of it he devoted to pure Protestant ends. Luther was a strenuous advocate for making music a part, a prominent part, in the education of the young; and in 1544, together with George Rhau, he prepared a hymn-book with music for schools. Carlstadt objected to harmony on very *non-sequitur* grounds: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism, and therefore only one melody." Luther replied, "By parity of reasoning, Carlstadt ought to have but one eye, one ear, one hand, one boot, and one coat." Luther's celebrated hymn, *Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*—"A strong tower is our God," was written in the castle at Coburg during the Diet at Augsburg in 1530, when he alleviated his despondency by music. In 1581, Cyriack Spangerberg published "*Cithara Lutheri*," a collection of the songs and hymns of Luther, in which he says, "We must confess, that of all the master-singers since the Apostles' times, Luther is the best and richest." Luther was an exquisite performer on the flute; and when a poor student, his beautiful playing secured him many a night's lodging. He says, "I have always loved music; I would not for any price lose my little musical power. It drives away the spirit of melancholy, as we see in the case of King Saul. By its aid a man forgets his anger, lust, and pride, and expels many temptations and evil thoughts. The devil cannot abide good music—he hates it. Music is a great disciplinarian; she makes people tractable and kindly disposed. Music is a lovely gift of God; it awakens and moves me so, that I preach with pleasure." No one will assert that Luther was less abundant in labours because so fond of music. Writing to a friend who was oppressed with melancholy.

Luther said, "Up, strike up a song to my Lord on the organ—the *Te Deum*, or the *Benedictus*. Sing away, as David and Elisha did. If the devil come again, say, 'Out, devil, I must sing to my Lord!' Sing a good tune or two, and learn to defy the devil." In the Castle of Coburg and in great danger, when he saw the despondency of his friends he said, "Come, let us defy the devil, and sing Psalm cxxx. Our singing distresses the devil, and hurts his feelings exceedingly." And when he had company at his house, sacred music was always the chief part of the entertainment. "Next to theology," he said, "I am not ashamed to confess, there is no art or science to be compared to music." Nicholas Selnecker says, "One must confess, that surely the Holy Spirit inspired both Luther's hymns and tunes." "If Luther had left nothing else, his tunes and hymns had been enough." The highest evidence of the power and excellency of the hymns and music of Luther is the fact, that the Roman Catholics adopted them. The people would sing them, and therefore the priests introduced them into the Romish churches. A Carmelite friar observed, "Luther's hymns helped his cause astonishingly; they spread among all classes of the people, and were sung, not only in the churches and schools, but also in the houses and workshops—in the streets and market-places, in lanes and fields." I have just seen and tried a selection of music, chiefly old Latin and German, collected and politely sent me by Ernest Bunsen, son of the distinguished Prussian minister, in which are several of Luther's noble, solemn, and plaintive compositions, which are little known in this country. I do so long to see the wretched rants, that are but too popular, banished from

our churches and chapels, in order that these grave and noble compositions may occupy their place; and one object of this lecture is, to lead you, if possible, to abjure and eject many of those tunes which have neither merit nor beauty, and popularise those noble compositions, the anthems, chants, and tunes of the ancient masters.

John Walthier, organist to the Elector of Saxony, says, "I know and testify that Luther, that holy man of God, the apostle and prophet of the German nation, had great delight in music; and many a gladsome hour have I spent in singing with him; and I have often seen how gleeful and joyous the dear man has been made by singing, so that he never would be wearied or satisfied with music." At the Scottish Reformation some admirable music was composed, and became very popular. I can in this lecture but briefly touch on the several stages of the developement of sacred music since the Reformation, giving only the names of some of the most talented masters, while I will ask my friends who have kindly come to help me, at my request, to give you one illustrative specimen of each. The first ancient tune I will mention is called "French;" it was composed at the time of the Scottish Reformation, and is found in John Knox's liturgy, or Book of Common Order. I do not know whether it will suit every taste, but according to my taste it is a beautiful specimen of the grandeur and solemnity which should characterise sacred melody. It ought to be sung in the heroic style, and after the manner in which we hear "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." As I am not much acquainted with hymns, if you will excuse me I will give you an appropriate verse from an old Scotch Church version,—

“ I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
 From whence doth come mine aid.
 My safety cometh from the Lord,
 Who heav'n and earth hath made.

Thy foot he'll not let slide, nor will
 He slumber that thee keeps.
 Behold, he that keeps Israel,
 He slumbers not, nor sleeps.”

I give it you as a specimen of sacred music three hundred years old.

[The tune was then sung by the choir.]

Nothing can be more simple than the melody of this tune. Were you to hear the melody alone it would seem naked; but I know nothing, in the ordinary collection of psalm tunes, so grand, so massive, so glorious, as its harmony, and therefore I give it as a specimen of thoroughly devotional church music, and of those tunes which you ought to introduce in church and chapel. And now, lest Sir E. Buxton should seem correct in stating what he supposed to be the object of this lecture, I will give you a specimen of sacred music from a contemporaneous composer of England, which I will also ask my friends to illustrate, as they are well able. Richard Farrant, the composer of it, lived in the days of Edward VI. It is a very beautiful piece of music, and has been introduced into some of our congregations. After all, and notwithstanding divers objections, anthems and chants are the most Protestant music. In the metrical version it is God's words shaped and adapted to man's music, but in chants and anthems it is man's music adapted to God's words. The words of the composition of Farrant, which I will ask the choir to illustrate, are, “ Lord, for thy tender mercies' sake lay not our sins to

our charge, but forgive us what is past, and give us grace to amend our sinful lives, to decline from sin and to incline to virtue, that we may walk with a perfect heart before thee now and evermore.”

[The anthem was then sung by the choir.]

You have now had a specimen of the severe, but yet glorious, Scottish music, and you have had a specimen of the grander, richer, and yet more magnificent English music. On the whole, do not both very much agree? I have no doubt that if Scotch and English Christians could look at each other in a theological point of view, as well as in a musical, we should see how much greater harmony and fewer discords there are than we are disposed to believe.

In the time of Elizabeth, herself a fair performer, flourished, among others, Tallis, a musician of high powers, and richly appreciated by the admirers of old church music, the author of a single chant well known and generally used. I will ask my friends behind me to illustrate this very simple chant of his, containing in the melody not above three or four notes, and yet in its harmony extremely expressive, and truly fitted for Christian worship. “Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath visited and redeemed his people,” &c.

[The chant was accordingly chanted.]

I wish you to notice how very simple that music is; and yet, if ministers of the Gospel and others who have influence in this matter will introduce that style of music into their congregations, they will find it the most popular of all. The melody requires only a few minutes practice to enable you thoroughly to sing it, and a little study to make you acquainted with its noble and beautiful harmony.

In the sixteenth century, and on the Continent, flourished Palestrina, called the Homer of music, whose powers, however, were given to the service of Rome. In the seventeenth century flourished Orlando Gibbons, author of a celebrated sanctus,—“Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty! the whole earth is full of thy glory.” It is very short, but I think you will concur with me in thinking it a noble piece of music.

[The choir here sang the sanctus.]

In the beginning of the eighteenth century flourished John Blow. His beautiful single chant on the minor key I am never weary of listening to. Among English composers the most illustrious was Purcell, and one regrets that his music is not more known, or rather used, than it is. Time would fail me to speak of Pergolesi, Jomelli, and others of later times. Handel's name is a household word; his music is almost equal to his theme—rich, glorious, replete with evidences of the highest inventive genius. Why should there be no congregation able to sing at Christmas, “Unto us a child is born,” &c.? Haydn's oratorio of “The Creation” is a wonderful production; his “Stabat Mater” we may admire as music, but must renounce as idolatry. One regrets that the compositions of such masters as Haydn and Mozart are inseparable from the superstitions of the Church of Rome. Among English composers I ought to mention the names of Jeremiah Clark, the favourite pupil of Dr. Blow, also William Croft, and Dr. Boyce. These are names of great weight, and tunes that bear their names are just as superior to the trash too frequently used in our churches and chapels as the poetry of Milton or Cowper is superior to the rhymes that are called by courtesy the poetry of the present day. I

need not quote such names as Beethoven and Mendelssohn, the latter of whom may be as familiar to the sight as his "Elijah" is to the hearing of many of you.

In listening to the music of some of these great masters, what rapturous flights of sound! what pathetic chimes! what expressions of agony and woe! in short, what an embodiment of all the feelings of suffering and rejoicing humanity, sympathised with and furnished with a voice and an eloquent tongue, in these grand creations of human genius! How the chorus strikes on the ear, in crashes of thunder the one moment, out of which instantly starts a solitary trumpet, like the trumpet of doom! Again the chorus swells and dies, like the wind of summer; anon we listen to intricate and mystic passages of music, which wave to and fro like the swinging of branches of trees in a storm. This again ceases, as if a lull had occurred in the hurricane, and some solitary sweet voice, like Jenny Lind's, darts off, like a bird out of the trees, and floats upon the air, and sings in ecstasy a wild, sweet solo, in the warm sunshine! Poetry, Painting, and Music, are three great interpreters of Nature, each disclosing some hidden beauty, some inner excellency, some long-concealed hieroglyphic; but of the three, Music is the mightiest, the purest, truest, heavenliest. Painting is Nature smiling, resting, moving, beautiful; Poetry is Nature speaking, whispering, laughing, crying,—“Day unto day uttering speech, and night unto night teaching knowledge;” Music is Nature rendering forth those deep and abysmal feelings which the first two are unable to express,—Nature singing what Poetry says and Painting seems,—the three witnesses to the loss of a beauty, a glory, and a perfection that are gone, but prophets, and

earnests, and instalments of a glory, and beauty, and perfection that are promised; not the devil's property, and so to be left in his possession, but God's fallen things, yet to be redeemed and reinstated in their place, as reflectors of his glory—the trumpets of his praise.

I think the human voice the noblest of all instruments. Organs were not used in the Christian church till a very late period. The first great organ was presented to Charlemagne by the Emperor Michal. In the Eastern church organs were never approved. In the Western church they were introduced amid great opposition. Thus Ælrede, a Cistercian monk, in the twelfth century:—“Unde cessantibus jam typis et figuris, unde in ecclesiâ tot organa, tot cymbala? Ad quid rogo terribilis ille follium flatus, tonitruï potius fragorem quam vocis exprimens suavitatem?”—ÆLREDUS, *Speculum Castitatis*, lib. ii. 23. “Whence, after types and figures have ceased,—whence in the church so many organs, so many cymbals? For what purpose, I ask, is that terrible blowing of bellows, expressing rather the crashing of thunder than the sweetness of the voice?” My idea of an organ is very simple, and, I think, very true. But, before stating it, I may premise, that I have no sympathy whatever with the ultra-puritanic views of some on this side the Tweed, or the covenanting prejudices of others north of the Tweed in this matter. I do not admire the anile ignorance which hears heresy in the sounds of an organ, or sees a Papist in its patron or player. So strong was the feeling half a century ago in the Church of Scotland, that, on a clergyman introducing an organ, the aged females that sat round the pulpit could hardly be kept down on its first sound; and the clamour in the parish grew so ter

rible, that they were obliged to remove it; and the poor clergyman, on leaving the parish for a more suitable one at a distance, was represented in the prints of the day and in the shop-windows robed in his canonicals, with a barrel-organ on his back, and his right hand turning the handle, and playing the well-known tune, "I'll gang nae mair to you toun," &c. Yet a violoncello, double-bass, or a violin, are more effective instruments by far. On the organ, the same key is both the flat of one note and the sharp of another,—the transitions are clumsy and abrupt; but the violin not only distinguishes each note and half-note from another by different fingers, but can render the quarter or eighth of a tone with unutterable beauty, and pass from one to another with a delicacy altogether unattainable by organ or piano. You have excommunicated the violin and consecrated the organ, and, like many kindred papal canonisations and curses, on very unsatisfactory grounds. But the organ, grand as it is, is nothing to the human voice. The Old Hundredth, given by all the voices in this hall, is grander without than with the organ. The organ, in short, to express its true value, is a good auxiliary to bad congregational singing; but, like the use of a crutch, too long used it prevents our walking without it; or, like an ear trumpet, too much had recourse to, it renders us unable to hear without it. The human voice alone is the wonderful organ. Intellect is visible on the brow,—the heart is seen looking through the eye; but the soul reveals itself in the voice. Man's soul is audible, not visible, as God gave an apocalypse of himself of old, not in the blazing fire nor in the bursting earthquake, but in the "still small voice." The sound of the voice alone betrays the flowing of the inner and in-

exhaustible fountains of the soul, otherwise inappreciable to man. Mercury may have made the lyre, Apollo the flute, Jubal the harp and the organ; but God made the human voice, and the instrument shares in something of the perfection of the Maker.

But I am speaking of music rather than musical instruments. Music is in harmony with all other sciences. The painter must borrow its language in order to describe his painting; he speaks of tone and harmony. The poet's rhymes and cadences are all musical. Eloquence is the master minstrel playing on those responsive musical strings,—the feelings, fears, and hopes of the human heart. There is an analogy between music and geometry. There is a likeness,—a family likeness, between York minster and Handel's oratorio: the one represents to the eye, and the other to the ear, a divine thought; the cathedral is the dead stone shaped and fitted to its place, and so vivified by the genius of the architect that the very stone shoots up, and blossoms, and shines, and sparkles in the splendour of rising and setting suns, as if circled by a perpetual aureole of beauty and light; the oratorio is the cathedral of the ear, in which the dull air is seized by the master minstrel, and reverberating from the string, or rushing through the pipe, or gushing from the human voice, it embodies and unfolds all great and glorious thoughts. Even a great poet cannot speak of war—in itself not very musical,—without bringing in music to illustrate it:—

“ This is the arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms,
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing,
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
 When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
 What loud lament and dismal *Miserere*
 Will mingle with the awful symphonies!

I hear e'en now the infinite fierce chorus,
 The cries of agony, the dreadful groan,
 Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
 In long reverberations reach our own.

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
 The rattling musketry, the clashing blade,
 And, ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
 The diapason of the cannonade!

Is it, O man! with such discordant noises,
 With such accursèd instruments as these,
 Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
 And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,—
 Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and sports,
 Given to redeem the human mind from error,
 There were no need of arsenals and forts.

Down the dark future, through long generations,
 The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease:
 And like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,
 I hear once more the voice of Christ say, 'Peace.'

'Peace,'—and no longer from its brazen portals
 The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies;
 But, beautiful as songs of the Immortals,
 The holy melodies of love arise."

Music has a wonderfully soothing influence: purer than painting, more ethereal than poetry, and the least sensuous of any, it exercises the greatest power over the human mind. Are you, young men, worn out with the toils of the day, and anxious to drown the lingering echoes of the roar of the wheels and machinery of mammon? Learn to sing, or play on the violin, sacred anthems.

airs, and tunes. Amusement or relaxation you must have. Try this; it will exert on you all the power and none of the poison of opium. Singing keeps off pulmonary disease. Disease of the lungs often arises from failing fully to inflate them. Now moderate exercise of the voice is just as necessary to the health of the whole chest as exercise of the whole body to its healthy development. Music has also an inspiring power. If you feel dull, sleepy, and exhausted, a lively tune on the violin will rouse your nerves, and restore them to harmony. Don't have recourse to wine or alcohol; these will aggravate, not cure. Try music; it is essentially teetotal, and yet inspiriting. We all know the effect produced on the 42d Highlanders at Waterloo, when they seemed beginning to waver, by the sound of the pipes. The Duke of Wellington, with his eagle eye, perceived the indications of change, and asked why it was that so unusual a thing had occurred. The remark was made by a distinguished commanding officer that some one had commanded the pipes to cease playing. Wellington instantly ordered the pipes to be played in full force; and, though to English ears not the most musical, they had the most cheering effect on that gallant band, who instantly rallied to share with torn colours and shattered ranks in the trophies of the day.

“And wild and high the Cameron's gathering rose;
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard too have her Saxon foes,
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill. But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the nerce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame, rings in each clansman's ears.”

Is your mind haunted with evil thoughts? As Christian young men, you know the sovereign and infallible prescription. But in its place music has a wonderfully expulsive power. David played before Saul, and the evil spirit forsook him. Luther, in despondency, used to seize his flute and revive his spirits, remarking, "The devil hates good music." I may add, the Pope also hates good music. I will give you an instance of it. I was once along with a clergyman of the Church of England speaking in a large room to a meeting on the comparative merits of the Romish and Protestant communions. Some Jesuits had packed the room with three-fourths of Irish Roman Catholics from the railway. My friend tried to speak first, but the tremendous noise of hob-nails and heavy boots upon the floor made him positively present the spectacle of playing a pantomime. Not one syllable was heard. He sat down in thorough despair, and as it is said that Scotchmen always come to the breach when Englishmen give way, he asked me to see what I could do to still them. I found, however, that I was not more successful than my friend; but I was more cunning, for I went to the singers, ten or twelve, who began our meeting with praise, and said, "Strike up with all your force the 100th Psalm," to some merely descriptive words, supposing that ten or twelve voices in harmony would put down many hundreds in discord. There was perfect silence. Every Roman Catholic walked out, and in a quarter of an hour we had the meeting thoroughly to ourselves. I ought, however, in candour to explain, that I thought the secret was that the Roman Catholics hated our Protestant music; but I found that they were forbidden to join in worship—such our singing appeared—with those whom they believe to be

heretics. If this room were filled with Roman Catholics, I should ask my friends behind me to begin to sing, and you would see them filing out as fast as their feet could carry them.

Do I address a Scotchman in this assembly? and where are Scotchmen not found? Does not "Auld Lang syne," "Birks of Invermay," "Roslin Castle," and still more, the sacred, venerable, and ancient melodies of our national church, make you forget shops, ledgers, gaslights, troublesome customers, and conjure up before the mind's eye

"Caledonia, stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child,
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of mountain and the flood?"

And have you not, in the enthusiasm of the moment, exclaimed—

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart has ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?"

I recollect lines sung to me by my mother when I was scarcely four years old. Ah! a mother's first words at home are, and ought to be, a son's last and deepest recollections on earth. There is not a nobler, holier relationship on earth than mother and son, and that son who has no veneration for a mother's memory, and gives no obedience to a mother's last advice, is an intolerable discord and disgrace. Music is essentially Protestant; the Pope has spared no money in order to Romanize it. We Protestants have undervalued it—Romanists have

idolized it. But music is not the property of the Pope, or the possession of the devil, or the monopoly of either; but the creature of God, and meant to be, and yet destined to be, the utterer of his praise. Popery is properly represented by unison. Protestantism is properly represented by harmony. If my friends were to sound a note, and each of you were to sing the same note, though in the same octave, or an octave higher, it would be what is called unison; but if they were to sound a key-note, and each one were to take it up in his part, soprano, contralto, tenor, bass, the whole together would constitute harmony. Now in the Church of Rome they boast of unity, but I have always contended that they have no such thing. They have uniformity but not unity. Whether in his own palace at Rome, or where he is now doing penance at Gaeta, the Pope sounds the key-note, let it be B flat or A in the minor key, and the moment he has sounded that note every priest sounds the same note, and there is perfect unison. But in the Protestant Church the Lord of Glory sounds the key-note, the Independents take up their loud soprano, the Wesleyan Methodists the contralto, the Scottish Church the tenor, and the Church of England the grand and overwhelming bass; and the whole constitute the harmony of Protestantism, each taking his own part, and yet all in perfect order, harmony, and therefore unity. Music had its origin in Religion, and to Religion it must render the tribute of its energies; and such is the glory of Scripture, that no other book can furnish themes equal to the demands of musical genius. Sacred music was heard at the creation, "when the morning stars sung together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Adam thus addressed Eve:—

“ How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive to each other's note,
Singing their great Creator.”

Adam and Eve, as sketched by Milton, delighted in song; they sang many a beautiful duet, and knew not what discord was till sin entered and death by sin. The music of the spheres is intimated by David when he states, “The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handywork.” The children of Israel, on their escape from the reach of Pharaoh, sang, “I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously;” “and Miriam the prophetess, and all the women went out after her with timbrels.” David was a great musical reformer; at the close of his reign four thousand Levites praised the Lord. When the ark was brought into Solomon's temple, “It came to pass that the trumpeters and singers were as one in praising and thanking the Lord: and when they lifted up their voice with trumpets, and cymbals, and instruments of music, saying, For he is good, his mercy endureth for ever; and when all the children of Israel saw it they bowed themselves, with their faces to the ground, upon the pavement, and worshipped and praised the Lord, saying, For he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever.”

The blessed Saviour himself, on the eve of his crucifixion, joined with his perfect voice in giving utterance to the deep agonies of that perfect but suffering heart, and sang with his disciples, it is said, a hymn. I do lament that Rome has secured so rich music for Passion Week. I know nothing grander than the *Miserere*, sung as a mere pageant at Rome, and there-

fore, to an earnest heart, unsatisfactory in all respects ; but in the theme, in the deep cry, "Miserere mei, Domine," the utterance of the 51st Psalm,—and in that mournful, monotonous burden of sound, rising and swelling as if the heavy moan of a world's calamity ; and yet single voices heard in succession, parting from the deep current of woe as if each were giving expression to individual grief, and yet each a part of and inseparable from that wondrous harmony—all this is grand : it has been monopolised by Popery because Protestantism has disregarded it. The daughters of our country are taught the light trash of French ephemerals, and these noble compositions have at length become so identified with Romanism, that we think them essentially Romish.

Paul and Silas in prison sang praises to God ; the primitive Christians, as noticed by the heathens, sang hymns. Here is divine precedent, holy sanction ; and as long as the music suits the words and subserves the thought, it cannot be too excellent. On a building you may lay out too much money in an age when many churches, rather than a few magnificent ones, are needed, but you cannot lay out too much money in the purchase of music ; twenty shillings will buy the very choicest specimens, and your leisure hours for relaxation in cold winter nights, and the exercise of your voice, which does you good, will enable you to be one of the congregational choir. I think it very hard that, while a Romish priest has only to ask the ladies of his congregation to turn themselves into sisters of mercy or charity, I can prevail on so few of my congregation to take their place and give their ministry in the choir — the noble ministry of praising God. It is essential to effective general sing-

ing in a congregation that there be a powerful concentrated choir.

It is the peculiar excellence of music that it is not an ornament added to praise, but an auxiliary to its manifestation. Music is not for *impression*, an influence from without, but for expression of an inspiration that is within. It is not designed to pour into the heart new feelings, but to unload the full heart and give egress and utterance to its otherwise unutterable emotions. A soul full of joy instinctively sings. Music is the language of joy—the catholic tongue of all glad hearts in all lands; other things seek after God, if haply they may find him, but music professes to have found him, and stands ever ready to sing his praise. The waters rush from the hills into the plains below in search of the Lord of the earth—the flame of fire mounts upward in search of the Lord of heaven—the mountains, like great watch-towers, lift their heads far up into the sky, looking for the Judge of the world—the flowers burst from their buds, looking for him whose smile gave them their tints; but Music has not to look for him,—she has found him,—and her perpetual function is to celebrate his praise and unfold his glory, and shew how excellent is his name. It is remarkable that in every portrait of a future state of joy and felicity sacred architecture and painting are rarely or scarcely alluded to. “No temple in heaven” is a fixed characteristic. Living stones laid on the everlasting Rock, and cemented by love and lighted up by the glory of God and of the Lamb, is the grand metropolitan cathedral of the age to come; no painting or statuary is there, for the living forms of beauty and of glory transcend all picture and render worthless the grandest production of the chisel:

but what vindicates my subject, and renders it worthy of a lecture, is the fact, that in all the disclosures of the glories of the blessed, music, and song, and praise, and thanksgiving, hold a prominent place. "A voice came out of the throne, saying, Praise our God, all ye his servants." This is a solemn and sublime solo or recitative. Immediately after, a chorus of symphony and music, "as the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

I desire now, in few words, to obviate, or rather anticipate, a few objections to sacred music, as well as try to guard against its abuse. No musical attraction, however excellent, must draw you to join in a worship that is idolatrous, or to unite with company ungodly and profane. This is important; it is the disregard of this that has made pious minds hesitate to recommend the study of music; pure in its place, it becomes pernicious when thus perverted. It must be borne in mind, that there is in this country a rapidly increasing taste for sacred music. It is no longer a question, Cultivate or not cultivate? but, Shall we suffer it to pass over to a service either profane or superstitious, or shall we advocate and uphold its application to divine and holy purposes? At this moment the Jesuits, driven by late revolutions from the Continent, are watching with lynx eyes for any and every plank on which to float into power, and one of the means they are usurping is music in Popish worship and music by Popish teachers. I know some of our friends think Popery and Jesuitism are perfectly distinct. I do not think so; I regard Jesuitism as the very essence of Popery—the corrosive sublimate of

Popery,—the concentration of all its evil and the combination of all its powers for the corruption of mankind. Numbers of Jesuits have become teachers of music ostensibly, teachers of Popery really. You must resist the devil in whatever shape he comes, whether building grand cathedrals or writing sublime oratorios, whether with trowel or with trumpet. The great plan I know for preventing a musical taste from identifying itself with idolatry or with the opera, is to point out the need and source of a new heart. Yet it may not be useless to invite Christians, not indeed to enter into competitorship with Rome, but to give a little more attention and patronage to this exercise, retaining the severest simplicity, and yet reaching forth to greater excellence. Nor do I wish to encourage a mere musical exhibition before the congregation. I want the whole congregation to be one grand choir, each member taking his part; and for this purpose there ought to be four leaders instead of one. I want not an organ for the audience to listen to, nor a choir for it to applaud, but one or other, just to sustain, and lead, and regulate the congregation. Nor do I identify my advocacy of sacred music with any one way of advancing it. Many spiritual and devoted men entertain strong objections to oratorios as ordinarily performed. My remarks are not to be interpreted as either laudatory or condemnatory. I must say, however, I cannot endure the idea that the sufferings of the Saviour should be turned into a mere musical gratification; and still less the idea that a mere worldly man, fresh from the boards of the opera, should be the performer in such an exhibition; nor less do I dislike to hear an audience shout *encore* after some deep and piercing delineation and expression of sorrow or

solemn truth, as if its music were all its charm, and the words used merely to make room for the music. This is to make use of God for our music, and not to make use of music for the sake of God. But are these things inseparable from music? Is it impossible to secure Christian men of musical attainments? Can the Young Men's Christian Association do nothing in this matter? May not this lecture suggest a new subject for your meditation? Here allow me to commend to your attentive perusal an admirable little work by Mr. Binney, which shews that under that severe logical head of his there are deep springs of beauty, and of sympathy, and harmony, like the fissures in the granite rock, rich in green herbage and sweet flowers. "The Service of Song" has many good suggestions. It has been urged that the study of music leads to dissipation, that musical men are not of the most temperate or domestic habits. If it be so, it is deeply to be deplored; but surely there is no essential connexion between music and wine: Apollo and Bacchus are not Siamese twins; wine-glasses, and quavers, and semibreves, are not sisters, nor even second cousins. In the natural world, Music and Temperance are plainly sisters. The blackbird, thrush, canary, and nightingale, all exquisitely musical, drink nothing but water, and smoke nothing but fresh air. A grove or wood in spring echoes with feathered musicians, each a teetotaler, temperate without a pledge, and ever singing and never dry. I do believe that if music has, in any instance, fallen into bad hands, it is very much the fault of those who are satisfied with music in the worship of God, anything but worthy of the sublime themes of Christianity. Why should the psalmody of our congregations be a penance to a mu-

sical ear? The Gospel does not call on us to stop the musical ear or blind the tasteful eye, but to enlist the sympathies of both in favour of the grand and sublime service of Christianity. If Protestants will practically despise music, the devil, intimately acquainted with its powers, will seize and secure it for the playhouse; and the Pope, no less acquainted with its attractions, will engage it for the mass-house, and detached from its primeval fellowship, the worship of God, it will become the ally of idolatry or banqueting, and revelry and bacchanalian excess. The desecration of the purest things is always greatest; an angel falling becomes a fiend; music perverted becomes a ministry to sin and Satan. I know the heart is the chief element in all worship, and spirit, and truth, more acceptable to God than all besides; but if you have music at all, why not have the best music and in the best manner? I do not advocate florid music any more than florid robes or florid architecture, but severe, simple, solemn music, beautifying the house and furnishing a channel for the expression of the praises of the bride of the Lamb, till that day arrive when all ears shall be music, and all tongues praise, and all hearts love, and the universe a choir, and the "Hallelujah Chorus" the anthem peal for ever and ever. How beautiful is the picture of domestic piety, presented by one who, in some respects, was unmindful of it:—

“ The cheerfu’ supper done, wi’ serious face,
 They roun’ the ingle form a circle wide;
 The sire turns o’er wi’ patriarchal grace
 The big ha’ Bible, aince his father’s pride.
 Of strains that aince did sweet in Zion glide
 He wales a portion wi’ judicious care,
 And ‘Let us worship God,’ he says wi’ solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise,
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
 Perhaps 'Dundee's' wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive 'Martyrs,' worthy of the name."

Such is the picture of an old Scottish family when there was a Bible in every cottage and worship in every home. The tune that is here alluded to is called "Dundee." It is on the minor key, exquisitely solemn, and perhaps my friends will oblige me with singing one verse of it as a specimen of the plaintive and beautiful music that ought to be in every sanctuary.

[The choir here sang "Dundee."]

" Few are thy days, and full of woe,
 O man of woman born;
 Thy doom is written, Dust thou art,
 And shalt to dust return."

I want you to notice one feature here. The singing of a congregation ought to be very much like the singing of an individual. Did you not observe that the choir sang from the middle of the third line pianissimo, thus expressing the idea with greater fullness?

Now why not make congregational singing just as expressive as our preaching from the pulpit, or solo singing at a pianoforte in the drawing-room? Speaking of congregational praise, Baxter says, "When we are singing the praise of God in a great assembly with joyful and fervent spirits, I have the liveliest foretaste of heaven, and I could almost wish that our voice were loud enough to reach through all the world to heaven itself." I think the chant the most purely Protestant music; the common tune and the metrical hymn are God's word, as I have already said, shaped and adapted to man's music, but the chant is God's word retained as the Spirit gave it, and man's music following and un-

folding it. You have had a specimen of the single chant by Tallis, I should like to give you a specimen of the double chant by Cooke, as applied to Psalm lxxvii, "God be merciful," &c.

[The choir here chanted the above chant.]

The anthem has the same Protestant feature, though less simple, and so less adapted to be universally popular. Once more I will ask my friends to sing a most beautiful anthem—the most rich and beautiful I know. It is by Ebdon, and is adapted to that divine song called "*Nunc dimittis*."

[The choir then sang the anthem.]

I see no reason why every young man in this assembly should not be able, in the place in which he worships, to take his part in it. It is God's own beautiful words; it is the highest employment of man's genius, not to adorn it, but unfold it, express it, and make it come home to the heart with greater emphasis.

To draw to a close: in a glimpse of the upper sanctuary vouchsafed to John in Patmos (Rev. xix. 1), "I heard a great voice of much people in heaven, saying, Alleluia: Salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God." Ver. 5: "And a voice came out of the throne, saying, Praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great. And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." At present, nature and the visible Church are partially out of tune; and those disputes that agitate the Church of Christ are the tuning of the instruments preparatory to the grand rush of song, when all the discords of nature shall melt into harmony,—all hearts be full of love,

and joy, and gratitude,—all voices retuned and restored, and the air clear and brilliant as in ancient Eden. Young men of this Association shall cease to drudge sixteen hours in close shops, and take their place as choristers in the last grand oratorio, with voices no more tremulous from exhaustion. What a chorus, when winds, and waves, and birds, and woman's brilliant soprano, and man's deep bass, and every creature in heaven, and earth, and under the sea—the cherubim of the sky, and the children of the earth—church-tower, and cathedral-pavement, and chapel-roof—the Archbishop of Canterbury, Hugh M'Neile, Dr. Chalmers, Baptist Noel, and Mr. Sherman,—and, greater still than they, the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs, shall join in that grand jubilee,—in that glorious Alleluia Chorus, "The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!" I have thus spoken of music in the hands of Christians, amid the lights of Scripture, and directed by souls that feel that, whether we eat, or drink, or whatsoever we do, we should do all to the glory of God.

My first demand of the Christian musician is, that he should be "born again," that the affections of his soul should be retouched and retuned, the heart charged with gratitude, and joy, and love.

" Art is short, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

We are near eternity. Its glorious tones occasionally reach us. We walk as it were in the crypt or subterranean chamber of life, whence at times we can hear, from the great cathedral of glory that is above us, the pealing of the organ and the chanting of the choir;

and ever, as a friend goes upward at the bidding of death, and joins that sublime chorus, waves of richer and louder harmony roll down, till our hearts vibrate in unison with eternal praises; and occasionally a flash of the heavenly light streams into our spirits and reveals to us fathers, and mothers, and sisters, and brothers, and friends, as "harpers with their harps," singing the song of Moses and the Lamb; and occasionally a blessed invitation is heard from the lips of some familiar one, now a chorister before the throne, "Come up hither, my son, there is a place empty, waiting to be occupied by you! My daughter, here is a seat for you!" And again, we hear the anthem peal louder than the loud thunder, "Thou art worthy, for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." "Blessing and honour, and glory and power, to him that sitteth on the throne, even the Lamb!" A clearer and more spiritual apprehension of this divine harmony would render contemptible the songs of the opera, and give to sacred music a sublime significance, and to Christianity itself its true and divine aspect. Have you new hearts? These are indispensable requisites in order to fit you for a place in the heavenly choir; the blood of the Lamb is the only title, and the work of the Spirit of the Lamb the only preparation for taking a part in that sublime symphony. Thus only the discordant starts of passion, the snatches of appetite, the whinings of discontent, shall be no more heard; and the soul, like an organ delivered from chance pressure on its keys, shall be given into the hands of its divine Maker.

Music is for the expression of gratitude, and joy, and adoration in the soul. If you are not redeemed and sanctified, you have no deep inner feeling to express;

and therefore music is of no use to you, and you of no use in glory, and therefore there is no place prepared for you. If you be what your name indicates—Christian young men—cherish the bright prospect of entering the company and joining in the chants of the blessed; of hearing the harp of David sound a yet nobler music—and the voices of Isaiah and Jeremiah no longer tuned to sadness—and the adamant Luther singing in a nobler strain yet nobler victories—and Milton rising to the utterance of songs worthy of Paradise really regained—and Cowper's spirit, no longer benighted, desolate, and unstrung—and confessors from the catacombs of Rome, and martyrs from their flame-shrouds, and missionaries from the distant isles of the ever-sounding sea—and Africa and Asia, and Europe and America, presenting the rapturous spectacle of the prophet's strain upon a world's lips—a chorus, every chord in which is joy, every heart in which is love, every utterance in which is deep and glorious harmony. We move to that blessed land—our march is amid the music of the redeemed. Onward, fellow-Christian, in your sublime career! and so, amid crashing sceptres, and crumbling dynasties, and exploding thrones, and the earth moved and the mountains reeling, and the waves of the sea roaring, and men's hearts failing them for fear of the things that are coming upon the earth, lift up your hearts and sing, "God is our refuge and our strength," as old Luther did in trouble; for this tolling of the funeral knell of successive kingdoms shall be soon changed in your hearing into a joyous marriage-peal of bells, sounding over sea and land, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh, and the bride hath made herself ready!"

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

CANTO.

ALTO. God save our gra-cious Queen, Long may Vic -

TENOR. God save our gra-cious Queen, Long may Vic -

BASS. God save our gra-cious Queen, Long may Vic -

God save our gra-cious Queen, Long may Vic -

- to - ria reign, God save the Queen.

- to - ria reign, God save the Queen.

- to - ria reign, God save the Queen.

- to - ria reign, God save the Queen.

Send her vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and

Send her vic - to - ri - ous, Hay - py and

Send her vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and

Send her vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

glo - ri - ous, Long to reign o - ver us,
glo - ri - ous, Long to reign o - ver us,
glo - ri - ous, Long to reign o - ver us,
glo - ri - ous, Long to reign o - ver us,

God save the Queen. Thy choi - cest
God save the Queen. Thy choi - cest
God save the Queen. Thy choi - cest
God save the Queen. Thy choi - cest

gifts in store, On her be pleased to pour,
gifts in store, On her be pleased to pour,
gifts in store, On her be pleased to pour,
gifts in store, On her be pleased to pour,

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Long may she reign. May she de -
Long may she reign. May she de -
Long may she reign. May she de -
Long may she reign. May she de -

fend our laws, And e - ver give us cause,
fend our laws, And e - ver give us cause,
fend our laws, And e - ver give us cause,
fend our laws, And e - ver give us cause,
fend our laws, And e - ver give us cause,

To sing with heart and voice, God save the Queen.
To sing with heart and voice, God save the Queen.
To sing with heart and voice, God save the Queen.
To sing with heart and voice, God save the Queen.

FRENCH.

C.M.

I to the hills will lift mine eyes, From

I to the hills will lift mine eyes, From

I to the hills will lift mine eyes, From

I to the hills will lift mine eyes, From

whence doth come mine aid; My safe - ty com - eth

whence doth come mine aid; My safe - ty com - eth

whence doth come mine aid; My safe - ty com - eth

whence doth come mine aid; My safe - ty com - eth

from the Lord, Who heav'n and earth hath made.

from the Lord, Who heav'n and earth hath made.

from the Lord, Who heav'n and earth hath made.

from the Lord, Who heav'n and earth hath made.

ANTHEM.

LORD, FOR THY TENDER MERCIES' SAKE.

Andante.

R. FARRANT.

Lord, for thy ten - der mer - cies'

sake, lay not our sins to our charge,
sake, lay not our sins to our charge,
lay not our sins to our

but for - give that is past, and give us
but for - give that is past, and give us

LORD, FOR THY TENDER MERCIES' SAKE.

grace to a - mend our sin - ful lives,
 grace to a - mend our sin - ful lives,
 to de - cline from sin, and in - cline to
 to de - cline from sin, and in - cline to
 vir - tue, that we may
 that we may walk with a per - fect
 vir - tue that
 that we may walk with a per - fect

Musical notation includes treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and dynamic markings such as *p* (piano) and *ff* (fortissimo). The score is arranged in three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment.

LORD, FOR THY TENDER MERCIES' SAKE.

walk with a per - fect heart,
 heart, a per - fect heart, that we may
 we may walk with a per - fect,
 heart, with a per - fect heart, that we may

that we may walk with a per - fect heart be -
 walk with a per - fect heart,
 that we may walk with a per - fect heart be -
 walk with a per - fect heart,

pp
 - fore thee, now and e - ver - more.
pp
 that we may
pp
 - fore thee, now and e - ver - more.
pp
 that we may
 E E

LOBD, FOR THY TENDER MERCIES' SAKE.

that we may walk with a per - fect heart,
 walk with a per . fect heart, a per - fect heart, that
 that we may walk with a per - fect
 walk with a per - fect heart, with a per - fect heart, that

that we may walk with a per - fect
 we may walk with a per - fect heart,
 heart . . . that we may walk with a per - fect
 we may walk with a per - fect heart,

pp
 heart be - fore thee, now and e - ver - more.
pp
 heart be - fore thee, now and e - ver - more.

ANTHEM. Luke ii. 28.

EBDON.

Andante.

Lord, now lettest thou thy ser - vant de -

- part in peace, ac - cord - ing to thy

- part in peace, ac - cord - ing to thy

word. For mine eyes have seen thy sal -

word. For mine eyes have seen thy sal -

ANTHEM.

Luke ii. 28.

- - va - tion. Which thou hast pre - pa - red, Which

- - va - tion.

Which thou hast pre - pa - red, Which

thou hast pre - pa - red be - fore the

thou hast pre - pa - red be - fore the

face of all peo-ple. to be a light to

face of all peo-ple

to be a light to

ANTHEM.

Luke ii. 28.

light - en the Gen - tiles, and to be the
 light - en the Gen - tiles,
 and to be the

glo - ry, the glo - ry of thy peo - ple Is - ra -
 glo - ry, the glo - ry of thy peo - ple Is - ra -

el, And to be the glo - ry, the glo - ry of thy
 And to be the glo - ry, the glo - ry of thy
 - el.

ANTHEM.

Luke ii. 28.

people Is - ra - el, the glo - ry, the
 people Is - ra - el.
 the glo - ry, the

glo - ry of thy peo-ple Is - ra - el. . .
 glo - ry of thy peo-ple Is - ra - el. . .

Allegro.

Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther,
 Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, to the Fa-ther,

ANTHEM.

Luke ii. 28.

Glo-ry to the Son,
 Glo - - - ry
 Glo-ry to the Son, Glo - - - ry

to the Ho - ly Ghost, to the
 to, Glo - - - ry
 to the Ho - ly Ghost, to the
 Glo - - - ry

Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost: As it was in
 Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost:

ANTHEM.

Luke ii. 28.

the be - gin - ning, in the be - gin - ning,
 As it was in the be - gin - ning, was in the be -
 As it was in the be - gin - ning, was in the be -
 - - gin - ning, As it was in the be - gin - ning,

in the be - gin - ning, is now, and e - ver shall
 - gin - ning, is now, is now, is now, and e - ver shall
 - gin - ning, is now, is now, is now, and e - ver shall
 was in the be - gin - ning, is now,

be, is now, and e - ver shall be, world without
 be, is now, and e - ver shall be,

ANTHEM.

Luke ii. 28.

end world

end, world without end, world

world without end, world without end, world without end, world

world without end, world without end, world

with - out end, world without end, world without end, world

with - out end, world without end, without end, world

with - out end, world without end, world without end, world

with - out end, world without end, world without end, world

Adagio.

with - out end, world without end, A - - - men . . .

with - out end . . . A - - - men . . .

Adagio.

with - out end . . . A - - - men . . .

Adagio.

with - out end, world without end, A - - - men . . .

OLD C.

L.M.

LUTHER.

From all that dwell be - low the skies Let
From all that dwell be - low the skies Let
From all that dwell be - low the skies Let
From all that dwell be - low the skies Let

the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise; Let the Re - deemer's
the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise; Let the Re - deemer's
the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise; Let the Re - deemer's
the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise; Let the Re - deemer's

name be sung through ev' - ry land by ev' - ry tongue.
name be sung through ev' - ry land by ev' - ry tongue.
name be sung through ev' - ry land by ev' - ry tongue.
name be sung through ev' - ry land by ev' - ry tongue.

SANCTUS.

ORLANDO GIBBONS.

ALTO.

TENOR. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God of Hosts:

SOPRANO.

BASS. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God of Hosts:

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is for the Alto voice, the second for the Tenor voice, the third for the Soprano voice, and the fourth for the Bass voice. The music is written in a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are: 'Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God of Hosts:'. The notes are primarily quarter and eighth notes with various rests.

Heav'n and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of thy glo - - -

Heav'n and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of thy glo - - -

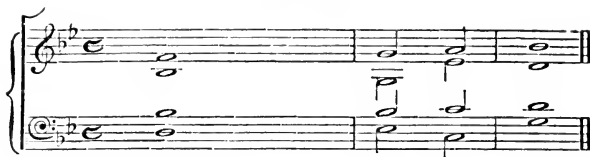
The second system of the musical score continues the vocal parts from the first system. It consists of four staves. The lyrics are: 'Heav'n and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of thy glo - - -'. The music continues with similar rhythmic patterns and melodic lines.

- ry. Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord most high.

- ry. Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord . most high.

The third system of the musical score concludes the vocal parts. It consists of four staves. The lyrics are: '- ry. Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord most high.' and '- ry. Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord . most high.' The music ends with a double bar line.

PSALM lxxvii.

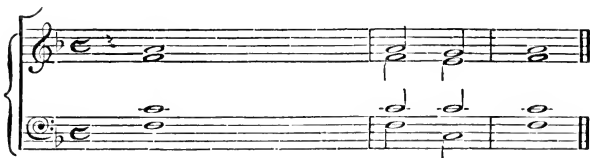


1 God be merciful unto	us and	bless us:
2 Let the people	praise thee, O	God:
3 Let the people praise	thee, O	God:
5 Glory be to the Father, and	to the	Son:



1 That thy way may be	known upon	earth.
2 O let the nations be glad and	sing for	joy.
3 Then shall the earth	yield her	increase.
4 God	shall	bless us.

LUKE i. 68.

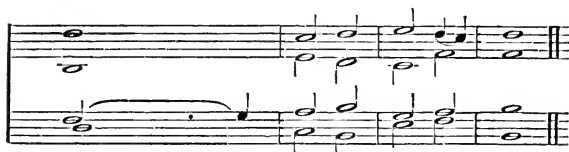


1 Blessed be the Lord	God of	Israel:
2 And hath raised up an horn of sal-	vation	for us:
3 As he spake by the mouth of his	holy	prophets:
4 That we should be saved	from our	enemies:
5 To perform the mercy promised to	our fore-	fathers:
6 The oath which he sware to our	father	Abraham:
7 That we being delivered out of the hand	of our	enemies:
8 In holiness and righteous-	ness be-	fore him
9 And thou child shalt be called the		
Prophet	of the	Highest:
10 To give knowledge of salvation un-	to his	people:
11 Through the tender mercy	of our	God:
12 To give light to them that sit in dark-		
ness and in the	shadow of	death:
13 Glory be to the Father, and	to the	Son:
14 As it was in the beginning, is now, and	ever	shall be:

DR. COOK.



And cause his	face to	shine up-	on us.
Let	all the	people	praise thee.
Let	all the	people	praise thee.



Thy saving	health a-	mong all	nations.
For thou shalt judge the people	nations	upon	earth.
righteously and govern the	our own	God shall	bless us.
And God even	ends of the	earth shall	fear him.
And all the			

TALLIS.



For he hath visited	and re-	- deemed his	people.
In the house	of his	servant	David.
Which have been	since the	world be-	gan.
And from the	hands of	all that	hate us.
And to re-	member his	holy	covenant.
That	he would	grant un-	to us.
Might	serve him	without	fear.
All the	days of	our	life.
For thou shalt go before the face of			
the Lord	to pre-	- pare his	ways.
By the re-	mission	of their	sins.
Whereby the day-spring from on	high hath	visited	us.
And to guide our feet in	to the	way of	peace.
And	to the	Holy	Ghost.
World	without	end. A-	men.

DUNDEE.

C.M.

Few are thy days and full of woe, O

Few are thy days and full of woe, O

Few are thy days and full of woe, O

Few are thy days and full of woe, O

man, of wo - man born: Thy doom is writ - ten,

man, of wo - man born: Thy doom is writ - ten,

man, of wo - man born: Thy doom is writ - ten,

man, of wo - man born: Thy doom is writ - ten,

"dust thou art," And shalt to dust re - turn.

"dust thou art," And shalt to dust re - turn.

"dust thou art," And shalt to dust re - turn.

"dust thou art," And shalt to dust re - turn.

William Allen.

BY THE

REV. JAMES SHERMAN,

MINISTER OF SURREY CHAPEL.

WILLIAM ALLEN.

GENTLEMEN,—The things which have befallen me are known to a large portion of this vast audience. After a struggle between duty and grief, duty has conquered, and enabled me to appear before you this evening. I have a strong conviction with Mr. Henry, that “weeping should not hinder sowing,” and that an affliction is most likely to profit ourselves when attempted to be improved for the advantage of others; therefore I come, as it were from the grave, to address you to-night. Few young men present can have been in similar circumstances to the speaker. The most part here are ignorant of the bitterness of sorrow which attends the loss of a precocious and interesting child,—a child which soon follows its sainted mother to Heaven; but some have felt the pang,—and feel it this moment,—which Death gave them, as he tore a loved brother from their embrace when his presence was most needed, or hurried an angelic sister to an untimely grave when their hopes ran strongest respecting her future course. Such, I am sure, will give me their sympathy and feel how incompatible is the publicity I have to endure to-night with the privacy that grief would seek.

I am not sure that at the best of times I should be qualified to deliver a lecture of this description to young

men. When I undertook the task, after repeated solicitations, I had fondly hoped to be as a young man among young men,—to throw sprightliness into a subject so well calculated to instruct. Now, if I should fail in this, you must try to forgive me, and attribute my dulness to a cause for which I am sure your kindness will make due allowance.

In the Bible, which is the model for all books of instruction, the wisdom of God has not only given us doctrines and precepts to teach us what we are to believe and practise, but biographical sketches of holy men in every station of life, who became living epistles of that word; whose speech, actions, and end of living, might be known and read of all men. And I need not say that those lives are parts of that book most read, most quoted, most remembered, and most influential. Of all uninspired productions, none are capable of creating such interest, or of producing so large an amount of good, as brief, well-written biographies of good men who have laboured for the public good and died in the faith of the Gospel.

With some hope of impressing your minds with real excellence, and leading you to copy the example of one whose genius and perseverance, consecrated by faith, made him one of the most exalted men of his day, I venture to direct your attention to the life of

WILLIAM ALLEN.

“But who is William Allen?” said a gentleman, about five-and-twenty years of age. He was a Quaker. “Hem!” was the reply. “What was he?” A chemist in Plough Court, Lombard Street. “Indeed!” was the exclamation; “I should have thought you might have found a

better subject than a Quaker and a chemist for your lecture." Did you ever read his life? "No, never heard of him before I saw his name associated with yours on the bill." Well, come and hear! He is here I see to-night; and I trust he will find that it is quite possible for a Quaker to be a man of genius and a benefactor to his race, and that to him we, as a nation, are indebted for many of the greatest institutions which, during the last half-century, have been raised up. Many persons in this assembly, I doubt not, have proposed similar inquiries; in my own congregation, especially among the youth, the inquiry seems to have gone round, "Who is William Allen? What is to be said about William Allen?" A dear friend near me to-night, thinking that he would make himself a little acquainted with the subject of the lecture before he heard it, sent to the Row for the "Life of William Allen," and the bookseller sent him three huge octavo volumes, of 500 pages each, to read. He laid them aside in despair, and was willing to come and hear in a condensed lecture a little of the life of William Allen.

William Allen was born on August 29, 1770. His parents were Job and Margaret Allen, members of the Society of Friends. His father was a manufacturer of silk, and of respectable standing. They lived in a small house in Spitalfields, and appear to have been remarkably pious and sensible persons. They not only, as most Friends (I mean Quakers) do, taught their boy orderly habits, but endeavoured to make religion attractive to him; induced him to love and value Scripture truths, and the society of such as advocate its principles. For a short time he was sent to a Friend's boarding-school at Rochester; but, for reasons unexplained, soon returned to the parental roof. He had

not the privilege of a liberal education—mark this—indeed it appears that it was originally very limited: still he gave early indications of a genius which enabled him to surmount this disadvantage.

His mind had already received a decided bias in favour of scientific pursuits. Even while a child he had a particular predilection for chemistry, and was persevering in his efforts to obtain an experimental knowledge of this science. Astronomy was also a favourite study, and, at the age of fourteen, he had himself constructed a telescope with which he could see the satellites of Jupiter. In describing the circumstance, he said, that “not being strong in cash,” he was obliged to go economically to work; he accordingly purchased an eye-piece, an object-glass, for which he paid one shilling; he then bought a sheet of pasteboard, which cost twopence, and having made his tubes, and adjusted his glasses, he found, to his great delight, that the moons were visible. Thus, for fourteen-pence, he obtained a source of enjoyment, the recollection of which always afforded him pleasure.

On the 19th January, 1788, when he was seventeen, he commenced a diary, in which he recorded daily his religious feelings, his progress in science and knowledge, his incessant labours, and remarkable perseverance and assiduity; with few intermissions, he continued this diary for fifty years. His first entries indicate a remarkable love of religious truth, and the deep hold it had taken of his heart at that early age. He determines, for instance, “to strive against evil thoughts,” “to spend no time unprofitably,” and enjoys “particular satisfaction in the company of Friends.” His attendance at the house of God was constant and profitable, and the ministry appears to have been accom-

panied by what he calls "a divine sweetness." The sentences uttered in private to him by his ministers have in his estimation an oracular authority, and are noted by him for everlasting remembrance. Take one or two examples. One of them said to him, "When things are in their right places, best things will be uppermost"—worth remembering. Another said to him, "Every act of obedience to the Divine requiring brings strength, and every act of disobedience weakness." "I was advised," he says, "by John Pemberton, to be faithful in small things." And no wonder at his decision; for when two things meet in a young man's history the growth of piety is quite certain. First, when ministers seek an opportunity in private to impress divine things on the mind of a young man; and secondly, when that young man's mind is open to receive, to treasure up, and to meditate on the godly sentiments he hears, the consequence will be a surrender of the heart to God.

His father was very anxious that he should be associated with him in the silk business; but although he remained under the parental roof till he was twenty-two, his mind had received too strong a bias for scientific pursuits to follow that business. At this time the young man had attracted the attention of Joseph Gurney Bevan, who introduced him as a partner into his chemical establishment at Plough Court. Though so young a man, he devoted himself with characteristic ardour and fidelity to his new duties; and within three years after his entrance, in consequence of the retirement of Mr. Bevan, he became the leading partner in the house, and opened a laboratory at Plaistow.

The same year he entered himself as physician's pupil

at St. Thomas's Hospital, and before the year closed was elected member of the Physical Society at Guy's Hospital. This is one of his entries about his attentions to some patients, "Went to the Hospital, received the thanks of a poor sick patient, which did me more good than a guinea-fee." — Not every physician will say the same.

Hear his resolutions at the beginning of the year 1796. He was now twenty-six years of age. "Resolved to endeavour by all means to acquire more firmness of character, and more indifference to what even my nearest friends may think of me in the pursuit of what I believe to be right; to do nothing to be seen of men; to avoid every species of craft and dissimulation, and to spend more time in my own room in reading and retirement." Resolutions, which the sequel will shew how admirably he carried out.

At Plough Court he formed a Philosophical Society, which afterwards bore the name of "The Askesian Society;" the object of which was for "exciting habits of inquiry and accurate investigation." Among its members were Luke Howard, Joseph Fox, W. H. Pepys, Sir Astley Cooper, and Dr. Babington. This society was sustained by him with great energy for twenty years. Now he frequently sits up all night preparing lectures and making experiments, by day pays unusual attention to his own business, and withal is over head and ears in love with a certain "dear Mary Hamilton," of Redruth. Though sometimes "disappointed in not receiving a letter from her," and in consequence "very low and overdone," yet love does not slacken his exertions for himself and others, and he rapidly makes progress in everything that he undertakes.

On the 13th November, 1796, he was married to this estimable lady at Tottenham Meeting. Six months after marriage, he records, "My dearest companion is, next to divine consolation, the greatest comfort I enjoy." But alas! he soon learned by bitter experience the uncertainty of all earthly joy. On the 6th of September, 1797, only ten months after marriage, she gave birth to a daughter; and on the 11th, five days after, her spirit was called to put on immortality. William Allen now says that his tortured heart felt, as it were, the extremity of grief. When his child was put into his arms he exclaims, "I could not bear to nurse her long. Oh, I thought how we should have enjoyed her together." The heavenly state of mind which succeeded this truly afflictive dispensation shews how richly it was sanctified for his own welfare and preparation for future usefulness.

The weighty concerns of the laboratory at Plaistow and of Plough Court were too oppressive, and a new partnership was formed with Luke Howard. Yet if his work was lightened in one direction, it seemed to increase in another. Hear him describe a week in which he tells us, study was suspended by press of business: "Attended four anatomical lectures, two surgery, one physiology;" and the next week, "Anatomy, six lectures; physiology, two; surgical, three; chronic diseases, one." And all this maintained with the claims of humanity—forming and working soup and clothing societies in Spitalfields for the poor when bread was fifteen-pence and eighteen-pence a loaf. It is perfectly surprising to see the facility with which he turned from one subject to another, not as a mere dabbler in science, but as a man determined to make himself master of all he read and of all he investigated. One day, in connexion with Astley Cooper and Dr. Bradley

he is eagerly engaged in experiments on respiration, breathing the gaseous oxide of azote; until fixed eyes, purple face, swollen veins, and apoplectic stertor, alarm his friends, and conclude the investigation. On another, with his friend Pepys, he is freezing quicksilver with the muriate of lime and snow, or fusing platina with oxygen or charcoal. A little later, he is shut up with Humphry Davy, enjoying his experiments in electricity; and the day following he is at Fox's, with Dr. Jenner and others, considering a paper on the cow-pox, to be read by the doctor that night at Guy's. Nothing comes amiss to him. He is always ready, always laborious.

In 1801 he commenced a series of lectures to the Askesian Society, which were very popular even among the most scientific men of his day. Yet see how he can blend intellectual enjoyment with the common sympathies of life. Here is a note in his book, "Soup-house in Spitalfields, to take down the names of some of the most miserable of the poor, that I may call upon them. Went to the Royal Institution to hear Davy's first lecture on galvanism—a most capital one."

In 1802 he always had some French work on hand, and usually read a portion every day. He also made considerable progress in German, and commenced the study of mathematics. He visited many persons who claimed the exercise of his medical skill, and was very successful. This year he was elected Fellow of the Linnean Society, and Lecturer of Chemistry at Guy's Hospital. It appears—and I am glad to see such entries from men of renown, because they are a comfort to meaner minds and younger persons—that he suffered much to get ready for these lectures. He tells us that he had sometimes "to write his lectures

three times over." He says, "I rose early, getting ready for experiments at the hospital; was distressingly low and anxious. I had a tight job to get ready; began a little after eight; a crowded theatre—120 at least; shewed the luminous experiments: all seemed highly delighted." And when he succeeded, which he almost universally did in consequence of his previous hard study and care, he breaks through the Quaker's gravity, and enjoys recording it in his diary with rapture,—“succeeded admirably,” “went off gloriously,” “began and ended with loud plaudits.”

In 1803 other honours awaited him. He was made one of the presidents of the Physical Society at Guy's, and by the advice of Humphry Davy and John Dalton of Manchester accepted an invitation from the Royal Institution to become one of its lecturers. At this period the demands made upon his time and attention were unusually heavy. He was frequently referred to for chemical analysis, and called upon to perform experiments which required not only skill and accuracy but extensive scientific attainments. Plough Court became distinguished for the excellence of its chemical re-agents; its fame in this department extending from England to the Continent. Professor Pictet, of Geneva, speaks of “a charming collection” he had been enabled to obtain from this famous repository, and which he had exhibited to the National Institute.

The year 1804 found Mr. Allen, if possible, still more engaged. During the season of that year he delivered at the hospital forty-six lectures on chemistry as a first course; twenty-six as a second; and fifteen on natural philosophy. Twenty-one other lectures at the Royal Institution made the total number delivered one hundred and eight. In the same year he studied

Crystallography, and helped to form the Mineralogical and Geological Societies.

In 1805 he was recognised as a member of the Anti-slavery Committee, a cause with which he had been identified from his earliest days, and now he threw his whole energies into it. His connexion with Wilberforce began in this year, when he dined with him, and met Charles Grant and other devoted friends of the Anti-slavery cause at his table. From that time to the death of Wilberforce, in 1833, the most endeared intimacy subsisted between these men.

In 1806 he again entered into the marriage state with the excellent Charlotte Hanbury, of Stoke Newington, who proved a comfort to him in his incessant toils.

In 1807 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society—a distinguished, and for him well-earned honour. That Society also published the result of valuable researches made by himself and his friend Pepys on carbon and carbonic acid, which excited much interest in the scientific world. His joy is unbounded that year in recording the abolition of the slave-trade, when the majority was obtained in both Houses, and the royal sanction given to the bill on February 24th.

He had now become a man sought after. The most eminent men of the age were numbered by the plain Quaker of Plough Court among his personal friends. Wealth and honour strewed his path, and rendered his situation not a little perilous. But he had a precious mother who saw his danger, watched over him with the tenderest anxiety, and wrote him letters which, for piety and beauty, are rarely surpassed. Although thirty-seven years of age, his love to her was very devoted. He did not read her letters, and then commit them to the flames; but he had a pocket-book in which

he kept some of them always ready for reading whenever his spirit was oppressed. Young men, did you hear that? Take one or two extracts from this precious woman's letters :—

“Thy talents, my beloved child, if rightly directed, would tend to spread heavenly knowledge, and to extend the government of the Prince of Peace.

“Oh, how I long that the Most High would anoint and appoint dedicated sons, to turn the attention of men to their greatest good, and to arouse them from their beds of ease before the solemn sound goes forth, ‘Time shall be no longer!’ He who has loved thee from thy earliest youth has called thee to love him—*above all*, to dedicate thyself to him, to surrender *thy all* to him, to be made use of as he shall direct. The reins of government shall not be in *thy* hands, but in *his*, to turn thee *into* the path he may in future appoint, and *out* of what thou, as a man, wouldst have chosen for thyself. Ah, my dear, it is not the strength of natural affection which leads me to say thou wast not intended to spend all thy time in earthly pursuits, but, through submission to the operation of that power which creates anew, thou art designed to lead the minds of others, both by example and precept, from earth to heaven. I believe it may be said of thee, as it was said to Peter, ‘Satan hath desired to have thee, that he may sift thee as wheat;’ but I humbly hope that the same Advocate will plead for thee, that *thy faith fail not.*”

On another occasion she writes :—

“I entreat thee again to consider the necessity of setting thyself more at liberty in future. *Thou art too much absorbed in study, my beloved child*; for however innocent it may be, yet, like the doves in the temple, it fills up a place in the temple of thy heart, which ought to be otherwise occupied and dedicated to the Lord, in whose hands thou wouldst become an instrument to promote the knowledge of pure Christianity. *Come, my beloved, if a right hand or a right eye be called for, give it up.* The Lord loves a cheerful giver, and he will restore thee an hundred-fold.”

These letters seem to have had the desired effect, for at the close of the year we find this entry :—"Finished my little tract on the importance of true religion;" and at the beginning of the next year, 1808, he records :—

"Though my secret petitions are often put up for my servants, I believe I must not be contented with this, but take courage, as opportunity offers, to open my mind more freely to some of them on religious subjects."

This was the year in which he received his first great impulse for promoting national education, from a visit which he paid to Joseph Lancaster's school. He thus describes it :—

"I can never forget the impression which the scene made upon me. Here I beheld a thousand children collected from the streets (where they were learning nothing but mischief), all reduced to the most perfect order, and training to habits of subordination and usefulness, while learning the great truths of the Gospel from the Bible. The feelings of the spectator, while contemplating the results which might take place in this country and the world in general by the extension of the system thus brought into practice by this meritorious young man, were overpowering, and found vent in tears of joy."

It would be easy to form a society for the education of poor children, in the present state of enlightened public opinion, when everybody is for educating the poor; but go back to that time, and numbers of religious people, from whom you would have expected better things, were directly opposed to it. "What! educate my cook? Why, she will be always writing letters to her sweetheart if I do that! What can the poor want with writing and ciphering? You will put a power into their hands, if you give them such an instrument, which they will ill-use." On this principle, the greater part of the educated people of England at that time

were strongly opposed to all education of the poor. But the opposition did not overcome his determination. He had to undertake Lancaster's affairs, which were sadly and imprudently embarrassed—to endure obloquy and misrepresentation—to form a society, and become its treasurer, without funds—to raise them by subscription, and advance them when necessary—and to labour as incessantly for years in school concerns, foreign correspondence which related to education on the Continent, and canvassing for money, as ever he did in his own concerns. But he triumphed, and, with others who aided him in this good work, established on a permanent basis, for the children of the poor of all denominations, that most admirable institution the British and Foreign School Society.

This year witnessed some experiments on respiration, which the Royal Society thought of sufficient value and novelty to publish in their "Transactions;" and on the 18th of July he held the first conference with Basil Montagu, to form the "Society for the Abolition of the Punishment of Death."

In the year 1816 he heard that a Portuguese house had fitted out a vessel to engage in the abominable traffic of the slave-trade. With his characteristic energy he had the vessel watched; hundreds of handcuffs, shackles, and instruments of detention and punishment, were found on board; and such was his perseverance, and that of other friends, that the vessel and her cargo were condemned in the Court of Exchequer, and sold. It was valued at 20,000*l*

As if he had not enough to do, though delivering lectures constantly before the most scientific assembly in Britain, he started a periodical, "The Philanthro-

pist," to stimulate virtue and active benevolence, which he conducted as editor for some years.

That you may have some idea of his engagements at this time, I give you the following entries:—

"Jan. 22, 1811. Counting-house. 12, went to the African Institution; Duke of Gloucester there, and a large meeting. Afternoon, Dr. Bradley and mathematics. Lecture, Experimental Philosophy, No. 13, Pneumatics as far as barometer; very satisfactory. After lecture took a coach, and went to the Council of the Royal Institution. Home before 11.

"March 5. To Devonshire House to meet committee on subscription for British prisoners in France.

"6. Borough Road, 3 o'clock, to meet the Duke of Gloucester, Sir John Seebright, and Wilberforce.

"7. Capital punishment council at 4. Full attendance. B. Foster resigned the office of secretary, which I took up.

"8. Thatched House Tavern, about 2. Lancaster's council. Duke of Bedford present. Good attendance.

"22. Writing a paragraph for 'The Times' newspaper, in answer to an attack on Spitalfields School."

In this year the Board of Agriculture enlisted his services, and he delivered to them his first lecture on wheel-carriages. Twenty of the nobility present. The next lecture was on roads, a fortnight after. Both admirably received. On the 23d of September we find him pretty busily employed in taking angles and calculating them, "which has considerably improved me in trigonometry."

Next year, 1812, we find him erecting an observatory at his house at Newington. He had been long engaged in preparing tables of the right ascensions and declinations of the stars, from the first to the fourth magnitudes, which he published as a companion to the "Transit Instrument;" and now, after the business of the day was over, he spent part of the night in the

amusement (as he calls it) of astronomy, in his observatory.

In 1813 he turned his attention to aiding the economical habits of the poor, and was the first man in this country to introduce savings' banks. In February he writes to the devoted Richard Reynolds, of Bristol —

“Hast thou turned thy attention to a bank for the poor, in which their little savings of threepence or sixpence a-week might accumulate for their benefit? I have consulted Morgan, the great calculator, and he is to sketch me a plan.”

Just at this time the Duke of Kent, father of our present sovereign, consulted him on the state of his affairs. Finding they were greatly embarrassed, the plain Quaker plainly told his royal friend that there was but one way to extricate himself,—so to arrange his expenditure as to leave a surplus to pay off his debts. When the Duke asked how this was to be accomplished, the unflinching Allen replied, “By placing your property in the hands of trustees, and agreeing to live upon a certain income.” “Will you be one of the trustees?” said the magnanimous Duke. “I will,” replied William Allen. And with a noble courage, not generally followed by men of his rank, the Duke agreed to the appointment of William Allen and other gentlemen to carry out William Allen's plan,—a transaction that did equal credit to the true nobility of both the men. The affairs of the Duke often took William Allen to Kensington Palace when our present beloved sovereign was a very little girl. On one occasion she was at the window, looking out on the crowd of persons in the gardens. Her amiable mother, to whose education of her daughter this country owes much, begged her to come from the window; which little Miss did not, or would not, hear. The command was repeated; and

when she slowly came away, her mother asked her what was the reason she did not come away immediately. With an air of majesty that intimated the future Queen, she replied, "I was surveying my people!"

The Duke's grateful sense of Mr. Allen's services was repeatedly sent to him in most gratifying letters from the royal hand, which I should like to have read if time permitted.

The same year brought him into connexion with the celebrated Owen of Lanark, who came to London to dispose of some cotton-mills; and by the pressing solicitation of several Friends, he and they became partners to carry out the principles which Owen had commenced. The articles of partnership stated that "nothing should be introduced tending to disparage the Christian religion or undervalue the authority of the Holy Scriptures." But the painful conversations which he had when he visited Lanark with Mr. O. convinced him, as he observed, "that Owen, with all his cleverness and benevolence, wanted the *one thing* without which parts, and acquirements, and benevolence, are unavailing." Conversations, letters, entreaties, prayers, which Allen spent on him, were all in vain; and after nine years of great anxiety and incessant toil, Lanark was disposed of. It was pleasant, however, to find that Owen's infidelity had not taken root among the population, and that the general superintendent of the works was a truly religious man.

On February 13th, 1814, Wilberforce called on him, to tell him how cruelly some Lascars had been used, and to consult him what had best be done. The very next day there is this short note in his diary: "To Wontner's at the Minorities; Lascars' Society founded."

On the 7th of June: "A meeting to consider a new

society to spread tracts, &c. against war,"—the first intimation of a Peace Society.

The Emperor of Russia (Alexander, not Nicholas) and the King of Prussia (the father of the present King) arrived in this country on the 8th of June. On the 16th he went, with three of his brethren, to present an address to the King of Prussia. Stephen Grellet had only time to say a few words in French about some Friends in his Majesty's dominions, and to deliver the Society's testimony against war. The King observed, "They were excellent people;" and, without waiting for the conclusion of the sentence, added, "War is necessary to peace." But his visit to the Emperor of Russia is too circumstantial and gratifying to be passed over with a single remark.

The address for the Emperor of Russia was left with Count Lieven, on the 18th of June, and the next day William Allen called to arrange for its reception. To his surprise, however, instead of obtaining a formal interview, he found the Count in his carriage, who bade him get in, and, driving off immediately, informed him that the Emperor wished to attend a Friends' meeting, and that there was no time for it but the present.

Calling at Count Nesselrode's for the Emperor, the Grand Duchess of Oldenburgh, the Duke of Oldenburgh, and the Duke of Wurtemberg, the whole party drove off, without the slightest previous intimation, to the nearest meeting-house then open. No commotion was excited by their arrival. They were quietly shewn to the seats usually occupied by men and women respectively. The meeting remained in silence about a quarter of an hour, "in which time," says Mr. Allen, "my mind was sweetly calmed and refreshed, in the

firm belief that the Great Master had the work in his own hands." Richard Phillips then stood up, with a short but acceptable address to the meeting; and soon after John Wilkinson was engaged in explaining the effects of vital religion and the nature of true worship. After he sat down, John Bell uttered a few sentences, and John Wilkinson concluded in supplication. The Emperor and the whole party conducted themselves with great seriousness; and "after meeting" they kindly shook hands with the Friends, and departed.

Two days after this the Emperor received Mr. Allen and the deputation with the Friends' address. Alexander received them alone, and conversed freely with them in English, asking questions which "evidently shewed that he was acquainted with the operations of the Holy Spirit in the soul." He said he "agreed entirely with Friends on the subject of worship." He told them that he was himself in the habit of daily prayer: that at first he employed a form of words, but at length grew uneasy in so doing, as the words were not always applicable to the present state of his mind; and that "now the subject of his prayer was according to the impression he felt of his wants at the time." He stated how "the Lord had made him acquainted with spiritual religion," after which he had much sought, and that "herein he found strength and consolation;" adding, that he and "all of us were only placed in this life to glorify God and to be useful to one another." During the interview he repeatedly pressed their hands, expressed a wish to know more of them, said he should like to see a Friend's house, and concluded by observing, that if any Friends should visit Petersburg on a religious account, they were not to wait for any introduc-

tion, but to come direct to him, and he would do everything to promote their views.

The "wish to see a Friend's house" was not forgotten. When at Portsmouth he again reverted to it, and arrangements were made for John Glaisyer, of Brighton, to receive him; but when he reached that town, the crowd was so great, that he was obliged to proceed without fulfilling his intentions. Passing a farm-house a few miles from Lewes, however, he observed two persons standing at their own gate, who, by their appearance, he supposed to be Friends. He immediately ordered the driver to stop, alighted, inquired if they were of the people called Quakers, and, being answered in the affirmative, asked permission to go into the house. The request, although considered exceedingly strange and unaccountable (for these parties had not heard anything of the Emperor's interest in Friends), was of course cheerfully complied with. The Duchess then alighted, and they all went in together. After a little time, the Duchess asked if they might go over the house; and they were accordingly conducted into the principal apartments, the neatness of which they praised. On returning to the parlour, they were invited to take some refreshments, which they did, and seemed pleased with the attention. Finding that the family had not heard of the Emperor having had any communication with "Friends" in London, he gave them an account of his having been "at meeting." At parting, the Emperor saluted the hand of the lady, and the Duchess kissed her. They then both shook hands cordially with her husband (Nathaniel Rickman), and bade them "farewell." This year closed by William Allen being elected one of the Council of the Royal Society.

The year 1815 was employed in carrying out plans for introducing the British and Foreign School system into France, Bavaria, and Russia; in composing and setting the school-lessons; in writing a tract on worship; in aiming to collect 10,000*l.* for British and Foreign Schools; in visiting Cold Bath Fields Prison, and trying to reform the juvenile thieves; in promoting, by constant intercourse with the Government, the success of the colonists in Sierra Leone; and in great sacrifices of time to arrange the Duke of Kent's affairs. Yet this was the year that Wellington obtained his famous victory, and all Europe was frantic with joy at the tidings.

In 1816 he writes Charles Barclay: "Charles Dudley and Robert Stevens met me at Plough Court, on the subject of Savings' Banks for the poor; and we laid, happily, the first stone of the building."

He took several extensive journeys on the Continent; the first he commenced this year, by accompanying some female friends in the capacity of "*caretaker*." They passed through Belgium and Holland to Pymont, Hesse Cassell, Frankfort, Strasburg, and Basle — everywhere inspecting prisons, schools, and public institutions. Among the persons visited was Pestalozzi. "The lively old man," says Mr. Allen, "saluted me with two kisses, one on each cheek. He is rather below the middle stature, and thin. A spirit of harmony seems to pervade the whole establishment. I was much pleased."

At Geneva he was plunged, as he expresses it, into "inexpressible anguish," by the almost sudden death of his second wife, who was buried in the cemetery of Jaconet. Hear his touching allusion: "In the depth

of my grief I have prayed with many tears, that he who knows the tender feelings of the minds he has created, would pardon my excessive sorrow, and give me strength to acquiesce in his holy will."

In the year 1818 he was recognised as an approved minister among the Friends, and commenced a second journey, under religious concern to benefit the countries through which he passed. This journey occupied him nearly two years, in which he visited much of Northern Europe, with some parts of Turkey, Greece, and Malta.

Accompanied by his friend Stephen Grellet, (an eminent minister of the Society of Friends, born in France, but resident at Burlington, United States,) Mr. Allen sailed from Harwich on the 15th of August, for Stavanger, in Norway. On the 25th they approached the coast, where ranges of high and rugged rocks, one beyond the other, presented themselves. Here they landed and established "a system of discipline" among some of the inhabitants who recognise the religious principles of the Society of Friends.

The voyage to Christiansand was very tedious; the wind boisterous and contrary, the country "a picture of desolation." The land journey to Christiana was arduous and fatiguing, sometimes "beaten by the roads," "six horses could not force along the carriage." On one occasion men and horses were alike "used up," obliged to pass the night by the roadside, "the face of the country resembling *waves*," in fact, "huge masses of rock, from two hundred to five hundred feet high, mostly covered with pines, and in constant succession." Finally, the "roads improve," and the "country becomes beautiful, resembling Switzerland."

Proceeding to Stockholm, the two friends had an

interview with the King of Sweden, to whom they presented an address on prison discipline, education, the management of the poor, and religious liberty. They were afterwards admitted to a private conference, and in about an hour obtained all the privileges they wished for "Friends" in Norway and Sweden. The King was most kind and cordial. "While I was holding his hand to take leave," says Mr. Allen, "in the love which I felt for him, I expressed my desire that the Lord would bless and preserve him. It seemed to go to his heart, and he presented his cheek for me to kiss, first one, then the other; he took the same leave of Stephen and Enoch (a Norwegian), and commended himself to our prayers."

After entering Finland, they dined with the Archbishop at Abo, and, after a pause, Stephen Grellet gave a religious address at the table, which was kindly received. A pleasant thing for a plain Quaker to address an archbishop, and give those tokens of friendly intercourse which real union among all those that love our Lord Jesus Christ will finally, I hope, accomplish throughout all the world.

At Petersburg every one received them gladly, and the Lord set before them an open door. Walter Venning, Prince Galitzin, Dr. Paterson, and Lord Cathcart, cheered and welcomed them. William Allen visited the Princess Sophia Mestcherskey, and styles her a "sister and dear Christian friend." She conversed without the least restraint on religious subjects, and gave evidence of true piety and deep understanding. He thus describes her palace in the depth of a Russian winter:—

"The large room has a very lofty ceiling and is just like a

shrubby. There are some fine tall trees in boxes, and very pretty trellis-work, covered with a beautiful creeper from New Holland; the plants are all evergreens, and in a healthy, flourishing state; among them are cages of singing-birds, some of which are of magnificent plumage, and there was one elegant pair of Indian sparrows. Their stoves, and their universal system of double windows, keep up a uniform and very agreeable temperature throughout all the apartments and even passages of a Russian house. The princess's apartment is so large, and so much divided by shrubs and trellis-work, that two or three parties might converse at the same time without interrupting each other."

Dining with the Minister of the Interior at a large party, Papof, the confidential secretary of Prince Galitzin, sat next to Mr. Allen, and entered freely into religious conversation. Papof talked like an "experienced Christian." He "spoke feelingly of seasons of desertion and dryness, in which he said that all he could do was to come to the Saviour with the appeal, 'Thou knowest that I love thee. If I perish, I perish, but it shall be at thy feet. I have no hope but in thee, and if thou wilt not look upon me any more, I must still love thee.' But then he sweetly remarked, that after these deep trials the light of the Lord's countenance shone upon him again, and he went on his way rejoicing."

Prince Galitzin, himself, was not less sensible of the necessity and value of experimental piety. He repeatedly sent for the two strangers, entered into their plans, urged them to communicate freely with him at all times, and sometimes united with them in prayer for the Divine blessing upon their labours. Michael, the metropolitan of the Greek Church, who received them "in a robe of purple silk, ornamented with stars, and a cap enriched by a cross set in diamonds," kept them in conversation

at the monastery for four hours, and chiefly on religious subjects.

The lessons of instruction at the schools in Russia were very unsuitable and ill-arranged, and some of them taken from infidel writers. Mr. Allen immediately set about the herculean task of reforming the Russian schools. The opposition to the education of the poor was stronger there than in England, and from religious quarters also; but Allen persevered, and gained the Emperor on his side. Immediately Dr. Pater-son, the two Vennings, and Mr. Swan, of the London Missionary Society, assisted in the compilation of the lessons, and *in a fortnight*, by literally working at them night and day, they had the book ready to lay before the Emperor, who was so delighted with it that he instantly ordered 8000 roubles (1400*l.*) to be paid for an edition. And that book, strange to say, composed in such haste and in that distant and illiberal land, has ever since, in its English dress, been the selection used in all the schools of the British and Foreign School Society; and has been translated into modern Greek, French, and Italian.

The Emperor did not forget his promises to them when in London. He received them without ceremony, and conversed with them on experimental religion as if they had been his confidential friends. He told them that "he had been early favoured with touches of divine love, though he did not know from whence they came; that he and his brother Constantine, with whom he slept, used to pray extempore, and had comfort in it; that afterwards these impressions were dissipated, and he imbibed French principles, till 1812, when, for the first time, he read the Bible, recognised the witness

it bore to the operations of the Spirit in his soul, and found peace in believing."

Yet though Mr. Allen had so much to encourage him at St. Petersburg, he was, while there, subject to great religious depressions. He speaks of "being in mental bonds, deeply tried in spirit, and needing much faith to remain." Stephen Grellet was a gracious friend to him, and after the labours of the day would comfort his tempest-tost spirit with conversation and prayer. The value of such a friend in a Continental journey no one can tell but those who have experienced its difficulties!

In March 1819, they departed in a sledge (*kabitska*) for Moscow. The snow lay deep, and the course of the road was shewn only by branches of pine stuck in at certain distances; sometimes they plunged, without any warning, into holes four feet deep, which the drifted snow concealed; sometimes slept in a wolf's-skin; and sometimes were obliged to pull up by the side of the road till break of day. At Moscow William Allen was introduced to the Empress-mother, under whose superintending care the chief public institutions were placed. And this is the character, the man not given to flattery gives of her: "I have not heard of any woman in the world who is so heartily and so extensively engaged in works of benevolence as the worthy mother of the good Alexander."

They then passed over the steppes of Tartary to visit the German colonies of the Muscovites on the banks of the Dneiper, and after an interesting intercourse proceeded to Simperofol to visit the Malakans, or Spiritual Christians, who separated from the Greek Church because they believed the Scriptures to be the only

revealed will of God to man, and therefore to be preferred to any other writings; for this they had been imprisoned, and suffered most cruel persecution. Though not rich they had paid as much as seventy roubles, or thirteen pounds, for a copy of the sacred volume. With these people they had cheering communion. Thence they proceeded to Odessa, where they embarked for Constantinople; from thence they went to Greece, visited Athens, Patras, and Zante, where Mr. Allen was attacked with fever, and confined for several weeks; recovering, he went to Corfu, Malta, Geneva, and Paris, and arrived home on February 26, 1820.

The third journey in 1822 was undertaken chiefly for the purpose of again meeting the Emperor of Russia, and endeavouring to interest him in the cause of the poor Greeks and in the abolition of slavery. He reached Vienna on the 27th of September, and was immediately sent for by Alexander. The interview was long and satisfactory; the Emperor encouraged him to speak freely; and in succession, the German colonies, schools, slave-trade, and the condition of the Greeks, were severally discussed.

During a second visit, the Emperor urged him to go to Verona, where he again met him twice, and entered fully and warmly into his various benevolent projects. In the course of these interviews, entire hours were occupied in religious conversation and in social worship. The Emperor spoke much of trials known only to himself and God; of temptations under which he could find no relief except in the promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee;" and of sorrows which drove him continually to a throne of grace. After these conversations they sat in silence, prayed, and parted. On the 31st of

October, Mr. Allen waited upon him to take leave. After describing a lengthened conversation, he adds, "It was now between nine and ten o'clock, but we seemed loth to part. When I arose, he embraced and kissed me three times, saying, 'Remember me to your family, I should like to know them. Ah! when and where shall we meet again!'" They never saw each other more; the death of Alexander, which took place in 1825, putting an end to this singular friendship between a Russian Emperor and an English tradesman, a powerful despot and a plain Friend.

During Mr. Allen's stay at Verona, Prince Esterhazy, the Crown Prince of Sweden, and the Duke of Wellington, all treated him with the greatest kindness and attention. The Duke, who seems to have entertained a sincere respect for his character, asked him to dinner, to meet some of the eminent persons then assembled at the Congress; but Mr. Allen, with characteristic humility, declined the invitation, stating that "where duty did not call, he believed it was his place rather to remain in the shade." The Duke, who saw at a glance his reasons for refusing, immediately told him with similar frankness, that he believed he was right.

He next proceeded to Turin; from the British minister there he learned that the Waldenses were suffering great persecution. With the Secretary of the Legation he immediately set off to the valleys; wrote a report of the poor Waldenses and their sufferings to the Emperor of Russia, which was sent by the Duke of Wellington by a special courier; and gained for the persecuted Waldenses the privileges they required. Baron Wylie found the Emperor at two o'clock in the morning, sitting up reading the document in tears

Proceeding through Geneva,—where he met the Baron de Staël, and the Duke and Duchess de Broglie,—he passed on to Stuttgart, and obtained an interview with the King of Wurtemberg, to whom he was introduced by the Emperor of Russia. “My visit to the Waldenses,” he says, “naturally opened the way for conversation upon toleration in matters of religion. I remarked, in substance, that the business of civil governors was the protection of the people in their rights and privileges, but that they had nothing to do in matters of religion, provided that the good order of the community was not disturbed” Both the King and Queen fully assented to this doctrine.

In 1823 his only child was taken from him by death, aged twenty-six. “I prayed in agony and with many tears,” he writes, “that this cup might pass from me nevertheless I dared only ask it in conformity with the Divine will.” How precious she was to him may be judged by a little note which is in his diary when he was in Russia. “Thou art, my beloved child, doubly dear to me, dear by the closest ties of nature, and still dearer by that precious union of spirit which is produced by religious feeling. I am sometimes obliged to wipe my eyes in order to get on with reading thy letters.”

In the later years of life, he went to Holland, Hanover, Prussia, and Hungary, to Spain, the Pyrenees, and unimportant Continental towns; but I am necessitated to pass over his remaining journeys,—time, I see, is swiftly passing away,—by simply remarking that he endeavoured to exercise on royalty and persons of station, that influence for the good of his race with which God had so signally favoured him. Persons of

all classes not only paid him respect, but God gave him great favour with every one to whom he went; even the King and Queen of Spain received him with cordiality, and expressed their willingness to forward his views. Everywhere he insisted on the sufficiency of the Scriptures, the rights of conscience, the power of piety in the reformation of man, and the necessity of union among all Christians in the works of religion and benevolence. At home, his house in Plough Court was the resort of the learned and great of all nations and countries; and his correspondence and affectionate friendships were as extensive as civilised humanity.

In the year 1839 he began to complain of a feeling of sinking and great weakness. "My memory is failing me, I have noticed," he says, "for some time past. I feel the infirmities of age coming on. Lord, prepare me to come to thee!"

When he had passed his seventieth year, he was compelled to resign many public engagements. But even in the year 1840, two years before he died, his "Diary" shews labours for the cause of education, and other benevolent objects, that would be felt quite overpowering by many strong men, and even men of energetic minds. Fearing, however, that he might become peevish and querulous in his old age, he tells us that he had adopted an expedient to remedy it by cultivating the acquaintance of all the young persons within his reach, and had fixed evenings on which he used to prepare experiments and instruction for their amusement and edification; and he alludes to this in his "Diary" as a very pleasant way of securing sunshine in winter as well as in summer.

In 1841 he lost his beloved niece, Eliza Bradshaw

who resided with him, which was a heavy stroke, and brought his own death very near. "I am now," he says, "much oftener than the returning day looking towards the end of all things here." Fervent prayers arise for an increase of faith and love: "O Lord, make me and keep me thine in time and in eternity! Strong cries ascend by night and day to our Advocate with the Father, through whose atoning sacrifice alone pardon and reconciliation can be experienced." His beloved friend, Joseph John Gurney, hearing of his increasing weakness, writes to him in these terms:—"Thou hast been a kind and faithful father in the truth to me, and *heartily* do I love thee. So long as memory lasts, I shall never forget thy kindness; and sweet is the hope that, deeply unworthy as I am of the least of the Lord's mercies, we shall spend an eternity together in peace and joy unutterable. It is unspeakably precious to have this hope, and to know it to be as an anchor of our souls, sure and steadfast." How speedily were these blessed hopes realised!

The 15th October, 1843, was the last time he attended meeting. In returning home he visited an invalid, with whom he conversed cheerfully; and the day being very fine, he walked into his garden and field. He observed to his niece, Lucy Bradshaw, how particularly comfortable he felt, adding, "I am afraid, my dear, we are almost *too happy*." He spent much of the evening in reading, but the next day became very seriously indisposed, and, from his sudden prostration of strength, little hopes were entertained of his recovery. During his illness, affectionate consideration for those around him strikingly marked his character; and though extreme weakness at times clouded his mental per-

ceptions, humility and love were uniformly the *clothing* of his spirit. He enjoyed having the Scriptures read to him, and also the accounts of those who have fought the good fight: and in speaking of early Friends, he said, that he felt comforted in the hope of being one day united to all those worthies for ever. He afterwards added, with tears, "Oh! how often I think of those gracious words of the Saviour, 'That they may *be with me* where I am!'"

On the 30th December, 1843, the hour of dissolution arrived. A heavenly serenity settled on his countenance; and his hands, which had been raised in the attitude of prayer, gradually sank upon his bosom, as the redeemed spirit gently passed away to its gracious Redeemer, whom it had so ardently loved and faithfully served.

Thus lived William Allen, an example of piety and benevolence; and thus he died, an old man full of days, riches, and honour.

Young men of London, I could wish you not only to be almost but altogether such as William Allen. Allow me your attention while I strive to gather up some of the peculiar excellencies of his character, and to trace their source.

You have not failed to observe *his peculiar love and reverence for his mother*. She was a woman, it is true, of singular piety. Her ambition was to see her son great before God—to this she constantly directed his attention. Crowns and coronets, philosophy and science, had no charms, if they were not means to elevate her son to greater usefulness to the souls of men, and greater devotedness to his Redeemer and God. Happily for him, he caught that spirit from his mother; he saw her aim, and loved her as a messenger sent from heaven to warn

him of danger, and to urge him to serve his God and Saviour. His love to her was almost romantic. Her letters, I have told you, were kept in his pocket-book for constant perusal, and her comfort he studied in every turn of her history. When at a palace in Russia, his thoughts turned from royalty to the home of his mother; and he tells her that the nicely-warmed rooms made him think of his mother, and wish she could have her house made equally comfortable. During her last illness he visited her every day, and in one of the last of the visits he writes, "I was affected, and told her I longed that we could go together, for we seemed to have a foretaste of the glory that should be revealed. But she said, 'No, no; there is more for thee to suffer and to do yet. The Lord has a work for thee.'"

Young men, do not think me passing out of the ordinary line which should be observed in delivering these lectures, if I say to you, "Love your mothers!" Did you ever know a young man prosper that did not love his mother? Years have now passed over this head, but I do not recollect one whose attention and affection were not given to his mother. Your mothers may not have similar talents to William Allen's, but they pray for you, they care for you, they are most interested in you. You that have pious mothers, prize them, study to comfort them, and smooth their passage to the tomb. Be you to them the prop of their age, and their joy in their latter moments. You that have not, pray for them, and use all means that they who watched over you when you were children may become converted to Christ. Some of you have lost your mothers: they have gone to glory, and are now for ever with the Saviour. *You* feel her hand upon your head now, and hear the

voice with which she used to say to you, "Oh, my dear boy, you have everything but the grace of God!" Have you got it now? Does that sainted spirit from the celestial glory see you a partaker and a possessor of this rich, this inestimable boon?

I have referred often to *his exalted piety*—I beg you to mark it again. I say "exalted." I know he was a Quaker, and held some opinions on the ministry, and church government, and prayer, that I should think erroneous; but whenever he speaks or writes on evangelical religion, if it were not for a few phrases peculiar to the Quakers, you would know no difference between William Allen and John Newton. They both wrote alike. Hear him:—

"I feel myself, with regard to spirituals, poor, and blind, and naked, and wanting all things, deeply convinced that I cannot help myself; may I persevere in humble application to him, from whom alone help can come. May the Saviour strip me of the filthy rags of my own righteousness, and clothe me with his righteousness."

And forgive me, young men, if I say religion is the basis of true greatness. The smiles of God are better than the smiles of man—the things of heaven are superior to the things of earth;—we believe, and therefore are obliged to speak on occasions like these. And this William Allen kept in his eye, whether in the presence of an emperor, or by the bedside of a patient. How did he attain this piety? By a diligent acquaintance with the Scriptures—by yielding himself to God as a lost sinner embracing a Saviour. Did you mark the reverence he paid to personal ministerial address? Elizabeth Fry goes to him—has a monition, as she passes, that she should step into William Allen's

house and warn him, because he is in slippery places, and she drives a dart into his conscience. Mary Sterry, as she passes, thinks it advisable for a man so constantly employed in science to be awakened to a sense of devotedness. Thomas Shillitoe comes and warns him in the height of his prosperity. He does not say, as some foolish young men, "Why do these old people come plaguing me?" But he marks the event in his diary, puts the words down which they utter, and regards them as a message from heaven. And that regard to the ministry contributed to make him great. And why should it not you? Contempt for truth will never make you great. If it be truth, every man is bound to receive it and follow it, let that truth be uttered by an itinerant missionary or a mitred bishop. Suffer me then, my dear young men, standing as I almost feel I do to-night, on the very brink of the grave and eternity, to say, that when sickness or death visits you, nothing will appear of equal value to an interest in Christ, to the comforts of the Holy Ghost, and to having lived a life of devotedness to the Son of God.

Let me also press upon you *his great disinterestedness*. His whole life was a labour of love for others. No one can read it without feeling that he lived not to himself. Had he sought riches, the way was open for the obtaining any wealth he pleased. One remarkable instance of his inflexibility in what he deemed right, though at the sacrifice of a treasure of wealth, ought not to pass unnoticed. The Emperor Alexander urgently requested him to supply his army with drugs, but his hatred of war, and the strong conviction that it was contrary to the gospel, and ought not to be encouraged in any way, were so great, that he gratefully but firmly refused to supply

them. After Mr. Allen's death, the Royal Society recorded, in an obituary which they published of him, that act of self-denial in these words: — "To his honour be it spoken, he resisted a temptation the value of which it would be difficult to estimate." Now this is not the fashionable, the worldly spirit, but it is the spirit of Christ, and the spirit that will bear reflection. Serving yourself is a poor object, but serving others, Christ will acknowledge, and own, and bless.

Seeing yourselves placed in the midst of individuals who need your help, young men! throw the talents which God has given you into the mass of misery by which you are surrounded, and live not for yourselves, but for God. You may have a very short time to live, but if you live that short time in the service of God your Maker, a crown awaits you. When Henry Martyn went out as a missionary he was told at a certain place that he would not live long, he was sure to die. "How long," said he to the physician, "do you suppose I shall live?" "Seven years," was the reply. "Oh! seven years?" replied the angelic man; "how much good may I accomplish if I live seven years!" Give up yourselves to God and his service in that way, and you shall discover at the bar of God, if not before, "He that winneth souls is wise."

Imitate also, young men, *his indomitable perseverance*. A few words from his diary give you the man. "My spirits much depressed on several accounts, as humbling views of myself and feelings of great inward poverty—school concerns—my treatise for the Board of Agriculture—impending lectures—business, &c.—*but I must brush up, and hope for the best.*" Thus he turned from one thing to another, never leaving it till he had conquered his subject and carried his plan into execution.

And it is true of every lawful thing we undertake, as well as of our salvation, "*He that endureth to the end shall be saved.*" Young men, be not rolling stones; determine on a course of industrious energy; allow no obstacle to stop your progress. Only satisfy your conscience that the subject to which you devote your energies is worthy of an immortal mind, and pursue it with determination and constancy, and impediments will one after another be removed, till you triumph in perfect success.

In conclusion, I could wish that the Life of William Allen, which is now in three bulky volumes, were reduced in size. I can hardly conceive of a book of more usefulness than a well-written digest of that life circulated amongst the community at a cheap rate.

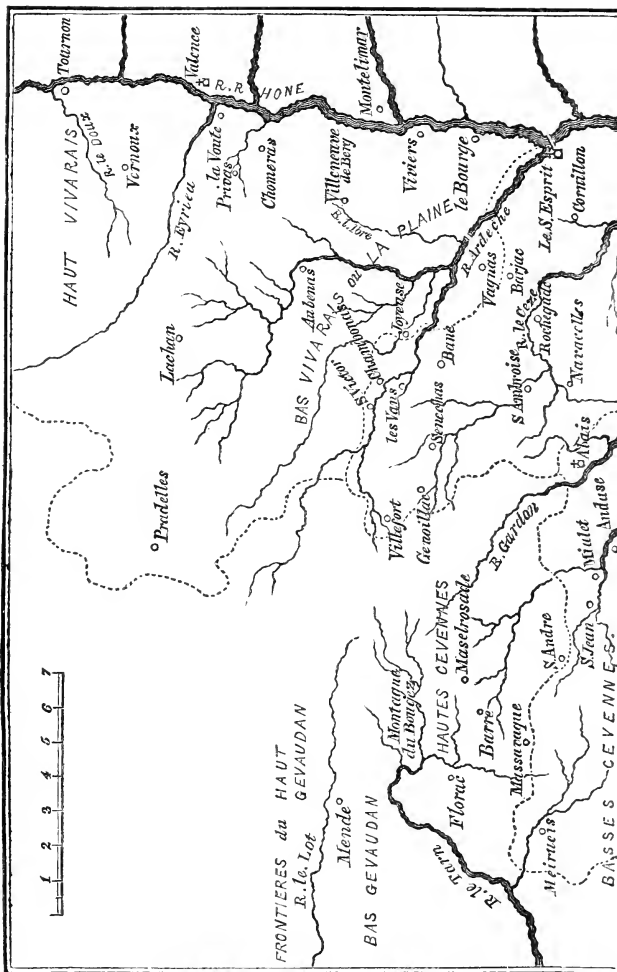
Sir,—I have occupied the attention of this audience and your own, perhaps to an unreasonable length. I am much obliged for the kindness and patience with which you have listened; and though many more interesting circumstances connected with the life of this holy man might have been introduced which would have delighted you, and specially had they been delivered by other lips — yet I am gratified in being able to bear testimony to a man, who, though he was of a different denomination, I was happy, as a young man, to call my friend. In the labours in which that man was employed, I can only wish that both you and myself may be employed, living and dying. If we have not his genius, let us have his benevolence and his piety; and let us take care that the first and main thing be secured — our fellowship with God and with his saints, and then at the great day we shall share the pleasures and the glories which are now possessed by William Allen.

The History of French Protestantism : its Present
Condition and Prospects.

BY THE

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RECTOR OF UPPER CHELSEA, AND HONORARY SECRETARY TO
THE FOREIGN AID SOCIETY.



HAUT VIVARAIS

FRONTIÈRES du HAUT
R. le Lot

Pradelles

Lachan

R. Eyrieux

Prigès

Chomeras

BAS GEVAUDAN

Mende

Montagne
du Bouge

Florac

HAUTES CEVENNES

Barre

Massargue

Méridieu

S. André

BASSES CEVENNES

S. Jean

Anduze

BAS VIVARAIS

Andenas

St. Julien

St. Julien

St. Julien

St. Julien

St. Julien

St. Julien

Villeneuve
de Bay

Viviers

le Bourge

Le S. Esprit

Cornillon

Naravilles

S. André

S. Jean

Tournon

R. Rhône

Montelimar

Valence

R. le Douze

Vernoux

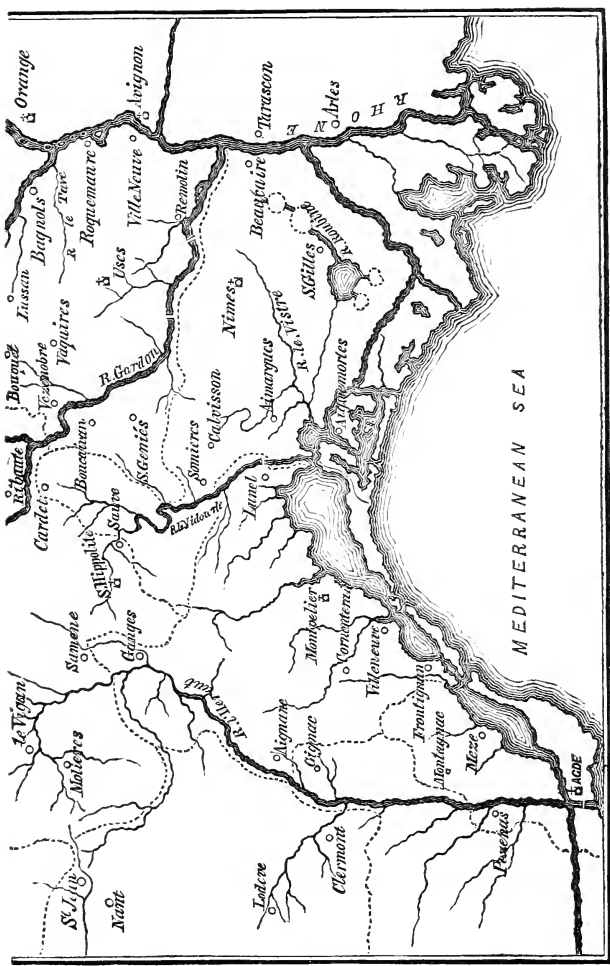
R. Ardeche

Vagnas

Rochejac

Le S. Esprit

Cornillon



MEDITERRANEAN SEA

THE HISTORY

OF FRENCH PROTESTANTISM.

IF I were to attempt to make good the promise implied in the title by which this lecture has been publicly announced, I should have to become this evening the narrator of a series of events spread over a period of 335 years. A history of those events, if written at length, would fill many volumes; and such an abridgement of them as would bring them within the usual limits assigned for one of these lectures, would be little more than a mere chronicle or table of principal matters. I could not hope to sustain your attention for an hour or two by thus turning history into the shape of an almanac, for I hold that nothing can be more dull and uninviting than the bare recital of human events, without any reference to the motives or principles by which they were accomplished. It is interesting for a time to watch the motions, and note down the operations, of a complicated piece of machinery as it works; it is curious to see the writing of a man's hand conveyed with the speed of lightning by the electric wires through many hundreds of miles: but when the novelty of the sight is worn off, and the operations continue ever the

same, we grow weary with the contemplation, and we say, "It is enough;" the lifeless, thoughtless machine acts from no motive; it ceases to interest, because it has no power of volition and no variety in its results. But it is not so when the machine is a living, rational man—his operations are the result of thought; sometimes of unruly will and passion, which it concerns us to study, that we may take warning; sometimes of noble and Godlike sentiments, which it behoves us to analyse, that we may learn from examples: but, above all, and that which gives history of all descriptions its chief interest, is *to see God in it*; by which I mean, that we should recognise an invisibly controlling Power, which overrules all human events for the general good of his moral government, and which it is the privilege of the godly man to confide in when all seems to be sinking into chaotic confusion. "The Lord is king, be the people never so impatient: he sitteth between the cherubims, be the earth never so unquiet."

These introductory remarks are intended to lead your minds to a just discrimination between the facts and the ethics of history. The bare facts I may compare to the earth's crust, where the geologist begins his researches; the drawing out of the facts into moral lessons, illustrating the workings of the human character and the admirable order of God's moral government, resembles that same earth clothed with verdure, and pictured in all the variety of nature's dress. Of the two modes of treating my subject I shall choose the latter; but in order to do this, it will be necessary to limit my narrative to a portion of the history of Protestantism in France. The episodes of history are generally the most interesting: they can be pursued in

the minutest detail, and the characters which figure on the stage can be drawn out to the life ; but an episode, or a ramification of a general history, is not instructive unless it be attached to the main trunk. For nearly 200 years, therefore, I shall take a brief review of the history of French Protestantism, and then group the events of the last century around two or three remarkable characters, and conclude with the present condition and prospects of the Reformed religion in France.

The principles of the Reformation were introduced into France by some learned Germans, who had been invited to teach literature in some of the French universities, at the commencement of the reign of François I. A.D. 1515. The lectures of those foreign professors soon began to take effect upon the minds of the students ; and the " new doctrines " gained acceptance among the higher ranks of the clergy, in the universities, in the parliament, and even in " Cæsar's household." The King was for a moment shaken in his hereditary faith, and went so far as to invite Melancthon to Paris. Unfortunately for the cause of the Reformation, François I. at that time made a treaty with the Pope, and sacrificed whatever convictions he had to his political interests. The prisons of Paris were soon after filled with men and women who had dared to profess the new religion ; and, in 1525, we see a grand procession moving through the streets of the capital. In six of the most spacious places preparations were made for reposing the consecrated wafer ; and by the side of every altar was erected a scaffold, and near the scaffold a stake. The adoration of the host, in the midst of clouds of incense, was attended with a human sacrifice at each of the six places ; and, by order of the King,

the heretics selected for the holocaust were tied to a machine ingeniously contrived for prolonging the sufferings of the martyrs. I conclude, from the writings of a Benedictine monk (who wrote the "History of the States of Languedoc"), that the boon companion of our Henry VIII. was not happy after his services rendered to the Church. "This Prince," says the monkish historian, "François I., had the grief to see Lutheranism, and Calvinism, and several other profane novelties, brought into France during his reign. His severe edicts did not avail to stop the progress of the heresy, and the evils came on in such rapid succession that they hastened his death." With sufficient candour the same writer adds, "These never-ending evils owed their principal origin to the corruption of morals, to the relaxing of church discipline, to the ignorance of the clergy, and to the negligence of the bishops, who, for the most part, devoured by ambition and avarice, sought only how they might accumulate benefice upon benefice, and left the charge of their dioceses to their grand vicars."* But whilst Satan, as Theodore Beza quaintly observes, was playing his tragedies at Paris, the Reformation was making rapid progress in every province of France. The new doctrines, as they were called, first took root in the congenial soil of Languedoc, in the south. The descendants of the Albigenses gathered in crowds around the Greyfriars, who had been watching for the dawn of a new era in the Church; and as soon as the first rays darted through the bars of their gloomy cells, they rushed forth with all the energy of first love to preach salvation by Christ alone; they counted not their lives

* Vaisette, "Histoire des Etats de Languedoc," tom. v. c. 23.

dear unto themselves, and many of them were soon called to finish their course. Stephen Reunier (a good name for an early martyr) was burnt alive at Vienne, in Dauphiny, A.D. 1528; and in the same year several preaching friars, who had founded a Reformed Church at Besançon, confessed the faith of Christ crucified in the flames.

William Briçonnet, bishop of Meaux, was the only prelate who publicly declared himself in favour of a reform in the Church. Several young men were influenced by his preaching. Among his disciples were James Fabri, Dr. Martial, and William Farel; but they all bent before the storm except Farel, who was destined to act a distinguished part in the progress of the great Reformation. The congregation at Meaux was dispersed by persecution, and many suffered at the stake. The bishop had not faith enough, like our Latimers and Riddleys, to stand firm; and in Briçonnet the Reformers of France lost the only ecclesiastical authority they had for proceeding with their work; but those who were scattered abroad by the persecution at Meaux went forth and preached everywhere upon a higher authority than that which the Bishop of Meaux could have conferred. Le Clerc founded the Church of Metz, which he watered with his blood. James Pavannes, another of the dispersed of Meaux, was the first who preached in Paris, and he was burnt alive. The Hermit of Livry and Louis Berguier followed in his steps, and both obtained the crown of martyrdom. The former was burnt in front of the grand entrance into Notre Dame; the other in the Place Maubert, which was one of the worst scenes of carnage in the civil war of June 1848. Religious persecution under any cir-

cumstances is not only a crime — it is a mistake ; it has rarely accomplished the end it aims at, but generally, on the contrary, has raised up more adversaries than it has knocked down. Its operation is like the stormy wind upon the forest-trees, which scatters the seed to an incredible distance, and another generation sees a new forest rise. It was so in the first persecution about Stephen. The disciples were scattered abroad, and new churches were planted. It was so when the younger Pliny saw in that Bithynia which the Spirit suffered not Paul to enter, the whole province filled with the followers of Christ, after Nero and his successors had exhausted all their powers of extermination : and to pass over the intervening space of the history of the Church, it was so under the first persecuting kings of France ; for, notwithstanding the fires kindled by Henry II. (the successor of François I.), and in spite of the sanguinary edict of Chateaubriand, before the reign of that monarch had closed, Nismes, the classical ground of the French Reformation, had proclaimed that the Protestants were a majority of its inhabitants. In the province of Bearne, under the protection of Marguerite of Navarre, Protestantism became triumphant. And it was estimated, in the year 1556, that one-sixth of the whole population of France no longer belonged to the communion of Rome ; and so great was the number of persons of rank and distinction who had embraced the Reformation, that the Pope's legate interfered to prevent a census being made of the Roman Catholic nobility, for fear that the result might give spirit to the Huguenots !

Archbishop Cranmer watched the progress of the Reformation on the Continent with intense interest.

and he suggested, in a letter which he wrote to John Calvin in 1552, that the Protestants should hold a Council as the Roman Catholics had done at Trent. Calvin had already laid the foundation of a new kind of church discipline, of which our own Hooker, whom we are accustomed to call "the judicious," thus speaks: "This device I see not how the wisest at that time living could have bettered, if we duly consider what the present state of Geneva did then require; for their bishop and his clergy being (as it is said) departed from them by moonlight, or howsoever being departed, to choose in his room any other bishop had been a thing altogether impossible; and for their ministers to seek that themselves alone might have coercive power over the whole Church, would, perhaps, have been hardly construed at that time: but when so frank an offer was made that for every one minister there should be two of the people to sit and give voice in the ecclesiastical consistory, what inconvenience could they easily find which themselves might not be able to remedy?"* The Reformed Church of France ended in adopting that Synodal Presbyterian form of government which was first organised at Geneva, and subsequently passed into Scotland, where it remains, with some modifications, unto this day.

The first Synod was held at Paris on the 25th of May, 1559; and the moderator was Francis de Morell, Sieur de Collonges; the deputies from the several churches effected their entrance one by one into Paris by passing unobserved through the files of sentinels and guards of Henry II.; and in the dead silence of night

* Hooker's Preface to "Ecclesiastical Polity," chap. 2.

they passed the stakes and gibbets ready prepared in the streets of Paris, and arrived by stealth, and in various disguises, at a house in the Faubourg of St. Germain, the appointed place of meeting. There, in that synod, was prepared the Confession of Faith, which became, with some slight alterations, the standard of doctrine of the French Reformed Church ; this Confession of Faith was settled three years before the Thirty-nine Articles of religion were agreed upon in the Convocation held at London in 1562. The similarity between these two summaries of evangelical doctrine, both in matter and expression, is so striking, that it is evident our Reformers must have had the French Confession before them in drawing up the Thirty-nine Articles we now possess ; and however the Churches of the Reformation differed in the form they gave to their order and discipline, the harmony which pervades sixteen of the confessions of the principal Reformed Churches is a standing evidence that there was one body and one spirit amongst those restorers of Christianity, even as they were called with one hope, one faith, one baptism. But it was in the seventh National Synod held at La Rochelle, April 2d, 1571, that the finishing hand was put to the Confession of Faith. The celebrated Theodore de Beza was the moderator at that Synod ; and it was there reported that the Reformed religion could count 2150 churches, many comprising 10,000 members each, and the greater number of them supplied with two ministers. But in the midst of a fraudulent peace* which Charles IX. had given to the Huguenots, and which had lasted two years, a deed of horror was preparing behind the scenes

* Benoit, "Hist. de l'Edict de Nantes," tom. i. liv. i. p. 40.

at which humanity has ever since continued to weep. The massacre of St. Bartholomew thinned the ranks of the Reformers; 60,000 Protestants were put to death in cold blood on that day,—a deed unparalleled in the history of human crime! The news of this victory of the Church fled across the Alps, adding wings to the feet of every Jesuit that took up the glad tidings; and when the last messenger arrived at the seven-hilled city, a grand mass was celebrated in St. Peter's Basilica by Pope Gregory XIII. himself, and the event was commemorated by a medal struck in the delirium of joy:—around the figure of a destroying angel, with women and sucking infants strewed at his feet, there is written “Strages Huguenotorum, A.D. 1572:” the medal is still extant, and looking at the reverse you see “whose is the image and superscription.” It is in vain that Roman Catholic apologists have sought to detach this deed of horror, and the conspiracy of the Jesuits at the court of Charles IX., from the councils of the Vatican. It is the pursuer of blood which has tracked the spirit of Rome through three centuries; and finding a representative of the system upon the platform of the recent Congress of Peace held at Paris, an unseen hand raised the ghastly phantom, and the priest sitting on the right hand of Victor Hugo being presented with a slip of paper was asked his opinion of St. Bartholomew's day!

A happier era dawned upon the Protestant cause when the last of the race of the house of Valois, Henry III., fell under the blow of an assassin. In 1589 Henry IV. ascended the throne, and within the short space of four years he had consolidated his power by conquest, and abjured the Protestant faith in which he had been so carefully nurtured by a Christian mother.

The conversion of that popular monarch, regarded by all parties as a mere political expedient, was "a heavy blow and great discouragement" to the Reformed Churches; but the fact did not justify them in forming a confederation which partook more of the nature of a political than a religious union, and which, in fact, was the origin of those exterminating wars waged against the Huguenots by a succession of kings of France, having all the appearance of a sovereign dealing with his rebel subjects. The leaders of the Reformed did not remember the words of him they professed to follow; "If my kingdom were of this world then would my servants fight." In the meantime, however, it might be owing, under the moulding hand of Divine power, that the Protestant cause at length obtained peace and protection. Henry IV. gave the Edict of Nantes in 1598.

This celebrated Edict, granted for the security and liberty of all who professed the Reformed religion, contains ninety-two articles, and sixty-six additional or explanatory. It is supposed to have been drawn up by the historian De Thou, assisted by the Chancellor of Navarre, a zealous Protestant, and then President of the Parliament at Paris. The Edict began with a proclamation of full liberty for religious worship, but ended by limiting the exercise of it. The great lords and inferior magistrates were allowed to have one domestic chaplain, but not more than thirty persons might be admitted to the service. Chapels might be built upon lease in the suburbs of large towns, except in those where there was a royal residence. Paris and five leagues round it were exempted altogether. (The great church at Charenton was not authorised until 1606.)

No oratory or chapel was permitted near a military station, except in the quarter-general of a Protestant commandant. The Churches were to meet by their deputies in a general synod, not as a matter of right, but by royal permission. The King was to be represented at such synods by a Protestant commissary. No books were allowed to be printed except in the Protestant towns. Four academies were founded for the education of the youth at Saumur, Sedan, Montpellier, and Montauban. Protestants were declared to be eligible to all offices in the state by taking an oath of allegiance to the King, and to obey the laws. As a pledge of the royal faith strongholds (finally to the number of 200) were guaranteed to the Reformed, and a supply of 225,000 écus was granted for the general maintenance of their civil and military establishments. Such were the principal provisions of the famous Edict of Nantes,—an edict of which it has been justly said that it granted too little and too much; niggardly in its religious liberty, it established a political *imperium in imperio*, and laid the foundation of a series of civil wars, which ended in the final destruction of the weaker party.

The violent death of Henry IV. A.D. 1610, turned the hopes of the Reformed into fears and apprehensions. At the accession of Louis XIII., under the dark auspices of Marie de Medicis everything assumed a frowning aspect for the Protestants; the privileges secured by the Edict of Toleration were no longer sacred in the eyes of a Court controlled by the agents of the Inquisition; and before the first ten years of the minority of Louis XIII. had elapsed, a civil war was preparing in the south of France. The Duc de Rohan commanded the Protestant forces, and Louis

XIII. marched in person against them, but only to witness 8000 of his best troops fall beneath the walls of Montauban. At this period the Cardinal Richelieu rose up to save the French monarchy; and with the siege and capture of La Rochelle, the last stronghold of the Huguenots, began the ruin of the Reformed Church of France. The synod held at Loudon on the 10th of November, 1659, was the last of twenty-nine, which, during one hundred years, had regulated the doctrine and discipline of the Churches. The acts of those synods have been preserved by Quick, a French refugee pastor, in a work of two large folio volumes, entitled, "Synodicon, vel Gallia Reformata." The decrees of the synod were enforced by authority, and obeyed with cheerfulness, and there is scarcely an instance of pastoral delinquency on record during a hundred years. The internal wants and discipline of the Churches were well watched and provided for by the synodal legislation, but it was powerless without. The Churches had a visible representative as long as the General Assembly sat at Orleans, or La Rochelle, or Sainte Foy, or elsewhere; but when dispersed there was no one to confront the consolidated forces of Rome. The Reformed religion wanted a personal representative, with power to act on its behalf at all times. The episcopate, according to my view, could alone have supplied this deficiency. But this difference (which you will permit me to call a defect) in ecclesiastical order did not affect the doctrinal purity of the Reformed Churches, nor hinder the bishops and doctors of the Churches of England from maintaining throughout a fraternal intercourse with the Protestants of the Continent from the time of Cranmer to the final dispersion of the

French Protestants by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. A chain of episcopal sympathy may be followed in letters and brotherly communications with the pastors of foreign churches ; and when the links were broken by the violence of the common enemy, they were resumed by Archbishop Wake, when the Church was driven into the desert at the beginning of the last century.

The reign of Louis XIII. was marked throughout by a series of infractions of the Edict of Toleration. An historian has recorded, in five large volumes,* the acts of injustice, intrigue, and falsehood, by which magistrates and ecclesiastics compassed the ruin of the Reformed Churches. During the minority of Louis XIV. a few acts of clemency afforded a little respite and relief to the oppressed spirits of the poor Huguenots ; but with the body of Cardinal Mazarin the hopes of the Reformed were buried. Cromwell was no longer at hand to interpose his influence and his stern rebukes in favour of the Protestants of other countries. The designs of Louis XIV. and the Jesuits, who filled his court, were now formed, and the most cruel tragedy that was ever acted on the theatre of this fallen world was in the course of preparation at the devout and licentious court of Versailles.

The age of Louis XIV. may be called the Augustan period of the French monarchy, the meridian splendour of a refined despotism. It was an age fruitful in men of genius. Poets, orators, philosophers, and divines, were chained to the chariot-wheel of the triumphant monarch. His court had all the hypocrisy of Charles I.

* Benoit, " Histoire de l'Edict de Nantes."

and the profligacy of Charles II., without either the motives of the one, or the popular restraints of the other. Both prepared the people for an age of infidelity and for revolutions, which in some respects had a striking resemblance ; but it would not have been possible, in the worst times of Reformed England, to have found a company of agents and ministers like that which stood round the throne of Louis XIV., with a Bossuet and a Massillon to shed the perfume of sacred eloquence upon the responsible authors of ten thousand martyrdoms. It was stipulated in the marriage-contract which united Louis the Great to Maria Theresa, Infanta of Spain, that heresy should be extirpated in France. This was, perhaps, the only condition of the marriage-contract which the royal bridegroom faithfully fulfilled. Soon after the unhappy union, a decree was issued prohibiting the Protestants to bury their dead except at break of day or by night. The exercise of the Reformed worship was suppressed in 142 communes, and the chapels demolished ; and when the oppressed Huguenots began to migrate to foreign countries, where they might pray to God in peace, an edict appeared, in 1669, forbidding all Protestants to leave the kingdom without the King's permission, under penalty of confiscation of body and goods. The year 1680 was fruitful in inhuman laws. Petty magistrates were enjoined to proceed to the houses of Protestants where they heard of any sick or dying, and inquire whether they were not ready to embrace the Catholic religion ; in case of a refusal, and in the event of death, their dead bodies were ordered to be dragged naked through the streets on a hurdle and denied Christian burial. In 1681 a law was promulgated with a strange mixture of absurdity and barbarism. Infants of

seven years old were permitted to declare themselves converted ; and whenever such innocent declaration was drawn from a child, he was removed from the parental roof and put into some school, to be brought up in the religion of the King, and at the expense of the parents. A series of edicts or laws, of which these few are specimens, emanated from the cabinet of the great monarch of the seventeenth century, until the clause in the marriage-contract, over which the spirit of Philip II. and the Spanish Inquisition presided, was fulfilled to the satisfaction of Rome and her obsequious eldest son.

Three years before the fury of a licentious soldiery was let loose upon the defenceless professors of the Reformed religion, the Gallican Church addressed a pastoral warning to the Protestants. It ended by informing them that if they persisted in refusing to be bent by the tenderness and the prayers of the Church, they must look forward to misfortunes at which the angels of peace would weep. These misfortunes, thus prematurely announced, began in the province of Bearne, the cradle of French Calvinism. The royal troops were the missionaries sent forth to effect the conversion of the Protestants. The more brutal zeal displayed by the dragoons, and their more conspicuous uniforms, gave to those savage expeditions the name by which they are known in history—the Dragonnades.

A short description of their proceedings will not be out of place here.

On the arrival of the King's troops in a town which required converting, the civil and ecclesiastical authorities assembled the Protestants together in the public square, and, prefacing their address with the announcement that the soldiers had arrived, they signified to the

trembling multitude that the will of the King must be obeyed. The people, terrified at the threatening aspect of the dragoons, in many instances declared themselves converts with one consent. Those who could read and write signed a form, declaring their belief in all that the Church Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman professed ; the rest simply pronounced the words " I join," or cried out " Ave Maria," or else made the sign of the cross. The town was then registered as converted, and no longer needing either pastor or Reformed Church. In certain places, offices of conversion were open, in which the names of the converts were enrolled, and this entitled them to receive a certificate, which was generally written on the back of a playing-card, and which, being shown, freed the bearers from the pursuit of the soldiers. The people of Nismes called these cards the Mark of the Beast. But the liberty which was granted to the troops, to quarter themselves upon any of the more wealthy inhabitants whom they chose to suspect of favouring the new religion, was attended with the most frightful consequences. After locking up the master of the house in some secluded room, those Tartar hordes proceeded to throw the splendid furniture into the streets, and made stables for their horses of the dismantled saloons ; they fed them with milk and wine, and spread out for them bales of goods, silks, and the finest linen, for beds ; and if the owner of the house and property dared to remonstrate, they took him out of his confinement and subjected his person to the greatest indignities. Some they stripped naked, and placed them near a scorching fire, to turn the spit which cooked their dinner, whilst they amused themselves with pinching the skin of the victims and burning their hair ;

some they obliged to take a hot burning coal in their hands and grasp it until a paternoster was recited. Sleep was sold at ten, twenty, and thirty dollars an hour. The Bishop of Nismes had the satisfaction of receiving the abjuration of the aged M. de Lacassagne, who had been tormented by fifty dragoons until he sank beneath the torture. "Now," observed the bishop, referring to his long want of sleep, "now you may take your rest." "Alas! my Lord," replied the old man, "I expect no rest until I reach my heavenly home; and God grant that what I have now done may not shut the gates of rest against me for ever."

The pen of the writer of the nineteenth century refuses to transcribe the horrors which fill the pages of the historian of the Edict of Nantes. Young mothers tied to their bed-posts,—their sucking infants placed within sight but beyond their reach,—had the alternative of abjuring their faith or seeing their offspring perish before their eyes. Men and women, whose only crime was their adherence to the religion of the Bible, were cast into loathsome dungeons, infected by cess-pools and vermin crawling on sunless walls. The prisons were choked full with those courageous confessors; but the diabolical ingenuity of Louvois, the prime minister of Louis XIV., found room for more by shipping off in rotten bottoms, across the Atlantic, the surplus bodies that could not be piled up in his subterraneous vaults. This merciless campaign, which united the army and the Church in a work of merit, was directed from Versailles. The ferocious Louvois reprimanded the governor or gaoler who had the imprudence to show mercy. "His Majesty," so he wrote in his despatches, "desires that you will drive to the last extremity those who

indulge in the vain-glory of wishing to be the last to get rid of his religion." From every part of France the King was regaled with bulletins of conversion, and the chapel at Versailles resounded with the music of a *Te Deum* at every message which brought the news of the conversion of a town. The thousands and tens of thousands of converts were enumerated to the King, the numbers were compared with the supposed Protestant population, and the conclusion was that the Edict of Nantes was no longer necessary, for that there were no more Protestants in the King's dominions.

But the last act of the fatal drama had still to be performed at Versailles. More than 250,000 forced conversions had been effected by the missionaries of Louvois in boots and spurs, and Louis believed that his laws had put an end to Calvinism in France; but as long as the *ministers* of the abhorred religion remained there was the obvious danger of the new converts relapsing into their former heresy. The only remedy for this was to drive every Protestant minister from the soil of France. This could not be done without revoking the Edict of Nantes. The King, a little uneasy at the thought of signing the death-warrant of half a million of his subjects, took some time to "file his mind" and conscience down to Rome's standard of the Most Christian King's duty. He yielded at last to the importunities of his prime minister, the exhortations of his confessor, and the softer entreaties of a guilty paramour, and on the 22d of October, 1685, the King set his hand and seal to the Edict of Revocation. The apologists of the great monarch, anxious to preserve the glory of the golden age, declare that there was no cruelty in Louis' nature, and that his father confessor, La Chaise, assured

him that the execution of the Edict would not cost a drop of blood, and the counter-signature of the virtuous Colbert should be a proof that no mischief was intended. But if those apologists have succeeded in showing that the easy and good-natured monarch was incapable of an inhuman act, they have also succeeded in throwing the bitterest reproach upon the system of which he was the victim. The result of a false devotion has been as fatal to the happiness of mankind as that of a godless philosophy: Paganism has slain its thousands of God's saints, but Romanism its tens of thousands. Infidelity has no fire wherewith to rekindle its zeal, and after its first savage onset the giant is exhausted; but Superstition, thinking to do God service, lights her torch at the fire of persecution, and never tires until herself is changed into the enlightened zeal of Christianity. Louis XIV. was assured that the most acceptable sacrifice he could offer to Heaven, and the surest way of wearing an immortal crown, was to exterminate heresy in his dominions. The religion he professed taught him that heaven belonged to kings who served the Church, as Mahomet conferred his paradise upon every Moslem's son who fell in battle against the infidels. Power was obtained over the mind by both systems; and he who has the disposal of the mind of the man has also the disposal of his body. It was under a system of this kind that the revocation of the Edict of Nantes was obtained from a monarch who, perhaps, placed under the influence of true religion, would have dashed from his hand the pen that signed and sealed the doom of a hundred thousand of his fellow-creatures. Le Tellier, the Chancellor of France, was on the brink

of the grave when he affixed his official seal to the cruel Edict; and the great object of his life being accomplished, he sang the song of Simeon in a transport of joy, and soon after went to his account. The illustrious Bossuet made his funeral oration: it was the song of triumph of the Gallican Church, and Louis XIV. mounted in the car. "Take," said the preacher, "take up your sacred pens, ye who write the annals of the Church; ye who have the pens of ready writers, make haste to put Louis with the Constantines and the Theodosiuses. Raise your thanksgivings to Heaven, and say to this modern Constantine, to this modern Theodosius, to this Marcian, to this new Charlemagne, what six hundred and thirty Fathers of the Church once said at the Council of Chalcedon, 'You have established the faith; you have exterminated the heretics; it is the grand work of your reign—it is the proper character which belongs to it. Through you, heresy is no more. God alone could do this wonder. King of Heaven, preserve the king of the earth! It is the devout wish of the churches, it is the devout prayer of the bishops.'"

It is computed that half a million of the most virtuous and industrious of the French people were, by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, driven into exile. In this flight were included 15,000 gentlemen and 1580 ministers. Amongst them were many whose names still live in the records of sacred literature—Claude, Dubosc, Dumoulin, Beausobre, L'Enfant, the brothers Saurin. These great men, ejected from the bosom of Roman Catholic France, carried their learning and piety to other lands: they founded schools and colleges, and expended the power of their intellects upon states

and people which, in the providence of God, were destined to diffuse the light of the Gospel among the most distant tribes of the earth.

In the year 1688, so memorable in the history of our constitutional liberties, "the feet of him that publisheth glad tidings" were no longer seen on the mountains, nor yet in the plains of France. Protestantism might be said to be extinguished in all the provinces of the realm except one; the families who had not the means nor the strength for flight, kept concealed, and hid their Bibles, with the title-page disfigured, as they would have preserved a treasure in a field. The workman's hammer was employed not to build but to demolish every monument of the Reformation; silence reigned where thousands of voices had swelled the song of praise in the noble version of the Psalms by Clement Marot, set to the music of Gondimel. The children of the concealed Huguenots were trained to secrecy, and taught to answer no inquiries made by strangers; but such as could not consent to keep silence, nor yet to quit their native land, found their way to the south of France, where the cause and interests of the Reformed Church were concentrated until the breaking out of the great Revolution. This is my review of the history of French Protestantism, from its first introduction to the close of the seventeenth century, comprising a period of nearly two hundred years. It is a history, so far, which is accessible to you all; not so the events of the first half of the last century. These are less easy of access to the ordinary reader, and will require to be sketched by me now with more minuteness of detail.

When the Redeemer bid the Christians of Judea, in

the days of tribulation, flee unto the mountains, he seemed to indicate those solitudes of nature as the proper refuge for his people in future times of distress and perplexity. The mountains of Wales were a dwelling for the primitive Church of the Britons, when the first efforts were made to contaminate and enslave them. The Waldenses, flying from the tyranny and corruptions of Rome, sought their refuge in the Piedmontese Alps, where their faithful descendants still remain, as a link unbroken between primitive Christianity and the restoration of it in the sixteenth century. It was the same when the storm arose upon the Christians of France; they fled to the fastnesses of the Cevennes mountains. I take you now to the scene of a persecution as romantic in its history as it is unparalleled in its horrors. If you follow the course of the river Rhone from Valence to Arles, you have the eastern boundary of our territory; on the south it is limited by the salt lakes of the Mediterranean, from the mouths of the Rhone to beyond Montpellier; and on the west we have the plains of Languedoc, which was the name of the province. Stretching between the Alps and Pyrenees is a chain of rugged mountains, 250 miles in length, which is seen from the esplanade of Montpellier and the top of the amphitheatre at Nismes, and which we may consider as the fourth, though irregular, boundary of the scene of the insurrection. This chain of mountains was called the Cevennes, and the inhabitants Cevenols. The mountain-chain rises sometimes to the height of 6000 feet above the level of the sea. The River Gardon, which flows into the Rhone below Avignon, and has its sources in the Cevennes, runs through the wild country where the remnants of the Reformed

Church took refuge. During the hundred years that Protestantism was proscribed and driven into this region for shelter, it was called, and is still spoken of as, the Church in the Wilderness. And the ministers who hazarded their lives for the sake of the Lord Jesus, are distinguished from those of earlier or later times by the title of Pastors of the Desert. One of the earliest of those, and who came a few years after the revocation of the Edict, was Claude Brousson of Nismes, who, in dangerous times, had pleaded the cause of the Protestants as a lawyer before the Parliament of Toulouse. Having fled to Lausanne to save his life, he had no rest in his soul on account of his suffering brethren; and setting out on a journey, which was attended at every step with danger, he arrived in the Cevennes, and became the Apostle of the Desert. His abode was a cavern, his church was the crater of a burnt-out volcano, or the shelter of rock from whence the pursuer might be seen afar off. He preached regularly three times a-week, often every day, and even several times in a day; and every office which a pastor could perform devolved upon the indefatigable Brousson. He published his sermons, preached from 1690 to 1693, under the title of "Mystic Manna of the Desert." He took his texts from the "Song of Solomon," and brought the softest imagery into contrast with the wildest scenes of nature. "O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stars, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice: for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely."—(Chap. ii. 14.) "The dove," said the Preacher of the Desert, "is the Church, the spouse of Christ; it is a bird which is not armed with talons and beak for defence; it is harmless and inoffen-

sive : it is of all creatures the most faithful to its mate, and cannot endure separation. So is the Church of Christ. It is generally feeble and oppressed by its enemies ; it is a chaste spouse, which cannot bear to be beyond the sound of the Bridegroom's voice." The preacher then proves, from sacred and ecclesiastical history, that to suffer persecution is one of the marks of the true Church of Christ ; it was originally in the desert for forty years, and then a captive by the waters of Babylon. The first Christians descended into the Catacombs, the Waldenses took refuge in the Alps. " It is the poor dove of Jesus Christ," he exclaims, " which keeps in the clefts of the rocks." And thus he concludes the first of his sermons :—" The good things of this world pass away, but heavenly things are eternal. Those who refuse to suffer with Christ will never be permitted to reign with him. They have their portion in this life, but one day they will have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. But as for you, poor, faithful people, who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, rejoice in the Lord, for yours is the kingdom of heaven ! Oh, blessed are you who are now in misery, for one day you shall be crowned with glory ! How blessed are you who are now driven from your homes for the Gospel's sake, for one day you shall be received into everlasting habitations. Oh ! happy you who now sojourn in forests and desert places, in the clefts of the rocks and in caverns, for the day will come when you shall inhabit the palace of the King of Kings, and shall be eternally refreshed at the river of his joys." Thus did Claude Brousson console the rustic multitudes who flocked around him, thirsting for the Word of Life. And after a series of adventures, and many hair-breadth

escapes, the intrepid pastor at length fell into the hands of the implacable Baviile, viceroy of Languedoc, and was executed at Montpellier on the 4th of November, 1698.

A new and most singular page of history opens with the eighteenth century. The Intendant of Languedoc had begun to congratulate himself and the King, that by means of the rack, wheel, and the gibbet, the dark dungeons of Aiguemortes, and the frowning tower of Constances, he had stifled for ever the voice of the evangelist in the south of France, when, all on a sudden, the remarkable religious ecstasy which a year before had faintly shown itself in Dauphiny broke out in the Cevennes mountains, and before a year had elapsed, the influence had gained the over-heated imagination of 8000 persons. The account of the Cevenol prophets (as they were called) presents such extraordinary phenomena, that it may neither be a subject for ridicule, nor yet demand the implicit confidence of the sober-minded. Fanaticism in religion is seldom found in designing minds ; it is the result of an imperfect understanding, combined with strong convictions ; it is an impulse bordering on aberration of the intellect, and driving headlong before it prudence, and knowledge, and judgment. It has generally been produced by persecution inflaming an ardent mind, which, placed under more favourable circumstances, might have had a zeal according to knowledge. But the Cevenol Protestants, driven to despair by the relentless hand of the persecutor, hunted like wild beasts in the forest, and no prospect before them in this life but exile, the dungeon, the galleys, or a death by torture, yielded to the impulse which made them for a moment forget their woes in the uncontrolled emotions

of religion. "The Spirit," as they called this strange influence, gained equally the young and the old, and they considered themselves as living in the days spoken of by the prophet Joel. Some of those ecstasies fell down as if they were dead, others remained standing breathless, and all of them exhibited violent emotions, accompanied by deep sighs, and sobs, and groans; it seemed as if an internal agency was actually struggling within them to bring the vocal organ into subjection, and inspire it with eloquence not its own. But the most remarkable fact in this singular history is, that young girls who had never been taught, and boys of fourteen years of age, should be able to speak with fluency in a language which, though French, differed from their common dialect. For two hours, without interruption, they poured forth, in biblical phraseology, the most emphatic warnings and earnest exhortations. The Cevennes mountains were filled with their declamations, echoing to the gunshots of the royal troops, who tracked the meetings in their secret places by the notes of psalmody, and the unearthly voice of a prophet-preacher. Such was the deplorable condition to which a series of atrocious edicts and persecutions had reduced this people; but the wild enthusiasm which marks their history presents a biblical grandeur which fills us with respect and sympathy, and disarms the contempt of the unbeliever. Some of the Cevenol prophets came to London, and produced a great sensation at the court of Queen Anne. Opinions were divided upon the reality of this wonderful inspiration, and the prophets either returned to the scenes of their former exertions, or melted into the crowd of their fellow-exiles in Spital-fields.

The effect of this extraordinary movement in the Cevennes was to deter the Protestants from outwardly conforming to the Church of Rome, as many of them had done to escape the galleys or death; but at the denunciations of the prophets the churches were deserted, and the lamentations of the priests were loud and long throughout the dioceses of Nismes and Usez. They complained that their parishioners, in consequence of the fanatics, no longer observed the fasts and festivals of the Church, and that the most virtuous and learned of the priests were counted as nothing by the side of their prophets. Our religion, they said, is falling into decay and ruin. If a remedy be not speedily applied, the Catholic faith will perish in the Cevennes mountains. At these cries of distress the archpriest of the Cevennes left his residence at Mende, in March, 1702, accompanied by his army of Capuchin friars, and commenced his twenty-first crusade against the heretics.

This archpriest was a younger son of the house of Langlade du Chayla, a native of the Upper Gevaudan. He was early trained for the Church of Rome, and his adventurous zeal and activity marked him out for the most perilous and distant missions. The Seminary of Paris sent him out as a missionary to the kingdom of Siam; and he returned from Asia with the Ambassador of the Indian kings, who came as if to pay homage to the great monarch of the West. This man of indomitable energy was considered the fittest instrument for converting the Calvinists, after he had served his apprenticeship in the conversion of the Buddhists; and as a retreat worthy of his former services, an office was created which gave him the power of life and death in his native province. He was made Prior of Laval

Inspector of Missions of the Gevaudan, and Archpriest of the Cevennes. All these titles may be condensed into the one of Grand Inquisitor and public prosecutor of the nonconforming Cevenols. This priest was a tall, imposing figure of a man, having more a warrior's than a sacerdotal air. To a gloomy and fanatical devotion he joined the vices of covetousness and sensuality and the ferocity of a Tartar. Upon the Abbot du Chayla devolved the task of forcing back the Protestants to the deserted churches, and extinguishing the voice of the Cevenol prophets. His reputation was staked upon his success; and he could hardly hope to justify the confidence which Louis XIV. and the Jesuits had placed in him, if by any mistaken act of mercy he had allowed a preacher to escape. Accompanied by eight young priests, which formed his sort of clerical court at Mende, his winter residence, he set out from time to time on his tours of inspection; and by means of the prison and the lash, and instruments of torture, he had succeeded for twenty years in keeping under the insubordinate Protestants. But in his last circuit of 1702 he found the people impatient under his commands, and irritated by the wrongs inflicted upon them. They received his exhortations this time with hisses and threats, and the fury of the archpriest knew no longer any bounds. A prophet had passed the night under the roof of a poor widow of the bourg of Hermet; he hastened to the spot with his men-at-arms, but found no one in the house except the widow's two little children. In a gentle and winning tone at first he attempted to extract from the children the place where the prophet was concealed; but they remained silent, and answered no questions. The inquisitor in his fury seized the

eldest of the two, and so mutilated the child's body with the lash, that the poor infant died of its wounds. The archpriest had converted the cellar of his house into dark prisons, where he put the unfortunate victims that fell into his hands; and he went down among them once a-day to see their sufferings under the torture. He invented new modes of punishment. Some of his prisoners were made to take into their hands hot burning coals; he wrapped up the fingers of others in cotton which he caused to be steeped in oil, and then lighted them as lamps. His victims were commonly set in stocks contrived to hold fast both the hands and the feet, so that the body might be always bent nearly double, and the eyes looking on the ground. Sometimes, for a large bribe of money, he let the male prisoners go free, and the women at a price which the pen of the historian refuses to transcribe. For twenty years did this atrocious despotism oppress the mountain inhabitants of Languedoc, who had the courage to profess the religion in which Henry IV. was born; but at length the cup of indignation was made to run over by the addition of another grain of cruelty.*

Towards the middle of July, 1702, some Cevenols, in order to get away from a country where they were hunted down like beasts of prey, agreed to go together in one company, and to seek for an asylum at Geneva. Under the guidance of a muleteer, who led them by the woods and unfrequented paths, this company of men, women, and children, directed their march towards the Rhone: but after a journey of a few hours they fell into the ambush of the soldiers at the Bridge of Mon-

* "Histoire des Troubles des Cevennes," &c. par Court de Gibelin, liv. i. tom. i.

vert, and the archpriest was gratified with the sight of so many fugitives delivered into his hands. In vain did the relatives of the unfortunate captives throw themselves at the feet of the inquisitor, and beg for mercy; the agent of Rome and Louis XIV. was inexorable. The galleys for the fugitives, and the gibbet for the poor muleteer, were the tender mercies of the wicked Du Chayla. On the Sunday which followed this capture a meeting of the Reformers was held upon a mountain of the Bougès. Peter Segulier, commonly called the Prophet of Magestavols, his native village, preached at considerable length, and often alluded to the sad fate of the prisoners of the Bridge of Monvert; and in concluding his harangue he exclaimed, "The Lord has commanded me to take up arms to deliver our captive brethren, and to exterminate this archpriest of Moloch." Solomon Courderc stood forward, and declared that he had received a like commission. And next rose up Abraham Mazel, and in the romantic style of these open-air addresses, said: "Brethren, I lately had a vision. I saw some large black oxen, very fat, treading down the flowers of a garden; and a voice said to me, 'Abraham, drive out these oxen.' And when I did not obey, the voice said to me again, 'Abraham, drive out these oxen.' Then I drove them out. Now, since I had this vision the Spirit has revealed to me the meaning thereof. The garden is the Church of God; the black oxen which lay it waste are the priests; and the voice which spake to me is the Eternal, who commands me to expel them from the Cevennes." The multitude were carried away at once by this biblical apologue, and all applauded the generous design of the three prophets. On that same night, Segulier, Abraham, and Solomon,

went out to recruit for conspirators against the life of the archpriest and his satellites. On the northern summit of the Bougès, then distinguished by three gigantic beech-trees, of which one yet remains, but falling into rapid decay—on this summit fifty conspirators met, under the command of Spirit Segulier. Twenty only were armed with guns and pistols; the rest had scythes or hatchets,—the peaceful instruments of agriculture were turned into the instruments of vengeance. Segulier addressed the assembly in the name of the God of armies, and he descended the mountain at the head of his daring companions, intoning among the forests the 74th Psalm, as versified by Clement Marot,—

“Nous as tu rejetés, Seigneur, sans espérance
De ton sein paternel ;
N'appaiseras tu pas après tant de souffrance
Ton courroux éternel !”

“Why hast thou cast us off, O God? wilt thou no more return?
O why against thy chosen flock does thy fierce anger burn?”

And as the echo of the words of the sweet singer of Israel played in the dark forest, the fanatics sharpened their instruments with which they designed to do the work of slaughter!

On the 24th of July, at ten o'clock at night, the archpriest was at home in the house of a rich citizen at Monvert Bridge, surrounded by his retinue of ecclesiastiques, his valets, and men-at-arms, when all on a sudden he heard the distant notes of vocal music, which seemed to be coming in the direction of the Bougès mountains. When the melody resounded in the bourg, he took it to be a nocturnal serenade. “Go and see,” he said to the guards, “what harmony that is.” But

the house was already besieged by Segulier and his companions, and "The prisoners! the prisoners!" was now the cry. "Begone!" shouted the archpriest from a window above; "be off, you vile Huguenots!" and a volley from the soldiers, which killed one of the conspirators, followed the order of Du Chayla. Excited to fury, Segulier and his men raised the trunk of a tree which lay along the wall of the house, and using it as a battering-ram, broke in the door, and effected an entrance. Their first care was to seek for the prisoners. They break open the doors of the cells, and at the sight of their brethren their fury is redoubled. The poor victims could not stand upright; their feet were swollen and half broken to pieces, and their countenances bespoke the pain under which they had writhed in agony. The indignation of the conspirators knew no bounds; they rush up the stairs, and call aloud for the author of their brethren's woes; and at the terrible summons the archpriest perceived that his hour was come. While he was giving absolution to his attendants, a struggle ensued on the stairs. "Children of God," exclaims the prophet Segulier, "put down your arms; this work is too slow. Let us burn in his house the priest and the satellites of Baal." With these words they pile up chairs and mattresses, and the benches of the chapel, and set fire to the heap. The conflagration spreads, and the archpriest with his train retires into a vaulted chamber beneath the flames. The sheets of the bed were twisted into a cable, and Du Chayla makes the first attempt to slide down into the garden, and so escape; he falls and breaks his thigh, and can only crawl to conceal himself under the foliage of a hedge; the rest got down safe, and escaped across the river

Tarn, under the fire of the insurgents. Meanwhile the flames had devoured the rafters, and the roof of the house fell in; and the lurid light discovered to the conspirators the unfortunate archpriest crouched amidst the shrubs. "Let us strangle the accursed persecutor!" was the savage cry of the misguided insurgents. Du Chayla begged for his life, and sorrowfully replied, "If I am accursed, will you make yourselves accursed too?" Peter Segulier at that instant arrived on the spot. "Art thou there, persecutor of the children of God? No quarter! no mercy! The Spirit says, 'Let him die!'" and Segulier struck the first blow. All the others stabbed after him. "That," said one, as he struck the instrument into the priest's breast—"that is for my father, who was broken on the wheel." "That," said another, as he aimed a mortal blow, "is for my brother at the galleys; that for my mother, who died of a broken heart; that for my sister, for my relative, for my friends in exile, in prison, in misery!" The archpriest received fifty-two wounds, of which twenty-four were mortal. And thus fell the scourge of the Protestants of the Cevennes, after a bloody reign of twenty years. At daybreak the prophet and his companions departed from the scene of slaughter, singing psalms as they ascended the Tarn towards Frugeres.

Great was the consternation that night at the Monvert Bridge, and not an inhabitant issued from his house until the psalmody of Segulier and his accomplices had died upon the ear. They took up the dead body of Du Chayla, and carried it to St. Germain, where the Inquisitor had prepared for himself a tomb. All the priests and civil functionaries attended the funeral, and Louvreuil, priest of St. Germain, made

the funeral oration. At the end of a pompous eulogy he pronounced the archpriest a martyr, at the age of fifty-five, for having undertaken to bring rebels into the obedience they owed to the Church and the King. The tragic death of the chief of the Cevennes mission was the introduction to the war of the Camisards. The Cevenols, who professed to be the followers of the meek and lowly Redeemer, verified in their subsequent history that infallible word, "they that take the sword shall perish by the sword." But the scene I have undertaken to depict is not closed until we see the end of the chief murderer of the archpriest, Seguiet, the prophet of Magesstavols. This awful man was a wool-carder of a hamlet of that name, situated to the south of Bougès. He was of huge dimensions and a swarthy complexion, a long, thin face, without any upper teeth, and about fifty years of age. He had resolved upon a general massacre of the priests, and his very name, which he had assumed, and by which he was known, *Spirit Seguiet*, struck terror into the inhabitants of the Roman Catholic villages. While 120 horsemen were upon his track, Seguiet saw them from his lofty hiding-place prowling in the valleys beneath him. He passed his nights in the mountain, and with the morning light he issued, says a Roman Catholic writer, like lightning from the clouds. Wherever he went, he tore down the crosses and emblems of Catholicism, and, like a wild beast in his fury, he rent his prey wherever he alighted upon it; and as he rolled his wild eyes upon the bodies of his victims, he raised his song of triumph, and exclaimed, "The Lord hath gotten himself the victory!" But the end of Spirit Seguiet drew near. The nephew of the murdered archpriest, accompanied

by all the noblesse of the Upper Gevaudan, arrived at Monvert Bridge, with a thousand infantry and horsemen, and the Count de Broglie, the military commandant of the province, joined his forces, with the famous Captain Poul at their head. This rough soldier was the fittest instrument to deal with the formidable prophet; and having learnt that Seguiet was encamped at Fontmorte, Poul, on his famous Spanish horse, advanced to attack the insurgents. After receiving the first fire from the little troop of Seguiet, the captain rushed upon them, sword in hand, and cutting his way through opposing scythes and other sharp instruments, he seized the prophet with his own hand while attempting in vain to rally his men. He put Seguiet and four of his companions in chains, and dragged them to Florac. While on the road, Poul addressed his chief captive, "Now, wretch, that I have thee fast, after all the crimes thou hast committed, how dost thou expect me to deal with thee?" "As I would have dealt with thee if I had caught thee!" replied the undaunted Prophet of the Desert. He appeared before his judges with an air of calmness and defiance, and his answers to interrogatories were returned in Scripture phraseology. "Your name?" "Peter Seguiet." "Why do they call you Spirit?" "Because the Spirit of God is in me?" "Your abode?" "In the desert, and soon to be in heaven." "Ask pardon of the king." "We have no king but the Eternal Being." "Have you no remorse for your crimes?" "My soul is a garden full of shades and fountains!"

He was condemned to have his hand struck off, and then to be burnt alive at Monvert Bridge. On the burning pile (12th August, 1702), the Prophet, pre-

-serving his unruffled calmness, said to the people, "Brethren, wait and hope in the Lord. Carmel laid waste shall be clothed again with verdure, and the solitary Lebanon shall blossom as the rose." The awful figure of the Prophet of Magestavols stands in front of the Languedocian insurrection.*

The annals of this civil and religious war (generally known as the War of the Camisards, and which may be considered as an episode in French history) are written in three volumes by a son of the last pastor of the Desert. This insurrection greatly weakened the power, and ended by tarnishing the glory, of the reign of Louis XIV. It required three marshals of France, and thrice 10,000 men, and ten years of time, to subdue a small army of peasants, which never exceeded 4000 men. But it was power unjustly used against weakness, made strong by right and enthusiasm; and the war of the Camisards still stands in the records of French history as a lesson (yet in a great measure to be learnt), that a priesthood, with a secular arm at its disposal, will end by destroying religious liberty, and the liberty of the state itself which lends away its power.

In 1711, the intendant, Baviile, had nearly exterminated all the Camisard chiefs. The last that fell was Abraham Mazel, one of the originators of the insurrection, and who had the dream of the black oxen. In 1718 Baviile left Languedoc, from whence he had never absented himself for a single day during the thirty years of his sanguinary reign. It is said that, from first to last, he caused the death of 12,000 Cevenols. The long martyrology opens with the young

* "Histoire des Pasteurs," par Nap. Peyrat, vol. i. p. 305; and "Histoire des Camisards," liv. i. vol. i.

evangelist, Fulcrand Rey, in 1686, and ends with the minister, Stephen Arnaud, in 1718. The sun of Louis XIV., which shone through so many years with meridian splendour, set in a cloud. The courtiers, who had been foremost in offering incense to their idol, were the first to desert him in the dark hours of his remorse; and the monarch, at whose smile or frown a train of degenerate nobles rose or fell, and at whose command millions bowed down their heads, was carried to his tomb at St. Denis, amidst the hisses and pelting of the multitude, who now perceived that the vain-glory of a despot and the happiness of a people are not necessarily allied together. The sepulchre shut her mouth upon the modern Nero in September 1715, and a reign of open and unbridled licentiousness succeeded to that of a disgusting hypocrisy. The court of France, during the minority of Louis XV., is proverbial in history for vice and immorality; and amidst the orgies of the Regent and his dissolute comrades, the agonising cries of the Protestants, shut up in the tower of Constances and the dungeons of Aiguemortes, were forgotten. The children of the Desert had no brighter prospect now that Baville and the ferocious Duke of Berwick had retired; and between the relentless persecution of the priests of Rome and the disorders of the remnants of the Camisard inspiration, Protestantism was on the eve of expiring in the Cevennes mountains. The remnants of the Reformed Church of France were now scattered abroad as sheep without a shepherd. They hid themselves from the pursuits of the persecutor in the caverns and the thickets of the Cevennes and the Vivarais; and whenever they met to edify one another, a preacher or a prophet was popularly elected, according as they believed

him to be divinely inspired. To save Protestantism in France it was now necessary to restore a standing ministry, and to re-establish the Reformed Church in its original order and discipline. This great work, which might seem to have required the wisdom of a conclave of experienced Christians, was conceived and accomplished by a youth of nineteen years of age.

Antony Court, while yet a boy, in his native village of Villeneuve de Berg, conceived the idea of building up the walls of Zion. And as he grew up among the pastures of the Vivarais, with an intelligence far beyond his years, he saw the evils which must first be remedied before the hopes of the Protestants for the future could be revived. At the age of seventeen, and four years after the war of the Cevennes was ended, he laid the foundation of his grand design. And while Louis XIV. was striking off his medals with the device of "Heresy extinct," that heresy was rising up again in all its primitive vigour among the Vivarais mountains, in the person of a stripling who kept his father's sheep. He had practised first as a Scripture reader and exhorter in the nocturnal meetings of his fellow-reformers. He was endowed with all the qualities fitted for a missionary in troublous times. He mingled with a remarkable moral courage the most consummate prudence. He was able to support great bodily fatigue. He wrote and spoke with equal facility, and joined to all these attainments the strictest integrity and purity of manners. Obligated at a late period of his life to justify his early proceedings, he observes, in commencing, that he was reduced to the painful necessity of speaking of himself. "It was in 1715," he says, "that it pleased God to call me to the service of this church (meaning Nismes); and

who can paint the condition to which this church and *religion in France* were at that time reduced?" After describing the course he traced out for himself, he continues, "In order to carry my project into effect, I called together, on the 21st August, 1715, all the itinerant preachers of the Cevennes and the Lower Languedoc. I invited some of the most enlightened laymen to join us, and I laid before them the actual condition of affairs." The meeting took the venerable name of Synod, and Court was elected its moderator. The forms of the ancient synods were introduced as far as circumstances would allow, and rules and canons were made for the government of the Church in the Desert. The names of the principal members of this rustic convocation have been preserved. Of the five elders who sat beside Antony Court, four perished on the gibbet before seven years had elapsed. It was one of the most important measures adopted at this synodal meeting to revive the office of ordained minister, and no person present had ever been publicly invested with that sacred character. Court engaged his friend, Corteis, to go to Zurich, and there receive the laying on of the hands of the presbytery. He undertook the dangerous journey, and was ordained according to the rites of the Helvetic Church, and on his return he ordained Antony Court; the succession passed on to his brethren, Arnaud, Crotte, and Durand, and thus was the sacred fire of the pastorate, which had been quenched by fire and sword, relumed at the flame which still blazed in the Church and city of Zwingle. The synod continued to meet once a-year in some cavern, or in the depths of a forest; and on the occasion of the one held in 1719, the voice of James Basnage issued from his

place of exile to encourage the restorers of French Protestantism. "I bless God," he wrote, "that he has commenced his work among you. All the rules that you observe are in conformity with those of our fathers, whose labours and courageous acts God so signally blessed." Court became the apostle of the Cevenol desert. We have his journal of a visit he made among the churches in the year 1728. In the course of two months he held thirty-two large meetings, and travelled over three hundred miles in a rugged and mountainous region.* But the principal monument of the wisdom and piety of Antony Court is found in the institution he formed for raising up pastors for the supply of the French churches. Committing the care of the Protestants in the Cevennes to his beloved friend Corteis, Court repaired to Lausanne, and there founded his Protestant seminary in 1730. Although every pastor arrested in France was condemned to death, young students arrived from the south to study divinity at Lausanne for three years, and then to return ordained to the ministry to preach among the people of Languedoc. The learned professor, Alphonse Turretini, of Geneva, was one of its original supporters. Dr Wake, then Archbishop of Canterbury, with an enlightened zeal and love of evangelical truth which distinguish his present successor, responded to the appeal of Antony Court, and was one of the chief promoters of the noble plan conceived by a youth for carrying the ark of God through the desert of the Cevennes. Antony Court continued to direct, alternately, the academy at Lausanne and the synods of

* "Histoire des Eglises du Désert," par Charles Coquerel, vol. i. p. 176, &c.

Languedoc, and he died in 1760, with the well-deserved and honourable title of the *Restorer of French Protestantism*.

Meanwhile the axe of the executioner, and the iron bar of the magistrates of Louis XV., were doing their murderous work upon the bodies of the captured young pastors. As late as the 27th May, 1752, Francis Benezet was executed at Montpellier; and Lafage, two years later, confirmed the truths he had preached with his life. The bloody tide rolls still nearer our times, and forbids the apathy of Protestants to sleep on the flattering notion that Rome and persecution are no longer identical. Francis Rochelle was executed at Thoulouse, 19th February, 1762. Those intrepid ministers of Christ's Gospel, who counted not their lives dear unto themselves, met death with all the calmness and dignity of the early martyrs; they refused to listen to the priest, who poured his pernicious consolation into their ears till the fatal blow stopped the sense of hearing, and generally the crowds who stood round the scaffold were melted into tears at the saintly deportment of the martyrs. But a circumstance at length occurred which changed the current of public opinion, and excited throughout France and Europe a deep sympathy and compassion for the Protestants of the Cevennes.

John Calas was a native of the Cabarède, near Mazamet, and settled at Thoulouse as a dealer in cotton prints. His house still exists in the Grande Rue, No. 50, and has undergone very little change since 1761. John Calas married Anne Rose Cabibel, who was born in England of French parents (refugees), and may probably have gone out from Bethnal Green. Four sons and two daughters were the issue of this marriage. The household was

complete with the addition of a faithful maid-servant, who was a devout Roman Catholic, and grew old in the service of the Calas family. Mark Antony was the eldest son, a well-educated young man, but of a reserved and proud temper. Unwilling to follow his father's occupation, he aspired to the bar, from which his religion, however, excluded him, whatever might be his talents. Disdaining to obtain by an act of apostasy the title of advocate which the law denied him as a Protestant, he at one time resolved to go to Geneva, and there qualify himself for exercising in France the dangerous office of pasteur of the Desert. Having communicated his intention to his adviser Master Chalier, "My dear friend," answered the old lawyer, "it is a poor trade that which leads to the gallows." And young Calas, seeing no career open to him suited to his temper, grew weary of life and wrapped himself up in his melancholy reserve. On the evening of 13th October, 1761, Calas had invited a friend who happened to be passing through Thoulouse to supper. Mark Antony left the table before the rest, and when his brother Peter a little while after lighted the guest to the door, what was their surprise and horror when, in passing the inner doorway of the warehouse, they found the body of Mark Antony hanging between the door-posts! The distracted parents ran and threw themselves upon the body of their unfortunate son, and tried to reanimate it with their warm embraces, but that son was no more. The first thought of the parents was to conceal the suicide of their son, but their cries brought a crowd about the door of the house. Two magistrates entered and saw the corpse, and were about to retire as having ascertained the fact of suicide, when

all on a sudden a voice in the crowd exclaimed, "Calas has killed his son, because he was to have abjured his heresy to-morrow." The anonymous denunciation was caught up by the people, who were on the eve of celebrating, under the auspices of the Dominicans, a festival that had been instituted to commemorate the massacre of 4000 Protestants. The cry ran from street to street, "John Calas has killed his son;" and some more wise than the rest informed the vulgar throng, that it was obligatory with Protestants to strangle their children who left their religion. The archbishop came to the assistance of the magistrates, and summoned all true Catholics, under pain of excommunication, to come forward and declare all they knew of the guilt of the Calas family. The whole household, along with the corpse, was transferred that night to the Capitol on the evidence of the voice from the crowd, which had sought secrecy in silence. Next morning the body of the unfortunate Mark Antony was provisionally deposited in consecrated ground; a funeral procession such as became a martyr was prepared for a corpse which under other circumstances would have been cast to the dogs. Forty priests and white penitents, and the whole multitude, with lighted tapers, banners, and chanting, escorted the body from the Capitol to the cathedral, and for many days masses were said, and a magnificent catafalque stood bedecked with emblems expressive of the supposed martyr's death. These funereal honours prepared the tribunal for a judgment suited to the popular taste. The judges condemned Calas, his wife, and their son Peter, to be examined by torture, and Lavoisier, the old servant, to be present at their sufferings. The victims appealed to the Parliament, and

awaiting their trial all winter, they were kept in a dungeon in heavy chains and guarded by soldiers. The fortitude of Calas, and the resignation of his wife, and the firmness of the son, remained the same ; and after many forms of trial were gone through, the last scene at length came. Eight out of thirteen judges condemned John Calas, convicted of homicide, to be put first to the question by torture, then to be broken alive, and after suffering two hours upon the wheel to be thrown upon the burning pile. On hearing this horrible sentence the old man, who had been somewhat subdued by the winter's sufferings, now reanimated his spirits for death. They hoped that the torture would have drawn from him an avowal of the crime and the names of his accomplices. "Where there is no crime there is no accomplice," was his reply to the capitols. Two Dominican friars ascended the fatal vehicle which conveyed John Calas through the streets, from church to church, forced to hold a lighted taper in his hand as one doing penance. The old man, with a serene countenance, made signs of farewell to his friends, and repeating without intermission, "I am innocent." He arrived at the foot of the scaffold, the executioner seized him, and at the first blow of the iron bar he uttered a feeble moan, but he received the rest without breathing a sigh. Stretched on the rack he never ceased to pray for himself and his judges. "They must have been deceived," said he, "by false witnesses." Father Bourges, a Dominican, when the second hour of his sufferings was passed, conjured him to speak the truth. "I have told it already," said Calas, "I die innocent. Jesus, who was innocence itself, was content to die for me a more cruel death

than mine. I adore the chastening hand of my God." The martyr having received the last mortal blow expired. The Dominican went away, and murmuring said, "He has died a righteous man; it was thus our first martyrs died." Thus perished, at the age of sixty-eight, the unfortunate Calas, on 10th March, 1762. Eighty-eight years have not yet expired since this scene was acted in one of the principal cities of France, under the direction of priests and friars, in the midst of civilised Europe; but the multitude, as fickle under the reign of Louis XV. as under Louis the President, turned round upon the judges when Calas had breathed his last. They wept over the victim of a false accusation, and proclaimed the innocence of the martyr. In his retreat at Ferney, the master of irony, the laughing infidel, the personification of his age, Voltaire, heard with indignation the tragedy of Thoulouse. Two surviving sons of the murdered Calas took refuge at Geneva, and Voltaire sent for the youths to recount to him the disasters of the family. Falling on their knees before the literary giant, they entreated him, through sobs and tears, to vindicate the injured name of their unfortunate parent. The philosopher, moved by the petition, and convinced of the innocence of Calas, appealed on their behalf to the Privy Council, and he engaged three celebrated lawyers to plead their cause. Madame Calas went to Paris to assist in obtaining the required redress; and on the 9th March, 1765, the Royal Council declared unanimously that John Calas was put to death an innocent man. The family name was rescued from infamy, and Madame Calas lived thirty years after the catastrophe. She died in Paris in 1792.

No sooner had Voltaire given the word, than magistrates, philosophers, literary men, and lawyers, became the apostles of toleration. Toleration was the universal watchword, the echo of the sound that issued from Ferney. The melodrama of the "Honest Criminal," written by Voltaire, was received with enthusiasm by the French people; and, strange as it may seem, the first hand that was raised in favour of the persecuted people of God was that of an infidel writer,—a remarkable confirmation of that Scripture, "He maketh the wrath of man to serve him." But that mere expression of public opinion, although embellished by the poetry of Voltaire, did not suffice to restore the professors of the Reformed religion to the rights of citizenship or the rights of conscience. The enthusiasm and the sympathy of the nation evaporated over the drama of Voltaire. Capital punishment was more sparingly applied to the crime of reading the Bible and singing psalms in the open air, but not one of the barbarous edicts of the reigns of Louis XIV. and XV. was repealed. It was still death by law to harbour a pasteur, and confiscation of goods to be found at a religious meeting. The ordinances of the Reformed religion must be administered by stealth, and France soon forgot the suffering Protestants in the Cevennes mountains and the Languedocian plains. Who in those days dared to question the decision of the Church, and what minister of state could have ruled the nation under the frown of the priests?

Paul Rabaut is the great figure of the Desert for the latter half of the eighteenth century: his adventures alone would supply ample materials for an interesting memoir. In one of Antony Court's perilous journeys

he stopped at the little town of Bedarieux, and found an hospitable reception in the family of an honest tradesman. There he met two young men, one of whom was remarkable for the meekness of his expression and the gravity of his general demeanour. His parents had often received under their roof the proscribed ministers of the Gospel, and they well knew the dangers that attended the career of the evangelical vocation. Their pious son listened with deep interest to the narratives of the persecuted pastors, and at length resolved, in the true spirit of a missionary, to leave the parental roof and become a pastor of the Desert. This was Paul Rabaut. The young candidate for a life of privation and danger repaired to the seminary at Lausanne, and having received the imposition of hands he returned to his native province. Called to minister to the Church that was at Nismes, he considered that city ever after as his home; and it was there he finished his evangelical labours, after having lived to see the emancipation of the Reformed Church. The popular legends preserved to this day of the minister Paul Rabaut have thrown an air of romantic interest on his memory. He is said to have dwelt for several years in a subterraneous room, built with rude stones and rubble, in the dull flats which bound the territory of Nismes in the north. Once surprised by the officers of justice in the house of a baker, who had afforded him a temporary asylum, he had not time to escape; but his presence of mind and his ingenuity saved him. He enveloped himself in the costume of a miller, and taking an empty bottle in his hand he passed the sentinel at the door of the house, telling him he was going to fetch some wine to refresh his comrades, and was allowed to pass. He eluded the

vigilance of the sentinels at the gates of the town by assuming an air of pleasantry, and to the joy of his friends, who were not slow to join him, he escaped into the country. The influence which Paul Rabaut continued to acquire by his firmness and moderation gained for him at length the respect of the authorities; and although still under the ban of the law, and a price more than once set upon his head, he maintained a correspondence with some of the principal men of the day. He carried to the foot of the throne by means of his patrons the just complaints of the oppressed Protestants, and he prepared the way for the edict which at length restored civil rights to the professors of the Reformed religion.

Louis XV. died of the small-pox in May 1774, tired of life, sickened with dissipation, and disgusted with everything. On the following day Louis XVI. ascended the throne, being twenty years of age. At his coronation at Rheims he took the usual oath of the kings of France to extirpate all heretics; fresh alarm was spread among the Reformed Churches when this oath was followed by a general census to be taken of all Protestants in the kingdom: but their spirits were again composed when it was understood that the young king intended to treat the professors of the Reformed faith with kindness, and to enforce none of the penal laws of his predecessors against them. The cause of toleration found powerful advocates in Malesherbes, Turgot, De Rulhière, and others. Lafayette, on his return from America, in passing through Nismes, became acquainted with Paul Rabaut and his son, the father being then in the seventy-ninth year of his age. These liberal advisers of Louis XVI., having collected

together all the penal laws and edicts which for a hundred years had made the Protestants a proscribed race, placed them before the King, and in the month of November 1787 was issued the edict which began to absolve the nation from the great error of Louis XIV. But the spirit of Rome presided over the composition even of this edict. It was, in substance, as follows:—

“We, Louis XVI., king of France, convinced of the uselessness of a century of persecutions, and yielding to public opinion which is in your favour, have resolved, by necessity rather than by sympathy, to recognise your civil existence: henceforth your wives and your children shall be considered legitimate, your persons respected, your worship tolerated, your commerce free. In return for this our royal favour you shall be subjected to the service of the State, and to pay for the support of the Catholic religion, the only one established; but in other respects you shall remain for ever excluded from all the functions of administration of judicature and of education, and shall be deprived of all means of influence in the realm. Finally, you shall obtain nothing of us except what your natural rights do not permit us to refuse.”

Ungracious and unjust as this edict was, it was carried to Nismes by Rabaut St. Etienne, the son of the Protestant patriarch, in triumph, and was received without criticising its restrictions by a grateful people. The municipal offices were beset by Protestant fathers running with all speed to register their children as henceforth to be numbered with French citizens. Many were melted to tears at the thought that they should no longer be treated as the offscouring of all things. The tidings spread among the mountains, and brought down

from their secret abodes the rustic professors of the proscribed religion.

Then the dove of Claude Brousson flew out from the clefts of the rocks, but to perish in the storm of an infidel revolution.

In the convocation of the States-General Rabaut St. Etienne was elected the first of eight deputies of the Tiers Etat. He left his flock at Nismes and set off for Paris, and on the 15th of March, 1790, was named President of the National Assembly. He announced the fact in a letter to his venerable father, Paul Rabaut, and ended it with this salutation, "The President of the National Assembly is at your feet." Strange vicissitude of this mortal life! The son of the pasteur of the Desert, who for half-a-century had wandered with his life in his hand, is now elevated to the dangerous eminence of controller of a revolutionary assembly. The father escaped the gibbets of Louis XV.; the son fell under the guillotine of Robespierre.

It was on Sunday, May 20, 1792, that a religious edifice, formerly belonging to the Dominican friars, was consecrated for the use of the Reformed religion at Nismes. Paul Rabaut offered up the prayer of the dedication, and concluded with the song of Simeon. But his tribulation was **not** yet ended. The worshippers of the Goddess of Reason had now succeeded to the worshippers of Romish saints and images, and both uniting in their hatred of Christ and his people, dragged the members of the Protestant Consistory to prison. In the number of the incarcerated was the aged Paul Rabaut, who, being unable to walk from weakness, was transported to the citadel on an ass in derision. For nearly two years he remained a prisoner, until another

phase of the Revolution, in 1794, set him at liberty. He returned to his home, shattered with the hardships he had suffered and the grief he had endured in his captivity; and on the 4th of April, 1795, he went to the eternal rest prepared for the people of God. He reached the age of eighty-seven, and during sixty years he had preached salvation by faith alone in the blood of Jesus, shed for the remission of his people's sins. The house at Nismes in which he lived is now an institution for Protestant orphans.

But every voice and every thought of religion among the French people was now drowned in the din of arms and the tumults of civil discord; and in the beginning of the present century it rested entirely with the fiat of a young and successful general whether there should be any religious institutions in France or none. In a moment of repose after his campaigns in Italy, the First Consul decided that public worship should be reorganised and established. The State sanctioned by a concordat the public exercise of the Roman Catholic worship, and at the same time recognised the existence of two millions of the French population who professed and called themselves Protestants. On the 18th of Germinal, in the year 10 of the Republic, which in Christian terms means 8th April, 1802, the law for regulating Protestant worship was promulgated by the Consul; and this is the law, without any alteration, by which the Reformed Consistorial Churches of France, as well as the Lutheran Churches, are at present recognised and protected. The memorable words which the Emperor pronounced on the day of his coronation confirmed that law. "I wish it to be known," he said, "that my intention and firm resolution are to maintain

the liberty of worship: the dominion of the law ends where the undefined dominion of the conscience begins. Such are my principles and those of the nation; and if any one of my family succeeding me should forget the oath I have taken, and under the deceiving influence of false conscience should attempt to violate it, I give you my authority to stamp him with the name of Nero." The law of the 18th of Germinal, under which the Reformed Churches were reorganised, consists of fourteen preliminary articles for the general regulation of all Protestant communities. The Reformed Churches of France were to have *pasteurs*, local consistories, and synods. The consistory of each Church to be composed of the pastors within its circumscription, generally amounting to five, and a certain number of elders (laymen), to be chosen among the congregation from those who paid the largest amount in direct taxes; the consistories to have the nomination of the pastors to any vacant posts, subject to the confirmation or approval of the State,—to have equally the management of the affairs of the Churches,—to watch over discipline, and administer the charitable funds. The synods were not to meet without the permission of Government, and under very severe restrictions. No such permission has ever been asked or given during the present century.

The Presbyterian Synodal Government of the Reformed Church of France rests upon the two springs of consistories and synods. It has hitherto been deprived of its synods, which is the same thing as if the Church of England should be deprived of its episcopate. Restored Protestantism in France, therefore, is not synodal, but consistorial only. Consistories and *pasteurs*, with the

name of elders applied to the lay-members of the consistories, are all we hear of in the legalised Protestantism of France.

Immediately after the promulgation of the law of the 18th of Germinal, the Protestants, coming like the dead to life in various parts of France, began to form their consistories and elect their *pasteurs*. Charles X., who succeeded to Louis XVIII. in 1824, invited the presidents of the consistories of Paris and Nismes, and of the Lutheran consistory of Strasbourg, to assist at his coronation in their official capacity at Rheims ; but no great encouragement was given by that monarch, under the influence of Cardinal Latil, to the extension of the Reformed Church. It was not until the reign of Louis Philippe that the consistorial bodies began to move and dilate ; and in 1847 the Reformed or Calvinist Church of France reckoned eighty-five consistories besides oratories, 473 pastors receiving salaries from the state, and nearly 500 buildings dedicated to the Reformed worship, schools and religious societies in due proportion. The Lutherans, or Churches of the Augsburg Confession, chiefly on the Rhine, had in the same year 243 pastors ; and if to these numbers we add the chaplains of gaols, and prisons, and hospitals, and ministers of the Gospel not connected with consistories, the Reformed body of pastors in France will amount in number to near 800. The budget for the maintenance of Protestant worship is now about 1,250,000 francs, or 50,000*l.* a-year. The expense for the Roman Church in France exceeds 1,600,000*l.* The state salary of each pastor varies from 60*l.* to 80*l.*, except in Paris and very large towns, where it amounts to 120*l.* The commune or parish is bound to provide a residence for the pastor as well as for the priest ; and this is the

reparation which France during the present century has made to the descendants of those thousands of martyrs who perished by the sword or on the scaffold in the previous century. But the written laws of France and the administration of those laws are two things very different; and before I close this lecture I shall have to tell you what may be the meaning of religious liberty under the influence of forty Romish bishops, 40,000 priests, and a new republic.

You have seen with me this evening how French Protestantism came out of the Desert; and afterwards how it came out of the crucible of the Revolution, and you will hardly expect me to tell you that its consistories were orthodox or its pastors evangelical during the reign of Infidelity, over which the genius of Voltaire presided. Protestants and Roman Catholics were involved in the universal overthrow, and the frantic shriek of the Revolution drove Religion itself, affrighted, to sit down in pale Melancholy's shade. The chosen members of the consistories, who were to be the most wealthy, were not generally the most pious. The Socinianism of Geneva, the neology of Germany, the indifference of Philosophy, and the coldness of Unbelief, took their seats in the consistory; and the pastor, under the name of Tolerance and Charity, sat down amongst them as brethren. It would have been difficult to find among the Reformed Churches of France thirty years ago one bold and uncompromising preacher of the true doctrine of a crucified Redeemer. Confessions of faith, the beautiful liturgy and catechisms which Beza had in part composed, and the Huguenots for one hundred years had loved, were laid aside. To confess that Christ was very God was considered as passing under the yoke of a middle-aged formulary, and

until it pleased the great Head of the Church to revive his work in France, Protestantism was but a name for covering every variety of scepticism and cold indifference to religion. But the spirit of the Monods, the Grandpieres, and the Valettes, has been infused into a succession of young students in divinity, and the Protestant faculty of Reformed theology at Montauban has been animated by the evangelical piety of sound and orthodox professors: and now among the Consistorial Churches, the French Protestantism of the last generation may be said to be receiving its dead back again to life, for 200 of the pastors are now faithfully preaching the stirring doctrines of the Reformation. As long as they limit their pastoral labours within the circumscribed territory of a consistorial, the magistrate approves, and the priest is quiescent; but, if actuated by the zeal of an apostle or a reformer, a pastor should seek to carry the light of truth into the dark regions of Popery, he is soon made to learn what religious liberty means in Roman Catholic France; and much more, if unconnected with a consistory, and exercising the office of a missionary, he should seek to turn sinners to God, does he become an object of suspicion to the magistrate and of hatred to the priest. By the side of the consistories, which for the most part discountenance what they call Propagandism, have arisen the Evangelical Societies or Home Missions of France; and although unconnected with the recognised, that is the salaried Protestantism, they occupy a wider field and enter with fewer restrictions upon the work of evangelisation. Under the zealous management of these societies, the principles of the Reformation have been carried into the rural districts, and Popery shaken in secluded villages where it feared no antagonist. The

Bible has been disseminated to the extent of one million of copies ; and within the last ten years thousands of Frenchmen have learned that there is a Christianity which is not dependent on Rome or the Gallican Church. These are the Protestants who are still subject to persecution, and who are liable to be put in bonds at the order of a rural police. In Paris itself, where liberty is emblazoned upon every public building, the young and talented minister Pilatte has been twice dislodged from his place of meeting under the Republic ; and the Préfet of Police, upon his remonstrance, dismisses him with the ignominy and contempt which were suitable only to the age of Louis XIV.

I am not here this evening to give you a lecture on French politics. I leave you to estimate the value and extent of *civil* liberty in that country ; but of religious liberty, as connected with my subject, I may be permitted to speak. Religious liberty in France is a new-born child overlaid by a stepmother, in the presence of a nurse who looks on with indifference, not sorry to be rid of the trouble of rearing the infant. The stepmother is the Church of Rome ; the nurse is the Republic ; the half-smothered child is Evangelical Christianity. The power which the priests have gained by universal suffrage commands the secular arm to act on their behalf, or else imposes upon it the part of neutrality while they act themselves. *Whoever ostensibly* rules in France at this moment, the political power is in the hands of Rome. Before the chair of St. Peter, ministers of state, and generals, and senators bow, and the highest summit of the Mountain comes down to avow and declare its devotion to the Church. The Montalemberts and Falloux's are the orators of the day, and they pre-

vail in the atmosphere of democracy by exalting the Catholic, that is the Romish, hierarchy. The humble *colporteur* waits in the ante-chamber of the préfet for a license to sell the Scriptures, and often receives his permission with a rude threat or an expression of contempt. The evangelist is denounced as an enemy of order, and the itinerant pastor as an emissary of the Socialists; but the priest has liberty to enter every house and hospital, and proselytise the dying patient if he can. And if any proof of these attempts to revive the times of Louis XIV. were wanting, you see here this evening your lecturer, who no longer ago than October last was arrested in open day—on a Sunday, at a Protestant service—and paraded through the streets of Alençon by two policemen, to be examined before a magistrate for the crime of attending evangelical worship!

There is not at this moment a more affecting and deplorable object to contemplate than the French nation in its moral, religious, and political aspect, redeemed indeed by the single feature of a chosen few, whom God has raised up to preserve his truth. Without a religious reformation, ten more political or social revolutions will but increase tenfold the misery and disgrace of the people. The only hope for France is in the Gospel, and every month brings tidings of some accession to this opinion. In the course of the year 1849, eight new Protestant churches, in as many different *départements*, have been finished and dedicated for public worship. The number of Protestant institutions for the reception of orphans is now increased to twelve. The sum of at least 15,000*l.* a-year is contributed by Protestants in France to the various religious societies, which mainly within the last twenty years have been instituted

for the propagation of the Gospel ; and under the roof of this building, I am happy to add, there is an office of a Society, which has for its object the aiding and promoting the revival and spread of the religious principles of the Reformation throughout the whole of France : I said that France was a moral and religious ruin—a confused heap of misshapen masses lying one upon another, as if upheaved by volcanoes, and covered by fields of lava. I can imagine a solitary wanderer standing on the summit of a mountain, and surveying with awe and pity a scene of desolation. “ Never more,” he says, “ will that chaos be reduced to order or be clothed with the softness of Nature’s verdure ; never again will the rose and the lily bloom in that valley of Death, or the cattle feed on those thousand hills.” But, behold ! ere he quits the summit from whence he has surveyed the scene of desolation, and ere he seals up in his own mind the doom of that devastated region, he espies a rivulet issuing from beneath the superincumbent mass ; and as it silently flows and makes its way through the vast accumulation, it seems to fertilise the margin of its narrow bed, and finds repose in some basin formed by an accident of Nature. In the running of that diminutive stream, which would have escaped the notice of a common observer, our solitary wanderer, versed in the geology of Christianity, has hope. He sees through future ages that the stream will at length become a river and flow into the lowly vale beneath, and in its majestic windings not only add beauty to the scene, but fertilise the whole land, until the wilderness and solitary place shall blossom as the rose. That vast volcanic field, with its rude and shapeless fragments lying on the surface, is the moral and religious aspect of France as it is ; that stream which issues almost un-

seen from beneath the ruin is the Gospel, pouring out its waters of life; and he who stands and looks on the process, which appears hopelessly slow to others, is the man of faith in the promises of God, who reads in his book, "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God; the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High."

In this brief review of the history of French Protestantism, and in the glance I have taken at more recent events as connected with the revival of religious liberty, it will be seen that France has never yet been able to lift her head above the waters of the Dead Sea of Popery. In all her struggles for constitutional freedom France has been working in chains, thrown around her by the magic power of the confessional, and the incantations of a bell and taper. She has not yet risen to the sense of her duty towards the adherents of a once proscribed religion, who have not yet enjoyed fifty years of the rights of citizenship. The professors of the University, severe as they have been upon the confessional, have not yet dared to maintain the thesis, "Civil and religious liberty incompatible with the sacerdotal predominance of Rome." Under its baneful influence, the French, not less than the Irish peasantry, have been gradually degenerating, physically, morally, and religiously, while the bloom of evangelical truth and the rights of conscience, wherever they have budded, have withered and died under the scarlet glare of the mystic Babylon; and where the oil of the spiritual Despotism has attempted to mix with the turbid waters of Democracy, the forced amalgamation has left nothing to posterity but confusion and ignorance, vice and mental slavery.

The priest now officiates at the altar of universal suffrage, which is in the hands of thirty millions of a rural

population, not one in ten of which can read, and scarcely one in twenty can write : he is secure in the strength of the Republic arranged on his side, since the head of the French Police, on the 27th of December last, branded evangelical worship with the name of a “ religion of anarchy.” But “ *there is hope in the end.*” The *colporteur*, within the last twenty years, has disposed of a million copies of the Holy Scriptures, chiefly in the rural districts. The evangelist is now received as the messenger of good tidings in fifty-six out of the eighty-six *départements*. The Itinerary of Claude Brousson is being repeated by Napoleon Roussel on the Gardon, and among the descendants of the Cevenols. The spirit of Paul Rabaut is reviving in the Church of Nismes ; and the eloquence of Saurin, no longer in exile, is heard in the energetic sermons of Monod in the centre of the French capital. One hundred itinerant readers of the Bible are now carrying the bread of life to thousands of famished souls, which flock around the preacher wherever he opens his Bible and raises the notes of psalmody. A new thought has found an entrance into the mind of France, to cease political revolutions and commence a religious reformation—to sheath the sword that has been used in intestine war, and to take up the sword of the Spirit as the only weapon of warfare. It is in France as if that day had to come to pass of which the prophet Zechariah speaks, “ The light shall not be clear nor dark, not day nor night ; but it shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light.” I have hope in the religious destiny of France. I see not yet the light above the dark horizon, but I see the faint streaks upon the black clouds, which assure me that the dawn is near, and that “ rosy morn advancing will soon sow the earth with

orient pearl." My hopes are in the first faint blushes of the morning, which cast a few beams over the dim fragments of the "night of ages and of her night's daughter, Ignorance." My expectations are in the downfall of that mediæval superstition, which is now nodding to its fall; and, when no longer supported by 30,000 men of war, must sink in its turn amongst the ruins of pagan Rome. My hopes are in the powerlessness of infidelity and philosophy, falsely so called, to fill up the void which Popery will have left, and in the necessity which man, "on the dubious waves of error tossed," feels for a word of truth to be his chart and compass. But, more than this, my hopes are in the power of that Word, when once it has free course, to effect again what it accomplished in the Roman empire, and what it has done and still does for our happy country; and finally, not our hopes, but our faith in the Divine promise, that "this Gospel must be preached for a witness among all nations, and then shall the end come."

If I have been this evening the faithful historian of a persecution unparalleled in the annals of Christianity, and if I read aright the signs of the present time, indicating that the spirit of persecution and much of its elements remain within a few hours' distance of our shores, we shall retire from this meeting with the conviction deepened, and our gratitude for the same increased, "that our lot is fallen in pleasant places, and that we have a goodly heritage,"—a liberty of thought and action in religion, of which these meetings are a goodly specimen, which it were virtue in all to preserve, and worse than sacrilege for either monarch, statesmen, or people, to abuse or violate

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