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John Gurney Barclay

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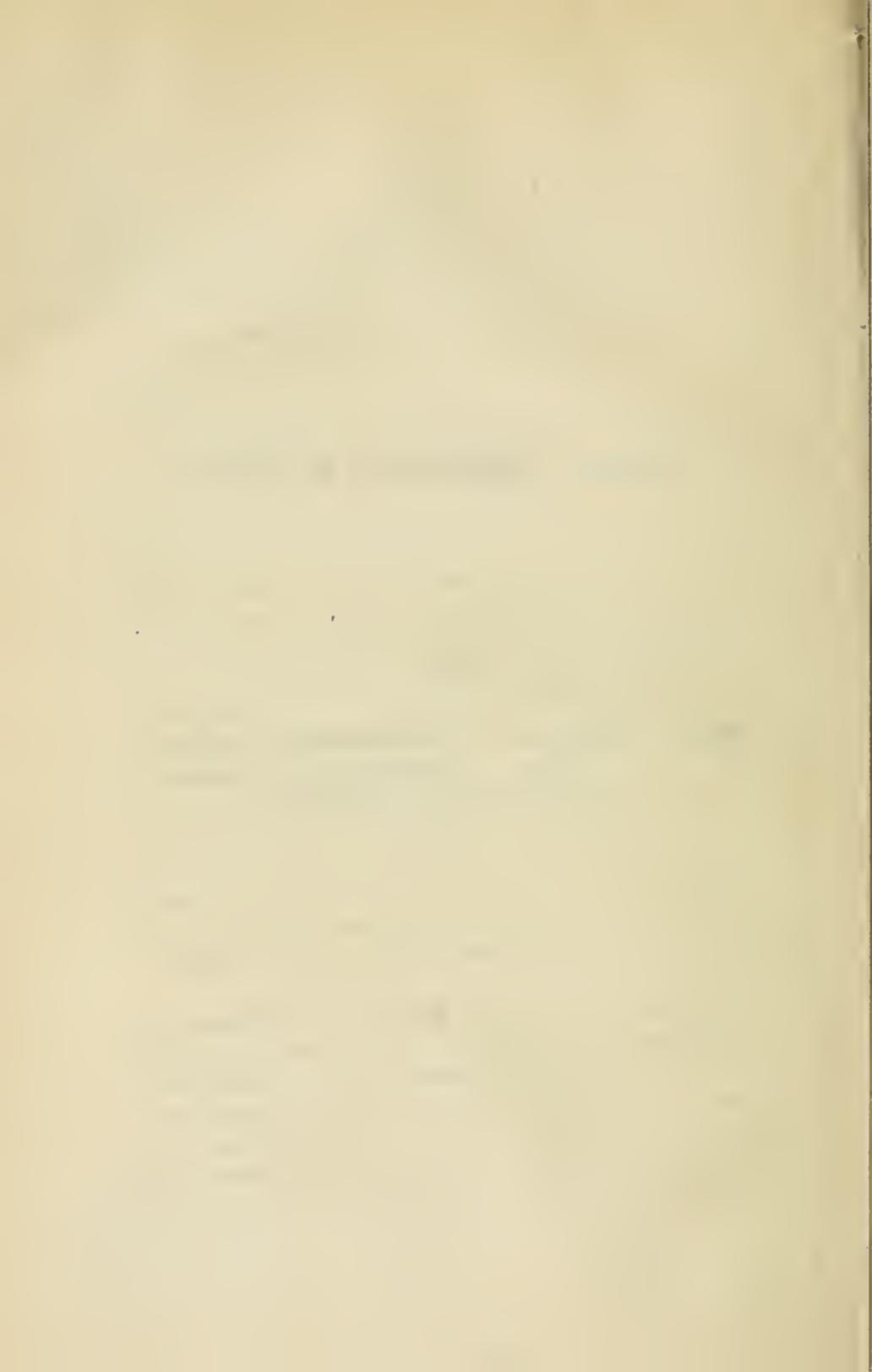
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National Obligation to the Bible.

BY THE

REV. ROBERT BICKERSTETH, A.M.

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NATIONAL OBLIGATION

TO

THE BIBLE.

I SHALL take for granted, in the following Lecture, the Divine authority of the Sacred Scriptures. I shall assume the Bible to be the Word of God. In the course of my subject, some of those evidences upon which this truth depends, will necessarily appear. For the present, I proceed on the admission, that that collection of writings or books which we emphatically call the Book, or the Bible, is a compilation of what many different persons have written, in many different parts of the world, and at remote periods of time, all of whom, in committing to writing the statements and doctrines which are contained in this book, were inspired by the Spirit of God.

The Bible, let it be observed (notwithstanding what some affirm to the contrary), claims to be an inspired volume; the several writers whose narratives or treatises it contains, profess to have been actuated by Divine impulse. Could any conclusive argument be advanced to set aside the inspiration of Scripture, the volume would forfeit much of its claim

to regard ; we must, in that case, cease to venerate the productions of men who profess to have been acting by an influence which they never felt, and to have been animated by a Spirit of whose presence and energy they were never conscious. Let it be granted, then, that the Bible is the word of the Ever-living Jehovah, that it stands alone and pre-eminent ; distinguished from all books beside, because it has God for its author ; and entitled to more reverence than all other volumes put together, because it contains a message from the Lord of the whole universe.

The Bible is a message from God to man ; to man universally, without distinction of clime or of nation or of caste ; it is the infallible record of Divine Truth ; as such it was intended for all. None have the right of exclusive access to its hallowed page, none have the right to withhold from others the liberty of walking at large amid its sacred pastures.

The Bible supplies a grand defect ; it meets a great want, consequent upon the fall ; I mean a defect in our knowledge of God. Like the visible creation around and above us, the Bible is the workmanship of Jehovah ; Revelation, in common with earth, sea, and sky, has the same great and unsearchable Author ; the wisdom that planned the universe, indited every page of the Bible. Nature and revelation were, moreover, each designed to mirror forth the glory of God—in each we have disclosures of the magnificent attributes of Divinity ; and yet they do not both speak the same truth ; nor yet communicate the same knowledge. Why is this ? Wherefore is it that Nature and Revelation, both proceeding

from the same God, do not both proclaim the same thing? The reason is, that the one instrument is out of tune; it is not the same that it was when first it proceeded from the hand of its Mighty Artificer. There was a period, indeed, when creation was all that man required as a source of information concerning the love and the power, the wisdom and the goodness, of God. Such was the period* “when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy;” when the harmonies of nature were as yet unbroken by rebellion, and when the moral perceptions of man were unclouded by the darkening effects of a depraved understanding.

That state of things exists no longer. Creation itself is blighted. A curse hath nestled in its every province; the creature rebelled, and when he did so—

“Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
Sighing, through all her works gave signs of woe
That all was lost!”

Our first parent was, moreover, miserably deceived. So far from gaining what she vainly imagined, an increase of intellectual light, the mind thenceforth became enfeebled and bewildered. Hence the imperative need for some fresh source of information, a source from which we may learn whence the evil sprung, and how it may be remedied. The Bible is that source. It plainly reveals the origin of all human wants and sorrows, physical, intellectual, and moral; and it not only does this, it also discloses a marvellous plan, in virtue of which the disorganization of the universe may be, and

* Job xxxviii. 7.

eventually shall be, completely and unchangeably rectified.

Such a volume may well be pronounced one of the richest boons that God hath granted to a fallen world ; its contents, influence, and effects may properly form the material for eager investigation. and for admiring praise ; and I rejoice to find, that, in the foremost rank of those important topics to which the Committee of this Association have thought proper to invite attention in the present series of Lectures, they have placed, in its legitimate post of dignity and supremacy, the Word of the ever-living Jehovah. Yes ! I rejoice that upon this, the first occasion of your being assembled for the present season, the subject chosen for review is one that calls upon us unitedly to do homage to the imperishable oracles of Divine truth ; and weave a chorus of triumphant thanksgiving for the obligations which, as a nation, we owe to the Bible.

In the providence of God it has come to pass, that the light of his truth is but partially diffused. We all know that the time will arrive when, without a shore, and without a bound, the ocean-flood of Divine knowledge shall cover the globe. The nations of the earth shall universally embrace the religion of the Bible, and their inhabitants shall walk in the light of God's countenance, rejoicing in the freedom and the blessedness which the Gospel of Jesus is designed to produce. Hitherto the advancement of Christianity has been gradual and tardy. If there are few continents or islands upon which the standard of the cross has never been planted, there are, nevertheless, but few nations in which the gospel has

been so cordially embraced, that the laws, the customs, the morals of the people, have become impregnated with its principles. This very circumstance affords the opportunity for test and comparison. It yields the data for determining the amount of practical benefit which a nation derives from possessing the Scriptures. We can take a survey of countries, according to their relative Bible-wealth, for the purpose of ascertaining where there is the preponderance of national prosperity; or we may strike a comparison between the condition of one and the same country at different periods of its history; periods when the Word of the Lord was scarce, and periods like our own, when the Bible has a place alike in palace and hall, in cottage and cabin. There is, probably, no exaggeration in the following statement made by the Rev. Dr. Adams:—

“Tell me,” he writes, “where the Bible is, and where it is not, and I will write a moral geography of the world; I will show you, in all respects, what is the physical condition of that people. One glance of your eye will inform you where the Bible is, and where it is not. Go to Italy—decay, degradation, suffering, meet you on every side. Commerce droops, agriculture sickens, and the useful arts languish: there is a heaviness in the air; you feel cramped by some invisible power; the people dare not speak aloud; they walk slowly; an armed soldiery is round their dwellings; the armed police take from the stranger his Bible before he enters the territory. Ask for the Bible in the book-stores, it is not there, or in a form so large and expensive as to be beyond the reach of the common people. The preacher

takes no text from the Bible. Enter the Vatican, and inquire for a Bible, and you will be pointed to some case where it reposes among prohibited works. . . . But pass over the Alps into Switzerland, and down the Rhine into Holland, and over the Channel to England, and what an amazing contrast meets the eye! Men look with an air of independence. There are industry—neatness—instruction for children. Why this difference? There is no brighter sky, there are no fairer scenes of nature. But they have the Bible; and happy are the people that are in such a case, for it is righteousness that exalteth a nation!”

Now my object in what follows will be to trace the amount of England's obligation to the Scriptures. The circumstances of our past and present state, as a people, are favourable to such an investigation. For a long period England was destitute of the Word of God. Throughout the protracted night of our national subjection to Popery, the Bible was a rare or an unknown book; men wanted the sacred light which gleams from the page of revelation, which would have enabled them to detect the corruptions of that apostate Church which domineered over our fathers, and they wanted the knowledge from Scripture which would have inspired them with courage to shake off the oppression. In the thirteenth century the price of a Bible in England was £30, while the average price of labour, per diem, was twopence. An English Bible can now be procured for less than tenpence. Within the last fifty years, through the agency of one Society alone—I mean the British and Foreign Bible Society—considerably

upwards of twenty-three million copies of the Scriptures have been put into circulation; and of these copies upwards of fifteen millions have been distributed in England. These are important facts, as bearing upon the subject under review. They enable us to compare the country under two distinct aspects; at one time virtually destitute of Bibles, and at the present time so freely supplied with the Scriptures, that no man need have to complain of the want of a copy. Now if, upon a calm and temperate review of historical facts, it should appear that the greatness of which as Englishmen we boast; the developments of art, of science, of commerce, of literature; the augmentations of our national power; the enlargement of our foreign territorial possessions; the acquisitions of colonial empire; the degree of respect which the British flag commands wheresoever in the wide world it is uplifted; the depth and permanence of our domestic tranquillity; the progress of our social institutions; and the gradual diminution of our social grievances, that in short all the elements of national greatness and glory have had their development in chronological coincidence with the greater freedom and abundance with which Bibles have been scattered through the land,—then I put it to any one amongst you, if there is not the groundwork for a triumphant challenge in behalf of what, as a people and a nation, Englishmen owe to the Bible?

It is time that I should enter more into detail. For the sake of greater clearness and precision, I purpose, in what follows, to examine the obligations we owe to the Bible for what it hath done to advance

(1), the *intellectual*; (2), the *social*: and (3), the *spiritual*, progress of the nation. I trust that I shall be able, with the Divine blessing, and the help of these three anvils, to rivet more firmly than ever the chain of your attachment to the inspired volume.

Now it may create a smile with some persons to hear allusion made to the Bible as a source of intellectual illumination or advancement. There is a vague and semi-infidel impression upon some minds, that however much the Bible may be prized for its moral precepts, or for the comfort which its many promises yield in the hour of sorrow,—it is the last book in the world to which we can profitably turn when our object is to expand or invigorate, to sharpen or to furnish, the mind. But it is a remarkable fact, and worthy of recollection, that many of the greatest philosophers; men of the keenest intellectual acumen; and others who have furnished the best and most brilliant contributions to literature, have cordially acknowledged the worth of the Bible, when viewed simply as the repository of what is mentally ennobling and enriching. The genius of Newton was not more in its element when measuring the firmament and telling its constellations, than when searching into the mysteries of revelation, and exploring the sublime discoveries which the Bible unfolds. The philosopher Boyle said of the Bible—"I use the Scripture as a matchless temple, where I delight to be, to contemplate the beauty, the symmetry, and the magnificence of the structure."—Sir William Jones thus gave his quota of homage to the excellence of Scripture—"I have regularly and attentively read the Holy

Scriptures, and am of opinion that this volume, independent of its Divine origin, contains more sublimity and beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever language or age they may have been composed."—Many such testimonies might be readily quoted, to prove that the finest minds have turned to the Bible as a treasury replete with more of what is really adapted to enrich the understanding, than could be gleaned from all volumes besides.

It is a remarkable fact, that the progress of literature has always been in the wake of the Bible. It is in countries and at periods distinguished for the freest circulation of the Scriptures, that science hath reached its noblest achievements, and literature poured forth its choicest productions. In saying this, I do not mean to affirm that the men by whom these discoveries have been made have invariably revered the Bible; but I do mean to assert, they have been indirectly indebted to the Scriptures, and that, in all probability, the discoveries by which they have gained renown would never have opened before them, but for the atmosphere of truth with which the Bible had encompassed them.

The Bible in itself is a complete storehouse of literature. It abounds with history, with narrative, with poetry, with stirring recital, with pathetic appeal, with unrivalled specimens of close reasoning and of earnest, persuasive entreaty. "The Bible," it has been well observed,* "in its plain and unambitious attire of literal English prose, will bear comparison—

* McCulloch's "Literary Characteristics of the Holy Scriptures."

not only for the sublimity of its conceptions, but even for the beauty of its style and imagery, with the most finished models of literary excellence. . . . Even with reference to what might seem furthest removed from the sphere of its operations—the intellectual advancement of individuals and communities—the Bible has produced vast and most beneficial effects. . . . Although it does not teach philosophy, it imparts freedom and vigour to the intellect of the inquirer; it fosters a spirit of activity and research; it surrounds him with an atmosphere of truth, which insensibly gives elasticity to his mental powers. And hence, the astronomer is often indebted, however unconsciously, to its indirect influence, for the wings which sustain him in his flight to the unexplored regions of space; and the metaphysician, for the line wherewith to sound the depths of the intellectual economy.”—Jortin, in his celebrated charge delivered to the clergy of London, in the year 1765, entitled “Christianity, the Preserver and Supporter of Literature,”* has mathematically proved that all useful learning is in great measure owing to the Bible. And to illustrate still further the influence of the Scriptures upon literature, I cannot refrain from quoting the following observations, taken from a remarkable Essay upon the “Vanity and Glory of Literature.”†

“The Bible,” writes the author of this essay, “supposing it to be other than what it pretends to be, presents us with a singular phenomenon, in the space which it occupies throughout the continued

* Jortin's Works, vol. vii.

† From the *Edinburgh Review* April, 1849.

history of literature. We see nothing like it, and it may well perplex the infidel to account for it. Nor need his sagacity disdain to enter a little more deeply into its possible causes than he is usually inclined to do. It has not been given to any other book of religion thus to triumph over national prejudices, and lodge itself securely in the heart of great communities, varying by every conceivable diversity of language, race, manners, and customs, and, indeed, agreeing in nothing but a veneration for itself. It adapts itself with facility to the revolutions of thought and feeling, which shake to pieces all things else, and flexibly accommodates itself to the progress of society, and the changes of civilisation. Even conquests, the disorganisation of old nations, the formation of new, do not affect the continuity of its empire. It lays hold of the new as of the old, and transmigrates with the spirit of humanity, attracting to itself, by its own moral power, in all the communities it enters, a ceaseless intensity of effort for its propagation, illustration, and defence ”

Now, the whole of this merit which is thus attributed to the Bible finds an illustration in the annals of our own country. You know it to be an historical fact, that during the long period of Romish usurpation in this land, the Bible—as it still is in every country where Romanism has the sway,—was virtually a sealed volume ; very few had access to its pages ; fewer still were either willing or able to examine its contents. The Convocation held at Oxford,* in the

* “ In the year 1408, in a Convocation held at Oxford, by Arch-

year 1408, solemnly prohibited the translation of the Scriptures into the English tongue; the old Saxon Translations had become unintelligible; and Popery never yet found it convenient to give the Scriptures to the common people in their own tongue. The country was virtually destitute of God's Word; this lasted till the period of the Reformation. That grand religious struggle of the sixteenth century threw open the long-closed portals of this temple of truth. The great thing which the Reformation did, was to bring the Bible within reach of the population. It abolished Papal monopoly as well as Papal usurpation. It proclaimed, in tones of thunder, such as might well shake the Vatican, that the Bible should be free,—that the Bible is God's gift to man—and that not all the powers of Christendom should take the treasure from him. And what was the effect of the Reformation upon Literature? I will tell you, briefly, what that effect was. "The study of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue by the mass of the people, and by scholars in the original Hebrew and Greek, was the initiatory step to various other departments of knowledge, and led to investigations in History, Laws, Geography, and Antiquities, not less than in Theology. Amid the intellectual excitement thus

bishop Arundel, it was decreed by a constitution, 'that no one should thereafter translate any text of Holy Scripture into English by way of a book, or little book or tract; and that no book of this kind should be read that was composed lately in the time of John Wickliffe, or since his death.' This constitution led the way to great persecution, and many persons were punished severely, and some even with death, for reading the Scriptures in English."—*Tomlines' Theology*, p. 312. 13th Edition

occasioned, principles were evolved, destined to change the face of society,—to lead science forward to the great discoveries of modern times, and to impart to literature a degree of vigour, originality, and influence on the progress of society hitherto unexampled.* Upon this point, let me refer to the testimony of one of the ablest men of whom France can boast—eminent in literature not less than in politics. Thus writes M. Guizot, in his *Lectures upon Civilisation*, in allusion to the period of the Reformation:—

“This was the period of the commencement of French and of English literature, Under whatever point of view you consider this epoch, its political, ecclesiastical, philosophical, and literary events are in greater number, more varied and important, than in any preceding century. The activity of the human mind manifested itself in every way; in the relations of men between themselves, in their relations with power, in the relations of states. and in purely intellectual labours; and in the midst of this period, the religious Revolution is the greatest event of all. It is the dominant fact which gives to it its name and determines its character.

“The Reformation was a grand attempt at the enfranchisement of the human mind; and, to call things by their proper names, an insurrection of the human mind against absolute power in the spiritual order. . . . Wherever it prevailed, if it did not effect the entire enfranchisement of the human mind, it procured for it new and very great increase of liberty. This result the Reformation attained amidst the most various combinations. In

* White's “*Elements of Universal History*.”

Germany, it resuscitated and maintained a liberty of thought greater, perhaps, than anywhere else. In Denmark, a country where absolute power dominated, there also, by the influence of the Reformation, thought was enfranchised, and freely exercised in all directions. In Holland, in the midst of a Republic, and in England, under Constitutional Monarchy, the emancipation of the human mind was likewise accomplished. . . . Now, take the counter-proof of this inquiry, and see what happened in countries where the religious revolution did not penetrate, where it was stifled in the beginning, or undeveloped. History shows that there the human mind has not been enfranchised: Spain and Italy prove this. While in those European countries where the Reformation took an important place, the human mind, during the three last centuries, has gained an activity and freedom before unknown,—in those where it has not penetrated, it has fallen, during the same period, into a state of effeminacy and indolence. So that the proof and the counter-proof have been made simultaneously, and have given the same result.”

Amid the countless benefits, then, which England owes to the Bible, let her not fail to acknowledge the debt of obligation under which her literature is placed to this volume. When the Bible ceased to be an unknown book; when, by the sturdy hand of honest reformers it was wrenched from the reluctant grasp of the priest, and commended to the perusal of every inhabitant of the land, then it was that the English mind awoke to freedom, and rejoicing in her new-born liberty of thought, went forth with con-

scious dignity upon the brilliant path of intellectual enterprise. The Bible compelled men to be learned. For the illustration or defence of the truth it contains, they were forced to study languages, search into chronology, read history, and learn geography. The Bible emancipated the human intellect from superstitions that encumbered, from prejudices that obstructed, and from vices that positively disabled men in the pursuit of truth. The seventeenth century is remarkable for the galaxy of great and imperishable names which shine in the literature of England of that period. Need I mention those of Locke, Bacon, Milton, Clarendon, Harvey, Gregory, all of whom flourished in this century? The rise of English poetry is cotemporaneous with the restoration of the Scriptures to the people in their own tongue. "The poetic genius of the nation slept till the genius of the Bible awoke it." The poet, the painter, and even dramatic writers, are indebted to the Bible for their loftiest flights of imagery, for their most brilliant conceptions of the grand or the lovely, or their most graphic delineations of human nature. They have not always acknowledged the obligation—nevertheless it exists. "Living in a country where the popular mind had become imbued with Scripture truth, they have been insensibly led to enrich their compositions with a multitude of ideas borrowed from the imagery and scenery of the kingdom of Christ."* A land of Bibles is always a land of literature. Look at Germany at the present day. Germany has a free Bible, and Germany is a land of

* McCulloch

books. Menzel* asserts that 10,000,000 books issue annually from the German press. Scotland has a free Bible, and in Scotland almost every village has its bookstall. Ireland, comparatively, has not the Bible, because Popery has kept it from her benighted population; and it is a significant fact, that you may count up cities and large towns by the dozens in Ireland where there is not a single bookseller's shop. Now I deem it a noble thing to have to affirm of the Bible that, even letting alone the consideration of what it can do for man as an immortal creature, we can challenge for it the glory of having been the grand instrument to emancipate the intellect of the nation, and to pour such a hallowing influence over all the faculties of the human mind, that genius, in her every department, may be literally compelled to come and lay her trophies at the feet of Revelation, and confess that the brilliant achievements of modern science, and the imperishable monuments of literature, and the freedom of thought which hath ministered so essentially to the intellectual dignity and independence of the nation—each and all of these things combined, constitute a tie of irrevocable obligation which Englishmen owe to the Bible.

From considering the obligations we owe to the Bible for its influence upon the progress of literature, let us pass on to notice the influence of the Bible upon the social progress of the nation.

By the social progress of the nation, I mean her advancement in morality, in civilisation, in wealth, in

* Gordon's "Translation of Menzel's German Literature," quoted in *Edinburgh Review*.

domestic tranquillity, in the equity of her laws; in the temperate, yet firm, administration of justice; in the success of measures for the detection or prevention of crime; in the degree of mutual confidence, security, and good-will which pervade all classes of the community. Upon all these points we are disposed, as Englishmen, not without reason, to indulge a sort of honest pride. I believe that, without fear of contradiction, it may be asserted, that, for the extent of her civilisation, for the high tone of her morality, for the vigour and excellence of her constitution, for the equity of her laws, for the purity with which justice is administered, for the measures, of relief which are afforded to the destitute, the sick and afflicted, for the degree of kind sympathy pervading all ranks—from the Queen upon her throne, to the meanest of her subjects—England stands alone and unrivalled, the envy of many, and a wonder to all nations of the earth. No one pretends that our social system is absolutely perfect; that our fine old Constitution—the time-hallowed growth of centuries—needs no repair, and can never admit of modification; that there are no social grievances which require the skilful hand of a wise Legislature to redress; that there are no improvements of which our civil or criminal jurisprudence is capable; that there is positively nothing more to be done, to consolidate those foundations of national prosperity which are deep-laid in the heart of the community, and present a better safeguard from foreign aggression and internal commotion, than the proud array of armed fleets, or marshalled battalions of glittering bayonets.

Yet—spite of the social evils which many persons seem disposed to magnify, but none will venture wholly to deny—I do maintain that Old England stands alone in the earth, distinguished by an unparalleled advance in all that contributes to what may be properly termed social progress. While other civilised nations have yet to seek their constitutions, she has had the far happier task merely to strengthen and embellish what she already possessed. The storm of political convulsion which lately swept over Europe, and in its course drove princes into exile, tore monarchs from their thrones, and made capitals red with the blood of their bravest inhabitants, fell upon England like the angry surge that wastes its fury upon the rock it cannot shake. It is very true, I admit, that we have yet social evils to extirpate; every now and then the national mind is shocked by the development of some disease at work in the social system; or by the glare of some hideous crime, which, like a fierce meteor, shoots athwart the social horizon. But, despite all this, there is no country upon earth whose inhabitants have a juster right to boast of their social progress. In what country beside do you find, I will not say a greater, where do you find an equal degree of civil, political, and religious freedom? Where do you find a system of jurisprudence more wisely contrived, or more impartially administered? Where do you find power more nicely balanced, or subjection more cheerfully rendered? Where do you find a greater respect for the laws, or a more perfect union of all classes to maintain the supremacy of legitimate authority? Where else is there a stricter regard felt

for the rights of all classes? Where is there more of practical effort to mitigate the woes of human life, in all their diversified forms?—nobler, more expansive, and farther-reaching endeavour to ameliorate the physical and the moral condition of humanity? Where does there exist greater security of person, property, life, and limb? Where do you discover finer safeguards for public morality? more efficient measures to detect or repress crime? Take and compare England with any other civilised nation upon the face of the globe, in all these respects, and I venture to affirm that the comparison will serve to place in bolder relief her own surpassing pre-eminence.

Now I should like to know upon what theory all this can be accounted for. Wherefore is it that this comparatively small Island, occupying, relatively to other countries, so small a geographical limit—not possessed of any better clime, or richer natural resources—originally just as degraded as other nations which have been left far behind in the race of civilisation—the home of as much barbarism, ignorance, superstition, and vice, as can be met with in the yet unreclaimed wastes of moral, mental, and physical debasement—wherefore is it that this England of ours hath so immeasurably outstripped all civilised nations beside, and from being originally a conquered province of the Roman empire, hath risen to a prouder elevation than even Rome occupied when her eagles swept in the fulness of their pride and their power?

My theory of England's greatness is, that England has the Bible. That mighty fabric of the British

Constitution upon which all civilised nations look with envy and with wonder, has the Bible for its foundation-stone. This is the true secret of England's greatness. As British subjects, we owe allegiance to a constitutional sovereign, whose glory it is that she is Victoria—by *the grace of God*—over all persons and in all causes within her dominions supreme; and who, upon the day when the crown of England was placed upon her Royal brow, in the presence of the nobles and prelates and commons of the land, was solemnly presented, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, with a copy of the Holy Scriptures; these words being addressed by the Primate to his Sovereign at the same time: * “Our gracious Queen, we present you with this book, the most valuable thing that this world affords. Here is wisdom. This is the Royal law. These are the lively oracles of God. Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this book, that keep and do the things contained in it. For these are the words of eternal life, able to make you wise and happy in this world, nay, wise unto salvation, and so happy for evermore through faith which is in Christ Jesus.”—Banish the Bible from England, and when the Pope's Bishops shall have succeeded to do this, they will have sapped the foundations of our national greatness, and dried up the fountains of our social happiness.

Is what I have stated a mere unsupported theory? is it the mere dream of a Bibliolater? Come, now, and let us appeal to facts; an English audience has always a willing ear for facts. I will adduce evidence

* Coronation Service.

in support of the theory that England's social wealth is due in great measure to the Bible. And first, I ask for a calm and impartial review of the book itself. Examine the Bible. Search into what it prescribes and what it forbids, and see if its maxims, precepts, and prohibitions are not all adapted to promote the social welfare of communities and of nations.

Every one will admit that social prosperity cannot exist without the presence of lawful authority. The supremacy of law and order is essential to the well-being of any community whatsoever. Examine the basis upon which the Bible puts that supremacy. Its voice is, "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God."* The principle of subjection to constituted authority has its earliest field of exercise in the relation subsisting between parent and child, or between master and servant. What precept does the Bible give in reference to the reciprocal duties of each in their several capacities? "Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right. Honour thy father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise."† "Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh; not with eye-service as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God."‡ Here you have the principle of obedience to lawful authority enforced by a weightier sanction than ever came into the heart of man to devise, independent of revelation.

Again: Power must neither be unlimited nor

* Rom. xiii. 1.

† Eph. vi. 1, 2.

‡ Col. iii. 22.

uncontrolled. Authority there must be, to avoid the evils of anarchy; *limitations to power* there must be, to avoid the evils of tyranny. Mark how the Bible guards against the licentiousness of power. It plainly inculcates that there is no such thing as irresponsible authority. Observe how it regulates for all persons to whom power is entrusted: "By me kings reign."* What is the inference? Why, that monarchs are accountable to God for the right use of the authority they possess. Again: "The God of Israel saith, The Rock of Israel spake to me, He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God."† The power of the parent, or of the master, may be used vexatiously; but observe how the Bible guards against such an abuse: "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."‡ "Ye masters, forbearing threatening: knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven."§ Where do you meet with clearer announcements of the source whence power originates? stronger sanctions thrown around its exercise, or better safeguards against its misuse? The deeper we search into the precepts of the Bible, as relating to the interchange of social duties, the more we discover how admirably those precepts are constructed to further the happiness and well-being of society. || "The religion of the Bible is the companion of Liberty, in all its battles and conflicts; the cradle of its infancy and the Divine source of all its claims. The religion which declares that all are equal in the sight of God, will not refuse to acknow-

* Prov. viii. 15. † 2 Sam. xxiii. 3. ‡ Eph. vi. 4.

§ Eph. vi. 9. || De Tocqueville.

ledge that all citizens are equal in the eye of the law." The Bible throws a sanction around all the relationships of life. Children are to be obedient, parents kind, husbands affectionate, wives dutiful, masters equitable, servants industrious and honest, subjects loyal, upon the lofty principle of subjection to Him from whom all authority is derived, and to whom all must hereafter render an account. What moral virtue does not the Bible enforce? What vice does it not condemn? Have we not in the precepts and the maxims of Scripture the very springs of social happiness, and the bulwarks of all social prosperity?

Again: The Bible reveals the only standard of pure morality. Right and wrong are not mere arbitrary terms. There is an essential difference between them which must be sought elsewhere than in human passion or sentiment. The standard of morality is the perfect, immutable law of Jehovah. That law is revealed only in the Scriptures, and how lofty is the tone of morality there prescribed! The law of God reaches beyond the outer actions,—it reaches the secret motives and springs of human conduct. An impure thought is lust; a covetous desire is theft; an angry passion is murder. Now, looking to these precepts and maxims of the Bible, who will not admit that the nature of Bible-truth is exactly fitted to bless the community by which it is embraced in all that relates to social progress? Well, what has been the effect of Bible-truth in this country? Can we, on a review of historical facts, contrasting England with other countries where the Bible is for the most part a prohibited volume, or

comparing England of the present day with England as it existed some centuries ago—can we meet with any evidence to establish that social progress has been coincident with free Bible-distribution?

I will adduce some important facts which bear upon this point. The Reformation, as I have already stated, opened the Bible for all Protestants in the empire. The free and plentiful distribution of Bibles can scarcely, however, be said to have commenced till the earlier part of the present century. Such is the fact; I cannot pause now to enter upon the explanation of it. In order, then, to test the amount of influence which the Bible has exerted upon the nation's social progress, we ought to contrast the state of England, at the present time, with what it was at some earlier date, anterior to the free circulation of the Scriptures. Let me borrow the language, then, of an able and accomplished historian, who thus graphically portrays the condition of England in the year 1685:* "There is scarcely a page of the history or lighter literature of the seventeenth century, which does not contain some proof that our ancestors were less humane than their posterity: the discipline of workshops, of schools, of private families, though not more efficient than at present, was infinitely harsher; masters, well-born and bred, were in the habit of beating their servants; pedagogues knew no way of imparting knowledge but by beating their pupils; husbands of decent station were not ashamed to beat their wives. The implacability of hostile factions was such as we can scarcely conceive. Whigs were disposed to murmur

* Macaulay's "History of England."

because Stafford was sentenced to die without seeing his bowels burned before his face ; Tories reviled and insulted Russell as his coach passed from the inn to the scaffold in Lincoln's-inn-fields. As little mercy was shown by the populace to sufferers of an humbler rank. . . . A man pressed to death for refusing to plead, a woman burned for coining, excited less sympathy than is now felt for a galled horse or an overdriven ox. . . . The prisons were hells on earth, seminaries of every crime, and of every disease. . . . But on all this misery society looked with profound indifference. Nowhere could be found that sensitive and restless compassion which has, in our day, extended a powerful protection to the factory child, to the Hindoo widow, to the negro slave; which pries into the stores and water-casks of every emigrant ship; which winces at every lash laid on the back of a drunken soldier; and which has repeatedly endeavoured to save the life even of the murderer."—What, then, is the cause of the contrast? Why, directly or indirectly, it is all owing to the Bible. The advance of knowledge has done much; the progress of civilisation has done much; but it was the Bible that gave its first impulse to learning; and it is in a Bible soil that civilisation hath thriven. It is Bible-truth that has elevated the tone of public morals, forced vice into the background, and made guilt ashamed of her own features. It is the influence of the Bible felt in the great council of the nation, that has softened the rigours of criminal jurisprudence, reduced the number of capital offences from one hundred and forty-eight different crimes punishable by

death, which there were in England less than two centuries ago, to but two or three, in which the extreme penalty is ever at the present day enforced. It is Bible-truth which has made us, as a people, loyal and patient, humane, charitable, tolerant, and comparatively virtuous. I find, upon referring to an elaborate Treatise* upon the "Progress, Circumstances, and Character of Crime in England," that the conclusion to which the author arrives from a very minute analysis is, "that the more serious offences are far less prevalent than during the last century, and the early part of the present." This he states to be an unquestioned fact. In attempting to explain this fact, he remarks, "It is palpable that some powerful principle, counteractive of crime, has been in operation, the force of which has been most strikingly developed in the manufacturing and metropolitan counties." He next affirms his own certain conclusion in reference to the cause of the extraordinary retardation of crime:—"The people are more intelligent and more moral; Sunday-schools, Day-schools, Mechanics' Institutes, a Free Press, the juxtaposition of the middle and operative classes, . . . all these have had their specific operation, and the result is what our criminal records unfold." Why did not the author of that Treatise push his inquiry one step further, and ask, What makes the people more intelligent, and more moral? Whence originated Sunday-schools and day-schools? Such inquiries must have compelled him to do homage to the Bible, as the grand leverage for a nation's social elevation.

* *Eclectic Review*, for December, 1848.

Let me quote some specific instances which go to support the view I am now maintaining. I refer to the modern history of the city of Manchester. At Manchester the number of apprehensions by the police steadily increased, year by year, as population continued to increase, until 1842. Since then the population has increased from 235,138, to 299,145, *i. e.* upwards of 64,000; but notwithstanding this enormous increase of population, the apprehensions have decreased from 13,806 to 6,277, or considerably more than one-half: this improvement has been most steady year by year. I speak from the returns for seven years, from 1842 to 1848 inclusive. Now, can we find anything in the history of Bible-circulation in Manchester to account for this? I turn to the Report of the Manchester Auxiliary Bible Society for the year 1847, and I there read as follows:—“Every one who wishes well to the religious interests of his fellow-creatures will rejoice to hear that an unparalleled demand for the Holy Scriptures has manifested itself in this district. From a circulation ranging from 5000 to 10,000, and which last year reached 15,000, the issues have extended during the present year to upwards of 96,000 copies.” Now I say, that when we can point to a rapid augmentation of population, accompanied by a remarkable diminution of crime, and know that parallel with those two results there has been evinced a remarkable avidity for the Holy Scriptures, we are warranted in affirming that, either directly or indirectly, the Bible has been instrumental to cause the result in which we are thus called upon to rejoice.

I will allude to another fact, which upon a still

larger scale goes to establish the amazing influence of the Scriptures upon the social condition of the nation. It singularly happens that a large and important part of these dominions, having a population of upwards of eight millions,* closely allied to ourselves by community of interests, identity of laws, and subject to the same beneficent rule, is nevertheless strangely dissevered from us by an unhappy difference of religious creed. Popery is the religion of the majority in Ireland. Now, Popery withholds the Bible. Popery has never yet given the Bible to the Irish in their own tongue. Well, what is the social condition of Ireland in those parts where Popery is specially dominant? So recently as upon the 17th of last September, the editor of *The Times* newspaper thus expressed himself, in accounting for the prosperity of Ulster, a Protestant province, as contrasted with Connaught, where Romanism is in the ascendant: "Men will plant vineyards on the sides of a volcano, up to the very brink of the boiling cauldron. They will place their whole fortunes at the mercy of the winds and the waves; they will build cities under the level of the ocean, and drive mines under its bed: there are no bounds to their daring where the caprices of nature are all that they have to fear; but there is one thing that they will not do: they will not commit themselves, the hard earning of their lives, the inheritance of their fathers, and the hopes of their families, to the power of a rude multitude that knows no law but its passions, and no teacher but a fanatical and unscrupulous priesthood." That is the reason which the editor of

* 8,175,124, according to the Census of 1841

The Times so ably assigns for the prosperity of Belfast—where the Bible is—as contrasted with the wretchedness of Galway—where the Bible comparatively is not.

Amongst the elements of social prosperity, we may properly enumerate the efforts which are made for the relief of misery and destitution. I have examined this point, and ascertained that never was there so much done for the succour of the afflicted, as during the present century; never did so many, or such noble Institutions, arise for the practical amelioration of human want and distress, as during the period whilst the Word of the Lord has had free course in the land. Look at the metropolis alone. *There are existing at the present time, in London, 420 different societies, embracing hospitals, dispensaries, asylums for the aged, homes for the orphan, institutions for the blind, the deaf and the dumb—provision, in short, for almost every imaginable form of human privation or sorrow. When did those Institutions spring into existence? Why, 228, or more than one-half of them, have been founded during the past fifty years of this present century, and ninety-seven were established during the last century. I again ask, If it is not a remarkable coincidence, that such an advance in social welfare should have occurred coterminously with the more plenteous diffusion of the Scriptures, and consequently with an increasing knowledge of Bible principles? Foreigners, who can look with an unimpassioned eye upon the progress of England, are not slow to recognise that England's social weal depends upon her national

* See Low's "Charities of London." -

faith. M. Lamartine, for example, comes over to England during the present year, and thus writes, upon his return to France, of what he had seen amongst us:—"It was impossible for me not to be dazzled by the immense progress made by England, not only in population, in riches, industry, navigation, railroads, extent, edifices, embellishments, and the health of the capital, but also, and more especially, in charitable institutions for the people, and in associations of real, religious, conservative and fraternal socialism between classes—to prevent explosions by the evaporation of the causes which produce them, to stifle the murmurs from below by incalculable benefits from above, and to close the mouths of the people, not by the brutalities of the police, but by the arm of public virtue. . . . The source of that public virtue is the religious feeling with which that people is endowed more than many others."—I might quote similar testimonies from men of equal sincerity and candour, who, after acknowledging England's pre-eminence, have not refrained to admit that this her elevation is due to her religion. To what conclusion, then, can we arrive respecting the influence of the Bible upon the social progress of the nation, if not this; namely, that, contrasting the social position of England now with what it was before there had been opportunity to indoctrinate the nation with the principles of the Bible; testing the actual progress of the nation with the results which the precepts of the Bible seem adapted to produce; comparing the social state of the country with that of other countries—Spain, Italy, Ireland—where the Bible is fettered and with-

held; looking to the practical fruits of benevolence which have appeared beneath the fostering influence of that volume which bids us, "Be kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another; even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you;"* "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ;"†—we are compelled to own that, for all that gives social rank and pre-eminence; for the tranquillity of our borders; for the happiness of our firesides; for the security of our freedom, civil, political and religious; for the charities that sweeten the lot of human toil; and for the generous sympathies that lighten the load of human suffering:—for one and all of these things, we are bound to confess, that England owes a debt of immeasurable obligation to the Bible.

Thus far I have alluded simply to the temporal advantages which have accrued to the nation from the possession of the Scriptures. I have referred to the important influence which the Bible has exercised upon the intellectual and the social progress of the nation. The literature of the land, so far as it is worthy of admiration, owes all to the Bible. Social evils are gradually melting away beneath its genial influence—social streams of blessing are percolating the dense masses of the population, whose source is this same pure fountain of Revelation. I am free, however, to confess, that whatsoever may be the sum of these aggregate temporal advantages, it fades into comparative insignificance when contrasted with the amount of spiritual blessing which the Bible, and the Bible alone—under God—

* Ephesians iv. 32.

† Galatians vi. 2.

has conferred. The time will not allow me to enlarge as I could wish upon this portion of the subject. It must suffice to take a cursory glance at some of those spiritual advantages which have been transmitted to the nation through the channel of a free Bible-circulation. Foremost in the category, I reckon the emancipation of the land from the spiritual bondage, the degrading superstition, and the crying abominations of Popery. England, it has been well said, owes all to the Reformation. All, however, that we cherish as Protestants, we owe to the Bible. It was this sword of the Spirit which enabled the noble army of the martyred reformers to win the victory, in the battle which they waged against Papal corruption and Papal usurpation. It was the flash of this sword, unsheathed from its scabbard, as it waved over the land, which scattered the moral midnight of centuries, awoke reason from her slumbers, and, disclosing the "mystery of abominations," gave the light to our forefathers by which they detected the opposition between the doctrines of Popery and those of God's eternal truth. The keen edge of this sword was too sharp for Popery to encounter; it cut asunder the cords of spiritual despotism wherewith the crafty Philistines sought to bind the slumbering Samson. Equipped with Bible truth, and fetching all their weapons from this armory, the gallant band of reformers confronted the Papal Hierarchy, and achieved a spiritual triumph, the fruits of which we, their descendants, God helping, will never, never surrender. It is still the Bible which is the best weapon wherewith to withstand every form of Papal aggression. Very true it is that Popery may be assailed upon the

ground of its manifest hostility to the prosperity of nations. When Rome is seeking to plant in our midst the standard of Popery, we may legitimately point to other nations where she has had scope for development, and inquire what are the results that have followed from her rule? Has she contrived to elevate or to degrade, to emancipate or to enslave, the countries over which her banner has waved? If—we say in the name of England to the Pope, with his Cardinal Wiseman and his retinue of twelve would-be Bishops—if you desire to luxuriate in the rich pastures, and to re-settle in the fertile valleys of old England—if you aim to have free-born Britons come and crouch at the feet of the Papacy—show us first of all that other nations which have blindly submitted to Papal domination have become happier and nobler, more intellectual and more religious, more prosperous and more powerful, beneath the shelter of her wing. Rome cannot stand this appeal. All history is against her. All lands in which she is enshrined send up a voice of bitter, bitter accusation! What has Italy—that land of loveliness and beauty; land of azure skies and fertile soil; land of ancestral glory, whence once issued laws for the world;—what I ask has Italy become beneath your rule? Italy, it has been aptly said, is like a flower that wishes to expand into beauty and efflorescence, but is compressed in every part by a cold and rude hand. From Italy turn to any other Roman Catholic community or state, and the same accusation against Popery—of having stifled freedom, hindered national progress, and fostered immorality—is stereotyped in the annals of the country. From across the bosom

of the vast Atlantic, the same voice of condemnation wafts upon every breeze. *Contrast Mexico with Massachusetts. Mexico was colonized a whole century before Massachusetts. Its first settlers were the noblest spirits of Spain in her Augustan age—the epoch of Cervantes, Cortes, Pizaro, Columbus, Gonzalvo de Cordova, Cardinal Ximenes, and the great and good Isabella.

Massachusetts was settled by Protestants, who carried with them nothing but the Bible, and faith upon that God from whom the Bible came. Mexico, with a rich soil adapted to everything which grows out of the earth, and possessing every metal used by man; Massachusetts, with a sterile soil, and uncongenial clime, and no single article of transportation but ice and rock; how have these blessings been improved in the one case? how have these obstacles been overcome in the other? what is the respective condition of the two countries? In productive industry, in wide-spread diffusion of knowledge, in public institutions of every kind, general happiness and advancing prosperity,—in letters, arts, morals, and religion, you find Massachusetts at the highest point, and Mexico at the very lowest. And this is the universal testimony. We appeal to every land where Popery is the dominant religion, and challenge you to deny that her influence is for evil in proportion to her power.

And, notwithstanding, I would prefer to wage battle against Popery with the sword of the Spirit, rather than with any political weapon, whatsoever its

* See Read's "Hand of God in History."

value. Our victory over Romanism is due, under God's Spirit, to the force of Bible truth. It is the Bible which, pointing the avenue to spiritual freedom, teaches men to spurn the yoke of spiritual bondage. In the Bible you find revealed the true object of religious worship—not the virgin—not images, and relics, and rags and bones, but one God in three Persons; the all glorious and Triune Jehovah. In the Bible you find revealed the true method of approach; not by seeking of Peter or Paul, or of this Saint or the other to intercede for us; but by coming at once to the Father by one Spirit, through the one Mediator between God and man, even the man Christ Jesus. The breath of the Bible will extinguish the tapers and wax-lights of Romish altars, and sweep clear from the scene of the Christian's adoring contemplations, all other intercessors but Jesus; all glories but those of the Redeemer.

The Bible reveals a method of salvation so plain, that all may comprehend; so plenteous, that none are excluded from the offer of its benefits—so free, that all may partake without money and without price. The Bible is in itself a fountain of spiritual blessing; it is the revelation of God as a reconciled Father in Christ, long-suffering to all men; not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. The Bible points to an eternity of which time is the vestibule; to an endless existence upon which we must enter, when this life is over. It proclaims to every human being—to each of you, my fellow-wrestlers on this present scene of care and toil and conflict—you have an immortal soul to be saved or lost; Jesus died and rose again for its

redemption. Heaven, and Heaven's ambassadors, beseech you, by all that is noble in your constitution, by all that is glorious, and all that is awful in futurity—be wise for eternity. Born for immortality, fritter not away your majesty of being by living only for time: ransomed by the blood of Jesus, glorify God in your body and spirit, which are God's

Would you know how to pass securely through life, and to inherit a blissful eternity? God's Word is a lamp to the feet, and a light to the path. Cleave, I beseech you, in these days of peril and of conflict—cleave to the Bible. It is the only safe chart. Here there is truth, without intermixture of error. Here there is guidance which cannot mislead. It is the voice of God that speaks in this volume. Its utterance, "Thus saith the Lord," can neither change nor deceive. Study prayerfully and diligently at this source, and you shall find truth to enrich you for all time, and gladden you to all eternity. Drink in from this fountain, and you shall find relief from anxious care, and fretting toil; and weary disappointments. Ten thousand times ten thousand tongues can attest the worth of the Bible. Men of every rank, of every clime, and of every occupation, have found in this volume the knowledge without which they must have everlastingly perished. I may even affirm, that men of all creeds, and men of no creeds at all, have contributed their quota of homage to this matchless volume. It is not long since the following testimony was borne to its worth, by one who is nevertheless a disbeliever in the inspiration of Scripture:—

*"The Bible is read of a Sabbath in all the 10,000

* Parker's "Discourse on Religion."

pulpits of our land. The sun never sets on its gleaming page. It goes equally to the cottage of the plain man and the palace of the king. It is woven into the literature, and it colours the talk of the street. The bark of the merchant cannot sail the sea without it. No ship of war goes to the conflict, but the Bible is there. It enters men's closets; mingles in all the grief and cheerfulness of life. The aching head finds a softer pillow when the Bible lies underneath. It blesses us when we are born; gives names to half Christendom; rejoices with us; has sympathy for our mourning; tempers our grief to finer issues. It is the better part of our sermons. It lifts man above himself. The timid man, awaking from this dream of life, looks through the glass of Scripture, and his eye grows bright. He does not fear to stand alone—to tread the way unknown and distant—to take the death-angel by the hand, and bid farewell to wife and babes at home. Men rest on this their dearest hope. It tells them of God, and of his blessed Son; of earthly duties, and of heavenly rest."

Surely, such a volume bears the impress of Divinity. It carries with it its own witness. Every hour of every day it is gaining new trophies of its power. It is the oil on the troubled waters of human life. It is the chart of navigation to the haven of eternal glory. Happy, happy England, to have the Bible! No city, no town, no village of this mighty empire, but contains within it hearts in which Bible-truth is firmly lodged—hearts from whence, in earnest hope and trusting faith, there waft upward, day by day, songs of praise, and cries of supplication, to

the God of the Bible. These, whether nobles of the land, or merchants, or tradesmen, or peasants—these are the salt of the nation; these are the remnant for whose sake England yet rests beneath the shadow of the Almighty—the nation whereof it may be said, as of ancient Israel—What advantage hath she? Much every way: chiefly, because that unto her are committed the oracles of God.

The Age we live in : its Tendencies and its
Exigencies.

BY THE

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THE following Lecture was spoken, not read. This will account for the directness, as well as for the diffuseness, of the style. The reporters, however, did their duty well ; and much pains has been taken in correcting their report.

THE AGE WE LIVE IN :

ITS TENDENCIES AND ITS EXIGENCIES.

THE retrospect of the past and the anticipation of the future ought alike to be brought to bear on the duties of the present. Apart from this, the one is no better than empty musing, nor the other than idle imagination. It is good for us to review the path we have trodden ; it is good to forecast the path we may have to tread ; but we must live and labour in the passing day. The lessons of experience, and the impulses of hope ought to stimulate and to instruct for immediate action. Whilst our citizenship ought to be in heaven, our occupation must be on earth ; our treasure should be there, but our trading must be here. The expressive compendium of the history of the man after God's own heart is, " David, after that he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep." Happy they on whose graves a like testimony may be written ! It is our *own* generation we must serve. Failing that, we fail of the will of God. Christianity is not a speculation, but a life. Hence the urgency and the practical importance of the theme for which our attention is this evening bespoken. No man

ought to be unobservant of the age in which he lives. No man ought to be indifferent either to its tendencies or its exigencies. Give me, therefore, your calm and patient attention whilst I apply myself to my arduous task. And may the Holy Spirit grant us his presence and his power, that my feeble efforts may not be in vain in Christ Jesus our Lord!

The chief difficulty of my subject lies in its breadth and indefinitude. All that can be done in the compass of a single Lecture is to sketch a few of the boldest and most prominent features which distinguish our day; and thence to indicate the demands of the age on the servants of God, and especially on those who are just rising into manhood and maturity.

In order that we may trace aright the tendencies of the age, we must first advert to the broad characteristics which underlie those tendencies. Yet how hard is it to portray them correctly! They are so strange, so paradoxical, so confused. In the outset, as has been repeated till it has become trite, our age is one of marvellous mental, moral, and physical excitement. Intelligence, more or less sound and deep, has penetrated, and vivified to a certain extent, the whole mass of the community. From the cellar up to the mansion, there has been a mighty quickening of the mind of the nation. No longer do the people stagnate in torpor and indifference. Enough of intellectual impulse and of general information has reached them to bring them into play in the movements of the period. As was well remarked by our chairman, individual action is far less prominent and less important: combined action is the

order of the day. This evolution and vivification of the mind of the masses is progressing with accumulating speed. All the concurrent events of the day are fitted to rouse the most torpid, and accelerate the most tardy. It is impossible for men not to be stirred. Such a variety of physical as well as moral and mental agencies have served to augment the rapidity and enhance the energy of the age, that it is impossible for the population to sleep on, as they once did, in stupid apathy. The social train has had a degree of high pressure applied to it which makes it pursue its onward career with a grand but terrible velocity. So fearfully is it accelerated, that we can hardly count, much less contemplate, the series of social changes and revolutions as they rush along the stage of public life. All is hurry, bustle, and activity. Events which used to occupy a century are crowded into a year. We see mighty swells on the surface of society; and these only indicate the mightier currents in the depths below. Revolutions hardly cast their shadow before them, till they are upon us; reminding us of those squalls at sea which the mariners sometimes just discerns darkening in the distance; and then, ere he can reef his sails, they are lashing into fury the waves on which his vessel is gliding. We are witnessing such shocks of sentiment, such earthquakes of feeling, that the wisest stand aghast, whilst the timid are overwhelmed with dismay.

As our age is one of haste and deep excitement, so is it of fusion and transition. All forms and institutions, social, ecclesiastical, and political, are in a state of motion. The anchors are weighed; the

vessels are abroad : where they will moor again, who can foretell? Old formula, old opinions, hoary systems are being thrown into the smelting-pan;—they are fusing—they must be cast anew : who can tell under what new shapes and with what new impressions they will come forth from the moulds? See we not fulfilling around us the thrilling prophecy, “I will overturn, overturn, overturn,” saith the Lord?

At the same time, strange as it may seem, our day is a day of positivity and decision, as well as of fusion and transition. These social conditions appear to be antagonistic; and yet, antagonistic as they seem, we find them meeting and mingling in the present anomalous state of the world. No longer is room left for a cold and miserable neutrality. The common ground where men used to sport with controversy, and amuse themselves with polemical tournaments, is well nigh forsaken. A few stragglers and triflers may still be seen loitering there; but all that are earnest, energetic, and real, have marched off at quick step, each to his own standard and his own line. We see the hosts—whether of order or of disorder, of loyalty or of disloyalty, of truth or of falsehood, of Satan or of Christ—marshalling themselves in serried rank and frowning front. The period, therefore, when men could wear disguises, and assume a uniform with which their conduct and their principles were not in keeping, is passing rapidly away. Dark things are being detected; light is being shed in upon the recesses, the caverns of society. Every man is being forced to tell us what he is—what he means—

whose side he proposes to take. The war-cry has gone forth, "Who is on the Lord's side? who?" and we shall soon know our foes, and our friends; who are for us, and who are against us; who are for Christ, and who are against Christ. It is an age of discrimination. Never was there in our history, or at least in the history of the present generation, a crisis when it was more imperative upon all to ponder well the side they intend to elect, and having made their election, to stand to it and by it to the death.

The age we live in is an age at once dark with threatening and bright with promise. It is like the morning that breaks in autumn amid wild and lurid clouds; yet, through those lowering clouds there dart, at times, such glorious beams from the secluded sun, that we are held in palpitating suspense, uncertain whether the day will issue in storm and terror, or whether, after a few fitful blasts, the gloom will roll away from the heavens, leaving the sky more pure than ever, and the landscape beneath it more bright and calm.

Yes! how menacing are many of the features of our times! There are such terrible principles at work; there are such dread combinations for evil, foreshadowing fearful results; there are such wild, destructive, and anarchical spirits abroad; there is so much of morbid sentiment, so much of daring speculation, so much of restless, reckless ambition; there is so much of drivelling superstitiousness on the one hand, and of atheistic profaneness on the other, that we sometimes stand appalled, not to say in despair. We are ready to fear that all things are to be over

turned ; that nothing will stand in the coming convulsions ; that the earthquake which these elements portend, will shatter all that is sacred, and honoured, and dear in our land. Yet, on the other hand, there are such noble combinations for good ; there are such efforts put forth for the maintenance and furtherance of the truth ; there are such tokens that the Spirit of God still bears testimony to the Word of His grace, and that the Saviour lifted up fails not to attract, and, attracting, to renovate and save ; there are such evidences that God still wondrously steps in to His people's aid, and interposes, in a marvellous and unexpected way, to check the swelling tide of ruin, saying to it, " Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther ;" his hand is so visibly reining and regulating the seemingly lawless tempests, that, even in the midst of our misgivings, we cannot but rejoice with high, though trembling hope. For my own part, though fear occasionally predominates in my mind, hope more frequently takes her bright brush, and colours the future with radiant tints.

In a special manner the period which is passing indicates preternatural agency, reveals invisible powers at work in a way fitted to convince the most sceptical that there are mightier than mortal combatants struggling on the battle-field of the world. The operation of secondary causes, though not superseded, discloses transparently the inner springs of action. On the one hand, we witness such electric shocks of spiritual evil ; and on the other such lightning flashes of holier sentiment, as are utterly unaccountable on the ordinary principles of human philosophy. It is Divine philosophy alone resolves these phenomena. Illum-

ined by the Lamp of Revelation, it teaches us that this world of ours is the scene of a stupendous warfare between the powers of darkness and the powers of light; that the conflict is approaching its height; that Satan, the prince of the power of the air, the god of this world, has come down to the earth in great rage, because his time is short, and is putting forth his last convulsive efforts, as in dying agony, to uphold his hoary empire, which he feels to be tottering to its fall. Meantime the right hand of the Lord is made bare; and the lighting down of his arm on behalf of his chosen, is becoming more and more manifest. Let a sardonic scepticism scoff at the idea of a spiritual evil agency; and scarcely forbear to sneer at the notion of a Divine agency at work in human affairs; nevertheless, he who seriously watches the astounding movements and counter-movements of this age, cannot but gather overpowering evidence of the presence and the energies of both these agencies. Could anything short of preternatural malign agency have rallied the expiring energies of anti-Christ, in the way that we now witness, with astonishment and dread? Or could anything short of the impulses of God's Spirit have roused and vivified the dormant Protestantism of England, as with electric stroke, in the manner we now behold? Far, indeed, be it from us to insinuate that this stupendous movement has not complicated motives—some impure, some mixed, some simply secular; but, viewing it as a whole, is it from beneath, or from above? Is it for evil, or for good? Assuredly, Satan would never have raised such a storm against his own kingdom, against his mightiest

manifestation on earth ; for Satan is most to be dreaded, not when he comes in his unmasked deformity, but when he comes, as in "the Mystery of Iniquity," disguised as an angel of light.

Having glanced at the characteristics of the age, let me turn your attention to some of the tendencies which result from the peculiarities of our day. And here we see at once a tendency most strongly developing itself—an intense tendency to extremes. In proportion as you increase the velocity with which you travel, you augment the vibrations and oscillations of your career. Nor will there be wanting a proportionate increase of danger. So with the social body, dashing on as it is with speed unparalleled—it is oscillating and vibrating terrifically. You find men in their political, in their ecclesiastical, and in their social views, all disposed to rush into extravagance. Moderation, self-command, equilibrium, are fearfully wanting. Were I asked, What is the generic tendency of the age? I should be disposed to reply, Its tendency to extremes

Illustrations of this perilous feature meet us on every side at the present day. For instance, how powerful the proneness to idolatry of intellect, to the worship of human science or endowment! Let there appear an artist of exquisite skill, or a musician of witching melody, or a mechanist of marvellous ingenuity; and what multitudes of those who call themselves Christians surround the creature of clay with a homage and a rapture due only to the Creator! Need you be reminded of the enthusiasm which has enveloped more than one of our public singers?—in England to what a melancholy, in America to

what an awful extent! The greater the gifts, the more the Giver seems to be lost sight of: men substitute for the Father of spirits the spirits which He himself has endowed. In the public press, in the lectures and disquisitions of many of our master-minds, in the literary and scientific publications of the day, how much there is of burning incense to gifted men—of bowing down before the shrine of genius! Yet, what is genius without grace? what is splendour of talent without purity of purpose and holiness of life? We hear of “hero-worship;” we are told that the great ones of earth are the fitting objects of our loftiest admiration, and the highest models for our closest imitation. Hero-worship! what is it better than the worship of Vishnu or of Juggernaut? It differs only in its subtlety and spirituality; but the deadliest sins are the sins of the spirit, and the intensest idolatry is the idolatry of the soul. If the creature bound our admiration, we are essentially idolaters. Tried by this standard, our age is full of idolatry. Vain-glorious and ambitious, men of talent idolise and are idolised; envelope others, and love to be in turn enveloped with the luscious but inebriating fumes of an extravagant flattery.

Yet, while there is this disposition, on the one hand, to the worship of intellect, there is no less a tendency, on the other, to the worship of wealth. The quickened activity of the nation has caused men, in whatever walk of life they toil, to pursue their career with keener application and more entire absorption. The mind, roused to full energy, must expend that energy somewhere. If it expend it not,

where alone it is worthily expended, in the service of God, and for the honour of Christ, then it must lavish it on some wretched substitute, and none so common as "filthy lucre." Hence the excited force of the community shows itself in the commercial world by a more absorbing pursuit of that shining dust, which, ere long, will be no more to him who won it than the earth which will cover his coffin. How many of our men of business are so earnest in their devotions in the temple of Mammon, that they can hardly afford time to tread the courts of the Lord, or to spare Him even a portion of His own reserved day! Their letters of business must be received, and their secular affairs attended to, on the day of hallowed rest, although the opportunity can be secured only at the cost of the sweat of the brow and the sacrifice of the conscience of their enslaved fellow-men. True, in this matter there have been many and noble exceptions—mercantile men who, wishing themselves for the calm of the Sabbath, have been eager to shelter it for others, and who have gloriously vindicated their Christian character; yet it tells sadly of the selfishness of the age, that neither the plaints and the pleadings, on the one hand, nor the joy and the gratitude, on the other, of the transiently emancipated postmen could prevent the re-imposition of their fetters—the heartless cruelty which dashed their cup of gladness and thankfulness to the ground, and forced the cup of bitterness into their hands again. Shall this wrong be endured? Shall not this blot be yet wiped from our country's brow? Unbridled lust of gain exhibits itself also in a wild spirit of speculation—in the

enormous dishonesties of many corporate bodies, and in the fraudulent measures adopted in companies by men who would individually shrink utterly from such expedients. The annals of our railway speculations present so dark a passage in our commercial history, that it may well make an Englishman blush before God and mankind.

A further tendency of this generation—one that must be regarded with solemn apprehension—is the tendency to bold and godless speculation, under the guise of a subtle and spiritual scepticism. It is true that the more gross and revolting forms of infidelity have been scouted off the platforms of society by the honest indignation of a moral and, on the whole, religious people; but it is no less true that Satan and his emissaries have returned to the assault with deeper artifices and more plausible disguises. Now the Bible is not to be openly trampled under foot, but rather betrayed by the kiss of seeming loyalty and love. Holy Scripture is not to be wholly set aside; but it is to be so undermined, dislocated, defaced, that what is inspired and what is not inspired—what we must receive with undoubting submission, and what we may sit in judgment upon and cast away or embrace, as we please, shall be left in utter incertitude. The Word of God must be taken altogether, or rejected altogether: every precious paragraph; yea, every precious sentence in every paragraph; yea, every precious word of every sentence of every paragraph, must be received as Divine, or else we shall have no certainty of truth, and no confidence of faith. The temple of inspiration must stand as a whole, or fall as a whole. Take out one

stone, and you endanger and enfeeble the entire structure. Yet, how largely at this moment are our universities, our halls of science, our popular lectures, our current periodicals, tainted with a rationalistic leaven! How has German "transcendentalism" been imported wholesale,—though how little worth the importation! Then it has been retailed by a number of huckstering sophists, who trade upon *borrowed capital*, and *steal* a reputation for intellectualism and spiritualism; adventures lavish of "great swelling words of vanity," which bear the stamp of the Continental mint. Meanwhile many are in danger of being beguiled by them; for the cold credulity in which a large mass of the people formerly reposed, having been broken up, thousands have unconsciously recoiled on universal doubt—a fearful recoil! The inquiring mind can find no rest save in the simplicity of a child-like faith; a faith—not the child of superstition, but the offspring of truth and knowledge.

But there is an opposite tendency not less palpable nor less perilous. Whilst, on the one hand, a large portion of the community are rushing into wild theory, and, having broken loose from every mooring, are drifting down the current of reckless conjecture; on the other hand there is a powerful tide which has set in towards the yawning abyss of priestcraft and Popery. What an astounding contrast!—one stream dashing on towards universal scepticism, another stream running steadily in the direction of blank credulity! Yet the one, in no small degree, occasions the other, like the back

water caused by an opposing flood. Minds which shrink with horror from the gulph stream of infidelity, blinded by their very terror, plunge into the opposite gulph-stream, which hurries them along in the direction of Rome. To escape the cold hand of infidelity, they rebound into the iron grasp of Infallibility. Alas for them ! they do but rush from Charybdis to dash upon Scylla. Would that they had found the true, the only infallibility—an infallibility not of earth, but of Heaven ; not taught by man, or from traditions of men, but by the Spirit of God, from God's own Record of truth. These never deceived any man, and by these no man ever deceived another. Instead, however, of anchoring on the rock of Divine teaching, numbers have drifted into the quicksands of human authority. Truly it presents a phenomenon which philosophy cannot solve, that not a few literary men—acute, reflective men—men full of zeal and earnestness—men acquainted with Holy Scripture, and familiar with Protestant sentiment,—that such men should have been able to swallow the absurdities, and accept the enormities, of the Papal system !

It is absolutely impossible to account for the prodigy on any other principle than that which the Word of God supplies ; that because such persons “ received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved,”—knowing it in their heads, whilst they embraced it not in their hearts,—“ for this cause God has sent them an energy of error, that they should believe *the lie*”—the matchless, the measureless lie of Popery. If there be not judicial blindness ; if there be not something preternatural in the spell

which blinds them, their conduct exhibits a moral and metaphysical anomaly which baffles all analysis; nor let it be forgotten that the very plenitude of our privileges, the very commonness of the light of truth—if we take no pleasure in that light, but rather love darkness—does the more expose us to the just but fearful retribution of becoming the victims of delusion.

Since the age we live in has such antagonistic tendencies, it cannot be doubted that we are fast approaching to a terrible collision and conflict of opinion. It was foretold, years ago, by a man of penetrating genius, who, reasoning from the past, in some measure forecast the future, that “the next war in Europe would be a war of opinion, and the most dreadful the world ever witnessed.” May we not add, from existing signs, A war of *religious* opinion? and consequently more terrible still. How intense, how intolerant is opinion becoming! What power, what energy, what supremacy, has it acquired! Men used to ask, “What is there in an opinion? No reflecting man will ask so flippant a question now. What is in an opinion? Two hundred millions of civilised men are the slaves of an opinion, and that opinion makes them the vassals of “The Man of Sin.” What is in an opinion? The glorious Reformation was the fruit of a mighty opinion. What is in an opinion? The magnificent revolution which placed our Protestant dynasty on the throne of these realms was the embodiment of a resistless opinion. Yes! the opinions of men rule them. National opinion is virtually the ruler of a free people. The time is coming when men must

hold their opinions with tenacity. Whether wrong or right, based on truth or on falsehood, they will be compelled to grasp them firmly. The anchorage which will serve for the calm will not serve for the storm. The anchor cast in the sand may hold the vessel while she rides on her own shadow reflected on the glassy deep; but when the tempest lashes the ocean into fury, and the billows begin to dash against the bark, then must her moorings be proved.

As a consequence of the activity of opinion, there is a startling tendency to lawlessness and anarchy. The more men are stimulated to think for themselves, if they have but partial and superficial intelligence, the more will they deem themselves wiser than their teachers, and be disposed to burst all restraints, make light of experience, and trample upon the precedents of the past. Yet wisdom must always revere the hoary head, whether of an individual or of ages long gone by. Those ages have bequeathed to us treasures of instruction, and we are fools if we fling them away. But now how often do the rash and the vain make a mock of antiquity! How little is left of deferential sentiment! How from the nursery upwards do impatience of control and defiance of authority display themselves! All would rule, none obey. A spirit of change, a lust of revolution, is abroad. Great is the danger, lest in our anxiety to reform, we should unwittingly destroy; lest in weighing out anchors, we should be driven abroad on a shoreless sea. It is impossible to watch too jealously this exorbitant disposition to burst asunder every formulary and rend in pieces every institution. In pursuit of they know not what—some vague

and visionary good—multitudes follow after wandering stars, whilst they turn their backs on the fixed stars by which they ought to shape their course. Far be it from us, then, to lend ourselves to the wild schemes and enterprises which agitate so many. Let us stand fast by our tried and time-honoured institutions, seeking to restore, not to subvert—to purify, not to deface.

It is time that we should now transfer our attention from the tendencies to the exigencies of the age. What are its demands on those who would be faithful to their God and to their country? From its tendencies we shall best infer its exigencies.

In the outset nothing is more urgently required for these times than strong, vivid, commanding faith. The comparative tranquillity which the church of Christ so long enjoyed, and more especially in our own favoured country, has led to much lax profession—has served to enervate faith. Even where there is reality of religion, it has either become sorely secularised, or else has degenerated into a devotional sentimentality,—a matter of frames and feelings. Little is to be found of that manly, robust, energetic faith which—rejoicing in the truth, and embodying itself in living character—raises a man above petty motives, and gives a divine elevation and constancy to his course. Our faith has become inert, it must be quickened; it has become relaxed, it must be braced anew. We must come into close contact with the stupendous realities of the world unseen; and they must tell upon our souls with such might and mastery, that we shall “count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge

of Christ Jesus our Lord ;” and that nothing shall move us, so that we may finish our course with joy, and be true to the standard of the Captain of our salvation. We want for the age on which we are entering, or rather on which we have entered, more of the living faith of the noble army of martyrs, who, when cast into the dungeon, stretched on the rack, or bound to the stake, kept their eye fixed on Him who is invisible, and so endured through all, and triumphed over all. In *their* souls, the things unseen and eternal so overpowered and overshadowed the things seen and temporal, that their bodily sufferings were forgotten in their spiritual hopes ; and the joy of heaven made them insensible to the agonies of the flesh. This is the faith, the fortitude, we want. For, though we are not yet called to the martyr’s sufferings, or the martyr’s crown, we are called to exercise that boldness and decision of profession which is proof against the scorn of liberalism, and the sneer of intellectual pride. We need such stedfastness of choice, such godly courage, as will lead us to say in danger or in doubt, “Let God be for us, and we care not who is against us.” “Give us his smile with the frown of all things, rather than his frown with the smile of all things. Anything *but* his anger, anything *with* his love.”

From such a *living* and *commanding* faith will spring—what the times on which we are fallen specially demand—constancy of purpose, issuing in consistency of action. What is it of all things that has involved our country, that has involved my own beloved Church—for I speak in reference to her as a churchman—that has involved our social relations

in the state of embarrassment, complexity, and perplexity, in which it must be acknowledged they are at the present moment involved? Emphatically, and without hesitation, we answer—*Inconsistency*. How many of our ecclesiastical rulers—how many of our leading statesmen, have entangled themselves in a network of almost inextricable difficulties, the result of temporising concessions, indeterminate opinions, and irresolute proceedings! What the age, above all things, looks for is, men in the Church, men in the Cabinet, men in the senate, who will dare to think aright, dare to enunciate what they think, and dare to carry out what they enunciate. At this very juncture, can we over-estimate the necessity for men at the helm of the State, and at the helm of the Church, who will look with unwavering eye to the pole-star of principle, and set the helm of the vessel true to that point; men who will not veer about with the shifting wind; nor be misguided by the meteors which shoot across their course; men who will not be led by opinion, but will lead opinion right? The nation is sound at the core, true to its Protestant principles, loyal to its Protestant Queen; and what it needs is statesmen gifted with sufficient practical wisdom, and endowed with sufficient moral courage, to steer the country in its politico-religious affairs through the straits and shoals ahead,—as on the one hand with all equity, impartiality, and forbearance; so on the other, with all boldness, openness, and determination. The nation would bear such statesmen in triumph on its shoulders, and requite them with the fullest gratitude. Thank God! we have heard a note from the

trumpet of one of our rulers that sounded clear and "certain." We might have fancied that it was an echo from the glorious times of Queen Elizabeth, when unflinching statesmen piloted the tossed polity of England into the haven where it has so long, with few great disturbances, anchored in peace. May the blast which has cheered us prove the prelude to deeds in harmony with the sound. Good words are brave things; but good deeds are braver far. Should no state policy—I almost hate the word; for State policy can never be politic if it be not governed by State principle, and State principle must be governed by the Word of God—should no tortuous State policy belie the hopes which have been inspired, Britain will indeed be grateful; but should the results disappoint the fair and reasonable expectations of right-minded men, there will be engendered a sense of betrayal—not to say a bitter feeling of resentment, from the very thought of which we recoil. May there be no room, no reason, for such feeling! Let us have consistent bishops, consistent statesmen, consistent senators. Let the administration of the church in all her dioceses be consistent. Let the legislation of the State for all its subjects, whether in England, in Ireland, or in Canada, be consistent. Wherever the sceptre of our gracious Queen sways the mighty population which God has placed under her rule, there let there be congruity of government—there freedom and security for the great principles on which our throne and constitution are founded,—security against all insidious and daring invasions, from whatever quarter they may spring—but most of all, if they come from the ancient, here-

ditary, implacable enemy of Protestant England, her Church, her Monarchy, and her liberties! Consistency then is our first great want. We have been plunged into our present humiliating embarrassments from abandoning it: we can be extricated from them only by returning to it. God and man honour a consistent course. Neither God nor man will honour an inconsistent career. Give me the man that is true to his colours, even though he be true to false colours, rather than the man who has no colours at all; or if he has them, never holds them fast.

But the present epoch challenges from the soldiers of the Cross not only special resolution, but transcendent energy, promptitude, and effort. The world is springing forward with terrific force. Are the people of God to keep pace with the world? Are they, as they ought, to take the lead of it, instead of following in its wake? Are they to shape its course, or merely to act as a drag on its wheels? Is Christianity to assert its place and power in the great revolutions which are in progress or in prospect? Is it to control the movements of the social body—counteracting the evil and sustaining the good? Then must the children of light rise to the occasion. They must put forth sevenfold energy. Time presses—the current of events is rushing past. Action must be prompt, that it may be availing. “Up and be doing!” should be the watchword of every Christian at this juncture. Every man can do something for his faith, for his country, for his God; and what his hand findeth to do, let him do it with all his might. I have spoken fear-

lessly and unreservedly of the faults and of the duties of public men; but, at the same time, let me speak no less faithfully to you. After all, a Government, constituted as that of England now is, can be regarded as little else than the exponent of the voice of the nation. If so, then if the mind of the nation is not made known, the fault rests with the nation. Let its voice be unequivocally heard, and then if it be not fairly expounded, the guilt will not lie on the people, but on those who refuse to give effect to the people's voice.

Far, however, be it from me to try to concentrate your energies merely or mainly on national and political objects. My address is to the young; and for them any undue prominence in public affairs would be unseemly, and might be perilous, endangering their soberness of mind, and alienating their attention from the immediate duties of their station. But we feel assured that we are urging you to what is not only in keeping with the duties of your position, and in harmony with the health and peace of your minds, but to that which is absolutely essential to the highest efficiency in your calling, and the true enjoyment of serenity of mind, when we urge each one of you in your respective stations to be a witness—a living, burning witness—for Christ and his truth.

It is not so much the word of God on the page—in the letter—as the word of God in the heart, in the life, and on the lip of Christ's people, which is mighty through God to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin and heresy. It is the living testimony, not alone from the tongue of the preacher,

but as insinuated by the eloquence of example, enforced by the beauty of holiness, brought home in the daily intercourse and conversation of ordinary life,—it is this, above all, which tells mightily upon the moral and spiritual condition of the community. It is this which best vindicates and propagates the truth of God. Increase of this hallowing influence is most of all to be desired. And bitterly should we bewail it, were the stupendous movement which has stirred the nation from its depths, exhaust itself in wild effervescence, or terminate in legislative enactment; rather may it resemble the overflowing of the Nile, which, after the floods have subsided, leaves its fructifying waters in the trenches and channels cut to receive them, that so they may long afterwards irrigate and fertilise the land. God grant that what we witness with trembling joy, may not prove a mere land-flood, swelling for a moment and then passing away, leaving little save slime and shale behind. Be it ours to form the reservoirs and aqueducts which shall reserve and distribute the waters, that they may enrich and beautify our country with abiding fruits of godliness, and charity, and zeal. More especially, as the crisis emphatically demands, let us gird ourselves to our duty in relation to our Romish fellow-countrymen. Let it not be forgotten, that, whatever be the depth of their darkness, and whatever may be the conscious duplicity and hypocrisy, which we cannot, in all charity, but impute to many of the hierarchy and priesthood—let it not be forgotten, that the great mass of the laity are to be pitied rather than blamed; are the deceived, rather than the deceivers; are the dupes of the imposture, and

not its authors. Nor let us forget that it is grace which has made us to differ. It is God, in his good providence, who has granted to us an open Bible, worship in our own tongue, freedom to serve God according to his Word, enfranchisement from priestly despotism, and all that makes England great, glorious, and free. Let us remember this, and be humbled for our unfaithfulness, not elated by our privileges. Shame to us, that we should have to own, in the middle of the nineteenth century, that the Reformation, instead of marching on victoriously, is actually retreating before its oft-defeated foe. Incredible disgrace! Can it be that the darkness of Popery is driving before it the light of primitive Christianity? It could not be were it not for the dastardliness, the worldliness, and the faithlessness of the professing church of Christ. The truth has been betrayed, it could not be overcome.

Long since would Protestantism have left no fettered slave of Rome within the boundaries of our Sovereign's dominions, had the successors of the Latimers, the Cranmers, the Riddleys, and the noble army of martyrs, carried forward the glorious enterprise devolved upon them, in the spirit and the power in which it began. Heroes of the Cross! ye won your immortal victories in the face of the world embattled against you; and cannot we, with every shelter of the law, with every vantage-ground for proclaiming the truth—cannot we maintain the conquests which ye gained—cannot we turn back the inundation of error, and thus, in the most illustrious and effectual way, baffle the aggressions of the Papacy, and cut away all ground for attempting to

force upon us an illegal and disloyal hierarchy, by leaving not one serf of Rome within the bosom of our free country? Let us believe as our martyred forefathers believed, act as they acted, pray as they prayed, and, if needs be, suffer as they suffered,—there can be no doubt of the result. We have slept, whilst the enemy has been sowing tares. Our apathy has hardened many. Romanists supposed us to be altogether indifferent to our faith, so little did we emulate their zeal. What did not they do to make proselytes? What did we to make converts? But already, as I can testify, the spirit evoked amongst many of the clergy, and more especially amongst many of our Protestant working-men, yes! and of our young men and young women, too, in Manchester, has had an electrifying effect on the minds of the Romanists. Not a few of them are frequenting our churches;—numbers of them are attending a course of lectures addressed expressly to them, delivered with all tenderness, forbearance, and love; and one after another is coming out of Babylon, no more to partake of her sins, or be exposed to her plagues. My fear is not so much from the Papacy as from ourselves. It can have no power at all against us, except it be given it from above; and no power will be given it, unless to punish our lukewarmness and unfaithfulness. To avert such a judgment, there must be repentance, and fruits meet for repentance. We must not glory in our privileges, but be abased for our unfruitfulness. A spirit of humiliation would become us far better than a spirit of vain confidence. We may boast of the land of the Bible; we may pride ourselves on our intellect-

ual light and social freedom; but I tell you these will be feeble safeguards against the aggressions of Rome, should they bolster us on a haughty, carnal, impenitent security; our advantages will precipitate our downfall, except our profiting be made commensurate with them.

And let me not fail to remind you that the crisis is urgent. I am no prophet, yet I forecast and foretold, years ago, the present outrageous attempts of the Papacy. For doing so, how were Protestant watchmen branded as bigots and alarmists! though now, we may fairly ask, Was there not cause for our forebodings and forewarnings? I am no prophet, yet I venture again so far to anticipate the future, as to warn you, that we are only just entering on the mighty struggle. On our own part, we must not mistake a burst of emotion for enduring and irrepressible energy. Nor, on the other side, must we mistake perfidious parley, or seeming submission, for a surrender of the field. Popery, like the wild swan on the bosom of the lake, knows when to row her state proudly along the surface, and when, on desecrating the fowler, to dive beneath the waters till she has eluded her adversary. Give her time, and she will emerge again more lordlily than before. Be assured, then, that we are entering upon a period of uncommon conflict and trial. The destiny of our country, and of our country's faith, will be largely determined by the course of events during the next seven years. Our apprehension, indeed, is more from the friendship than from the hostility of Popery. Her "great words," her arrogant attempts, do not alarm us. We do not regard them as the broadsides

of a man-of-war, equipped for the battle, but rather as the signal-guns of a sinking ship, telling to the startled world that the ark of the Papacy is among the breakers. But so gigantic a bark can never go down without a tremendous catastrophe ; and Britain, if entangled with her, cannot fail to be overwhelmed in her doom. Our hope of escape is in keeping as far as possible from the foundering wreck, lest we should be absorbed in the vortex which it will occasion. *Should England share in the guilt of Antichrist, England will share in its desolation.*

But whilst the age requires that we should act with promptitude and boldness, it no less requires that we should act with wisdom and discretion. The more you crowd a vessel with canvas, the more she needs her ballast, and the more cautiously must you steer her course. If, therefore, there must be redoubled ardour and activity, there ought also to be redoubled watchfulness and wisdom. Never rush blindly forward ; never obey mere impulse. Always know what you do ; know why you do it, and then do it with all your heart. "Young men exhort to be sober-minded," is the great lesson the Spirit of God left to his ministers to inculcate upon you, beloved ; therefore, in your zeal, never cast away your prudence ; never abandon "the wisdom that cometh from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy."

Need it be added that unity and combination amongst the disciples of Christ are imperatively called for by the circumstances of the day ? When bad men conspire, good men must combine. No-

thing could be more suicidal at this juncture than disunion. *We must be one.* If we cannot see eye to eye, yet we must act hand in hand. If common dangers must rally, common truths must concentrate, us.

Let there be magnanimity; let there be enlargement of heart, as befits the great occasion. Get rid of prejudices; get rid of jealousies; take pains to find out points of agreement, instead of points of difference. Lay aside the sectarian microscope; take the telescope of faith: forces of darkness are marshalling; shall not the armies of light converge? Whilst we grasp our principles more firmly than ever, let us not hesitate to discard our prejudices. How much that we confound with the former really belongs to the latter! Let us winnow the chaff from the wheat. Let us covet and cultivate an enlarged and catholic spirit—a spirit the opposite to the bigotry of Rome, which will allow none to be saved out of her own narrow pale. We want a catholicity so broad as to embrace a brother, whatever the uniform he may wear, or however we may march in different regiments. You may have seen, whilst all was calm and sunshine, a flock of sheep scattered abroad, reposing at their ease, or sporting about the pasture; but when they descried a storm mustering afar, and the heavens blackening with the gathering tempest, they forthwith sought the shelter of some rock or spreading tree, and pressing side to side, found in the common shelter, and in their mutual contact, safety, comfort, and support. Ought it not to be thus with the sheep of the heavenly Shepherd? Ought not they, now that they

see the horizon darkening, and hear the distant muttering of the thunder, to flock nearer to the Rock of ages, and, by so doing, nearer to each other? The nearer we come to Christ, the nearer we shall come to Christ's members. Unity is of God, disunion is of Satan. If we be not drawn together by charity, we shall be driven together by persecution.

It yet remains to be added that the grand requisite for this age, as indeed for every age, but most of all for such an one as the present, is earnest, personal, practical godliness. Nothing else will abide the fiery ordeal. Whatever is of earth, will soon pass away. Whatever is of God, it will endure. "The world passeth away, and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever." "Every plant that our heavenly Father hath not planted, will be rooted up" by the coming whirlwind. His plants will only be rooted the more deeply. Experimental religion is the great indispensable. If there be two passages in Scripture that more than all others ought to be engraven on the heart of every servant of Christ Jesus at this crisis, they are these: "Ye are the light of the world." "Ye are the salt of the earth." All the spiritual light in the world is entrusted to the faithful. All the heavenly salt in the world is committed to them in behalf of mankind at large. Woe to them then if their lamps become dim—if their salt lose its savour! The heathen world is waiting to receive salvation at our hands. Look, whilst we are dark and tempestuous at home, still God is speeding calmly the work, and opening up the way, of the messengers of mercy in remotest lands. It comforts the mind of the Christian, when

chafed and wearied with strife and vexation at home, to climb the mountain of faith and hope, and survey the distant landscape, and behold how the fields are white unto the harvest; how deserts are beginning to blossom as the rose; how the heralds of grace are pursuing their unimpeded path, whilst fruits of love and peace spring up around their footsteps. The work of God must not stand still. Neither at home nor abroad must it be neglected. If with one hand we must grasp our weapons to defend the truth, with the other we must build in the celestial architecture. Without the former the latter would be hindered; without the latter the former would be vain. Let us joy over the fields of missionary success. God be praised that if Antichrist were ever to plant again his strongholds on Britain's shores, and bring her into bitter bondage, God, in the thousand infant churches of Pagan lands, would be still confessed in the pure, simple faith which our forefathers received from apostolic messengers, and which our martyred reformers restored to us at the expense of their blood. Some of us, as pilgrims or as exiles, might go and find our Protestant primitive Christianity flourishing in the heart of India, or in the recesses of Africa. At all events, we must prosecute our glorious mission. We must be about our Master's business. But for this end, there must be love in our hearts, and light in our understandings. If we have light without love, we shall be powerless. If we have love without light, we shall go astray. Light *without* love makes Satan; light *with* love makes Gabriel.

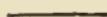
Nothing can be a substitute for genuine godliness. Live, therefore, near to God. Do not rob the chamber of devotion, whilst you do not desert the field of public service. Suffer not your earnestness in doing good to others to bereave your closet of its stated seasons of communion. You must get into contact with the Rock of ages, that your salt may continue savoury. You must constantly "buy" oil from "them that sell," else your lamp will "go out." Seasons of special conflict and excitement ought to be seasons of special prayer and intercession. Here is the resource of the Christian warrior. And from many a stirring page in the history of the church, we learn that when the faithful have striven hardest, they have prayed most fervently. The struggle abroad has sent them the more intensely to the mercy-seat for aid, and thence they have issued forth anew, nerved and harnessed for the battle. Controversy has roused them for devotion, and devotion braced them for controversy. Witness Wickliffe, Luther, Ridley, Latimer: giants in conflict, were they not mighty in prayer?

Oh that a spirit of grace and supplication were poured out upon the land! This would sustain our energy; this would hallow our ardour; this would guide aright all our efforts; this would be the pledge and the harbinger of success. I thank God our great Protestant movement has hitherto been characterised by singular forbearance, as well as by a general tone of scriptural and devotional sentiment. May this indicate the secret working of the Holy Ghost! If God be not with us, all is vain. To trust in man, to make flesh our arm, will be to chal-

lunge the curse of God. Humiliation, not exultation, confession, not defiance, must be our resource. After all, they are God's pleading people behind the scenes who most influence and direct events ; for it is in answer to prayer that all things below are governed by Him who governs all things. If the hands of Moses, when held up, made Israel prevail ; and if those hands, when they hung down, yielded the mastery to Amalek ; so then, will not the suppliant hands of the devout in England, if lifted up without wearying, baffle all the powers of Antichrist ? We have been challenged to determine the controversy at the Throne of Grace ; let us do so, and there can be no doubt of the issue. The mystic lock of Britain's strength lies in the spirit of prayer amongst her faithful people. That shorn, she would be powerless in the hands of her enemies. They would put out her eyes, and force her to make sport for them. Prayer then—untiring prayer, is our great resource. Pray for our rulers. Do not blame until you have prayed for them, and then you will be slow to blame them, even when they are blameworthy. Pray for our beloved Queen, never before so deeply cherished in the hearts of her devoted people. Pray for her councillors, never more needing Divine counsel than in this emergency. Pray for her Parliament, about to be assembled, and hardly ever assembled under more grave and anxious circumstances, since the time when Parliament met to call over William of Orange to rescue our land from impending ruin. Pray for them, therefore, that “ God would be pleased to direct and prosper all their consultations to the advancement of His glory, the good

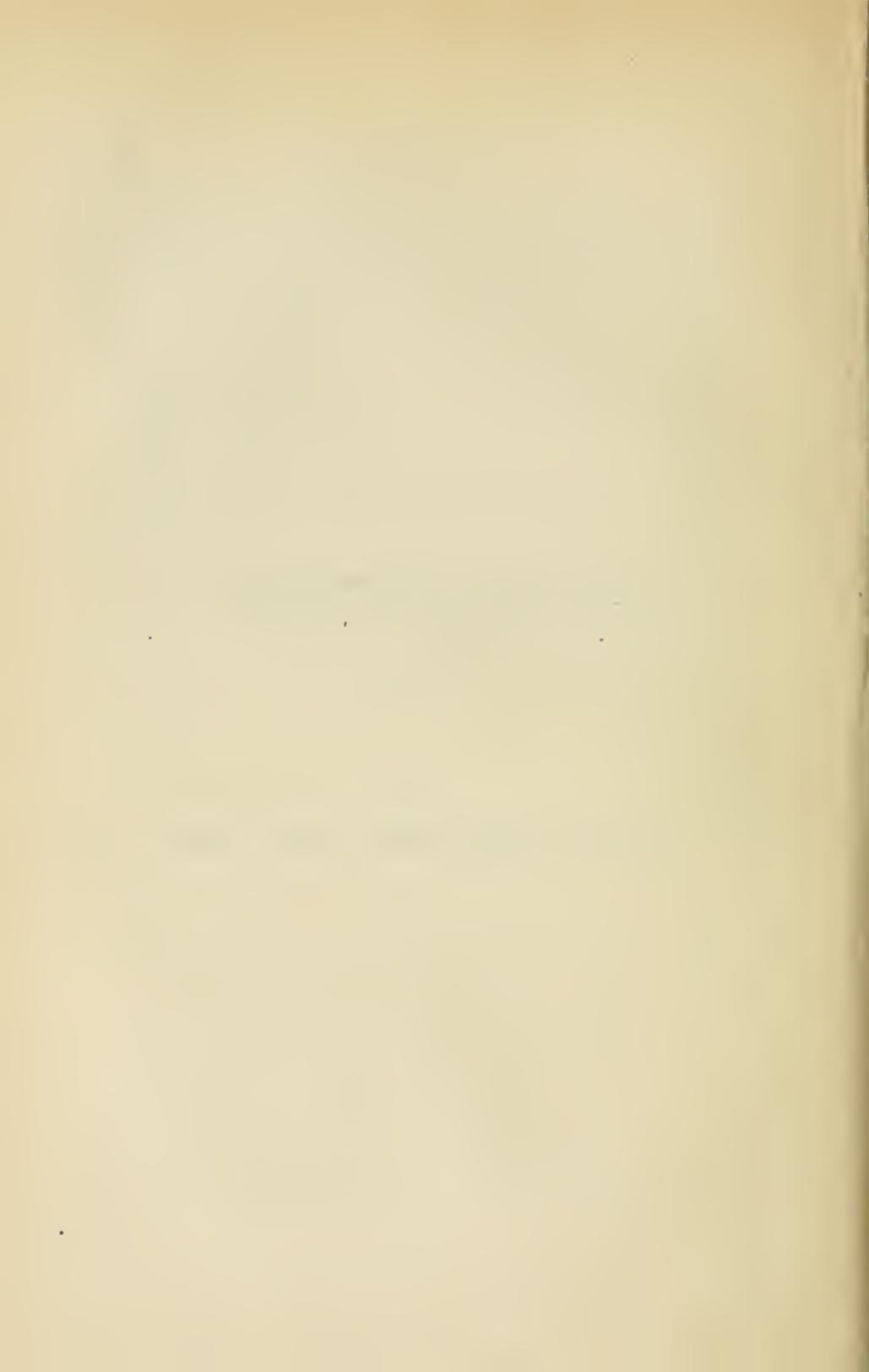
of His church, the *safety, honour, and welfare* of our Sovereign and her dominions : that all things may be so ordered and settled by their endeavours, upon the best and surest foundations, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations." Take then for your watchwords at this critical juncture : —Wait, work, watch, pray. Wait : be not impatient. "Tarry the Lord's leisure." Work : do not wait in supineness and apathy, but with all diligence and determination. Watch : for perils and foes are on every side. And, above all, pray, hearkening diligently to the Voice which whispers in your ears— "Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee : hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast."

India and its Evangelization.



BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER DUFF, D.D.



INDIA AND ITS EVANGELIZATION.

THE subject of our Lecture for this evening is that of "India and its Evangelization." On a theme so vast, it is impossible to attempt more than the selection of a few topics; and on these topics it were blind temerity to promise more than a few cursory notices.

At the outset, however, allow me to express the heartfelt pleasure I enjoy in having to deal with a subject, respecting which, in its grand distinguishing lineaments, there can be no real difference of opinion among sincerely professing Christians. Amid the saddening discords and divergencies that have alienated and separated the hearts, not merely of individual believers amongst us, but of entire communities, the evangelization of the heathen has often operated with a softening, healing, re-unitizing influence. Would to God that its happy influence, in this respect, were not limited to friendly greetings and salutations at public meetings, anniversaries, or assemblies; but went forth diffusing its savour and fragranciness through the pulpit and the press, the social circle and the family home! For, after fair words and fervid speeches, in the presence of multitudes, about the desirableness and necessity of mutual harmony, peace, and brotherly love, have excited the dreams and the

visions of a halcyon calm, and men have been beginning eagerly to look out for the descent and incarnation of the spirit of forbearance and heavenly charity,—does it it not tend to jolt and jar somewhat unpleasantly on one's feelings when, instead of being kindly met with the anticipated olive branch of peace, one is rudely confronted by the unexpected apparition of a red-hot fire-brand fresh from the armoury of prolonged warfare and strife? And when we seriously reflect on the utterly sterile and profitless character of many at least of our points of controversy, ought we not to be humbled and confounded in the dust, to think that we should ever have felt ourselves necessitated to devote so much of all-valuable time to the thrice thread-bare discussion of them? Surrounded, as we are, by myriads of poor blinded unbelievers in this land, and by hundreds of millions of perishing heathen in foreign realms, to whom, as to all others, life is so short and uncertain, and the redemption of the soul so inestimably precious,—ought it not to be unto us a matter of shame and unfeigned sorrow, that, for the sake of objects so comparatively insignificant and worthless, we should have been tempted to divert so much of thought and exertion from any of our evangelizing labours, whether at home or abroad? Perish, would I say, perish for ever, our petty paltry dogmata respecting points of confessedly subordinate importance, rather than that the arch-enemy of souls should again have it in his power to convert them into an engine for wasting the season of a doomed sinner's probation, fomenting the spirit of acrimony and unkindness, and rekindling the flames of unhallowed controversy and strife—and

that, too, in the very sight of the unbelievers and the heathen, whom we profess to pity, and long to save! If, unrestrained by the miracles of grace, and unawed by the grandeur of eternity, we desist not speedily,—with what contemptuous scorn may all of these hurl back upon us our own arguments against the hatreds, the antipathies, and the discords, which constitute the very soil of an ever-divided and ever-diverging heathenism? With what ineffable disdain, may they resent our most pathetic exhortations to mutual forbearance, kindness, and love? And, oh! what a cutting, harrowing reflection is this,—that, under the influence of a blindfold zeal for a few points or dogmata of embodied littleness, which, if accumulated to infinity, could never of themselves save a single soul, any of us should be induced to enact a part, calculated to repel numbers of the dying multitudes around us from the tree of life, the leaves of which are for the healing of the nations,—and fitted only to impel them to rush, with more frantic speed, into the embrace of an ever-yawning perdition! May the Lord have mercy on any, who, without being overborne by an imperative over-mastering necessity, may, directly or indirectly, contribute towards such a fatal consummation! and may we be endowed with the spirit that would prompt us to exclaim, in words of tenderness more touching than ever dropped from merely human lips—“Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!”

But, without further preface, let us now direct your attention to India. In doing so, we must, at the outset, remind you that it is a country which is, as yet, comparatively little known. It is utterly

astonishing how profound the ignorance is which still prevails respecting it throughout this land. Let it be remembered, that, in point of magnitude, it is nearly equal to the whole of Europe, and let it also be remembered, that it is not, either physically, or socially, or religiously, a homogeneous country, as many amongst us seem to suppose—that it is a country of almost endless diversities, diversities existing even in the extreme. It is often perfectly surprising to hear the way in which India is spoken of by numbers in this land, who, in other respects, are not devoid of intelligence. We cannot better illustrate the idea which some people seem to have of it, than by relating a little anecdote. A packet was sent from this country to India, containing two or three smaller ones; it was directed to Calcutta; one of the packets was for myself, and two other packets were enclosed, with the reasonable requisition, that I should hand in one of them at Bombay, and the other at Madras. As if a packet sent to one of you here in London, containing other two, were accompanied with the request, that one of these should be handed in by you at Gibraltar, and the other at St. Petersburg! However, letting that pass,—you often hear India spoken of as if it were one enormous plain, covered with palm-trees and cocoa-nut trees, cotton and silk, sugar, indigo, rice, and other tropical products. Now let me again remind you that India is a country of infinite diversities. There are, indeed, plains in India the like of which, in natural resources and multiform associations, are not to be found in the whole world besides. At all events, sure I am, with

reference to the great plain that is watered by the Ganges, that, on the surface of our globe, you will not find another teeming with such multitudes of human beings, characterised by such varied and inveterate habits, manners, and customs. It is a striking fact, that that single plain, or valley of the Ganges, as it is called, contains nearly twice as many inhabitants as are to be found in the whole of North and South America. But, while India has such plains, let it be remembered that it has also the highest mountains in the world. As to other physical diversities,—if you look at the South of India, towards Cape Comorin, to the west, along the declivities of the hills of Malabar, you have them densely covered by immense primeval forests up to the very summits. Then if you go to the north-east, towards the Himalaya range, you see mountains magnificently clothed in like manner to the summits, with gigantic rhododendrons and other flowering trees interspersed through many of the woods, and diffusing a brilliant radiance over them, as if they glowed with the roseate and purple hues of an orient morn, or basked amid the illusive play of a thousand rainbows. Again, if you go to the north-west of India, across the river Indus, to that long range of hills stretching southward from Affghanistan to the sea, and now constituting our boundary, you look in vain for a tree there—you look in vain for a shrub there—you look in vain for a weed there—you look in vain for a particle of soil there. The whole range seems as if it had been subjected to one grand conflagration, which had burnt up alike trees, and shrubs, and weeds, and

soil. Once more, while you go to Bengal and other extensive flats of alluvial deposit, and have a soil of inexhaustible fertility, you may go to other regions where you find vast plains with no soil, or a soil wholly unproductive—regions impregnated or strewn over with salt, as with a glittering mantle of hoar-frost; or regions of parched and burning sand, just as barren as the very deserts of Africa. And then, as to products, you have all the varieties on earth's surface congregated in India. You go along its plains—there you find all the products of the tropics; you ascend its hills—there you find all the products of the temperate zone; you go up towards the eminences of everlasting snow, and there you find all the products of the arctic climes. In short, if you look at India, in its physical aspects, you will soon discover that it is a real epitome of the whole world.

Now, it may truly be said that all these outward physical diversities are merely types and symbols of the social, the moral, and the religious diversities which prevail throughout the country. People hear commonly of Hindus and Hindu idolaters, and these, doubtless, constitute the vast mass, or aggregate; but let it be remembered, that, up and down these interminable forests and rolling hills and swelling mountains, there are numbers of tribes scattered, and myriads of individuals composing these tribes; so that probably there will not be fewer than seven or eight millions of human beings, that up to this hour are not to be distinguished from the barbarians that roam over the wildernesses of Africa, or prowl through the islands of the Pacific Ocean. And the greater part of these are in a loose, general sense, our fellow-

subjects! So that if there are any who, like Rous-
seau, are smitten with the love of savage or bar-
barian life, they have only to go to India, and they
can be introduced at once to millions of fellow-
subjects, who exemplify not the poetical ideal, but
the stern realities of such life. Then, again, you
have at least ten or twelve millions of the followers
of the false prophet, that are dispersed abroad
in various proportions, from one end of India to
the other, exhibiting numberless modifications of
Mohammedan faith and practice. The greater part
of the inhabitants, however, consist of Hindus, or
followers of the Brahmanical system. It is to these
that the chairman* has already particularly alluded.
With regard to these, amounting in number to
upwards of a hundred and twenty millions, the
variations are endless; in fact, it would require
whole days to go over them. You look at the upper
classes of society, and there you have thousands of
men that are self-complacently wrapped up in an
all-pervading sense of their own superior consequence
and dignity. Their genealogies they trace back
through millions of years, to one or other of the
gods. They have got immense masses of literature,
science, philosophy, and theology of their own, such
as they are; and they are very subtle, very acute,
very profound, in their own way. If you have heard,
as doubtless you must, of the strange products that
have of late been emanating from the marshes and
forests of Germany—all kinds of transcendentalisms
and idealisms, aerialisms and materialisms—you
have only to go to India, and there you will find

* The Hon. Arthur Kinnaird.

all these in pre-existent forms, that have come down hereditarily for two or three thousand years. There you find men speculating, till they speculate away, not only the existence of the earth and the heavens, but their own separate, personal, individual existence. A man will be seen floating away, as it were, into the fields of immensity; and he is trying to realise this great idea, as he calls it, that in the whole universe there is nothing but one thing, one entity, which he calls—the supreme—the one. It is not for absorption into it merely that he longs; he goes beyond that; and aims at nothing short of absolute identification. You look at the man, and you wonder whether he is quite in earnest; and on he goes, floating and floating away, and he tells you it is a very difficult thing to reach the transcendental elevation at which he aspires—the most difficult thing in the world. Therefore, the sacred writings have prescribed modes of contemplation and abstraction that are to be followed, in order to attain unto it; and what is the height to which he desires to rise? He desires to rise to this enormous height—that at last all diversities may be found converging towards, and concentrated in, one immense unity; and that that unity, that sole existing entity, is himself. His paramount desire is, not only to rise up into the grandeur of the conception, but into the actual feeling of self-identification, that shall enable him to exclaim—"I myself am Brahma!" the self-existent and sole-existent—the universal whole and the absolute one!

Next look at the great multitudes, and you find them given up to idolatries and superstitions without

end, and without number, and without name. When they count their gods, it is not by units, or by myriads, but by millions—gods, in whose characters and actions all human vices and crimes will be found in a superhuman degree. And the grovellingness and abominations connected with their worship, who can describe, who can conceive? Hours, and even days, would not suffice to exhaust this fearfully prolific theme.

Turning now, for a little, to another subject, illustrative of the anomalies and extremes to be found in India,—you have heard much of the degraded condition of females in that land; and you can scarcely hear anything more saddening than the reality. There, sixty or seventy millions of human beings are intellectually, socially, and morally depressed to a degree which it is impossible in this country to conceive. And yet, in families, the mothers are all-powerful in shaping, moulding, and fashioning the minds and habits of the children; all-powerful, therefore, for evil; since they are the earliest and chief cherishers and teachers of India's loathsome idolatries and superstitions. How, then, must the amelioration of India's millions be retarded, until those potential mainsprings and sources of influence be reached, improved, and purified? Besides this influence in families, in the courts of India's princes females have often attained to extraordinary power. The annals of the Imperial families of Agra and Delhi furnish abundance of memorable examples corroborative of this position. It was only a few years ago that a female of humble origin—the daughter of a dog-keeper—became one of the reputed wives of the

redoubted Runjit Singh, "the Lion of the Punjáb;" and, subsequently, for a time, the most potent personage in that great kingdom, virtually wielding its sceptre, directing its counsels, hurling its mighty armed hosts over the frontier, and contesting the sovereignty of India with imperial Britain. And, as if anomalies had no end, while total seclusion is the law for all respectable females, and shyness and timidity the natural characteristics of all, we find in the palace of the Nizam, in Hyderabad, of the Dekhan, a corps of women mounting guard, carrying muskets, drums, and other warlike accoutrements, and performing the manual and platoon exercises, according to the French fashion. A British officer, resident there, assures us, that two battalions of women, commanded by two of the principal female attendants of the Royal family, of one thousand each, accompanied the Nizam into the field, and were present at the battle of Kurdla, where, at least, they did not behave worse than the rest of the army—that the present Nizam still maintains an establishment of Amazons—and that, however humiliating it may appear to the European mind, this corps may still be seen giving its sentries, presenting arms, and performing duties which ought more properly to belong to the regular soldier; yea, that it is no uncommon spectacle to witness a sentry's musket giving place to a smiling infant, or, perhaps, the infant on one shoulder, and the musket on the other!*

Looking at other varieties,—you find certain tribes warlike in the extreme; others so timid and passive, that they will shun the very face of an European, and run

* See "Calcutta Review," No. XXI.

away into the woods, and hide themselves from him. Under the practical influence of the doctrine of transmigration, you find great numbers who are exceedingly careful with regard to animal life—so careful that they undo the original ordinance altogether. That ordinance was, that the power of man, and the dominion of man, should be over all the creatures of the earth; but go to India, and you will find tribes of men that allow the meanest, and humblest, and most unnameable of creatures to have power and dominion over them. So scrupulous and fearful are they in this respect, that they set up hospitals for their animals, and departments in those hospitals, for insects, and all kinds of minute creatures, from which they will not take one particle of life. Then, again, when you go to other parts of India, you find men carried away by superstition into the extreme of what must be called barbarism; yes, the very extreme, at least, of barbaric action. There you find an utter recklessness as to life—not merely animal life, but human life. It is quite in accordance with the polytheistic systems of India, that there should be offered up continually human sacrifices to many of their sanguinary deities; and human sacrifices they do offer, whenever it is in their power to accomplish it—for their own books very minutely describe the ways and the modes in which these are to be performed. They are often celebrated in private. As particular examples are far more affecting than any generalities, here is a well-authenticated instance of a private sacrifice in honour of the goddess Kali, as recorded by a British officer of high character.—“A Hindu Faquí, dressed in a fantastical garb,

worked upon the mind of a wealthy high-caste Brahman woman, to the extent of making her believe that he was her spiritual guide, charged with a message from the goddess, demanding a human sacrifice. She declared herself ready to obey the divine order, and asked who was the victim. The Faquir pointed to her own son, a young man about twenty-five years old, the heir to the family property. The deluded mother waited till the unconscious youth was asleep, and in the silence of the night she struck him on the head with an axe, and killed him. This done, she cut up the body, under the direction of her spiritual guide, the Faquir,—presented a part, boiled with rice, as a peace offering, with the usual ceremonies, to the image of the goddess; part to the wretch who personified the spiritual messenger: the rest she buried with so little care, that the place of its deposit was discovered by the vultures hovering over the ground, and thus brought to the notice of the English commissioner by the police.”

There is no end to anomalies and atrocities in India; and I refer in a cursory way to a few of these, merely to stir up the members of this Association to a sense of the desirableness of entering on a study of India, and its singular but interesting inhabitants. Some years ago it was wont to be surmised, that those who went forth as missionaries, got their imaginations inflamed upon these subjects; but I will merely say this, that the more we know of India and of India's superstitions, the more dreadful do these superstitions appear. Let me refer to one more example, to illustrate this. About three hundred miles from the city of Calcutta, the metropolis of British India,

within those lower hills that skirt the west of Bengal, there are tribes of natives amongst whom it was known that human sacrifices prevailed; but it is only within the last twelve years that the matter has been brought fully to light. These hills, covered with dense forests and jungle, and not sufficiently elevated above the range of the malarious influences, are very unhealthy; and it is not possible for Europeans to live there above two or three months in the year; and not even then without considerable hazard. We are indebted to a countryman of our own, Captain M'Pherson, for the extraordinary revelations connected with the social and religious usages of the hill tribes, known under the name of Khonds. To the name of this gentleman it is proper to make special allusion, on account of his eminent services in the cause of humanity. The time, it is to be hoped, is not far distant when ample justice will be done to him and his devoted labours, in endeavouring, often at the risk of his own life, as the agent or commissioner of the Supreme Government of India, to put down the revolting practice of human sacrifice in Khondistan. To his masterly Official Reports*, we owe almost everything, in the shape of authentic information, respecting that wild region, and its still wilder inhabitants. From these reports, which gained for their author the highest approbation of the Government which he so faithfully served, we learn that the Khonds are an aboriginal race, that still retain many remarkable remnants of the primitive patri

* For the substance of these, see a series of articles in the *Calcutta Review*, Nos. IX., XV., and XX., to be had of Smith, Bider, and Co., Cornhill, London.

archal institutions. In their religious ideas and practices, they approximate much more to the followers of Odin in the North, than to those of Brahma in the South. They have their divinities; but these have arisen from the deification of the powers which are believed to animate and control the more prominent forms of the sensible universe; or from the deification of those preternatural agents which are supposed to direct and influence the leading events and pursuits of life. From the dependence of the Khonds on the earth, as the proximate or immediate nourisher of their bodies, the earth-goddess, who presides over the productive energies of nature, is placed at the head of their Pantheon. Then they have their sun-god and moon-god; their gods of hunting, of arms, of limits, of births, of small-pox, of hills, of forests, of rain, of fountains, of rivers, of tanks or pools, and of villages. These are the *Dii majores*; besides which there is a considerable assortment of inferior deities. The Khond divinities have no fixed corporeal shape, form, image, symbol, or temple; but they may *temporarily* assume any earthly forms at pleasure. It is the earth-goddess that must be propitiated by the dreadful ceremonial of human sacrifice. The belief of the Khond is, that he enjoys the ordinary bounty of nature, "on the express condition of deprecating, by the ceaseless effusion of human blood, the malignity of the power by which its great functions are controlled."

There is a class of Hindu procurers, called "Panwas," whose profession it is to provide victims for sacrifice. These victims, designated "Merias," may be young or old, male or female. The Panwas

scour the plains, and kidnap or purchase children and others from the poorer classes of Hindus. They are then conveyed to the hills, and, as there is no metallic currency there, *sold* for so many *lives*; that is, so many sheep, cows, fowls, or pigs. It is essential to the efficacy of the sacrifice, that the victim should be *bought with a price*—an unbought life being an abomination to the deity. In every village there are young persons reared, so as to be in constant readiness for the slaughter. In a hill district of no great extent, these sacrifices have been annually offered—we cannot tell how long, probably for two or three thousand years—at the rate of four or five hundred every year. In the spring season, every farm must have its share of the blood of a human victim to enrich it; at the close of the year, a harvest oblation is not less necessary; and there are intermediate sacrifices, no one can tell how many, on account of contingencies of drought, famine, epidemics, and all manner of casualties.

In the neighbourhood of the village, there is a grove called the Meria grove. In the centre is a vacant space. Three days are devoted to the festival. The first day is consumed in drunken revellings and abominable excesses. On the second day, they go out with music and all manner of instrumental sounds, carrying the victim, washed and gaily clad, to the centre of this grove. They fasten him to a post in the middle, where he remains the whole of that day. The sacrificers scarcely intermit their riot and their Bacchanalian orgies, that far exceed anything which it is possible to express before a Christian audience. To the victim, anointed with oil, clarified butter, and turmeric, they render their homage and their worship.

Then, on the third day—all being ready, and the sacred spot having been marked out—the priest and his assistants go and take hold of the victim; he must make no resistance, and he must not be offered when bound; therefore the first process usually is to break the bones of his hands and legs, that he may be unable to resist. It may, as already stated, be either a male or a female; for either may be offered. Then they carry him out to the consecrated spot. From the neighbourhood they have brought a large branch of a tree, slit up the middle. Into this rift, or slit, they insert the neck of the poor victim, and the open extremities they bind fast with cords. Upheld in this manner, the priest, with a hatchet, strikes the shoulders of the victim, by way of giving a signal; and then, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the surrounding multitudes, maddened, as it were, into phrensy, pounce upon him, and, in a few seconds, tear every particle of flesh from his bones, so that down he falls, a mere naked skeleton! They collect the bloody shreds, and distribute them in the fields,—reeling and shouting, and vociferously extolling the praises of the propitiated goddess. Now, let it be remembered, that these sacrifices are offered every year; up to this time they are offered, in spite of the laudable efforts of our Government to check them; yea, while we are met here this night, in some village or other—in more than one—the preparations are making, if not the very act itself in the course of being perpetrated.

Is it so, then, that in this Christian land we can seriously think of having such fellow-subjects in India, offering human sacrifices?—and can we go home this night, and sleep soundly on our pillows,

unless we resolve, with the help of the Lord, to do what we have never yet done for that unhappy land? Oh! when we remember that these poor people, in blind delusion, are, up to the present hour, busily intent on imbruing their hands in the blood of their fellows, to arrest the wrath of a sanguinary deity, and that one of their shouts is, "No sin lies upon us, because we have bought it with a price,"—shall we not go and tell them of the one perfect, propitiatory Sacrifice, offered for the sins of mankind on the cross of Calvary; and tell them that we have no sacrifice to purchase, but that through that one great Sacrifice, salvation has been secured for us, and is now freely offered to all, "without money and without price?"

But it is time to draw these meagre notices to a close. What shall we say of the subjects of them? We have read of the man of matchless strength—"The dread of Israel"—who, desperately bent on fell retribution, deliberately tore down the pillars of the mighty edifice, that must involve himself and friends and foes in one undistinguishing ruin. We have read of the Cornish wrecker, who, in the angry red of the setting sun, and the hollow moaning of the winds, and the quick ripple of the blackening waters,—joyously beheld the signs of the gathering tempest:—And he hied him to the beetling crags, now lashed with the ascending spray; and he hoisted, in swift haste, the false beacon, which lured the vessel of the hapless mariner to the inhospitable shore. Soon is the fiendish stratagem successful. Soon do the shrieks and agonies of the despairing crew mingle their horrid discord with the dashing fragments of the wreck, and the roar of contending elements—all

of which sound like sweetest melody in the desperado's ears. One man only survives; and his piteous supplications for life are speedily responded to by a hatchet blow, which leaves him a mutilated carcase on the naked sand. It was the ruthless barbarian's own son!

In all these and similar cases, however dismal, and however sad, there is nothing but what can easily be accounted for on the ordinary feelings and impulses that are known to actuate poor fallen, depraved, deranged humanity. The giant warrior was goaded on by the imperious promptings of revenge. The Cornish wrecker was blindly impelled by the insatiable cravings of a burning avarice, which had indurated the heart and seared the conscience as with a red hot iron; and, in reference to the more aggravated features of his last great crime, he could plead ignorance: he knew not, at the moment, that it was the father who was imbruing his hands in the blood of his own son. All these, moreover, are but comparatively isolated cases, even in the annals of human depravity and human guilt. But, what shall we say of the thousands and tens of thousands of our Indian devotees, who, ungoaded by the promptings of revenge, or the cravings of an avaricious heart, can coolly and deliberately perpetrate atrocities not less revolting? Oh, the fell power of superstition!—which can make nature successfully rebel against itself—stimulate its willing slaves to violate every commandment of the Decalogue,—and yet invest every such violation with all the sanctities of obedience to Heaven's law!—which, in the name of religion and the gods, can extinguish all natural sense of modesty and

shame, luring thousands of India's maidens to consecrate themselves to the temple service, as "wives of the idol," and often to glory in exposing their persons in ways which the offscourings of no Sodom or Gomorrah in Christendom ever knew! Oh, the fell power of superstition!—which, in the name of religion and the gods, can root out the strongest and the purest instincts of humanity, turning the heart of the tender mother into a stone—causing her to shut her ears to the plaintive cry of the infant whom she bore, as she quenches the first sparks of life by narcotic appliances to the very fount of nourishment; or, at the still hour of midnight, while an only and well-beloved son is wrapped up in unconscious slumber, nerving her feeble arm to wield the axe that lays him prostrate with the dead, yea, and embraving her to dress up a portion of the reeking trunk as an acceptable banquet to the monster goddess! Oh, the fell power of superstition!—which, in the name of religion and the gods, can despise the natural dread of pain, and over-master the love of life itself;—impelling thousands and tens of thousands to inflict on their own persons the most amazing and excruciating self-tortures—to rush into the arms of death, by plunging into sacred rivers, or tumbling over frowning precipices, or leaping into the blazing flames. Oh, the fell power of superstition!—which, in the name of religion and the gods, can convert the foulest of crimes into an act of sacred meritorious worship. Behold that group of weary travellers! With premeditated design the professional assassin joins them. Delighted with his genial bearing and cheerful companionship, his glesome talk and anecdote and song, they hail him as an

angel of gladness to their drooping spirits. As they walk and rest and eat with him, he appears to manifest more and more of the kindly sympathies of a friend and brother. In all the guilelessness of unsuspecting confidence they freely tell him of their "private affairs, of their hopes and fears, of the wives and children they are going to meet, after long years of absence, toil and suffering." Poor they may be, and penniless, so that there is not a hook for the temptation of covetousness to fasten on; but for them poverty is no defence. Ah! little reck they of the demon spirit that lurks behind that open and smiling countenance!—The prescribed rites and ceremonies having been performed, the appointed offerings presented, and the favouring signs duly observed, by which the sanguinary deity manifests her pleasure, the ruthless votary now believes that he is called upon to act under "her immediate orders and auspices." Reft, therefore, of all misgiving, and of all pity, he watches for the seasonable moment, and, falling on the innocent—men, women, and children—he speedily hurls them into a common grave! There he kindles a fire, and over the bodies of the murdered, he feasts as heartily, sings as merrily, and sleeps as soundly, as if he had consummated an act of greatest moral worth! As he has only, in his own estimation, discharged a religious duty, the visions of the dead never haunt his dreams—in darkness and in solitude they present no images of terror—and at the hour of death, whisper no regret or remorse in the startled ear of conscience!* Oh, the fell power of superstition!—

* The allusion here is to the atrocious system of Thuggism, the awful details of which will be found amply unfolded.

which can thus transmute the most brutal vices into shining virtues, and the deadliest crimes into works of superlative merit;—yea, and can accumulate these transmuted vices and crimes, into a superabounding stock of merit, that can reach the regions of temporary retribution, speed the passage of the guilty through the cells and reservoirs of purgation, and raise them, at one bound, over the painful processes of ten thousand transmigratory births, into one or other of the heavens of the gods!—thus pointing emphatically to the polluted sources of heathenism, whence Rome, the “Mother of harlots and abominations of the earth,” has borrowed her works of supererogatory merit, her indulgences for sin, and her gainful purgatories—and so learnt to replenish the cup of her sorceries for the fascinating of the nations, and the bewitching of immortal souls to their eternal ruin!

Such, then, is the vast region, teeming with such myriads of human beings, which has now become a province, as it were, of the British empire. Allusion has been made this night already to the marvellous conquest of that region. There is not, in the whole history of the world, anything parallel to it. Glancing at the past, we find a few men going forth merely in quest of gain. They stand upon the coral shores of India, as some one has remarked, with a balance-rod in their hands; ere long, this balance-rod is turned into a sword, and that sword into a sceptre, and that sceptre the mightiest that ever waved over Asia. It is impossible to do more than simply to refer to that amazing series of developments. See Sleeman's Official Report to the Supreme Government of India in 1836.

ments through which this end has been attained. The finger of God has been marking throughout what his designs and purposes are. You find, in the earlier part of our history, how a handful of men encountered countless hosts; and how, when they might have been swallowed up, a panic seized the multitude of armed men,—just as in older days a panic seized the hosts of Syria, in the land of Palestine. But, without dwelling on this, the conquest having been achieved, and the God of creation being recognised in providence and in history,—the real question for us to ask is, For what end has this great empire been given to us? Surely it has not been given to us merely to increase our temporal wealth; surely it has not been given to us to increase our national pride and self-glory; surely it has not been given to us merely to furnish materials for our looms, or for our engines, or for our manufactories; surely it has not been given to us merely as an arena for the fighting of bloody battles, and the earning of fresh laurels for the victor's brow; surely it was not given to us that our officers and generals, having won the victory, might return as conquering heroes to their native land, and receive special tokens of honour, even coronets and stars, at the hands of their gracious Sovereign. Neither, surely, has it been given to us that the younger members of families might go out and realise fortunes, and come home, and purchase property in this land, and in this way aggrandize the nation; nor that, year after year, we should be receiving three millions sterling, in the shape of salaries, and pensions, and dividends, while we send back no equivalent in return. It could

not have been for all this; it must have been for higher and more glorious ends, that India has been given to this nation. Let us remember why the world was created. It was for man, when holy and innocent. Why was it preserved, when, through disobedience, he fell? That it might prove a nursery for the rearing of plants of renown for the Paradise above—that it might furnish a scene for the acting out of that marvellous economy of redemption, which was rejoiced in by patriarchs, hailed by prophets, and announced by the choral hosts of angel-heralds on the plains of Bethlehem, when they proclaimed the advent of the incarnate Deity. Ah! it is to carry on this marvellous scheme of redemption, that the world itself has been preserved in being; and it is for the accomplishment of this end that all God's purposes in Providence are now unfolding, like ten thousand lines converging to a centre. When you remember, then, that this is the great end of God, even the raising up, out of the wreck and ruin of the fall, a new world of light and life and beauty, through that redemptive economy—when you know this to be an absolute fact—when you call to mind the injunction of the Divine Saviour, “Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature,” and remember that on every professing Christian this command is just as obligatory as any one commandment of the Decalogue is obligatory upon the natural conscience,—when you call all this to remembrance, and bear in mind, that our opportunity and our means are to us the measure and the standard of responsibility;—then put all these things together,—India is the most noted of

heathen realms—India contains more of idolatry and superstition and error than any other land on the face of the globe—India has been given to Britain in a way that is peculiar—Britain has an opportunity of conferring benefits which no other nation ever had—Britain has the means and resources which all other nations put together at this moment have not, for diffusing abroad the light and the life of that pure evangelism which is still the precious heritage of millions of her subjects at home ; —let all these things be put together, and the conclusion is irresistible, just as irresistible as if there were a voice appealing unto us from the open heavens,—“Go ye, and take up that immense trust and deposit! You have found India idolatrous and superstitious; you have found India a land of barbarities and of blood, of wild pantheisms and of wilder atheisms: go and take it up as your special trust, your sacred deposit; turn it to God; it is a talent—do not let it be buried, as it were, in the earth, or wrapped up in a napkin; go and turn it to account, and restore it to the Lord, purged of its idolatries and superstitions, and shining forth in all the splendour of the Sun of righteousness.” Ah! if Britain be but faithful to this her great trust, India, blest through our instrumentality, may still prove a blessing and a praise to us, and a joy through the whole earth.

Nor is the nature of this conclusion, or its validity, altered at all, nor changed in character, when we recall to remembrance the fact, that the British conquerors of India did not mean all this—did not intend all this, but quite the contrary. We say, it does not take away from the providential character, or

ultimate design of the whole series of phenomena. This is God's way of Providence. He can turn the nature and tendencies of things contrary to themselves; and out of things the most perverse and intractable, he can bring forth the very opposite. It is his prerogative to bend sin, and devils themselves, into his service. In this respect, how true it is, that "out of the eater" he can bring forth meat! Little, indeed, can the myriads of insects that rear up those stupendous coral palaces from the depths of ocean, think that they are preparing fields for the luxuriances of tropical climes and habitations for men. Little do the insects that feed on the mulberry-leaves think, when they are wrapping themselves up in the soft silken shroud that has been spun out of their own bowels, that they are preparing gay raiment for multitudes in every land. Little did Cyrus of old think, when he came along the tide of conquest to great Babylon, that he was led by the hand of God to fulfil ancient prophecies, and realise the visions of Isaiah. Little did Alexander think, when he subverted the thrones of the East, that he was only following the course that had been chalked out to him ages before, and thus verifying the inspired oracles of Daniel. Little did the Romans think, in their career of ambition and conquest, breaking down one kingdom after another, till the whole earth became one country and empire—highways being formed through all the ruggednesses of earth, and doors of access opened up into the heads and hearts of previously lawless and untamed hordes;—little did they think, that they were all the while only preparing a way for the advent of the Prince of peace, and the rapid

diffusion of his gospel through all lands. Surely, little did Judas think, when, from the thirstings of avarice, he betrayed the Lord, that it was a link in the wonderful concatenation of events, leading ultimately to man's redemption. Ah! it is in this way that God counteracts men's designs, and overrules them to the accomplishment of his own all-wise and predestined purposes. So it was in India. Men went forth, meaning merely to gain some portion of earthly treasures from that wondrous realm, where

"The gorgeous East
Shower'd on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."

You remember of old how a man went forth in quest of his father's asses, and came back, having found a kingdom. So, it would seem, was it in some measure with Britain. She went forth in search of pearls, and spices, and silks, and other Indian commodities, and she came back with a whole empire in her hands. Truly, this is God in history; truly may the series of events which, from such small beginnings, terminated in such mighty and undesigned results, be pronounced to be a very prodigy of Providence.

So little did this nation mean or intend what God meant and intended, that her rulers did for many years vehemently resist it. It is surprising now to look back on things that are past, seeing that times have so greatly changed, and men's minds have as greatly changed along with them. We cannot enter into particulars, but many here will remember, when, at the end of the last century, it was proposed that India should be opened for the gospel, how the proposal was utterly resisted in high places. It will be

remembered that, up to the year 1813, a prodigious battle had to be fought for this purpose. Pamphlets without number were produced; and many here cannot have forgotten the celebrated answers to some of those pamphlets, by one whose name is precious in all the churches of Christ; I mean Andrew Fuller. Speeches, also, without number, were spoken, in which virulence contended for the mastery with ignorance. Quotations from these might well be regarded as perfect curiosities or singular *reliques* of antiquity in our day. Geologists tell us, that there have been epochs before the present; and they bring to view strange fossilised remains of mighty antediluvian, or pre-Adamite monsters, under the newly-invented names of *sivatheria*, *megalotheria*, and such like; so may we go back to a sort of geological antediluvian era in the history of British India, and fetch up certain old fossilised remains—certain *sivatheria* and *megalotheria*, as it were, of recorded statements and opinions therefrom.

In 1793, certain clauses were proposed in a Bill then depending before Parliament, for the renewal of the Company's charter, to the effect that Christian men might be allowed to proceed to India for the purpose of propagating our most holy faith. These were peremptorily negatived. On that occasion, in the House of Lords, a learned prelate, who, in his celebrated controversy with Priestley, had rendered essential service to the cause of our common orthodoxy, actually deprecated "any attempt to interfere with the religion, the laws, or local customs, of the people of India;" alleging that, "as Christians, there

was no obligation upon us, were it possible, which he denied, to attempt the conversion of the natives of India ;” and that “the command of our Saviour to his apostles to preach the gospel to all nations, did not, as he conceived, apply to us !” Wonderful hallucination this !—Since to this very command was the same prelate, at other times, wont to refer, as Divine authority for the institution and perpetuity of an ordained ministry in the Christian church !—forgetting that it was to the performance of the duty of “preaching the gospel to all nations,” that the promise of “Lo, I am with you *to the end of the world,*” was attached ; and that a neglect in the performance of the commanded duty necessarily entailed a forfeiture of the promised blessing !

At a later period (1813), in the House of Commons, Mr. Charles’ Marsh, in his eloquent and elaborate protest against the introduction of Christianity into India, could, in the face of all evidence and of all facts, indulge in such a strain as the following :—“When I look at the peaceful and harmonious alliances of families, guarded and secured by the household virtues ; when I see, amongst a cheerful and well-ordered society, the benignant and softening influences of religion and morality—a system of manners founded on a mild and polished obeisance, and preserving the surface of social life smooth and unruffled—I cannot hear without surprise, mingled with horror, of sending out Baptists and Anabaptists to civilise or convert such a people, at the hazard of disturbing or deforming institutions which appear to have hitherto been the means ordained by Providence of making them virtuous and happy !”

Among the pamphleteers of that "dark age" of our relationship to India, the names of Mr. Twining and Major Scott Waring stand forth conspicuous.

The Hindus, according to one of these writers, had "an unconquerable abhorrence of the Christian religion." If he had said, that they had an unconquerable abhorrence of many of the practices of those who unhappily professed, and impiously profaned it—an unconquerable abhorrence of their griping avarice, oppression, intemperance, and licentiousness—he would have been much nearer the mark. But that their abhorrence of the Christian faith itself, when properly exhibited, and, above all, properly exemplified, in holiness of life and conduct, was either general or unconquerable, was disproved by many facts, of which the writer, even in his day, might have been cognisant. Witness, for instance, the "unconquerable abhorrence" of the Rajah of Tanjore, when, in 1787, he made an appropriation, for ever, of land of the yearly value of 2000 rupees (£200), for the support of the teachers of Christianity! But the mind of the writer was still "oppressed with dread and astonishment." Dread and astonishment at what? At the mere offer of Christianity to the natives, through the circulation of the Scriptures of truth! Yes! the mere offer of our most holy faith to their voluntary acceptance, he denounced as an unpardonable offence—a crime of the deepest dye! And why? Because it would occasion, at once, the loss of our Eastern possessions! "Indignation would spread from one end of Hindustan to the other; and the arms of fifty millions of people would drive us from that portion of the globe, with as much

ease as the sand of the desert is scattered by the wind." With such convictions, no wonder, though in terms the most touching and lugubrious, he "deprecatèd the horrors of that dreadful day!" Another writer, indulging in the same strain, pronounced the attachment of the Hindus to their own system, to be "invincible" and "unalterable;" and their conversion to Christianity "impracticable," or utterly "impossible." The very attempt to distribute the Scriptures would create "the utmost apprehension" and "an universal alarm" amongst them. The Missionaries themselves—even men of such mark and likelihood as Marshman, Ward, and Carey—he pronounced to be "illiterate, ignorant, and as enthusiastic as the wildest devotees among the Hindus;" to be animated by "the same spirit of ridiculous and wild enthusiasm" as that of one whom he declared to be "insane," and to have died "raving mad"—and their compositions to be mere "rhapsody," or "nothing but Puritanical rant of the most vulgar kind." In his affrighted imagination, he beheld in the design of the Bible Society, a perfect Pandora's box. "In fact," exclaimed he, "if the ingenuity of Bonaparte had been exercised in devising a plan that, with more certainty than any other, would destroy the British empire in India, he would have recommended the very plan adopted by the Bible Society." No wonder though, under the influence of such a fit of hysteric horror, he should iterate and re-iterate the assertion, that the "only efficacious measures" for allaying the excited suspicions, and regaining the forfeited confidence of the natives, were "the immediate recall of every English Missionary, and a prohibition to all persons dependent on the Company

from giving assistance to the translation or circulation of the Holy Scriptures."

Ah! these were dark and cloudy days, when such utterances could be favourably listened to in high places, and applauded by multitudes throughout the land. Let us thank God that they are now gone—and gone, we trust, for ever. But, let us not forget the noble-minded and right-hearted men by whom the battle of Christian liberty for India was so bravely fought, and the victory so nobly won. The names of Charles Grant, Thornton, and Lord Teignmouth, rise up immediately before us—engraven as these must ever be on the tablets of a grateful remembrance. But towering above them all, is the name of the immortal Wilberforce—ever foremost in the cause of freedom and justice, humanity and religion. The liberator of Africa, he, as the champion-leader of the chosen band that fought the battles of the faith, became virtually the deliverer of India from a bondage far more appalling than that of the African slave. The result of all these heroic contendings was the passing of a legislative enactment to the effect that branches of the Christian establishments of Great Britain should be extended to India, for the benefit of its European residents, and that Christian missionaries should be freely permitted to go out and labour among the natives, for the diffusion of the blessed Gospel of grace and salvation. What, then, was the issue? According to the alarmists, whose cry of protestation was raised from the Ganges to the Thames, shouted by the press, and re-echoed from St. Stephen's the arrival of a bishop and missionaries in India would be the signal for wide-spread confusion and ruin. All

confidence in the British Government would expire, the spirit of dissatisfaction would be universal; and our Eastern empire would be sure to perish in an eruption of popular fury. Such were the fearful prognostications. What was the actual reality?

At length, in November, 1814, the first Indian Bishop reached the metropolis of British India. His landing, in his own words, "was without any *éclat*, for fear of alarming the prejudices of the natives." His first sermon was preached on Christmas-day, before a congregation of thirteen hundred persons; including the judges, and members of the Supreme Council.

"And so," as a lively writer, in a recent number of the *Calcutta Review*, has remarked, "so commenced the episcopal period of Christianity in India. There was no commotion—no excitement at its dawn. Offended Hinduism did not start up in arms; nor indignant Mohammedanism raise a war-cry of death to the infidel. English gentlemen asked each other on the course (parade), or at the dinner-table, if they had seen the Bishop; and officious native sircars pressed their services on the *Lord Padre Sahib*. But the heart of Hindu society beat calmly, as was its wont. Brahmanism stood not aghast at the sight of the lawn sleeves of the Bishop: he preached in the Christian's temple on the Christian's *bara dīn* (great day); and that night the Europeans in Calcutta slept securely in their beds; securely, next morning, they went forth to their accustomed work. There was no massacre; there was no rebellion. Chow inghee (where the British chiefly reside) was not in a blaze; the waters of the *Lall Diggy* (a large

tank or pond, in the heart of the business part of the city) did not run crimson with Christian blood. The merchant took his place at his desk ; the public servant entered his office ; and the native underlings *sulâmed* meekly and reverentially as ever. In the fort, the English Captain faced his native company, and the Sepoy, whatever his caste, responded to the well-known word of command, with the ready discipline he had learnt under the old charter. Every thing went on according to wonted custom, in spite of the Bishop, and his lawn sleeves, and his sermon on Christmas-day. No one looked differently ; no one felt differently ; and it really seemed probable, after all, that British dominion in the East would survive the Episcopal blow. The truth is, that those of the natives—the better educated and more intelligent few—who really thought anything about the matter, thought the better of us for evincing this outward respect for our religion, and have thought the better of us, and of our faith, ever since. All the trash that was written and spoken about alarming the Hindus, and weakening our hold of India ; all the ominous allusions to the Vellore massacre, and anticipations of catastrophes of the same class, now appeared in their true light, and were valued at their proper worth. Dr. Buchanan's ' sanguinary doctrines,' as Mr. Twining ludicrously called them, in one of his pamphlets, had now been fully reduced to practice ; and yet not a drop of blood had been shed—not a blow struck—not a menace uttered—not a symptom of disquiet had evinced itself. Our empire in India was then (according to the alarmists) "not worth a year's purchase;" and yet now for

thirty-five years has it survived that first awful episcopal sermon on Christmas-day."

And as if to heap still further confusion and ridicule on the prognostications of the terrorists, when the Bishop made his first official visitation to Madras, he was visited and affectionately embraced by his Highness the Nawab of the Carnatic, who manifested no alarm for his hereditary faith. At Chillumbrum, the Brahmans "pressed forward to look at him, showed him the lions of their temple, and, instead of anticipating that he would demolish it, asked for a little money for its repair." At Tranquebar, the population "went out to meet him in the streets, or greeted him from the windows and house-tops." At Tanjore, the Rajah sent his minister to the Christian Bishop, invited him to his palace, where, "descending from the *musnud* (throne), he received him at the steps of the *darbar*, embraced him with the warmest cordiality and courtesy, and, after the customary inquiries respecting his health, expressed the gratification with which he saw the chief of our religious establishment in his country and his court." At Palamcottah he was visited by a deputation of Brahmans from the Tinnevely Pagodas, who came to pay their respects to the *Lord Padre Sahib*, and to represent, that "their temple lands yielded so little, after payment of Government demands, that the priests were in danger of starving:—such being their lamentable position, they hailed with delight the arrival of the English Bishop, feeling sure that he would interfere as a brother in their behalf."

Into further details it is unnecessary to enter. Suffice it to say, that, "in spite of the ominous pre-

dictions of people who ought to have known better, the first episcopal visitation produced no sort of alarm or irritation throughout India. Native Princes received the Christian Bishop with reverence, and embraced him with affection. Native priests came out from their temples to welcome him, and implored his assistance in their behalf. He came back to Calcutta again as sound as he had quitted it. Not a hand had been lifted up against him ; not a stone had been cast at him ; not an affront had been put upon him. The natives of India thought the better of us and our religion ; and the great question, which had been discussed in scores of pamphlets and speeches, was now set at rest for ever."

All that has now been said of the presence of the bishop might, *mutatis mutandis*, be predicated of the presence of the missionaries. These went freely into the chief cities and provinces, held converse with rajas and zemindars, visited temples and places of pilgrimage carried on discussions with learned Brahmans, addressed great multitudes, and yet no where did any symptoms appear of tumult or insurrection. On the contrary, is it not a notorious historic fact, that since the arrival of the bishop and the free entrance of the missionaries, our Indian empire, so far from being subverted, or lost, has been greatly extended ; and is, at this moment, vastly more consolidated than it was before the terrible and destructive concessions of 1813? Since then, have not the kingdoms of Nepal and Burmah been humbled, and greatly curtailed in territory and power? Have not the marauding Pindarries, the scourges of all India, been annihilated? Has not the hereditary chief of the mighty Mahratta

confederacy become a pensioned exile? Has not the house of Scindia been stripped of all its means of aggressive warfare, and shut up, in impotency, within the fortress of Gwalior? Has not the ancient province of Sindh, erewhile walled around as with a rampart of exclusiveness and jealousy, been conquered, and its chiefs sent to rusticate, as state prisoners, on the banks of the Ganges? Has not the independent empire of the Punjáb—the country of the five rivers—the memorable scene of Alexander's battles and arrest in the career of victory—been completely shattered, and its scattered fragments absorbed in the British dominions? In a word, does not the British sceptre now wave over the whole of subjugated India, with a paramountness of authority which that of the mightiest of the Mogul sovereigns never realised? And, instead of the predicted anarchy, bloodshed, and ruin, does not peace now spread her fostering wings over the entire vast realm, promising still brighter days of onward prosperity, contentment and bliss?

And here it is proper to remark, as bearing essentially on the subject of India's evangelization, that not only has the prohibition against the free ingress of missionaries been removed; but that many of the obstacles which impeded the progress of their work, after being freely admitted, have been gradually taken out of the way. It is with gratitude to God I avow my conviction that, since 1813, the British Government, despite its still fast-cleaving faults and failings, has, in many ways, vastly improved in its tone and spirit and temper. Being here this night, simply as a Christian man who owes nothing to the Govern-

ment, except what every British subject owes—protection of person and property,—and standing, in this respect, in a position entirely disinterested, I may refer to facts as facts, as every Christian man ought to do—regardless alike of fear or favour. My meaning will be best illustrated by specifically referring to a few topics of marked prominency.

During the early days of our Indian empire, while Christianity, as we have seen, was disdainfully repudiated, the Government of its own accord undertook the patronage of the native idolatries and superstitions. This was done freely, spontaneously, without the shadow of a pretence on the score of obligation, arising from the faith of treaties, and chiefly with a political view to humour and conciliate the natives. When we think of the fierce and fiery intolerance of many of the Mohammedan conquerors, sovereigns, and governors, the extension of an even-handed toleration to the deluded votaries of Brahmanism would have been hailed as no ordinary boon. But, not satisfied with the exercise of mere toleration, the British Government was unhappily led, in many ways, to lend its active countenance and support. Proposals to this effect sometimes originated with the highest authorities, sometimes with subordinate functionaries. When a cession was made of a part of the dominions of the nawab of Oude, the Marquis Wellesley thus wrote to the British resident at Lucknow:—"In considering the measures to be adopted, it will occur to you that no proceeding can be more calculated to conciliate all descriptions and classes of people, than a liberal attention to the religious establishments and charitable foundations of

the country. I accordingly authorise you to take the necessary steps for affording the people of Oude the most ample satisfaction on this subject; and I desire you will furnish me with a statement of such public endowments of both the Hindu and Mohammedan religions as you may propose to *confirm* or *extend*."

Partly from similar motives of state policy, and partly from more sordid financial considerations, the Government formed an alliance of the closest and most obnoxious description with the temple of Juggernath in Orissa, of Bydenath in Bír bhúm, of Gya in Behar, and the sacred place of pilgrimage at the junction of the Jumna and Ganges near Allahabad.

In the Madras presidency, one of the earliest and most successful advocates for the extension of Government patronage and support to the temples of idolatry was Mr. Lionel Place. In his report, as collector to the Board of Revenue, in 1793, he earnestly pleads for the good offices of Government, and sighs over the desolations of idolatry for want of them. "The magnificence of the festivals," says he, "and processions of this celebrated pagoda (at Conjeveram), is miserably fallen for want of them; and the rich ornaments which decked the idol, but were lost during the war, have, on account of the poverty of *the Church* (that is, the idolatrous pagoda establishment), never been replaced." He therefore urges the Government, by its largesses, to restore these to their wonted splendour. He speaks of the mismanagement of "*the Church funds*" (that is, the moneys appropriated to the worship of idols), and presses the Government to take them under its own more efficient control.

He speaks of some of "*the places of worship*" as falling into decay; more especially does he mourn over "the sacred temple where the idol is deposited, at Little Conjeveram," as threatened with total destruction by the roots of a tree, which were insinuating themselves through the walls; and he beseeches the Government, by a timely outlay, to rescue the edifice from its "ruinous condition." These entreaties were not in vain. The management of the temples and all their affairs was soon undertaken by the British Government; and similar unhallowed connexions were also established with other idolatrous shrines. Much, of course, depended on the zeal and activity of the officers in immediate charge. Probably no one, bearing the honoured name of "Christian," has left behind him so distinguished a reputation for his services in the cause of idolatry as Mr. Place. When visiting Conjeveram last year, I found his name still cherished with traditionary reverence by the votaries of Brahmanism. The nomenclature which he had introduced, was still in vogue. The native officers spoke of the pagodas as "the established church;" of the temple revenues, as "the church funds;" of the Brahman keepers of the idol-shrines, as "the churchwardens!" In the neighbourhood of one of the great temples, a spacious garden was pointed out, as the "gift of Mr. Place to the god;" within was shown a gorgeous head-ornament, begemmed with diamonds and other jewels, worth a *thousand pounds*, which Mr. Place had presented to the great idol. During his collectorate, he was wont to send for all the dancing-girls, musicians and instruments, elephants and horses, attached

to the different temples in the surrounding district, in order to celebrate the Conjeveram festival with the greatest pomp. Attending in person, his habit was to distribute clothes to the dancing-girls, suitable offerings to the officiating Brahmans, and a lace garment of considerable value to the god!

But, without dwelling further on the specialities of any particular place, or the doings of any particular individual, let us refer to some of the more obvious ways in which the British Government mixed itself up, and thoroughly identified itself with the doleful idolatries of India. At many of the shrines, taxes on a regulated scale, according to the merit which would accrue from the number and sanctity of places visited, were exacted from the miserable pilgrims. A class of people, known as pilgrim hunters, were employed in travelling throughout India, "for the purpose of enticing pilgrims to the several shrines and temples of repute." The superstitious offerings made at several idol temples were farmed or rented out annually, for the profit of Government; while all available means were employed to increase the value of these offerings. The endowments of the pagodas were taken under the fiscal management of the collector of revenue. In several provinces, public officers were retained, whose "sole and especial duty it was to see that all the services to the idols in the districts were duly performed, the different attendants at their posts, the vessels, temples, &c, in repair, and to report to the European officer at the head of the province." When the clothes of the idol-god were decayed, or his car old and rotten, these were replaced at the

expense of the Government. The ropes for pulling the idol-cars were often supplied direct from the arsenal. The repairs of temples were sometimes superintended in person by European officers and their subordinates. The menial servants of the temples, down to the dancing-girls or prostitutes, were appointed under sanction of the Government officers. The expenses connected with many of the great feasts in honour of the gods, were drawn from the public treasury. European and other officers frequently presented offerings or donations to the idols, in their own name, and that of the Government which they served, with a view to secure blessings and prosperity. In times of drought Brahmans connected with the temples were hired to pray to the gods for rain. Christian officers and soldiers were compelled to attend, as guards of honour, at the Hindu and Mohammedan religious festivals; and to fire salutes in honour of the idol. Christian drummers were constrained to accompany the idol processions, even on the sabbath days, and were severely punished for declining openly to violate the second and the fourth commandments of the Decalogue;—and all this, at a time when the heathen regent of Travancore set the example of exempting her Christian subjects from compulsory attendance at the heathen temples, or any public service on the Lord's day.

These are some specimens of the doings of former days—days which constituted the “dark age” in the history of British India—a sort of antediluvian period, in which the *sivatheria* and *megalotheria* of opinion and practice, at home and abroad, rioted

supreme amid the darkness. Permission was given to bishop and clergy and missionaries to labour for the dispelling of the night of gloom. But in the Company's system of upholding the temples and worship of the Hindus, the Christian minister, as was long ago remarked, "experienced an obstacle to his beneficent labours, scarcely less formidable in its influence upon the multitudes, than the spiritual tyranny of their priesthood, and the terrible spell of *caste*; or less palpable than the infatuation of their devotees, and the intoxicating revelries of their religious festivals." Ought we not then to rejoice and give God the praise, that, slowly indeed, yet surely, this positive impediment to the reception of Christianity has been taken out of the way?—that the *direct* Government connexion with the idols and idol temples of India has been gradually severed?—and that, ere long, we may expect to learn that the severance has been universal and complete?*

And in securing so blessed a consummation, let us not forget the debt which the Christian world owes to Lord Glenelg, whose despatch on the subject, in 1833, is one of the most masterly that ever emanated from any statesman of any age; to the late Mr. Poynder, who laboured in the good cause with an indomitable perseverance to the very end; and to Mr. Strachan, whose exertions, in public and in private, knew no abatement, till the grand object was realised.

* The pilgrim taxes and direct management of temples are everywhere abolished; and it is to be hoped that the doubtful things, such as the continuance of grants to temples, &c., which still remain, may soon be cleared up to the satisfaction of all.

Another great obstacle to the spread of Christianity in India, was the Government patronage of learned Orientalism. At Calcutta, Benares, Delhi, and elsewhere, in order to conciliate the higher and more influential classes of natives, the British Government established colleges for the promotion of Oriental literature, philosophy, and religion, through the medium of the learned languages—Sanskrit, Arabic, and Persian. In these colleges it came to pass that all the grand and distinguishing peculiarities of the systems of Orientalism, with all their *radical errors, deficiencies, and untruths*, were assiduously taught, at the Government expense, to the privileged classes of native youth—taught by Maulavis and Pandits, who themselves intensely believed, and who inculcated on their pupils the necessity of believing, all that they taught, as indubitable, or even inspired verities. There, were Hindu youth laboriously initiated into the Vedantic pantheism, which, by identifying matter with spirit, and the creature with the Creator, reflects infinite dishonour on the one living and true God—confounds the distinctions of right and wrong, and virtually annihilates the moral responsibility of man! There, too, were they taught the leading characteristics of the gross popular idolatry; and the lying, thieving, treacherous god, Krishna, was held forth as a model for their emulation! There, the Mussulman youth, on the other hand, were systematically taught to refer to the Koran, as the sole, final, and infallible arbiter in all questions of law, philosophy, and theology—that very Koran which most expressly and formally consigns all Christians to the lowest hell, for believing

in the Divinity of the Son of God—the Redeemer of the world!

How all this tended to strengthen and perpetuate the systems of Hinduism and Mohammedanism, and thereby counteract the labours of the herald of salvation—it were wholly needless to say. The evils of this scheme of policy were repeatedly exposed. At length a reformer arose in the person of Lord William Bentinck. In March, 1835, he decreed that “the great object of the British Government ought to be the promotion of European literature and science among the natives of India,”—and that “all the funds appropriated for purposes of education would be best employed in imparting to the native population a knowledge of English literature and science, through the medium of the English language.”* So far as this reform went, it was hailed by all the true friends of India. Its tendency was gradually to abolish all instruction, at the expense of the State, in the “falsities and lies” of learned Orientalism; and substitute in place of these, instruction in the improved science and philosophy of the West. What the friends of Christianity and of India lamented was, that the reform did not go far enough. True religion came to be divorced from literature and science. On the tremendous evils of this separation, there is no time at present to

* According to this decree, the teaching of learned Orientalism would, in due time, be *wholly* superseded by the teaching of improved European literature and science. Subsequently, however, Lord Auckland, while upholding and extending the latter course, laid an arrest on the gradual suppression of the former—thus maintaining, with certain modifications, the system of Orientalism.

expatiate.* Let me only express the earnest hope that, as, on the subject of native education generally, Government has already made such advances beyond the exclusive proceedings of the dark period of its history, it may be led to the timely adoption of such further educational measures as may save the empire from the turmoils of a lawless anarchy, and the people from the fiery torrents of a rampant infidelity.

Another grand obstacle to the evangelization of India, or the ready reception of Christianity by its inhabitants, arose from the avarice and oppression, the rapacity and cruelty of its Christian conquerors. The tyrannies and persecutions of the Portuguese have passed into a proverb. But what of the British? Can they plead exemption from such charges? Would that we could with truth and justice acquit them! Many here present cannot fail to remember Edmund Burke's terrible denunciation on this subject:—"The Asiatic conquerors," exclaimed he, "had soon abated from their ferocity, and the short life of man had been sufficient to repair the waste they had occasioned. But with the English the case was entirely different. Their conquests were still in the same state they had been in twenty years ago. They had no more society with the people than if they still remained in England; but, with the view of making fortunes, rolled on, one after another, wave after wave, so that there was nothing before the eyes of the natives but an endless flight of birds of prey and passage, with appetites continually renewing, for a

* See this whole subject fully treated of, in "Letters addressed to Lord Auckland on Native Education. Calcutta, 1841."

food that was continually wasting. With us there were no retributory superstitions, by which a foundation of charity compensated for ages to the poor, for the injustice and rapine of a day. With us no pride erected stately monuments, which repaired the mischief pride had occasioned, and adorned a country out of its spoils. England had erected no churches, no hospitals, no palaces, no schools (the trifling foundation at Calcutta excepted) :—England had built no bridges, made no highways, cut no navigations, dug no reservoirs. Every other conqueror of every other description had left some monument of state or beneficence behind him ; but were we driven out of India this day, nothing would remain to tell that it had been possessed during the inglorious period of our dominion, by anything better than the ouran-outang, or the tiger." Now, making due allowance for the exaggerations of rhetoric, it cannot be denied that there was too much foundation for all this vehement invective. Need we then be surprised at the greatness and strength of the barrier thus presented to the spread of Christianity in India ? As the American Indians were wont to declare that they would not enter the same heaven with their Spanish oppressors ; so were the Hindus often tempted to say that they would never think of going into the same heaven with their Christian conquerors. Hence it must be evident that improvement in the aims, objects, designs, and practices of our Government and countrymen must have an essential bearing on the evangelization of India. For, if our Government can prove itself to be the friend and benefactor of the people, by throwing round their persons and property the shield of protection from the

aggressor ; securing their rights and privileges by the administration of equitable law ; drawing out the dormant resources of their country ; ameliorating their condition, and thereby conciliating their affections and good-will toward us ;—will they not be more ready candidly to give ear, and receive at our hands what we have to offer as heralds of the gospel of peace ? Verily they will. Let us, then, briefly examine a few of the items in Mr. Burke's bill of indictment, and see if giant strides in the right direction have not been made since his day.

“England,” said Burke, “has erected no churches;” and when the indignant orator shot forth his “winged words,” the declaration was substantially true. Even as late as 1814, when Bishop Middleton first reached India, in the Presidency of Bengal, there were only two churches. But now there are in it upwards of ninety consecrated churches belonging to the Church of England—sixty-five in the Madras Presidency, and twenty-five in the Bombay Presidency—besides a large number of smaller churches that have not been consecrated ; and over and above all these, the churches and chapels reared by the Baptists, the Wesleyans, the Independents, the Germans, and the Scottish and American Presbyterians. Nearly all of these have been added since the renewal of the charter in 1813. So that the natives of India have not been alarmed by the introduction of Christianity among them, but have thought all the better of us for it. “England,” said Burke, “has erected no hospitals;” but now there are many hospitals in different cities and large stations—alike for natives and Europeans—some of them large and magnificent.

The Fever Hospital, now rearing in Calcutta, will, when finished, be one of the finest and most commodious in the world. As to "palaces"—probably the fewer we have of gay and gaudy, or even gorgeous palaces, the better. Palaces, or rather palace-like edifices, have, however, been reared since the days of Burke. And it is a noticeable fact, that the mansion which is really most worthy of the name of a palace, is one which was erected some time ago by the British Government for the hereditary Nawab of Bengal. "No schools."—Yes! there have been many schools and colleges constructed within the last fifty years. Some of these, viewed merely as specimens of architecture, are of a very superior order; such as the colleges of Calcutta, Benares, and Agra. And in point of efficiency and prospective utility, the Medical College of Calcutta already holds a distinguished place. There were "no bridges," said Burke, in his day. An Indian traveller has recently made this remark, that "bridges are now as thick as blackberries." Even in Central India, over the Nerbudda, a handsome suspension bridge has been constructed, out of materials entirely indigenous. In other parts of India, there are many suspension bridges, some of them of considerable span. In the province of Tanjore alone, there are upwards of two hundred bridges, of larger or smaller dimensions. Over the Cavery at Trichinopoly, there is one of thirty-two very large arches, probably nearly double the length of Waterloo Bridge over the Thames. "No roads."—It is true that, in this item of public economy and national weal, there is still a sad deficiency. That deficiency, however, is by no means so entire as many unscru-

pulous declaimers would represent it. In the neighbourhood of large cities, and around the principal stations, there has been something more than a real beginning. There could not well be a better road than that which has been formed over the Ghats, between the sea-coast at Panwell and Puna, in the table land of the Dekhan; and there is not, probably, in the world a finer road than that between Benares and Meerut, a distance of upwards of five hundred miles, and a "dead level" the whole way. In this department of public works, it is but fair to state that there are many practical difficulties to be encountered, peculiar alike to the climate, the soil, and the people. Still, as the benefits accruing from good roads—those great arteries of internal traffic—begin to be better appreciated by a race little given to change, we may, in future, expect a more rapid progress. And it is with no ordinary pleasure we have observed the announcement, that, at last, the first Indian railway has been begun on the banks of the Ganges. No "navigations cut."—In the neighbourhood of Calcutta, and elsewhere, some canals have been cut, for purposes of navigation. And there is one remarkable cutting in the South, to which I must very specially refer. You may remember the series of rocks, islands, and sand-banks across the straits of Manaar, between India and Ceylon, known, from Mohammedan traditions, under the name of "Adam's Bridge." This, according to the Hindus, is the remains of a celebrated bridge, constructed by their great hero-god Rama; when, with his army of monkeys, he invaded Ceylon, to recover his wife Sita, who, like another Helen,

had been stolen away by the demon-potentate of that distant isle. The whole story is rehearsed at length, with a hundred episodes, in the Ramayan of Valmiki. The hero applied to Nala, one of the chiefs of the monkeys, to throw a bridge across the waters. The latter consented, as Brahma had conferred on him "the extraordinary power of causing stones, trees, and rocks, to float on the waters, at his touch." By the rest of the monkeys huge forests were soon cut down, and rocks torn up, and brought to Nala. Hanaman, king of the monkeys, proceeded to the north, ascended the peak of a large mountain, and, by one kick, broke it into a thousand pieces. These pieces he attached to as many of the hairs that grew on his body. Fastening one mountain to his tail, taking one in each hand, and placing several on his head, he was seen marching with amazing rapidity southward, through the azure void. In the vicinity of Delhi there are various rocks, knolls, and undulations, which local tradition declares to be but some of the fragments that fell from the body of Hanaman, when swiftly passing along the empty sky. The wondrous bridge speedily advanced—multitudes of squirrels assisting in filling up the crevices. In one month it was completed—extending eight hundred miles in length, and eighty in breadth—its parapets of pure gold, and its middle paved with resplendent silver! Such is the authoritative Hindu account of the origin of "Adam's Bridge," and a very moderate specimen it is of the wild exaggerations indulged in by the professedly inspired writers of Hinduism! The real bridge, it need scarcely be said, is simply a natural phenomenon. In that part of the Straits,

the distance between the mainland and Ceylon is about eighty miles; and it looks as if the two had been formerly connected by an isthmus, which had been rent, shattered, and partly sunk, by some tremendous earthquake, or volcanic convulsion. Be this as it may, we have, in the island of Ramisseram, a portion of the bridge still above water. Between it and the mainland of India is only a distance of about a mile and a half. Across this narrow strait, run three parallel ledges of rock, submerged at full tide, which only rises three or four feet; and partly protruding in isolated rocks at low water, like the stepping-stones of a giant. Formerly, even at high-water, no vessels drawing more than four feet could cross this formidable barrier; consequently, all native vessels engaged in the extensive trade carried on between the coasts of Coromandel and Malabar had either to round Ceylon, a distance of three thousand miles, at great cost, hazard, and delay; or to anchor outside the barrier reefs of Ramisseram, remove their merchandise, transport it across on small rafts, and load fresh vessels on the other side, at a somewhat similar cost, hazard, and delay. At length the British Government resolved on digging and blasting the rocks under water, to open up a passage across this important thoroughfare of commerce. This great national work has steadily progressed under a succession of enterprising officers; so that a channel has now been excavated of about *three quarters* of a mile in length, a hundred and thirty feet broad, and ten feet deep. And now, to the great profit, convenience, and satisfaction of all parties, the whole native traffic between

Coromandel and Malabar, is carried on through this "cut navigation."

No "reservoirs dug," said Burke ; that is, reservoirs for irrigation. It is not so any longer. Reservoirs have in many quarters been dug. And what is better and more effectual still—canals have been dug, and vast dams and dykes reared to turn off the waters of rivers, such as the Cavery, Godavery, and Jumna, into the adjacent fields, as well as to regulate the distribution of the fertilising stream. And in the north of India there is a magnificent digging now in progress along the centre of the Doab, or territory between the Ganges and the Jumna. The design is to turn off into this canal a portion of the waters of the Ganges, where it bursts from the mountains into the plains at Hurdwar. It has, not far from Hurdwar, where the works are already completed, to be carried across a valley of two miles and a half in breadth, partly by an earthen mound, and partly by an aqueduct. In the construction of the latter upwards of a hundred millions of bricks will be required. Already has upwards of a million sterling been expended on the undertaking. When completed, a volume of water will be poured into the main channel, at the rate of seven thousand cubic feet per second ;—this channel itself extending to four or five hundred miles, with lateral branches to a similar extent. It will thus prove, in all probability, the largest and most useful work of the kind in the whole world. In a region so liable to failure or deficiency in the rains, and therefore exposed to periodic droughts and decimating famines, it will not only augment the produce of the soil in ordinary seasons, but, during

extraordinary seasons of drought, save myriads of men and cattle from an otherwise inevitable destruction. "With us," said Burke, "pride has erected no stately monuments." In its literal sense, this is no longer true; but even if it were, here, in this Ganges canal, is a monument—the creation not of British pride, but of British wisdom and British beneficence—a monument which, in all the qualities of sterling and enduring excellence, vastly surpasses the Taj Mehal of Agra, incomparably the most beautiful of all mausoleums, whether ancient or modern—or the imperial fortress-palace of Delhi, exceeding though it does, in the judgment of the accomplished Heber, the Kremlin of Moscow, or the Alhambra of Spain. Verily, were the British driven out of India to-morrow, they would leave somewhat behind them to tell that, during the last thirty or forty years, it had been possessed by something better than "the ourang-outang, or the tiger!"

But, perhaps, with reference to its prospectively favourable influence on the evangelisation of India, the most effective measure ever adopted by our Government yet remains to be noted. It is a measure pre-eminently characterised by its intrinsic justice. Without entering into details, I shall simply allude to it. Formerly the law of inheritance in India was branded with the fiercest intolerance. The moment a Hindu or Mohammedan changed or renounced his religion—the moment, for example, he became a Christian—he was obliged by law to forfeit all his property, ancestral or acquired. Now is it not delightful to think that, during this very year, this atrocious law has at last been repealed--

and the charter of religious liberty proclaimed over all India? And, surely, it will not detract from our feeling of lawful pleasure to be told that a law of such paramount importance—a law which, in time, may affect the transfer and descent of the property of a hundred and fifty millions,—has not been spun out into forty or fifty folio pages, as is often the case with our Acts of Parliament in England, but is all condensed into the pith and terseness of a brief sentence of a few lines!

Having dwelt so much on the removal of external obstacles and the consequent indirect facilities offered for the spread of Christianity in India, we can only bestow a momentary glance on the direct subject of missions.

There are now Church of England missions; Wesleyan, Independent, and Baptist missions; German Lutheran and Reformed missions; Scottish, Irish, and American Presbyterian missions; with sundry minor missions of a somewhat undefined and non-descript character—to be found at work, though separated by wide gaps and intervals in different parts of the country, from the heights of Kotghur, on the Sutlej, seven thousand feet above the sea, to the neighbourhood of Cape Comorin; thus proving beyond all debate the readiness of access now enjoyed to the varied tribes and races of Hindustan—together with the perfect safety and security experienced in carrying on evangelistic labours amongst them. This is not the time or the place to descant on the distinctive modes or methods of operation that have been resorted to; nor to the relative advantages and disadvantages of these dif-

ferent modes or methods. By some individuals, or associated bodies, all legitimate modes have, at some time or other, and in some locality or other, been fairly tried; and there is ample scope, somewhere or other, for the employment of all. The great object is, sooner or later, mediately or immediately, proximately or ultimately, to bring home the blessed gospel of salvation to the understandings and the hearts of the benighted people of India. And seeing that these consist of so many races, differing so widely in character and circumstances, wants, capabilities, and habitudes, the one grand thing to be shunned, as we would the plague, is a dogged dogmatic exclusionism with reference to any one particular mode or method of operation, as if it were the one sole universal Procrustean model, suited to every variety of race, under every conceivable variety of condition and circumstances. Than this, there is not under the sun any piece of unwisdom more absolutely preposterous. The reasonableness of insisting on one absolute and unvarying mode of husbandry, as equally suited to all soils and all climates, would be wisdom itself, in comparison with it. Surely common sense ought long ere now to have suggested the intrinsic fitness and propriety of accurately noting varieties of race and circumstance, and carefully adapting the external organs of intellectual and spiritual husbandry to these varieties.

As to the results of the missionary enterprise in India, it becomes us to speak with all diffidence and guardedness. Many of these results hitherto have been of a purely preparatory character; but are they

on that account to be scouted as insignificant? It is only the little mind, whose vision is absorbed on microscopic points, that will thus misjudge them—the large mind, that delights in contemplating and embracing comprehensive wholes, will weigh them in a different balance, and estimate them at another value. All the leading languages of India, living and dead, have now been thoroughly mastered; grammars and dictionaries have been prepared in them; the Bible, in whole or in part, has been translated into them; school-books have been compiled; tracts and works on Christian and other subjects have been written and published for general circulation; in many districts, vernacular schools have been planted, in which tens of thousands of children have been instructed into the rudiments of knowledge; and in some of the larger cities, seminaries and colleges have been established for the instruction of more advanced pupils, in European literature, science, and philosophy, in happy combination with the evidences and doctrines of the Christian faith. Now all of these, viewed as instrumental means and ordinances towards the ultimate evangelisation of India, no man of sane judgment will venture to despise.

But what are the effects—the spiritual effects already realised? In estimating these, we are ever liable to fall into either of two extremes—the extreme of excess or the extreme of deficiency. The friends of missions are naturally and unconsciously prone to the former; the enemies of missions, to the latter. It becomes us soberly to strike the medium, and roll along the highway of uncontested fact. In doing

so, we must frankly confess, that the pictures of realised success, which some of the over-sanguine and injudicious, but well-meaning, advocates of missions, have sometimes held up to view, have been far too glowing; the colours much too vivid; and the general impression produced greatly beyond the actual reality. The favourable results in some limited locality have occasionally, in imagination, been multiplied and spread over whole provinces; a few facts and incidents, of undoubted authenticity, have been swollen into a magnificent generalisation, that might embrace whole kingdoms. When, in sober seriousness, we look at the prodigious masses of the people of India, and contemplate what has been realised of actual fruit, we are made painfully to feel that, *comparatively*, little or nothing has been achieved; though what has been achieved may be truly said to be commensurate with the means employed. But, oh, the incommensurateness!—the sheer utter inadequacy of the means!—Think of one hundred and fifty foreign missionaries spread over a territory nearly as large as Europe—among a hundred and fifty millions of people of strange tongues, and still stranger beliefs, habits, manners, and customs! What would two foreign evangelists be in this great Babylon, as London is often called, and all its inhabitants thickly encrusted with the idolatries and superstitions of three thousand years? Oh, mockery of mockeries! Really, when we think of the disproportionateness of the evangelistic means now employed in India, we are forcibly reminded of the design to illuminate the darkness of the night by a few lamps. Take these few lamps now suspended

in Exeter Hall, and tell me if by means of these you can set London in a blaze; and then may you tell me that, by means of the present operations, you have reason to expect all India to be speedily evangelised — speedily illuminated by the light of the everlasting gospel. I speak after the manner of men, and not according to the possibilities within the range of the Divine omnipotence. To his professing disciples, as agents in his hands, the great Head of the church has committed the charge of evangelising the nations. For this end he summons forth their utmost energies, and demands the cheerful application of the best means at their disposal. And if we scandalously neglect our duty, can we expect Him to work miracles, in order to save us from the effects of our sloth, our negligence, and our stunted, griping selfishness? Surely, surely, it ought to be to us a matter of shame and of mortification, that, with all our redundant resources in men and pecuniary supply, so little has as yet been done for India, and other heathen lands! When will the British churches arise, and, in the more adequate discharge of duty, wipe away the burning disgrace from their borders?

But while, in faithfulness, we must thus expostulate with the members of our Christian churches, and tell them that so little, *comparatively*, has been done; we must, on the other hand, boldly confront the adversaries of the evangelistic scheme, and tell them with sternest emphasis that they are wrong, demonstrably wrong, when, with a nameless hardihood of presumption, they venture to affirm that nothing at all has been done. It is the more neces-

sary to be emphatic on this head, because, only about a twelvemonth ago, declarations to this effect were put forth by certain "Old Indians," with a sort of Vatican-like dogmatism, in one of our leading metropolitan journals. Then it was one of the writers gravely asserted, that he "never yet knew or heard of one single instance of a creditable convert to Christianity in India"—that he "never knew an instance of one that was not as well a reproach to the creed he was adopting, as a warning to the one he had abandoned." There is no time, this night, for entering into proofs; if there were, such statements might be shown, on the ground of resistless counter-evidence, to be compound essences of untruthfulness. I may, however, be permitted to set up at least one testimony against another. The denier of the existence of any creditable converts in India, left the country a quarter of a century ago; and when there, probably took little pains to make himself personally acquainted with missionaries, their churches, or their converts. But be that as it may,—I can only say that, having, in the course of last year, visited and inspected most of the missions of the different churches and societies in India, I feel bound in justice to declare, that there is not a single Protestant mission which has been established for any time that is not able to point to some, with regard to whom there is not a shadow of a doubt that they are real converts to the truth of the gospel. In some of the older missions they can point to creditable converts, not by units, or decades, but by hundreds; and to persons, who have renounced at least the outward forms of idolatry, and

voluntarily placed themselves under Christian instruction, by thousands. What! after all this no real converts in India? Is it possible to think of such gratuitous allegations without being overwhelmed with moral indignation? What is the test of sincerity and reality? Were *all* of the professed converts, poor, depressed, abject creatures—stupid in intellect and trodden down under the hoof of social oppression—destitute of caste, or status, or respectability of any sort, something plausible might be alleged against their motives; though even then, in the absence of positive proof, Christians would be slow to condemn them. There are, however, some—for I desire to speak with the utmost caution in this matter—with regard to whom there can be no pretence for the raising of such plausible allegations. We can now point to a few at least—certainly to scores—of good caste, yea, of the highest Brahmanical caste, of respectable family, of superior status in Hindu society, and of bright prospects in life, who have relinquished all,—literally forsaking fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, and home, and everything, for the sake of Christ. And yet we are told that there are no genuine converts in India! We can point to the fiery furnaces of trial, through which scores of educated and respectable young men in particular—several of them Brahmans—had to pass, in making their escape from the foul embrace of heathenism, into the bosom of the Christian church. Many of these harrowing scenes have I been called upon to witness; they are now vividly before my mind's eye. And sure I am, that if even the "Old Indians" were in my stead, their cold and

unworthy suspicions would melt away before the scathing realities of such scenes. As a Christian cannot live in a Hindu family, when any young man, under the force of strong convictions, finds himself constrained to abandon his ancestral faith, and openly profess himself as a disciple of the Lord Jesus, he must make up his mind to leave his home, with all its fond associations. He usually seeks for refuge in the house of the Missionary whom he may regard as his spiritual father. Thither the friends soon follow him; and for days the scenes exhibited are often enough to fill the soul with anguish and agony. But instead of picturing one of these from memory, I shall, by way of specimen, read an account of one, written at the time, when all the incidents were painfully fresh and vivid in the mind's eye, and mind's memory:—

“ In the evening, his father and eldest brother came to our house in the greatest trepidation and distress. They remained upwards of two hours, and would have remained all night, had I deemed it proper to allow them. They implored, they expostulated, they besought; accompanying their entreaties with tears, and looks indicative of mental agony. All the tenderest and most endearing associations were pathetically appealed to. Bribes, allurements, and proffers of every kind, were freely held out. All these were alternated with various attempts to white-wash Hinduism, and bespatter Christianity; but all in vain. They then dealt out the most formidable threats, declaring, moreover, that he was not of legal age; that they would apply forthwith for a writ of *habeas corpus* against me; that he and I would both be severely punished: and that have them rescued

they would, by fair means or foul, though it should cost them *lacs*, or hundreds of thousands of rupees. The young man, who is certainly of age—which for males in this country is *sixteen*—being now at least *eighteen*, remained perfectly cool, collected, and calm. To their questions he meekly replied; to their arguments he intelligently responded; to their abuse and revilings he answered not a word, but maintained an unbroken silence. At length I begged of them to ask him plainly whether he wished to stay in my house, or go away with them; that if he wished to stay, he was welcome to do so; and that if he wished to go, he was free to go. They did so again and again; and again and again he told them, in the clearest and most emphatic manner, that of his own free will and accord he came to our house; that it was his own free desire to remain; and that he did not wish to return, and would not return with them. ‘I am a believer in Christ Jesus,’ he said; ‘I trust in him alone for salvation; and, by the grace of God, nothing will prevent me from publicly embracing him by baptism.’ At last, when all efforts failed, the father, who had hitherto kept within reasonable bounds, lost all temper, patience, and sense of propriety. He stood up, and with uplifted arm and vehemence of gesture, he advanced towards his son, looking like a person fairly infuriated. For a few moments it seemed as if the swelling tumult of passion could find no vent, and then it impetuously burst forth into something like a volcanic eruption. With a rapid, fearful, and overpowering energy, he poured upon his son ‘the curses of a father, and the curses of his father’s fathers for a thousand genera-

tions; and the curses of all the gods, whether in heaven, or in earth, or in hell.' 'And you 'll be smitten,' said he, 'with every disease, and overtaken by every calamity. You 'll be deaf, and you 'll be dumb, and you 'll be blind, and you 'll be a leper, and you 'll pass through innumerable births of loathsome monsters and reptiles. Every pain and every misery will be yours. You will be an eternal disgrace and reproach to your kindred and your country; all that hear of your name will load it with execrations; and the very depths of hell will everlastingly receive you.' These, and other similar curses, uttered in the Bengali language, and in a tone of unearthly vehemence, made all present instinctively quail and shudder. At length, as if exhausted by the effort, his voice stopped; and, seizing his son by the hand, he meltingly implored him to come away. His son could only reply: 'Father, forgive me, as I forgive you;—but my mind is made up, and I cannot go with you.' Shortly afterwards all went away; and, peace and quietness being restored, we commended ourselves, in the reading of the Word, and prayer and praise, to the mercy and protection of a covenant-keeping God."

After passing through scenes like these, again and again repeated, with a faith not only unshaken, but strengthened and purified, and, after subsequent lives of godliness and consistency in the whole tenor of their Christian walk and conversation; are we to be told that there are no creditable converts in India? We might as well be assured that there is not a church in Christendom in which there are any genuine or creditable professors of the faith of Jesus!

Once more, the "Old Indian" tells us, "that even if there were any creditable convert, such a person is the very last that should be chosen" for the purpose of converting others: "a black instructor would be sure to be listened to with less respect, and to have less influence with the natives than a white one; such a messenger might repel—he certainly would not invite; and in what character more degraded or offensive would he be exhibited to his countrymen, than that of an apostate?" The real fact is, that the reception of a native evangelist (or black missionary, as the "Old Indian" would contemptuously designate him) will entirely depend on variations of time, place, and circumstance—together with variations in his own temper, position, and qualifications. In places where native prejudices are unbroken, and the native labourer is inferior in caste, in ability, and in acquired attainments, no one would vouch for his favourable reception. But in places where native prejudices have been relaxed, and the native labourer is superior in all the qualities now specified—it is *not* the fact that he would be treated with the reasonless disdain or intolerant resentment which haunt the imagination of the "Old Indian." On one occasion, in the Town Hall of Calcutta, in the presence of a large assemblage of about two thousand, partly Europeans, but chiefly natives, many of whom were men of influence and rank—rajahs, and zemindars, and respectable heads of families—it was once my privilege to listen to an elaborate dissertation "on the influence of sound general knowledge on Hinduism." The object of the treatise was to prove that such knowledge came into fatal collision with

Hinduism, in all its departments, and utterly destroyed it. And who, think you, was the author? One universally known as an "apostate" from his ancestral faith, and then in the course of being trained for the office of a missionary. But was he listened to—more especially on such a theme? Was he not scornfully repelled? No; he was listened to with the utmost deference and attention. And as he warmed with his subject, his naturally deep and sonorous voice rose into something like the swell of a cathedral organ, and rolled along the vast hall, in accents of thrilling pathos, as he gave vent to the intense convictions and aspirations of his soul in these solemn utterances:—

"Such is Hinduism, and such the influence of sound knowledge upon it. We have seen how fatal that influence is to the literature, science, and religion of Hindustán; how it overturns Hindu customs and manners. In fact it overturns everything Hindu. With the Hindus every thing and all things are incorporated in their religion. Their sciences, their arts are all revealed from heaven. If, therefore, in any way their science is overthrown, their religion is also overthrown with it. The religion of the Hindus mixes with their legislation, fashions their habits, fixes their customs, establishes their institutions, forms their national character. Undo, therefore, their religion, and you undo the whole system of Hinduism. The citadel of Hinduism is the religion of the country. Attack, capture that citadel, the system of Hinduism lies a conquered territory. And it is the science and religion of Christendom which have now encompassed round

about that citadel. Several of its walls are beaten down, but still it is not surrendered; but we hope ere long the faith and science of Christendom shall fully be established in India. The resplendent sun of Revelation hath darted forth to the eyes of benighted India. But, alas! alas! our countrymen are still asleep,—still sleeping the sleep of death. Rise up, ye sons of India! arise! see the glory of the Sun of righteousness! Beauty is around you; life blooms before you; why, why will ye sleep the sleep of death? And shall we who have drunk in that beauty,—we, who have seen that life,—shall we not awake our poor countrymen? Come what will, ours will be the part, the happy part, of arousing the slumber of slumbering India.—

“ Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learn'd Messiah's name.”

At the close of these words, the still and breathless silence which prevailed was instantly broken in upon, by one loud and rapturous burst of applause. So much for the rough reception of a “black instructor” on the part of a high-caste audience of his fellow-countrymen in the metropolis of British India!

One example more, and I am done. When in the South of India, last year, one of the busiest and happiest Sabbaths of my life was spent with an

aged missionary, bordering on threescore years and ten. In the morning I attended his Sabbath-school, and in the forenoon the examination of the teachers and catechists. The smiling countenances of the young, whose dark rolling eyes seemed to glance confidence in their instructor; and the fixed gaze, and beaming reverential looks of the adults;—all unmistakably bespoke that old and young alike felt themselves in the presence of one in whom they recognised a father and a friend. Afterwards I went to his church, where he addressed an assembly of nine hundred men, women, and children, with evidently telling power. Indeed, the wistful earnestness of attention manifested by the great majority might well rebuke many a Christian audience in this land. In the evening I visited, in his company, some of the adjacent villages; and the manner in which even those who were not yet Christians appeared to hail him, at once proclaimed that he was regarded by them as a benefactor. You will ask, Who was this man, towards whom such respect and reverence were shown, and who commanded such mighty influence over the surrounding natives? It was one whom I rejoice in having it in my power to call my venerable friend—it was the Rev. John Devasagayum, a native presbyter of the Church of England, and missionary pastor of the village of Kadatchapuram, in Tinnevely. So much again for the contemptuous scorn with which a “black instructor” must be treated by his countrymen!

Mark then how, at last, all the lines do meet and centre in India. Of all the realms of heathenism, India

is at this moment elevated on the most conspicuous platform, in view of the whole civilized world;—not but that other lands have their own specific points of interest and attraction—individually or severally equalling, or even surpassing, any separate object of interest connected with India;—but, out of Christendom, it is believed that, at this moment, no other realm can present such a varied assemblage and rare combination of objects and qualities fitted to attract and arrest the eye of civilized intelligence. The extent and magnificence of the empire which Britain has there reared, and the wealth and influence thence accruing to her, have necessarily fixed on India the anxious gaze of the most enlightened statesmen of the Old and New Worlds. If the events of civil and military history be worthy objects of entertainment or pursuit,—where shall we find these more abundantly furnished, than in the actions of that amazing series of conquerors that has passed over the stage of India, from the days of Alexander down to the present hour? If poetry and romance and chivalry,—are there not ample stores of poetic effusion and romantic legend in the Mahabharat and Ramayan—the great epics of India—that might not be disclaimed as unworthy by any of the older nations of Europe? and are the records of any state more crowded with the recital of daring adventures and deeds of heroism, than the annals of Rajasthan? If ethnography and philology,—where can we find more original languages, or varying dialects? more especially, where can we find the match of the Sanskrit; perhaps the most copious, and certainly the most elaborately refined, of all languages, living

or dead? If antiquities,—are there not monumental remains and cavern-temples, scarcely less stupendous than those of Egypt; and ancient sculptures, which, if inferior in “majesty and expression”—in richness and variety of ornamental tracery, almost rival those of Greece? If the beautiful and sublime in scenery,—where can the pencil of the artist find loveliness more exquisite than among the streams and dells and woody declivities of Malabar or Kashmír? or grandeur more overawing than among the unfathomed depths and unscaled heights of the Himalaya? If natural history,—where is the mineral kingdom more exuberantly rich—the vegetable or animal more variegated, gorgeous, or gigantic? If the intellectual or moral history of man,—are there not curious remains of pure and mixed science, and masses of subtile speculation and fantastic philosophies, and infinitely varied and unparalleled developments of every principle of action that has characterised fallen, degraded humanity? If an outlet for the exercise of philanthropy,—what field on the surface of the globe can be compared to Hindustan, stretching from the Indus to the Ganges, and from the awful defiles of Affghanistan to Cape Comorin, in point of *magnitude and accessibility combined*, and *peculiarity* of claims on *British Christians*?

Accordingly, do we not find that, of late years, the eyes of statesmen, historians, poets, romancers, artists, philologists, antiquarians, naturalists, philosophers, and philanthropists, have, in a novel, singular, and pre-eminent degree, been turned towards India, as if unconsciously moved and attracted to

wards it by some secret and resistless spell? What is all this but God's own method of preparing the nations for the new act in the mighty drama of an evolving Providence, that is soon to emerge from the Eastern horizon, and cause its influence to be felt to the ends of the earth? In that vast realm, towards which all eyes are now turned, is the most stupendous fortress and citadel of ancient error and idolatry now in the world. Its foundations pierce downwards into the Stygian pool; its walls and battlements, crusted over with the hoar of untold centuries, shoot upwards into the clouds. It is defended by three hundred and thirty millions of gods and goddesses—the personations of evil—of types and forms to be paralleled only by the spirits of Pandemonium. Within are congregated a hundred and fifty millions of human captives, the willing victims of the most egregious “falsities and lies” that have ever been hatched by the Prince of Darkness,—pantheisms and atheisms, transcendental idealisms and grovelling materialisms, rationalisms and legends, and all-devouring credulities,—with fastings and ablutions, senseless mummeries, loathsome impurities, and bloody, barbarous sacrifices, in number and variety vastly surpassing all that is to be found in the world besides. A citadel so stupendous, no wonder, though men—left to the blindness of their own perverted reason—should have attempted to prove to be altogether impregnable—its defenders invincible—its dungeoned inmates incurably wedded to their delusions and lies. But the great God, who has not ceased to reign in the affairs of men, because he reigns invisibly to

human eye, has permitted all this, in order that, when the set time comes, greater glory and honour may redound to his name, as King and Governor among the nations. For when the "impregnable" is seen shattered and crumbling into fragments; when the "invincible" is fairly vanquished; when the "unalterable" has utterly changed; when the "impracticable" or the "impossible" is actually realised,—then, then, by the watching and the wondering multitudes in all lands, will the great fact be felt and acknowledged—that truly the finger of the Omnipotent Jehovah has been there. And such, on the assurance of God's own infallible word of promise, we know to be the destined consummation. India, which is the realm where this mightiest citadel of idolatry and superstition has been reared, is now a province of the British empire. The Supreme Government of that realm has, in many indirect ways, contributed to open up the passes, and clear away many of the external obstacles of approach. The pioneers of the army of Immanuel have been busily at work all around, preparing materials for the great assault. Sapping and undermining processes have long been carried on with various success. Some of the outworks have been carried and demolished, and an occasional explosion has left visible rents and chasms in one or other of the battlements. And the day is coming—oh that the evangelic churches of Christendom would speedily arise in their strength and might, and hasten on its coming!—when assuredly the great central citadel itself shall fall. How great will be the fall thereof! What the crash, downfall, and

sudden disappearance of Ben Nevis would be to the Scottish Grampians, or of Mont Blanc to the Swiss Alps, or of Chimborazo to the American Andes, or of Dhwalagiri to the Indian Himalaya—that, and a vast deal more, will the crash, downfall, and disappearance of the towering mountain-pile of Hinduism, be to the rugged heights and eminences of the idolatries and superstitions of all lands. The shock of it will be felt with earthquake violence in their uttermost borders. The sound of it will roll on, in wave after wave, from one end of the world unto the other. A voice shall be heard in the concave vault of heaven, and re-echoed from all the climes of earth, saying, “Alleluia, Alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!”

Viewed in this light, well may the crash and downfall of India’s gigantic systems of idolatry and superstition be regarded as the dawning birthday of this world’s jubilee. What, then, let me, in conclusion, ask, ye Christian young men of England!—what is your duty with reference to the leading theme of the present discourse? If ye have come here this night merely to hear, and do nothing—then—oh then!—has he who has addressed you, “laboured in vain, and spent his strength for nought, and in vain.” Let me at once pronounce this to be impossible. Let me indulge the hope, that ye have come here with the honest desire to do what in you lies towards sharing in the great and glorious work of India’s evangelisation. Accordingly, it is to share more largely than heretofore in the honour of hastening it on, that I would now most earnestly invite you.

Consider your own unrivalled privileges. Delivered, by the grace of God bestowed on your forefathers, from the darkness of the Druidical faith, the cruelties of Druidical worship, and the savage enjoyments of a Druidical heaven—ye are now, by profession, the disciples and adherents of a faith of which the eternal Son of God is the Author and the Finisher—a faith supernaturally fitted to renovate the earth, and replenish the skies with ransomed inhabitants. Ye are, by birth, the natives of a soil whose very touch is freedom:—

“Slaves cannot breathe in England: if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall!”

Ye are, at once, the *protégés* and the guardians of a constitution the noblest and the most consolidated now on earth—a civil constitution, around whose bulwarks the angry surges of revolution and anarchy beat in vain—a Protestant constitution, which resents the sacrilegious touch of the Apocalyptic Babylon's scarlet-clad potentate. Ye are the subjects of a monarch the most deservedly beloved that has ever wielded the British sceptre, or sat on the great Alfred's throne—a monarch, in whose character the Royal dignity is happily blended with an unaffected, almost child-like, simplicity; and the dauntless energy of a resolute will, duly attempered by the soft, winning smile of womanly grace and tenderness—a monarch, around whose person there clusters and effloresces so rare an assemblage of the social and domestic charities, that, in gracefulness, they might well become Nature's own queen—a monarch, around

whose brave heart are entwined the fibres and the sinews of that evangelic Protestantism which constitutes at once the distinguishing glory and the only true stability of her hereditary throne. Ye are, as young men, the members—as *Christian* young men, who have laid your own foundation on the Rock of Ages, the promise and the stay—of an empire and commonwealth, on whose vast dominions the sun never sets—dominions, extending to regions over which the eagle of all-conquering Rome never flew—dominions, that comprehend a fourth part of this world's population, and include, within their ample fold, specimens of all the soils, and climes, and tribes, and products of earth. In fine, ye are the denizens and representatives of a kingdom and realm which, despite its many faults, and failings and sins, has proved itself to be the most signally favoured by Providence, and, consequently, the most highly distinguished of all modern nations. Hear the glowing encomium pronounced upon it, two centuries ago, by the sublimest of uninspired men:—“Lords and Commons of England! consider what a nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are governors: a nation, not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtile and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point—the highest—that human capacity can soar to. Yet that which is above all this—the favour and the love of Heaven—we have great argument to think, in a peculiar manner, propitious and propending towards us. Why else was this nation chosen before any other, that out of her, as out of Zion, should be proclaimed and sounded forth

the first tidings and trumpet of Reformation to all Europe? And had it not been the obstinate perverseness of our (Romish) prelates against the divine and admirable spirit of Wickliffe, to suppress him as a schismatic and innovator; perhaps neither the Bohemian Huss nor Jerome; no! nor the name of Luther or of Calvin, had been ever known:—the glory of reforming all our neighbours had been completely ours. Now, once again, by all concurrence of signs, and by the general instinct of holy and devout men, as they daily and solemnly express their thoughts, God is decreeing to bring some new and great period in his Church, even to the reforming of Reformation itself;—what does He, then, but reveal Himself to His servants, and, as His manner is, first to His Englishmen? I say, as His manner is, first to us, though we mark not the method of His counsels, and are unworthy. Behold, now, this vast city—a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty—encompassed and surrounded with His protection: the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice, in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching Reformation; others, as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement. What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful labourers, to make a know-

ing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies?"

Since this magnificent eulogium was penned, the separate names of England and Scotland—once rivals and antagonists—have been merged in the common name of Great Britain; and since then, "wise and faithful labourers," in both sections of the United Kingdom, have vied with each other, and not without much glorious success, in turning the potential of Milton's climax into the actual, and so exhibiting to the world "a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies."

Ye Christian young men of England! what think ye of your extraction and descent from such an ancestry—an ancestry not of king-made knights and nobles, but of God-made prophets and sages and worthies? What say ye to the honour which such lineage implies? Do ye prize it? What! can there be one here this night with a soul so base and so degenerate, that he would not? Away with such a thought! And let us vehemently repudiate the possibility of the tainting presence of even one, with a spirit so dastardly, in an audience such as this—an audience exhibiting, as we may fondly hope, no unfair proportion of the very flower of Christian Protestant England's youthful chivalry. And if ye duly prize the honour, are ye not solemnly bound to bear in mind that distinguished honour involves distinguished responsibility? Are ye not bound to show, by a shining example, that ye are prepared to resent the conduct of those faithless sons who, through negligence and sloth, baseness and unworthiness, would tarnish

the glory of so matchless an ancestry, or sully the gorgeous heraldry of justly-earned renown, in which the very name of Fatherland has, for ages, been enshrined? Are ye not bound to regard your commanding position in the metropolis of this great empire, as providentially conferring on you, above all British youth besides, a special capacity to do good? And are ye not bound to consider that a special capacity to do good, as a British Ambassador once finely and tersely expressed it, "not only gives a title to it, but makes the doing of it a duty?"

Arise, then, ye Christian young men of England; and, remembering of what a soil ye are the natives—of what a constitution ye are the *protégés* and guardians—of what a monarch ye are the subjects—of what a metropolis ye are the citizens—of what an ancestry ye are the descendants—and, above all, of what a faith ye are the enlightened votaries;—arise! and, taking your station on this Island-Pharos of the nations, and thence surveying the vast regions of heathen darkness to be illumed by its rays—arise, and strive, in dependence on the aids of the Almighty Spirit, to realize the height and grandeur of your obligation towards the teeming myriads of your benighted fellow-men, with whom ye are brought in contact by the facilities and reciprocal advantages of a boundless commerce; and especially towards the teeming myriads of your heathen fellow-subjects, from the snowy wilds of Labrador to the burning sands of Africa, with the countless islands that bestrew the dark blue depths of ocean. Above all, strive to realize the altogether peculiar and specific claims of

India;—India, at once the scene of our country's greatest infamy and greatest renown!—of our country's sorest disasters and most glorious triumphs!—India, at once the grave of Britain's sons, and the chief source and mine of their princely affluence and power! Strive to realize the height and grandeur of your obligation to the hundred and fifty millions of India's poor, cowering, abject children; millions, laid helplessly prostrate at our feet, by a series of conquests the most strange and unparalleled in the annals of all time; millions, once torn asunder by relentless feuds and implacable hatreds, now bound together, and bound to us, by allegiance to a common Government, submission to common laws, and the participation of common interests!

Here is a career of benevolence, opened up unto you, worthy of your noblest ambition and most energetic enterprise. Shrink not from it, on the ground of its magnitude or difficulties. In contests of an earthly kind, confidence in a great leader, with the heart-stirring traditions of ancestral daring and prowess, have heretofore kindled shrinking cowardice into the fire of an indomitable valour. When, about half a century ago, our gallant but vain-glorious neighbours boastfully pointed to "the rout of all the armies and the capture of almost all the capitals in Europe," as a proof of the invincibility of their own arms, and the utter hopelessness of any further resistance or defence, the historian of Europe tells us, that their old rivals, the English—at first well-nigh paralysed by the halo of uninterrupted success that surrounded their foes—began to revive when they beheld "the lustre of former renown shining forth, however dimly,

amid the blaze of present victory." When the names of Cressy and Agincourt and Blenheim came up before them in freshest remembrance, they could calmly point to "the imperishable inheritance of national glory;" their soldiers, their citizens, were alike penetrated with these recollections; the exploits of the Edwards and the Henrys and the Marlboroughs of former times, "burned in the hearts of the officers and animated the spirit of the people." Hence, the nation at length rose as one man to repel the danger of Napoleon's threatened invasion; and, hence, speedily, the addition of Salamanca and Vittoria, Hugomont and Waterloo, to the long register of England's military renown; and of the name of Wellington, as the greatest in the bright roll of her warriors.

But England has had other battles, and other warriors, and other exemplars, nobler still,—nobler still in the eye of Heaven, and the annals of eternity—however humble and unworthy in the eye of carnal sense, and the records of short-lived time. And it is to these that you are now to look, when invited to enter on a nobler warfare—a warfare, not physical or material, but moral and spiritual—a warfare, not with humanity itself, but with the evils that plague and exulcerate it—a warfare, not with men's persons, but with their ignorance, their follies, their errors, their superstitions, their idolatries, and their deadly sins—a warfare with the springs and causes of all other warfare—a warfare, whose ends and issues will be, the extermination of these springs and causes with their fatal consequences—a warfare, not for the destruction of any, but for the regeneration of the

whole race of man—a warfare, one of whose richest trophies will consist in men's beating their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; in nation's not lifting up sword against nation, neither learning the art of war any more! And if, in entering on a warfare so high, so holy, so heavenly, and yet so arduous—a warfare with legions of foes, that have stood their ground for thousands of years, won a thousand victories, entrenched themselves behind a thousand battlements, and reared their standard on a thousand fortresses that frown defiance over the nations; if, in entering on a warfare so terrible, ye are apt to be dispirited and cast down, lift up your eyes, and fix your gaze on the lustre of former renown. In this highest and noblest department of human warfare, ye may, with rapt emotions, point to another “imperishable inheritance of national glory.” Ye may point to the illustrious company of England's sages and worthies, the noble army of her martyrs, and the ten thousand scenes that have been consecrated by their testimony and their blood. Ye may point to Wycliffe, the morning star of the Reformation, whose ashes, as noted by the historian, in the execution of an empty insult, were exhumed, and thrown into a neighbouring brook—“the brook conveying them into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, and these into the main ocean;—thus converting the ashes into an emblem of the Reformer's doctrine, which is now dispersed all over the world.” Ye may point to Cranmer, and Ridley, and Latimer, at whose stakes were lighted a fire, which, according to their own prophetic utterance, by God's grace,

“will never be put out in England.” Ye may point to the Miltons and the Bunyans, the sages and the seers of the Commonwealth and Restoration. Ye may point to the Howards and Wilberforces, who irradiated the dungeon’s gloom, and struck his galling fetters from the crouching slave. Ye may point to the Martyns and the Careys, the Williams and the Morrisons, who, spurning the easier task of guarding the citadel at home, jeopardized their lives in the high places of the field, when boldly pushing the conquests of the cross over the marshalled hosts of heathendom. And, when ye point to all of these and ten thousand more, tell me if their undying achievements do not burn in your hearts and animate your spirits, and incite your whole soul, with inextinguishable ardour, to deeds of similar daring and of deathless fame? Or,—oh, mournful alternative! is the spirit, the redoubted spirit, of Wycliffe now gone from amongst us? Is the light of Cranmer, and Latimer, and Ridley, now beginning to be shrouded in darkness? Is the seraphic fire of Milton and of Bunyan for ever extinguished? Has the mantle of Howard and of Wilberforce dropped to the earth, and found no one able, or willing, or worthy, to take it up? Is there no soul of Martyn, or Carey, or Morrison left behind? or is their unquenchable zeal buried with their mouldering ashes in the sepulchre? And when the distant wail of the perishing in other lands, deadened in its passage by ocean’s waves to the ears of sense, sounds piercingly in the ear of faith, where is the successor of the martyr of Erromango?—is echo still left to answer, Where?—and again mournfully to redupli-

cate, Where? Forbid it, O gracious Heaven! Arise then, ye Christian young men of England, and vindicate at once the reality and purity of your descent from the sages, the prophets, the worthies, and the martyrs of this favoured Patmos isle, by buckling on their armour, nerving yourselves with the energy of their faith and self-sacrifice; marching like them, when duty calls, into the battle-field, and burning for the posts of danger where these foremost warriors fell! In the hour and crisis of England's peril, the greatest of her naval captains hoisted the watchword of death or victory, in words familiar but immortal,—“England expects every man to do his duty.” In this the hour and crisis, not of England's peril merely, but of the world's agony and travail, well may we raise the standard, emblazoned with the watchword, “The Church of Christ—Christ himself, the great Head of the Church—expects every man, every professing member and disciple, to do his duty.”

Arise, then, ye Christian young men of England, and, under the banner of the Great Captain of salvation, rally your scattered forces! Resolve, as if ye swear by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that ye shall re-exhibit to an admiring world the deeds of by-gone heroism and renown. With such a Divine leader to guide you, such ennobling examples to inspire you, and such a brilliant cloud of witnesses encompassing you all around—the final conquest is certain, the victory sure. Arise, then, ye Christian young men of England, and through you, let the terrors of fire and sword, the faggot and the stake, be warded off from these peaceful shores—the asylum of the persecuted of all

lands—the Thermopylæ of the old world's endangered liberties! Through you, let the store-houses of British beneficence be opened for the needy at home and the famishing abroad. Through you, let Britain discharge her debt of gratitude and love to the ascending Saviour,—her debt of sympathy and good-will to all nations. More especially, through you, let her discharge her debt of justice, not less than benevolence, to India, in reparation of the wrongs, numberless and aggravated, inflicted in former times on India's unhappy children. In exchange for the pearls from her coral strand, be it yours to send the Pearl of great price. In exchange for the treasures of her diamond and golden mines, be it yours to send the imperishable treasures of Divine grace. In exchange for her aromatic fruits and gums, be it yours to send buds and blossoms of the Rose of Sharon, with its celestial fragrancy. In exchange for the commodities and dainties that luxuriate the carnal taste, be it yours to send the heavenly manna, and the water of life, clear as crystal, to regale and satisfy the new-created spiritual appetite. And desist not from the great emprise, until the dawning of the hallowed morn when all India shall be the Lord's;—when the varied products of that gorgeous land shall become visible types and emblems of the still more glorious products of faith working by love;—when the palm-tree, the most exuberant of all tropical growths in vegetable nectar, and therefore divinely chosen by inspiration to set forth the flourishing condition of the righteous, shall become the sensible symbol of the dwellers there, who, fraught with the sap of the heavenly

grace, and laden with the verdure and the fruits of righteousness, shall raise their voices in notes of praise, that swell and reverberate from grove to grove, like the soft, sweet echoes of heaven's own eternal hallelujahs ;—when these radiant climes, pre-eminently distinguished as the “climes of the sun,” shall become the climes of a better sun,—even the Sun of Righteousness—vivified by his quickening beams, and illumined with the effulgence of his unclouded glory :—

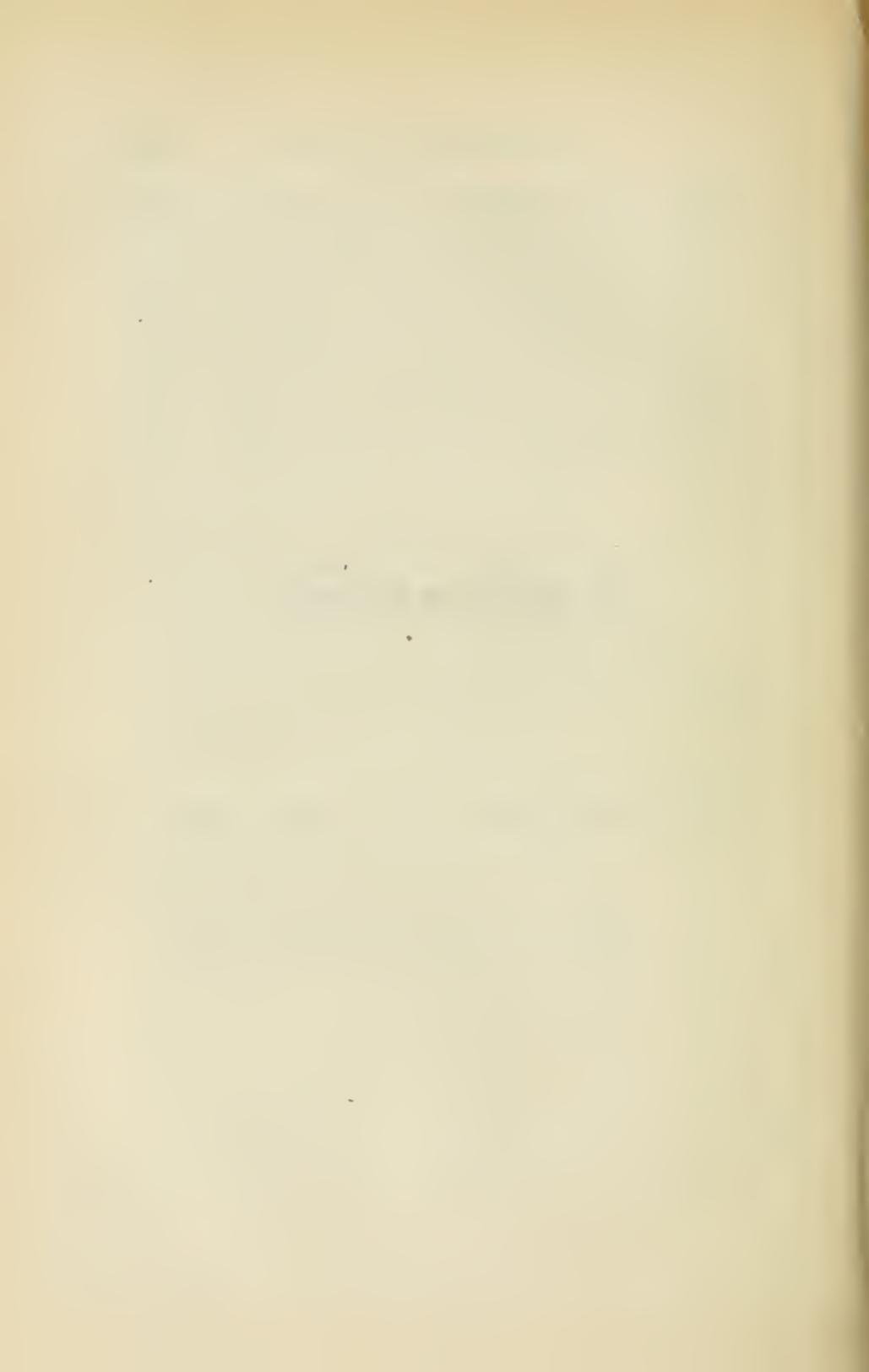
Be these thy trophies, Queen of many Isles !
 On these, high Heaven shall shed indulgent smiles.
 First, by thy guardian voice, to India led,
 Shall Truth Divine her tearless victories spread.
 Wide and more wide, the heaven-born light shall stream,
 New realms from thee shall catch the blissful theme ;
 Unwonted warmth the softened savage feel,
 Strange chiefs admire, and turban'd warriors kneel ;
 The prostrate East submit her jewell'd pride,
 And swarthy kings adore the Crucified !

Yes, it shall come ! E'en now my eyes behold,
 In distant view, the wish'd for age unfold.
 Lo, o'er the shadowy days that roll between,
 A wand'ring gleam foretells th' ascending scene !
 Oh ! doom'd victorious from thy wounds to rise,
 Dejected India, lift thy downcast eyes ;
 And mark the hour, whose faithful steps for thee,
 Through time's press'd ranks, bring on the Jubilee !

A Revival of Religion.

BY THE

HON. AND REV. B. W. NOEL, A.M.



A REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

MY dear young friends, I have to address you this evening on a very solemn topic. The time at which I speak to you, is likewise solemn. We are now closing another of those brief periods into which our lives are divided. The state of our country is likewise serious in many respects; very opposite tendencies, alike irreligious, alike opposed to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, prevailing much amongst us. And if I speak to you this evening with much solemnity of feeling, may I hope that you will listen likewise with the same deep seriousness? It is my earnest desire, if possible, to make each one concentrate his thoughts upon himself, and, as I go along, to ask the practical bearing of those truths which I have to speak, upon his own life and character.

I have first to call your attention to what a Christian character ought to be. In this, and in every topic of the address which I now have to deliver, I rejoice in thinking that the appeal to Scripture is with you conclusive; that you have received this book as a revelation of your Maker's will; and that its authoritative decisions stand in the place of argument, though they may always be sustained by it. What, according to the language of this book, should

a Christian be? He is one who, having merited eternal death for his transgressions against God, has been redeemed by the unspeakable sacrifice of his own Son. He has been likewise rescued from alienation and rebellion by the power of the Spirit of God. Thus, an adopted child of God, he has become an heir of heaven; will shortly stand in the presence of the Monarch of the universe, owned as his friend; and then will have a glorious eternity under the approbation and favour of the Redeemer, whom he trusted and loved on earth. What ought such a man to be? It is the least return that he can make for favours so great, that he should be consecrated wholly to God; and when he reads in the word of God this order, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," every Christian feels it to be reasonable and just. If he is exhorted "by the mercies of God to present his body a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God," he is disposed to obey the exhortation. If Scripture assures him that he is not his own, because he is bought with a price, and therefore must glorify God with his body and with his spirit, which are both God's, he acknowledges that this is the only service he can presume to offer to one so great and good. If the demand reaches his ear, "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God," his heart, as well as his reason, assents to that demand. And if thus, being called to live for the glory of Christ as his heart ought to love God supremely, so, when he further asks himself how he should glorify God, the Scriptural answer which at once presents itself to his mind is, "Let this mind be in you, which was

also in Christ Jesus," who, when he left the eternal glory which he had with his Father, came down to humiliation, and suffering, and sorrow, that he might work out the redemption of lost sinners; wept over the reprobate, died for his enemies, and never could be satisfied till, by the effusion of his own sacred blood, he had wrought out a redemption for those who, but for his grace, would have remained his enemies for ever. Such is the example which a Christian is summoned to imitate, which he is obliged, if faithful, to copy.

Now, if this be a Christian character—and all who recognise the authority of the Word of God know it to be so—then I have next to ask, What should a Christian church be? That church is an assembly of such Christians: termed constantly in the New Testament an assembly of saints and faithful brethren. My time does not allow me to detail the Scripture evidence for the features that should characterise such an assembly; but I may say to you, and those who know the word of God will at once recall the passage which enforces it, that such a church, or assembly of saints and faithful brethren, are those who should manifest much kindness to one another, are those who ought to be much separated from the world—"Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and I will receive you." They are a company who ought solicitously to put away from their society all who openly walk unworthy of the name of Christ. "Put away from among yourselves that evil person," says the Apostle Paul to one church, and therefore to all churches. And thus, being themselves rendered

pure—pure in doctrine and pure in life—they are unceasingly to labour as a company of Christ's faithful followers for the ultimate victory of his Gospel over the world, for the conversion of his bitter enemies to be his friends. Therefore, says the apostle to every church, "My beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." They are summoned to strive for the faith delivered to the saints, to shine as lights in the world, to let their light so shine before men, that men may see their good works, and glorify their Father in heaven. They are termed by our Redeemer himself "the salt of the earth," because they are to purify society—"the light of the world," because they are to teach men the way to glory, and are to take care that they do not misrepresent his Gospel nor himself.

A church so faithful, so zealous, must necessarily do good. It is the call of God to his universal church, that it should subdue the world to him. Let me remind you of the inspired prayer made for that church in the 67th Psalm: "God be merciful to us, and bless us; and lift up the light of his countenance upon us; that thy way may be known on the earth, thy salvation among all peoples. The peoples shall praise thee, O God; all the peoples shall praise thee." Observe that when his universal church receives mercy, grace, and favour, the consequence is, that his way is made known upon earth by its zeal and its example, and the ultimate conclusion is a prophetic announcement, not a prayer, as we often read it—a prophetic announcement that

all the peoples of the earth shall praise God in consequence. And we find exactly the same declaration of our Maker's intention respecting the church in the prediction of its progress in the 60th of Isaiah, where the church of Christ, with reference to the day when he ascended to his glory, immediately after the completion of man's redemption, is thus addressed—"Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." When Divine Grace should thus be communicated to his church, the result was to be this—a result historically fulfilled, and capable of development to the end of time, till the world becomes Christ's—"the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising." "To thy light." It is the moral glory of the Church of Christ made radiant by the grace of the Holy Spirit, that did bring the heathen to Christ first, and must still accomplish the work so happily begun.

When, from the universal church, we turn to any individual assembly of Christians, we find the very same moral tendencies in their religious progress. The Spirit of God was poured out at Pentecost upon the church at Jerusalem—upon that church the glory of God did alight. That church received grace, mercy, and peace from God. The result was, as it is recorded in the 2nd of the Acts, that the Lord added to the church daily *τοὺς σωζομένους*, the saved. Numerous converts flocked to a band of brethren so marked by a spirituality of mind, humble devotedness to their Lord, brotherly kindness to one another, liberality to the poor, and an unbounded, uncontrollable, spiritual joy. Men flocked to them,

and wished to join a community so marvellously contrasted with the world around them, so illustriously showing forth the glory of their Master. A little later we read of the churches, that precisely the same effects flowed from the same cause. "Then had the churches rest throughout all Judæa and Galilee and Samaria, and were edified; and walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied." Their unquestionable piety and their manifest joy drew to them daily fresh converts. The world was mastered, and, by the aid of the Spirit of God, those churches grew in number against all authority, all popular prejudice, and all persecution.

What was experienced by them is the universal experience of the churches of Christ. A church that is spiritual, zealous, consistent, cannot fail to do good. They have the elements of extensive usefulness, and God is not unwilling to bless their dutiful efforts. You cannot find, I am persuaded, a church that is humble, holy, zealous, devoted—pastor and people, who are not made instrumental in the hands of the Spirit of God for the conversion of sinners around them. Now men are perishing around us. They are perishing in rebellion against their Maker, in neglect of their Redeemer, slighting the Holy Spirit, trampling on the laws of God, ignorant of their highest duties, careless of the Divine blessing, making no provision for eternity—they are going down to perdition, and numbers are thus perishing—numbers. "Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat; whereas strait is

the gate, and narrow is the way, that leadeth to life, and few there be that find it." While thus all that know the word of God, know too surely that men are daring, are defying his wrath, are braving his power, are scorning his invitations, are trifling with the means of mercy that he has put into their hands, and are bringing on themselves swift destruction; on the other hand, we know as surely that whenever a church of Christ in the right spirit makes use of right efforts, God accompanies these efforts to pluck those sinners as brands from the burning, to save them from this fatal rebellion, and turn the soldiers of Satan into the soldiers of Jesus Christ.

Of course this constitutes our responsibility. Since facts prove that this is uniformly the case—since Scripture shows that this is God's call to his people—then I am anxious to convince your judgments, that, if sinners perish because the churches of Christ are inert and selfish—if sinners perish because you and I neglect our duty to them, then their blood lies at our door; then God will call us to account for the fact that our contemporaries perished in rebellion, because we, rescued by grace, knowing the truth, and having the means in our power, were cold and selfish and worldly enough never to employ them. And yet, my friends, while this is the certain consequence of each follower of Jesus Christ neglecting to imitate his Master in labouring to save sinners, let me ask, What is the actual state of the churches of Christ in this country? What is the actual truth respecting numbers of those who are called the disciples of Christ at this hour?

On this subject I will only borrow a short extract

from one who may be better acquainted than I am with these churches generally in this land. In a tract recently published, and which has been put into my hands, the zealous and earnest author writes thus of our present condition. It is a tract entitled "A Union for Prayer, and a Proposal to Serious-minded Persons to combine in Prayer for the Holy Spirit and the Blessing of God through Nine Days, beginning on the 11th of January, and ending on the 19th." Let me read his stirring words.

" 'Pray without ceasing.' (1 Thess. v. 17.) 'Men ought always to pray, and not to faint.' (Luke xviii. 1.) 'Who can calculate the weight of guilt at this moment lying on the churches of Christ, as well as on private Christians, for not praying without ceasing? Hours, weeks, months, wasted in folly, indolence, sleep, company, idle visiting, frivolous conversation, unprofitable reading, useless occupations, that might have been redeemed for prayer! What is half an hour, what is an hour each morning and evening?'"

" '*Spiritual life is low.*' Living religion is a lean and spectral shade. Zeal evaporates in form and bustle. Faith is languishing, and love is fallen into the sere and yellow leaf."

" *We make little progress.* Five, ten, twenty, forty years fly on, and we seem only at the point whence we started when first we believed! Our light is not brightening, our holiness is not deepening, our graces are not ripening! What a feeble, famished band of worn-out Christians are we! Neither growing ourselves, nor helping others to grow!"

" *There is much inconsistency.* 'Our light does not

shine before men.' (Matt. v. 14, 16.) Christ expects us to be his representatives on earth; 'as he was, so are we to be in this world.' Yet we are not. We have little of the mind of Jesus (Phil. ii. 1—5). We are not self-denied, solemn, humble, lowly, gentle, loving; but full of self, pride, levity, malice, and envy. Miserable representatives of the altogether perfect One! Sad, shaded, mis-shapen likenesses of the altogether lovely One! Through us his name is blasphemed, and his Gospel hindered!"

"*There is little power in the ministry.* Of Luther it was said, 'Each word of thine was a thunderbolt.' Of Venn we are told, that when he preached, 'men fell before him like slaked lime.' Baxter tells us, that he had reason to believe that he never preached one sermon in vain. How different now! Our sermons fall pointless and powerless. Consciences are not pricked, hearts are not broken, souls are not saved! The sleepers awake not, the dead arise not, the dark world remains a dark region still. The dry bones still lie whitening along the valley, unquickened and unshaken! What a palsied ministry is that even of those who have been most blest in our day! Where are the pentecostal sermons,—where the pentecostal shower? What desolate districts, what lifeless congregations appal the eye!"

"*Disunion prevails.* Instead of being ONE, the churches of Christ are rent in a thousand pieces. Instead of being bound together in loving union, Christians keep far asunder, and allow their love towards each other to be chilled. Unity cannot subsist when love has fled. What dishonour on the name of Jesus does this disunion bring! It seems

as if he had prayed in vain. (John xvii. 20—23.) Sad, strange spectacle to a scoffing world for these eighteen hundred years ! ”

“ *Wickedness abounds.* What are our large cities but sinks of iniquity ? and what are our country districts, even at the best, but so many barren wastes ? The enemy has come in like a flood. Error multiplies. Superstition spreads itself. Popery is compassing sea and land to make proselytes. Infidelity is leavening the multitude. Intemperance overflows. Licentiousness pours itself out like a flood. Ungodliness covers the land. The efforts of Christians to arrest the torrent or dry up its waters are unavailing. The earth is defiled under the inhabitants thereof.”

Is this the true picture of what the churches of Christ are doing in one of the foremost nations of the earth, eighteen hundred years after He ascended to His glory ? Yet who can doubt the substantial truth of this picture ? And if it be true, how deeply ought we to be humbled ? What an abandonment of duty ! What a shameful apathy ! What a faithless neglect of trust in God ! What a perpetual want of prayer there must have been to have rendered that picture possible in the face of this certain fact—that when the churches of Christ are spiritual, united, zealous, devoted, sinners fall before the power of the Gospel, everywhere and in every age !

But is it, my friends, impossible that we may rise from this state of things ? Every serious person must feel how very desirable it is to obtain a revival and extension of true religion in any one church, and still more, in the whole land, if it be possible to obtain it. God the Spirit can give it. God the

Spirit has often done so, and that in times of peculiar deadness. Religion had well-nigh vanished from the earth, abuses were as atrocious as they were innumerable, religion was almost unknown, the Bible was not translated, and therefore little read, when God the Spirit worked mightily by Luther in Germany, by Zwingle in German Switzerland, by Calvin in French Switzerland and in France, by Knox in Scotland, and by our own Reformers in this land. He wrought mightily then, and from country to country the blessed influence extended, till one-third of Europe was emancipated, at least from idolatry and superstition. And in later days, who has ever read of the apostolic labours of Whitfield and of Wesley, with their devoted companions, and their equally faithful contemporaries in the Establishment, without marking how God the Spirit did n their day, too, revive his work in this land? Thousands and tens of thousands were converted to God under their powerful, heart-penetrating ministry; and if you have read their journals and their memoirs, you will know how very near God came to his people in those days. And what a thrilling power was manifest in many of those ministrations which have rescued this country from that degrading death in ungodliness with which it was then overspread!

In many places individual churches have likewise experienced the converting power of the Spirit of God in answer to prayer and effort. In the church of Shotts, near Glasgow, the record is unquestionable of five hundred persons having been reformed, and numbers of them becoming true

Christians, under one sermon, by a young minister of the name of Livingston. The sober, trustworthy narrative of Mr. Robe, with regard to a similar act of grace at Kilsyth and at Cambuslang, both in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, with the attestations of the presbyters and elders of those different churches to the result of the work years after, prove no less that the power of the Almighty Spirit was manifest to bless those exertions, when hundreds of sinners were speedily and effectually reclaimed to the service of Christ. But, leaving the other narratives—which are numerous, and well worthy of attention—let me call your attention to-night only to one of these instances in which the Spirit of God has wrought in a manner to instruct and animate all churches in all lands. That narrative to which I now solicit your attention is, “The Narrative of a Work of Grace in the Town of Northampton, in New England,” which was written by an eminent minister who then presided over that church—President Edwards. He gives this account of the progress of religion under his ministry in that town. Let me beg your especial attention to these facts. He had preached with eminent seriousness and fidelity, had prayed fervently for the blessing of God, and a spirit of prayer was stirred up in some of those who were associated with him in that town. He thus pursues his narrative :—

“Presently upon this, a great and earnest concern about the great things of religion and the eternal world became universal in all parts of the town, and among persons of all degrees and all ages. The noise amongst the dry bones waxed louder and

louder ; all other talk but about spiritual and eternal things was soon thrown by ; all the conversation, in all companies and upon all occasions, was upon these things only, unless so much as was necessary for people carrying on their ordinary secular business. Other discourse than of the things of religion would scarcely be tolerated in any company. The minds of people were wonderfully taken off from the world ; it was treated amongst us as a thing of very little consequence. They seemed to follow their worldly business, more as a part of their duty, than from any disposition they had to it ; the temptation now seemed to lie on that hand, to neglect worldly affairs too much, and to spend too much time in the immediate exercise of religion.

“ But although people did not ordinarily neglect their worldly business, yet Religion was with all sorts the great concern, and the world was a thing only by the bye. The only thing in their view was to get the kingdom of heaven, and every one appeared pressing into it. The engagedness of their hearts in this great concern could not be hid ; it appeared in their very countenances. It then was a dreadful thing amongst us to lie out of Christ, in danger every day of dropping into hell ; and what persons’ minds were intent upon was to ‘ escape for their lives,’ and to ‘ fly from the wrath to come.’

“ There was scarcely a single person in the town, old or young, left unconcerned about the great things of the eternal world. Those who were wont to be the vainest and loosest, and those who had been most disposed to think and speak slightly of vital and experimental religion, were now generally sub-

ject to great awakenings. And the work of conversion was carried on in a most astonishing manner, and increased more and more ; souls did as it were come by flocks to Jesus Christ.

“ This work of God, as it was carried on, and the number of true saints multiplied, soon made a glorious alteration in the town ; so that in the spring and summer following, anno 1735, the town seemed to be full of the presence of God : it never was so full of love, nor of joy, and yet so full of distress, as it was then. There were remarkable tokens of God’s presence in almost every house. It was a time of joy in families, on account of salvation being brought unto them ; parents rejoicing over their children as new born, and husbands over their wives, and wives over their husbands. The goings of God were then seen in his sanctuary ; God’s day was a delight, and his tabernacles were amiable. Our public assemblies were then beautiful ; the congregation was alive in God’s service, every one earnestly intent on the public worship, every hearer eager to drink in the words of the minister as they came from his mouth ; the assembly in general were, from time to time, in tears while the word was preached ; some weeping with sorrow and distress, others with joy and love others with pity and concern for the souls of their neighbours.

“ In all companies, on other days, on whatever occasions persons met together, Christ was to be heard of, and seen in the midst of them. Our young people, when they met, were wont to spend the time in talking of the excellency and dying love of Jesus Christ, the glory of the way of salvation, the wonder-

ful, free, and sovereign grace of God, his glorious work in the conversion of a soul, the truth and certainty of the great things of God's word, the sweetness of the views of his perfections, &c. Those amongst us who had been formerly converted, were greatly enlivened, and renewed with fresh and extraordinary incomes of the Spirit of God; though some much more than others, 'according to the measure of the gift of Christ.' Many who before had laboured under difficulties about their own state, had now their doubts removed by more satisfying experience, and more clear discoveries of God's love."

"The work in this town, and some others about us, has been extraordinary on account of the universality of it, affecting all sorts, sober and vicious, high and low, rich and poor, wise and unwise. It reached the most considerable families and persons, to all appearance, as much as others; In former stirrings of this nature, the bulk of the young people have been greatly affected; but old men and little children have been so now. Many of the last have, of their own accord, formed themselves into religious societies, in different parts of the town. A loose, careless person could scarcely be found in the whole neighbourhood; and if there was any one that seemed to remain senseless or unconcerned, it would be spoken of as a strange thing.

"This dispensation has also appeared very extraordinary in the numbers of those on whom we have reason to hope it has had a saving effect. We have about six hundred and twenty communicants, which include almost all our adult persons. The church was very large before; but persons never thronge-

into it, as they did in the late extraordinary time.— Our sacraments are eight weeks asunder, and I received into our communion about a hundred before one sacrament, fourscore of them at one time, whose appearance, when they presented themselves together to make an open, explicit profession of Christianity, was very affecting to the congregation. I took in near sixty before the next sacrament-day: and I had very sufficient evidence of the conversion of their souls.”

“I am far from pretending to be able to determine how many have lately been the subjects of such mercy; but if I may be allowed to declare anything that appears to me probable in a thing of this nature, I hope that more than three hundred souls were savingly brought home to Christ, in this town, in the space of half a year, and about the same number of males as females. Those who were formerly loose young persons, are generally, to all appearance, become true lovers of God and Christ, and spiritual in their dispositions. I hope that by far the greater part of persons in this town, above sixteen years of age, are such as have the saving knowledge of Jesus Christ.”

“God has also seemed to have gone out of his usual way, in the quickness of his work, and the swift progress his Spirit has made in his operations on the hearts of many. It is wonderful that persons should be so suddenly, and yet so greatly changed.”

“God’s work has also appeared very extraordinary in the degrees of his influences; in the degrees both of awakening and conviction, and also of saving light, love, and joy, that many have experienced. It

has also been very extraordinary in the extent of it, and its being so swiftly propagated from town to town. In former times of the pouring out of the Spirit of God on this town, though in some of them it was very remarkable, it reached no further than, the neighbouring towns all around continued unmoved.

“This work seemed to be at its greatest height in this town, in the former part of the spring, in March and April. At that time, God’s work in the conversion of souls was carried on amongst us in so wonderful a manner, that, so far as I can judge, it appears to have been at the rate, at least, of four persons in a day; or near thirty in a week, take one with another, for five or six weeks together. When God in so remarkable a manner took the work into his own hands, there was as much done in a day or two as at ordinary times, with all endeavours that men can use, and with such a blessing as we commonly have, is done in a year.”

This work was not confined to that one town; but, beginning there, it spread from town to town throughout the towns of New England. And this excellent author, whose record is more valuable, because of his calm, clear, vigorous, dispassionate, and philosophic mind, because he witnessed the facts that he records, and related them at the time and place—this author, in another work which I have on the desk, states afterwards, that the work was as paramount as it was then glorious; at least, that it lasted long enough completely to test the professions of these persons; and nothing scarcely can be more remarkable, if your time would permit you to listen to it,

than the clear statement that he made, a year and a half later, of the extraordinary effects upon society resulting from that work. No man, who knows the value of testimony, or can weigh evidence, can fail to see in it as solid and thorough a work of religion, as was ever wrought in any place, at any time.

What a blessed metropolis were this, if anything comparable to that were wrought among us! Why, what is our condition now? That in this city of two millions of persons, the utmost number which ever approach the table of the Lord—a number far larger than the most sanguine would venture to calculate is one hundred thousand—among two millions of persons not one in twenty making this simple, and often very superficial, profession of being a disciple of Jesus Christ!—in this metropolis of England, the foremost nation of the earth, not one in twenty making even a superficial and hollow profession of discipleship to Jesus Christ; for when you deduct those who present themselves to that ordinance out of fashion, and those who, upon slight grounds, have been thought to be the disciples of Jesus Christ, how much must that poor figure be still more diminished! Is not this a state of things which must make every one who loves his kind, or is grateful to his Redeemer, earnestly desire to see such a work of the Spirit of God amongst us as that work at Northampton, together with numerous other places, where similar efforts have been crowned with similar success. Can we, then—can decayed, cold, lukewarm, half-dead churches, do anything towards the accomplishment of so great a blessing? Can we take suitable means for the attainment of a

blessing that might fill our land with the trophies of the Redeemer's glory?

First, my friends, let us remember this, that it is contrary to God's will, that his children should dishonour Him, or dishonour the Lord Jesus Christ, or fail to do their duty. And therefore, before we proceed another step, we must feel sure there must be means by which they may be revived to greater strength, and purity, and earnestness. The difficulty does not lie in finding the means, but solely in the will to use them. It must be God's will that his churches, if they are as inert and slothful as the extract which I have read describes, and many amongst us must, at least, take our share of shame when we listen to that statement, should use means by which that state of things may be materially alleviated. Here let me remind you of a church that had been very zealous in the cause of the Redeemer, and was exemplary still. Our Lord declared of its diminution in its zeal, that it was a moral fall, and thus spoke to it—"Remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do thy first works, or else I will come unto thee quickly." The church, therefore, might repent, and the church might do its first works, and might recover all the holiness, zeal, and success, for which it had once been signalised. A church in a much worse state, received a similar command from its Lord—"I know thy works, that thou hast the name that thou livest and art dead. Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain. Remember, therefore, how thou hast received and heard, and hold fast, and repent." A church no less fallen, and

which brought upon it the severe rebukes of its Lord, received from Him this further exhortation—“As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous, therefore, and repent.” Divine commands, therefore, rest upon decayed and lukewarm and half-dead churches, to arise from that condition without delay; to repent, and do their first works; and no man can, without disrespect to that authority, say that it is impossible for us to take suitable and effectual means towards attaining that object.

Much may obviously be done. One maxim, which, I hope, you have long maintained, and will never forget, is, that when we wish to do spiritual good, we must begin with ourselves. Do not let us dwell on the faults of others till we have purged off our own. We must get rid of our own languor, our own sloth, our own unfaithfulness, our own neglect, and then begin to do good to others. But the pastor of a church, who perceives that it is cold and dead, may give himself to prayer, may confess his own defects and declension before God, may recollect that he is summoned to give himself continually to prayer and the ministry of the Word; he may seek the revival of true religion in his own soul, and solemnly yield himself up to God; he may then begin to set before the church over which he presides, the solemn obligation to glorify the Saviour, and to convert souls, which rests on them, with the high character and devotedness of heart, which every Christian must have if he would do his duty in the world; he may call the church to humiliation and to prayer; he may gather the other officers of the church for conference and prayer, and

imbue them with the feelings that animate himself; and when this is done, it is quite clear that they may together call the members of the church to humble and earnest supplication, remembering that the work must be the work of God's Spirit, if any church is revived, or sinners converted to Christ. He may bid them pray—pray in secrecy, pray in their families, pray in their social meetings, pray in their prayer meetings, with fervency of spirit for the outpouring of God's Spirit among them. When thus they have implored the Divine blessing, it is plain that all the members of that church may begin to work at once for Christ. Parents may seek the instant conversion of their children; masters may be solicitous to turn their servants immediately from sin to God; brothers and sisters may labour, as well as pray, for each other's conversion; neighbours may begin to pity their neglected neighbours—they may distribute tracts, heart-stirring and enlightening, amongst their neighbours—they may bring the careless to the house of prayer. Sunday-school teachers, animated by unwonted seriousness, may labour and pray that the children in their classes may be brought without exception to God, and thus, working in the name of Jesus Christ, for the object that lies near his heart, they may look for a blessing, and will find it. When this is done, it is plain that that church, earnest to recover what is lost, and fulfil its duty, may for a time, as much as possible, forego amusement, shorten their secular labours, and give themselves evening after evening to the work of God. They may summon the unconverted to the house of prayer; every evening they may have some new appeal

to the conscience, or light poured in on the understanding. What worldly men do, when they are in earnest about any great secular business, they may do in the incomparably more important business of the soul—give every evening, for some time, to earnest, faithful appeals to the hearts and consciences of sinners. It is easy for the pastor of any such church to summon to his aid earnest and faithful ministers from other places, and bid them come and help him in this good work of reviving the people to whom he ministers, and when they are thus associated, it is easy, when numbers listen, when many begin to be affected (for they will listen and will be affected—uniform facts prove it), and many are pricked in conscience, and begin to ask, “What must I do to be saved?”—then it is obvious, that they may gather those awakened sinners together into classes, may give them special instructions, and guide them in their way to piety—may interest them in one another by the sight of many under similar emotions, may converse with them separately, meet their difficulties and doubts, urge upon them an instant submission of their will to God, and never rest till they manifest that they are truly converted. Each person thus awakened, or converted, summoned to acknowledge Christ at once to be his Master, urged at once to endeavour to do good to others, while careful for his own salvation, may again be the means of extending the influence already begun. By these simple means, used earnestly and prayerfully, I believe any church whatever may come to more earnestness of feeling, as well as clearer light; and that in answer to prayer the blessed Spirit of God

will convert numbers, build up the Christians of that place, and make the church once more to resume its proper office as a herald of Christ, and as a regiment in his army for the subjugation of society.

Every great work, my friends, in the diversities of human character is sure to meet with objections and doubts; and therefore a work like this has not escaped wherever it has been carried on. Some of the principal let me briefly pass before your review; because I do not doubt that, unless you have the time fully to investigate the subject, you may meet with many superficial objections, which, if you understood them, would at once be converted into arguments in favour of such efforts.

I have heard it said, that there is danger in making efforts of this sort, in summoning men to their instant duty to submit to God that there should not be a sufficient appeal to the affections, whereas the Gospel eminently addresses men's affections. But the one is no hindrance to the other. Let me remind you, that, to serve God, is a duty, an urgent duty, a duty resting on the conscience of every man in this hall at this moment. You are bound to serve God from to-night—if you never served him before—as much bound to serve the King of kings, as you are bound to serve your sovereign; and he is a faithless minister who does not put it in that light. If I were to implore you to seek salvation, I should be doing a charitable office, but only telling you half the truth. Your duty is, to be decidedly and eternally the servants of God, and on these occasions it is exceedingly important to press upon men's

attention that they are bound to be the servants of God. But, does that hinder the appeals made from the dying love of Jesus Christ, the most transcendent act of compassion that the universe has ever witnessed? In fact, if you look at the narrative of Edwards, or any other, you will perceive that the affections are most unusually excited on all such occasions; and though the judgment is convinced, and though the conscience is won, the heart has its full share—the share that God meant it to have—in the work by which men are saved.

I have heard the opposite objection—that men ought not to be terrified by threats of the Divine vengeance, and the dread of sinking into hell. But is it not trifling with men's interests to make an objection like this? The one question before us is, Is it true? If it is false, if the sinner is not sinking into hell, why, smoothly and blandly, flatter him? but if the fact is, that every unconverted man will sink into hell, unless he is regenerate by the Holy Spirit, then tell them the truth, pour the light of truth upon their minds, show them how certain it is, from the word of God, and from the nature of things. It is reasonable that they should be alarmed; I say it is folly, manifest folly, that a man that cannot bear hell, should not be frightened at it. If you can endure it, if you can steel your firm minds to bear Omnipotent wrath, then laugh at it when it is absent; but if you will be weak, weak as the bruised reed when it comes, dread it before, avoid it before, turn away from it at once, while the time permits. But when we tell, as we ought to tell men, of the imminent peril in which they are placed, it is a sweeter and a happier office, too, to tell them of a

great, free, rich, everlasting salvation placed within their reach now, which the blood of Jesus has bought for them, and the power of the Spirit can secure to their possession.

But this, indeed, again we are told, is using extravagant and exciting means to draw men to religion, and to turn them from a worldly and rebellious course. Let me ask, Which of these means that I have mentioned, will not bear the rigid scrutiny of the coldest judgment? They are, every one of them, just those means which we may believe our Almighty God will bless, because he blesses adapted means. It is enthusiastic and absurd to expect a great work from him, if we are too idle to use the means. And if we use the means, we must use adapted means. Now I say, earnest and plain dealing with men, to tell them the naked truth, to abound in no imagination, to use no other efforts than those of truth, to pour the light of truth upon their minds; and that several ministers who have different views of truth, who have different methods of addressing men, should do this together, is eminently calculated to arouse the attention of many. That they should, evening after evening, appeal to the sinner's mind, is rational. It is what you would do, if ever you wished to gain a man's mind. It is what the journalists in this day do when any great question is to be gained—pour light into the mind day by day, and they do not let one impression be lost before one another is made. Is it not equally reasonable, to engage sympathy in behalf of the greatest and most necessary work in which men can be engaged? When thus the effect of plain, homely truth pressed upon the conscience, is, that numbers are awakened, as they always are,

you observe how much is gained in this battle with sin and Satan. You then have the sympathies of Christ's followers engaged in behalf of those who are now pressing into the kingdom of God; you have the feelings of those persons themselves, excited by the recollection that hundreds of Christians are then praying for their salvation; you have the sight of the awakened themselves animating each to press in; and if one after another is brought to peace, and becomes a thorough disciple of Jesus Christ, how it animates the rest, and bids them pray and labour that they, too, may be brought to peace and holiness! And if to all this is added incessant prayer, it is only that which the Scriptures demand of us always—it is only that which humbly recognises the need of the omnipotent Spirit, and is best calculated to bring down His blessing, who ought not to be overlooked, and will not be.

This, perhaps, may be allowed; but some are especially opposed to the idea of sudden conversions. They say, that it is unreasonable to expect that men should, all at once, completely turn from their most deep-rooted habits, and most cherished associations. Unreasonable? Now, let me beg you to consider to-night the unreasonableness of slow conversions—let me beg you to contrast the reasonableness of sudden and of slow conversions. The advocates of slow conversions tell us, it is unreasonable to expect that a man should be converted suddenly, as he is, or seems to be, when these efforts are made. Now, what is conversion? Conversion is the result of evidence. It is the mind being persuaded by evidence, by truth. That truth is meant for the world; that truth does, in fact, enlighten and convert chil-

dren, and therefore must be plain. In fact, it is so plain that a child can understand it. These objectors tell us, that it is reasonable that a man should understand the evidence for a course appointed, should see its force, and yet should not act upon it till it has lost all that force and freshness. Conversion is the laying hold of an inestimable treasure. The advocates of slow conversion tell us that it is reasonable, when a man has found a treasure, to let it go six months, a year, two years, I know not how long, before it is secured. Conversion is the fleeing from the wrath to come; it is the escaping from a burning house, or a sinking wreck; and the advocates of slow conversion tell us it is reasonable, when the house is burning, to go to sleep again before you escape, or, when the ship is sinking, to wait for another boat than that by your side, before you get into it. Conversion is the turning of a rebel from his rebellion; and the advocates of slow conversion assure us, that when a man has found out that his Omnipotent Sovereign has his army out in pursuit of the rebel, it is reasonable to let six months, a year, two years, go by, before he throws down his weapons. Conversion is the receiving of Divine truth into the heart and mind. The moment truth is repelled, it hardens; and the advocates of slow conversion tell us, it is reasonable to suppose that a man should not be converted to God, unless he has first been hardened by repelling truth for six months, or a year. Conversion is the work of God; and the advocates of slow conversion tell us, that the Almighty will not give his help to a penitent sinner until he has stayed six months, a year, two years, five years in wilful rebellion, still going on dishonour-

ing him, living in enmity, slighting the Saviour, turning his back on heaven, and scorning His promises, and then He will help him. Conversion is the work of the Spirit of God in the soul; and the advocates of slow conversion tell us, that whereas the blessed Saviour summoned Lazarus from his grave in one moment, when he said, "Lazarus, come forth!" the Holy Spirit must take six months, or a year, or ten years, in bringing a dead soul to life. Is it reasonable? No: the word of God assures us of the contrary. Look at the narratives. You will not find one instance in Scripture, that I recollect—not one in the whole New Testament—of any conversions that were not immediate. The moment truth was presented to men's minds, they fell beneath its power; every one of them yielded to it at once; and the advocates of slow conversion say, because all that we read of what God did, in his inspired narratives was sudden, therefore it is reasonable to expect that all he does now shall be slow.

I say, then, that it is philosophic, it is according to the principles of human nature, it is reasonable, it is worthy God, it is suited to man, that the moment a man sees he is ruined, he should flee that ruin; the moment he finds he is guilty, he should renounce the guilt; the moment he knows there is a salvation to be had, he should, if possible, lay hold of it. But why, I ask, is this opinion so general, and the prejudice against sudden conversion so common? I will tell you why. Because men are not half-taught, and therefore not half-persuaded, that they are really in danger of hell; because men do not half know, because their ministers do not half teach them, the incomparable value of salvation

by the blood of Jesus. The reason is, because men are not half plainly taught, and therefore do not half receive the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which is a free, full, instant salvation, the moment a man believes. "To as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." Believe, and you are saved; believe not, and you perish. If men do not teach this, but argue against it, it is no wonder that men should be so many years before they come to a resolution to serve God, and live. Again, I may say, the reason is, because men preach against sudden conversions, and people have the imagination that there is something enthusiastic in that which is the only rational procedure for an immortal soul. And, worst of all, Christians are asleep themselves. The wise virgins in the parable, you remember, sleep as well as the foolish. Christians themselves are asleep; and therefore keep sinners asleep by their side. Were Christians awake, they would wake up sinners too; but they are asleep, and know not their own neglects, nor the dangers of others; and, therefore, all sleep together, and conversions are made slowly—no, they are not made at all. Men live and die in their sins, either with no profession of religion, or with a false profession, while society still lives on in its ungrateful rebellion against the Son of God, as though redemption had never been accomplished.

But then it is said, "This is all very well for ministers—ministers ought to wake up—ministers ought to be in earnest!" So they should; but do not, my friends, use that argument. Observe what it means. There is a road to be made for the gospel over the world's stagnant and deep morasses: will

you call the engineer alone to make that road, while there are no workmen by his side? There is a temple to be constructed over the whole earth, to the honour of the Saviour; will you bid the architect rear it, and have no masons in his employ? There is a battle to be fought everywhere with error, and vice, and sin, and folly, in the world; will you bid the officers win the battle, while the soldiers sleep? Often has a road been constructed when there was no engineer to guide, and a house been built when there was no architect to direct, and a battle has been fought when there were few or no officers to lead on; but where has a road been constructed only by the director, or a house built only by the architect, or a battle won by the officers alone? Never! and never will Christ's battle be won in this world till every Christian feels he is bound, by loyalty to his Master to fight, if he fights alone, and to go on in that good work which Christ, his Lord, has assigned him.

Some say, with seeming reverence, "But we must wait till the great advent of the Lord shall set all right; till then it is hopeless to attempt to subjugate society." On the contrary, instead of our waiting for the advent, observe, that the advent is delayed for this very purpose, that we may work and pray. Now, listen to God's own word. We are told that the Saviour shall descend, not to convert men—his coming is not calculated for that—but that he shall descend to "judge the quick and dead at his appearing, and his kingdom." And that judgment will be the sinner's doom. And why does that judgment not come? And why has the promise Christ's people look for, not yet come? Hear what the apostle says, "*The Lord is not slack concerning his*

promise, as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." Therefore, the advent comes not, that Christ's people may work and pray; may leave no sinner unawakened, nor unsolicited, but that the work of the Spirit of God, acting through the Church, may prepare the earth for its Monarch when He comes, and make them look to Him, not as the awful executioner of vengeance, but as their long-known and long-loved Lord.

They tell us, too, that we must wait for the Spirit. I say, the word of God declares that the Spirit waits for our prayer and effort. See whether it is not so. Our Lord said to his people everywhere, that God will give his Holy Spirit to them that ask; and before the Spirit was poured out at Pentecost, which was the very type and pattern of what he meant to do in the universal Church throughout all ages, you find that the Christians at Jerusalem all assembled for incessant and ardent supplication. Our efforts are not to be suspended till the Spirit is poured out. Our efforts and prayers are to bring down that blessing God is so ready to bestow. Oh! my friends, if all the ministers of Christ in this land, if all the Churches of Christ in this land, did but feel the responsibility resting on them, and calmly consider the means placed within their reach at this moment, what a change might take place speedily in this great nation, of which we form a little part! If only some of the most influential men, with others like them, foregoing those journeys and those sermons that are now made for the collecting of money, would give up, for two or three years at

least, the whole of that employment; and would, on the contrary, say, We never go to collect money, but we will go where any Church invites us, with a view to preach Christ to perishing sinners, and to build up his people in the faith—if Villiers, if M'Neile, if Stowell, if such other eminent men—if James, and Parsons, and Sherman, and such others—if Cumming, and Hamilton, and Brock, and Hinton, and men of kindred spirit and power—would just do this, and tell all the churches, “ We will come at your bidding to urge sinners to repent, but we will not come to gather money”—do you doubt that a large blessing would follow?—a large awaking in this land, of no sectarian character, but that which the Spirit of God alone will bless, when the glory of Jesus Christ is sought, and his power alone depended upon? Do you not believe, my friends, that if this were done, and the churches did their duty, even in their present condition, there would be an arrest laid on the most crying evils of our day? I will not invoke penal laws, I will not ask for the revival of obsolete statutes, unsuited to the genius of Christianity, and utterly unbecoming the day in which we live, to suppress superstition. Roman Catholic priests, recollecting the ancient splendour of their faith, and its supremacy in this land, and longing for the recovery of it, flushed with recent conquests, and knowing that they have many friends—Roman Catholic priests, skilful to conceal all that is hateful in the history of their church, and no less clever in adapting all that addresses the imagination and the senses to multiply their proselytes, are now making converts amongst us. But if we had the great foe of super-

stition unequivocally amongst us—if God the Holy Spirit were with the assemblies of his people, why, there would be an atmosphere in this land in which superstition could not live. A wide-spread and worse evil is that creeping infidelity which is vitiating the minds of many of the working classes; and that loftier scepticism, which, resting on German criticisms, lifts high its head amongst the learned. They are both as baseless as a dream. Do you think they could live if there was a vital, genuine, vigorous Christianity amongst us? And what is worse than any of these, though men fix their minds so much on them? The vice, which is now destroying the happiness of so many, and the love of money, which is withering up the best feelings of numbers more, and a worldliness and love of dissipating amusements for which such myriads live, all these would give place to a high and an ennobling devotedness to God and man, if once this blessing came down on the prayers and efforts of his Churches generally.

But we must not think of others—my business is chiefly with you. And first, my friends, let me say to you, as the solemn conclusion justly following on this statement, that, in the name of God, I demand of every human soul in this hall, that he renounce this night rebellion against his Maker, and contempt of his Redeemer; I demand that you give yourselves, as I give myself, to the rightful service of our heavenly Sovereign. I demand of you, that your energies be consecrated henceforth to Him who gave his life for you; and if you neglect that demand, one day you will be visited by the awful remorse which may prove the worm that never dies to your soul, when too late you see your fault.

And next, if you have done this, and are the servants of God, and the disciples of Jesus Christ; then I demand, secondly, in his name, that to prove your fidelity to Christ, and your submission to God, you at once, every one that hears me, at once seek to save some one or more sinners. He calls you to it, and never forgets your calling—he sees whether you obey it; and if you know his will, begin from now to seek, by direct effort, by a blameless example, and by much prayer, the conversion of, at least, one, or two, of your fellow-sinners. And, lastly, I ask you (but in that you must use your own judgment, for it is not a plain demand from God) that you this night make a resolution, and write it down, if you see it to be wise, and review it from time to time, that you may act upon it when the time comes—that when in after years you have grown older, and have more influence, and, perhaps, are scattered throughout this great empire, that wherever you may be when you have become the members of Christ's churches, you will support to the utmost of your power, by exertion, by prayer, and by efforts, any faithful pastors with whom you may be connected, to secure, by solid, Scriptural, prayerful means, the revival and extension of religion in the church and neighbourhood with which you may be connected. Do this, and then, my dear friends, you will not leave the world as you found it—you will have done some good in your day; and I do not doubt, that you will have at last a welcome from Him whom it is an honour to serve, and whom it will be our eternal happiness to have for our Friend above.

God in Science.

BY THE

REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D.

GOD IN SCIENCE.

I ONLY wish, ladies and gentlemen, that I had full power to fulfil the predictions that have been uttered by the Chairman, who has so admirably addressed you: but I have been so busy, during the last six weeks, in trying to get rid of an archiepiscopal obstruction of the true light in Southwark, that I have had less time than I could have desired to set forth the light that lies more or less latent in the subject that is before me. The fact is, whatever the archiepiscopal visitor who has made so much noise may be himself, his church has been a stern and unsparing opponent of science in every age. I am not, I confess, surprised that Popery loves midnight, and that Puseyism, her eldest daughter, likes the twilight, and that both prefer candle-light, especially Roman candle-light, to day-light. A glass bead appears a precious gem in candle-light, while it would be detected to be an imposition in broad day-light; and some of you that are accustomed to colours know, that a dishonest tradesman, if you ever met with such, can sell a colour by gas-light that he cannot attempt to sell by day-light. Perhaps you will forgive me, if I say, that the long-hour system, thus viewed, is essentially a child of the Church of Cardinal Wiseman. It is

inherently Popish. It prefers always the light of lamps to the light of day. Long-hour employers can scarcely blame me for concluding, that their goods will not always stand day-light, just as Popish dogmas shrink from the full blaze of Scriptural truth. And therefore I think it is a wise resolution for us and ours, however much some dislike it; that we will neither buy goods by candle-light, nor hear sermons by Roman candle-light, nor in any other light except bright light. We Protestants, however, love all sorts of light, and glory in it. Healthy plants flourish best in the light. Away, then, with roodcreens, and sedilias, and flowerpots, and candelabras, and all such, or if there be anything more "Catholic" recently introduced, if they keep out the light. God's great sun, shining in the blue firmament, is worth ten thousand of the Pope's longest candles any day.

Popery, of course, does not like light, whether it come from the mines of geology, or the observatory of the astronomer, or the laboratory of the chemist, or from the word of God; and she has good reason for not liking it. The holy coat of Treves was paraded as the very robe worn by our blessed Redeemer. Thousands rushed to worship it. Chemical tests were applied to it, and it was of course proved by science that its dye was recent, and that it was spun and woven not many hundred years ago. Popery lost by the discovery the profits that she desired. How can you expect that the Pope will like chemistry? It is our acquaintance with electricity and magnetism that explains the phenomena of Lord Shrewsbury's *adolaratas* and *extaticas* in the Tyrol. These ladies are simply mesmerised. Mesmerism is the miracle, and

science at once shows that it is so. How can Pius IX. be partial to electricity, when it breaks up the income of his priests? The liquefying of the blood of St. Januarius at Naples, the red solid substance in the glass bottle becoming liquid from the heat of the priest's hand that holds it, is certainly a miracle in the dark, but a palpable cheat in plain day-light. There is a painted virgin at Rimini, at the present moment, that winks, and is known by the name of "the winking virgin of Rimini." This is very wonderful if seen in the "dim religious light," but it is explicable enough when we look behind the scenes, and see the priest pull the strings and work the pulleys. Dr. Cullen, the distinguished archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, and who is at the head of that church, has boldly denounced the astronomy of Sir Isaac Newton, and has denied, with all the force and eloquence of archiepiscopal utterance, that the earth travels round the sun; and he has actually the heroism to maintain, that the sun is so courteous, so deferential, so polite to the earth, that, instead of allowing her to go round him, he (the sun) like a thorough gentleman, takes the trouble of going round the earth. At least Archbishop Cullen says so. But it won't do. Light and science travel onward, and truth is not to be put down by any archiepiscopal or Papal interdict whatever. As soon may an owl, by his hooting, try to put out the sun. Popery has done its best to do so; but it has failed; and you may depend upon it, whatever be the prospects or the prophecies of some, that the experiment that is made of importing darkness, duty free, into Westminster, and keeping out the light by all the influence and power

of a lofty ecclesiastical dignitary, will not stand. You may depend upon it, that, prop it as you like, Romanism is in its death struggle, and that the red hat which it has hurriedly put on, in its haste from St. Pudentiana, merrily called by John Bull, St. Impudentia, at Rome, to St. George's Southwark, will not prevent it making a very precipitate retreat to Italy, and that right soon; in so far reminding me of a countryman of my own, who took it into his head, contrary to the prescription of his catechism, to plunder an orchard. He was detected by the gardener on the wall-top. The gardener asked him very naturally where he was going, and he with the greatest coolness replied, "Back again." Our gracious Queen lately erected colleges in Ireland, for diffusing light and scientific knowledge. The Roman Catholic Church met in synod, and denounced them. No sooner were these scientific lights, or rather foci of light, for such and so far they were kindled in that benighted and unhappy land, than the Popish primate, Dr. Cullen, spread out his archiepiscopal apron between the light of science and the minds of the benighted peasantry and citizens of Ireland.

All this, however, must fail. We rejoice to feel that the exposure of it is its own condemnation, and, in some degree, its ultimate arrest. The railway, in spite of Archbishop Cullen, is threading Ireland. Its whistle screams amidst the wilds of Munster; the electric wire stretches over Connaught, and the broad-sheet is seen in Tipperary. Light of all sorts is rushing in at every chink, and if not yet universally Christian, such as it is, it reveals the

jugglery of Rome, it exposes its frauds, it stirs up its opposition, and shows, by the attempts made to arrest it, what that system is, and would be. While Popes and Cardinals, allow me just to add, and Popish archbishops, and Popish priests, are thus labouring to darken the mind, to enslave the soul, and to plunge our nation again in mediæval darkness, how delightful is it to witness the contrasts presented by Protestantism, in every place, in every county of every land, that has been lightened by its blessed and its beneficent beams! Let me mention just one instance, dear to this association. Whilst an archbishop in Ireland is trying to put out the light that has come in, and other bishops and archbishops in Italy are trying to keep it from creeping in at all, one single employer, as I am just informed to-day, in St. Paul's Churchyard, has long been shortening hours of employment, originating libraries, stimulating intellectual progress, and promoting moral good; and so charmed are the Protestant young men of this great city, with that good man's efforts, that they are justly seeking to present him with a testimonial, expressive of their feelings of admiration, of gratitude, and of delight. Justly is this excellent employer entitled to the cheers of every young man, and no less justly does that system of opposition to all light, personated in Pius IX., Primate Cullen, and even in Cardinal Wiseman, which for three centuries has excited the groans of Europe, deserve from you, and from our country, the same expressions of sorrow and disapprobation,—deep as the dungeons of that Inquisition on which it is enthroned.

Some see in science dim reflections of wisdom, power, and goodness. Others, however, are so blind, that they can see in science no central fact; they can hear in its lessons no Divine teaching; they cannot see in its object the ultimate end—*God*. I want to elevate the first, by showing that the revelations of science are so plainly demonstrative of the existence and activity of a God, that atheism is utterly inexcusable, and that atheistic views are utterly untenable; and next, that the absolute and professed atheist is the most absurd, the most credulous, and the most anile creature throughout the length and breadth of God's created universe; while on the other hand, the evangelical Christian, who believes in a God, and that God his Father, is the most rational, the most consistent, and the least superstitious of any

Atheism is folly as much as wickedness. But suffer me, before I show this, to say, that it is absolutely impossible that any man can be an atheist, in the strict sense of that word. All that any can say is this: "No spot that I have searched does reveal a God; every organisation I have examined does not show traces of wisdom, goodness, and design;" but that individual cannot say, "There is no God;" because he cannot say, "I have soared to the farthest star, I have descended to the deepest mines, I have swept all space, and searched all time, and in the realms of infinite space I have not detected any traces of a God." In other words, to be able to say, "There is no God," you must yourself assume to be God, which is a *reductio ad absurdam*, an utter and a complete absurdity.

I proceed now to show, that there are developed, in the discoveries and researches of science, traces of design, and wisdom, and beneficence, that prove there *is* a God, and not merely that there *was* a God.

Take, for instance, a fount of types. Cast these types upon the floor of Exeter Hall. Is there the least chance that these types will arrange themselves in the shape of Milton's "Paradise Lost," or of one of Shakespeare's Plays? But if you see these types taken and so arranged that the printer by them strikes off Milton's "Paradise Lost," or one of Shakespeare's Plays, are you not constrained, by all the laws of experience and of reason, to infer, that there is here evidence of design and so far of the existence of a designing person, a contriving mind, which arranged these types for a specific and premeditated end? Or, to take Paley's own beautiful illustration, if you went into a desert and stumbled on a watch, and if, on opening that watch, you see that all its cranks and its wheels play apparently in opposition to each other, yet all really combine and co-operate to show the hour of the day, you must infer from this discovery, that there was a contriving person who arranged all for a definite and a distinct result. Were you to cast all the bricks you find in a brick-yard on the streets of London, they will remain still a heap of bricks; but if you see these bricks arranged into the shape of Exeter Hall, you instinctively infer the presence and plastic energy of design, and therefore of a designing mind. Inspect the world, from the loftiest star that burns in the firmament down to the minutest insect that flutters in the sunbeam; examine minutely all organization,

the traces of design, beneficence, and wisdom, will appear to many, so varied, and so magnificent, that the man that infers there is no Creator and Author of all, must either have a very blind mind, or a very bigoted heart. In the language of the Psalmist, it is "the fool" that "hath said in his heart, There is no God."

But I take more simple things, and things more intelligible. Let me notice evidence of design in a part of the human economy. Man must eat certain things, in order to live. But I am so constructed that I must thoroughly know a thing before I am persuaded to eat it. First of all, the organ that is farthest from the object, not likely to be injured if dissatisfied, called the eye, looks at it; if the eye be satisfied, the next organ, the sense of smell, smells it; if the eye and the nose be satisfied, the next organ, the hand, takes hold of it, and brings it nearer still. If all three witnesses give their verdict that the object is good for food, then the man tastes it, eats it, and is nourished by it. The atheist says, all this is a lucky accident; the Christian says, all this is the pre-arranged contrivance of his God. Which is the fool? which is the most superstitious? which of the twain the most anile?

Again:—the eye of man has behind it a mirror called the retina, in which every object that he looks upon is shadowed. What a wonderful thing, that the retina behind my eye, not so large as the lens of my spectacles, yet can hold upon its exquisite surface and reflect perfectly the four or five thousand faces in this vast hall, at the present moment! But this exquisite organization which constitutes the eye, is so very delicate, that the minutest molecule of

matter would seriously, and perhaps fatally injure it! Well, how is this provided for? There is a thing called the eyebrow over the eye, which subdues the light or rather slightly shades the eye, and prevents from falling into the eye the grosser materials. There is another beautiful hedge upon the lid, called the eyelash, so exquisitely constructed, that if a fly were to approach my eye, although I were reading a book, yet instinctively and without asking my permission, the eyelid closes, and keeps the fly at a distance. But lest this organ, called the eye, should be worn out by the friction of its lid constantly rubbing upon it, it secretes of itself a substance which, like the oil or grease put upon the axle of a railway carriage, keeps the eye from being injured. The atheist says, all this is a concatenation of lucky accidents; the Christian says, all this is the creation and result of magnificent design. Which is the most superstitious? which the most credulous? which the most irrational?

But not only is all this wisdom and this design seen in these; but each sense that man has is not only fitted to keep man right, but is also fitted to be a channel to man of exquisite pleasure. God might have so made the eye, that it would have revealed to me the obstructions in my path, but have done no more; but, in addition to this, its Maker has made the eye susceptible of the most beautiful and interesting impressions from the panorama of nature that is around me, and from the splendour of the sky and of the stars that are above me. God might have made the ear simply an organ for warning and giving notice of the approach of danger, and no more; but, in addition to this, he has made it a little

oratorio, full of beautiful sounds ; a little choir-chamber, within which I am capable of giving hospitality to the most exquisite harmonies. He has thus added to its usefulness a sense of satisfaction and pleasure, which indicates, not only wisdom and design, but also beneficence and goodness. So in man's taste : God might have so arranged us, that we must eat, whether we like the food or not, in order to be nourished ; but he has not only made that necessary, but he has accompanied that eating with an exquisite satisfaction, adapted to the organ of taste. So that man not only eats from stern necessity, but eats with pleasure or delight. The atheist says, all this is a mere accidental arrangement of rolling accidents ; the Christian says, all this is the creation and design of a God.

Again :—The bones and muscles of the human body are so admirably arranged, that there is the combination of the greatest strength with the greatest lightness and the greatest elegance. Let me show this in one case. I may remark there are two sorts of levers applicable to the human arm. One lever would be illustrated were the muscles to take hold at one end of my wrist, and the other end to be fastened up to my shoulder ; that is the most powerful lever we know. The other form of lever is, that one end of the muscle should take hold of this part of my arm, near the elbow-joint, but inside, and the other hold of the arm, just above the inside of the elbow-joint ; this is the weakest kind of lever. Now, you will at once perceive, that if the strongest were supplied, there would be an immense and unseemly body of muscular and other material between my

wrist and my shoulder; and although very strong, it would be very awkward and unprepossessing. The second form of lever is, therefore, had recourse to. But how is it arranged, in order that there may be the most elegant form, the arm be very powerful notwithstanding, and be enabled to do all the duties devolving upon it? The bones are made hollow, and are thus strong and light; and you know the hollow cylindrical shape combines the greatest lightness with the greatest strength. For instance, a bar of iron, twelve inches long, of one pound weight, and solid, is not so strong as a hollow cylinder twelve inches long, of the same weight. Now it is arranged that the bones of man's arm, as well as of other limbs, shall be in the form of a hollow cylinder, combining the greatest strength with the greatest lightness, and thus admirably fitting it to perform the various functions which are allotted to it, so that the weakest, because most elegant and convenient, muscular lever is applicable. The atheist says, these are lucky accidents; the Christian says, it is the evidence of a God who planned and made it so.

In the case of a bird's-wing, you have an exquisite evidence of design. The feathers of the wings must be very strong, and yet very light, when you consider what the wings of a bird have to do. For this purpose, the quills, at their ends, as you are aware, are hollow cylinders—*i. e.*, they are strongest and lightest; and if you ever note the feather of a bird—and there is nothing, my dear friends, from the cup of the heath-bell, to the fixed star in the firmament, that is not worthy of the minute inspection, investigation, and study of man—you will find that the

side of the feather which strikes the air to make the bird float, is very long, and being edgeways very powerful; whereas the other side of the feather, which meets the air when the bird draws it in, in order to strike out again, is very small, so that its resistance may be trifling. Does this look like an accidental thing? If it be accidental, how is it that one wing is not sometimes the reverse of the opposite wing? and how is it that the bird of the one century has not a wing malformed, and the very reverse of the wing of the bird of a previous century? The atheist says, it is all chance; the Christian says, it is so indicative of design, that he cannot help concluding there must be a Designer at the bottom of it. Nay, more than this:—in that wonderful bridge which has been created by the genius of one of our most distinguished engineers, and that spans a vast arm of the ocean for the railway to pass over—the remark was made by an eminent engineer who examined it, that the whole cellular construction of that bridge is excelled infinitely by the construction of the inner material of the stem of a feather in the wing of the commonest bird. For, in the feather-bearing part of the ordinary quill, we have a remarkable example of the strength of the rectangular form; here every dimension is tapered down in proportion to the strain, with an accuracy defying all analysis; the extended and compressed portions are composed of a horny substance of prodigious strength, though extremely light and elastic; the beam is not hollow, but to preserve its form it is filled with a pithy substance, which replaces the clumsy gusset-pieces and angle-irons of the tube, without interfering with its

pliability. The square shaft is peculiarly available for the attachment of the deep vanes which form the feather; and, as the angular form would lacerate its active bearer, an exquisite transition to the circular quill at the base is another striking emblem of perfection. The imitation of such mechanics, so wonderfully adapted to such a medium, appears hopeless; but we are indebted to the flying philosopher, if his attempt only calls attention to such design, and induces us instructively to contemplate the beauty of a feather.

Again:—I might notice, in the adaptation of animals to their climes, the colour changes as may be most convenient—a remarkable evidence of the very same beneficence of design. The animal becomes white in polar regions, because white is the warmest clothing in cold weather. To allude to one very simple thing; the cell of the bee is a perfect study. Take the cell of the wild bee, or of what we may call the more domestic bee; what do you discover? That the cell of the bee, which man so heedlessly and needlessly destroys when he takes its honey, is constructed on the most accurate of mathematical principles—so exquisitely constructed, that it combines the greatest strength, occupies the least space, and subserves in every point most completely the great object which is designed by it. So that in the planet in the heavens and in the pebble by the seashore, in the bee upon the summer flower and in the Behemoth and the Leviathan of the deep—in all that is magnificently great, in all that is elegantly little, scientific investigation sees the traces of power, beneficence, design; and we are constrained

in spite of all the conjectures of those who attribute all to chance, to say, there is a Creator, who made all after the prescriptions of infinite wisdom, and has inspired all with the deepest and the most striking beneficence.

To turn now to another branch of the same subject, and a very interesting and remarkable one connected with the air that we now breathe. After you have breathed the air and expired it from your lungs, the result, as every one will tell you, is carbonic acid gas. The instant this carbonic acid gas becomes cool it becomes specifically heavier than the atmosphere that is around us. Carbonic acid gas, as you know by a person going down thoughtlessly into a well where it has accumulated, or into a vat where it has been generated, is a most deadly and destructive poison. This carbonic acid gas is exhaled by every person in this assembly in the process of breathing. It is produced by combustion in every dining-room, drawing-room, and kitchen fire, and in every furnace throughout the land; and it is generated by these processes in such quantities, that if there be no way of getting rid of it, that carbonic acid gas must gradually accumulate on the earth, from its great specific gravity, and this in spite of the law of diffusion, until little insects first perish, then serpents, then the smaller animals, then sheep, then oxen, then man, in a sea as deadly as if it were an ocean of water enveloping and covering all. Well, then, the question occurs, How do we get rid of this carbonic acid gas, which is constantly generated and produced by every breathing man and by every burning fire? The

atheist would say, by a very lucky accident, it happens that all green grass, and flowers, and shrubs, feed upon this very gas that would be absolute poison to man; so that the gas which man rejects from his lungs, as unfit for his health, the grass and the weeds instantly open a million of mouths to receive, and feed on, and be nourished by. Do not tread down, therefore, with a heedless foot, that little heath or flower; it is a poison destroyer. Do not despise that little geranium in the flower-pot, in the poor man's garret window; it is destroying the poison that is around him. Perhaps the fact that flowers absorb poison is the reason that a distinguished Tractarian clergyman has flowers upon his altar. He suspects what we know, that there is poison in his church, which needs to be disposed of at least in its excess, and therefore near the pulpit are the flowers on the altar.

But you may naturally ask: "This may be all very true in the green fields of merry England: but what happens where there is no grass? How does the carbonic acid gas that is thrown forth from the lungs, and produced by fire, disappear in countries where there are no green fields and no flowers: in Greenland, for instance, in the polar regions of everlasting snow?" Why, again, by a lucky accident, as the atheist would say, snow, ice, water, absorb the carbonic acid gas, as rapidly as the green fields, the flowers, and the fruits do; just as in a bottle of soda-water the carbonic acid gas is held; and you know that all fresh water, if it be kept stagnant a while, ultimately throws out the carbonic acid gas which it had actually absorbed. Now, I say, is it rational, or

at all philosophical, to conclude, that this gas which is exhaled from man's lungs by every expiration of those lungs, should have provided for its absorption the green grass and the flowers that grow in the fields, so that what is poison to man, and what he desires and must get rid of, in order to live, is the very food of the beautiful rose, of the exquisite heath-bell, of the green grass—the poison of man becoming the food, the strength, and the stimulus of all the vegetable system? The atheist says, it is a lucky concurrence of lucky accidents; the Christian says, these scientific discoveries prove the arrangement of a wise and a beneficent God.

Again, and the evidence will become more impressive by another fact:—There is another gas, which is emitted from decaying matter and from stagnant marshes all over the face of the earth, most deadly if breathed—called hydrogen gas. Now, the question is, how do we get rid of this deadly, pernicious hydrogen, generated by decaying matter over the whole surface of the earth? By a series of lucky accidents, as the atheist would say; by another wise and beautiful arrangement, as the Christian would say. For this hydrogen gas happens to be much lighter than the air that we breathe. The instant it is generated, up it shoots past man, into the loftier regions of the air; so that it is scarcely possible for him to breathe it before it has gone past him. But you may say, "It may so accumulate in the lofty regions of the air, that ultimately it will come down, and man will be constrained to rebreathe it, and perish by the process of rebreathing so unsuitable a gas." The query is,

therefore, how is it got rid of in the upper regions of the air? Again, it is said, by a very *lucky accident*, it happens, that in the upper regions of the air oxygen is most abundant. It also happens, that this hydrogen, which would be so deadly to man if he were to breathe it, combines with oxygen, and forms water. But, then, in order to make it combine, there is needed intense pressure. Then how are we to get this intense pressure in the uppermost regions of the air, where the hydrogen goes, and where the oxygen is most abundant? By another lucky accident, there is a thing called electricity, or magnetism, whichever you like to call it. This electricity, when it passes from one cloud to another cloud, exerts a tremendous pressure, and drives the hydrogen which has escaped from the earth, close upon the oxygen which prevails in the upper regions, and they combine to form water. And hence, when you have a thunder-storm, and see violent flashes of lightning, you notice the great drops of fresh and clear water, that come rushing down upon the earth: most of these are the hydrogen gas which ascended from the earth, combining with the oxygen in the upper regions of the air: so what was poison to man comes down, like all the gifts of the great and the loving God we worship, in rich benedictions upon the length and breadth of the habitable globe.

Just notice the lucky accident, as the atheist would call it, that is here. If this carbonic acid gas had happened to be the lighter gas, and had gone past us into the upper regions of the air, it could have combined with nothing; there it must have stopped,

till it had accumulated, and come down and overwhelmed all. If, on the other hand, the hydrogen had happened to be heavier than the air we breathe, it would have lain on the earth, and nothing would have absorbed it. The grass will not take it—it is resisted by vegetation; and man would have ultimately perished by it. But by a lucky accident it happens, that the heavy gas just falls where there are waiting mouths to feed upon it—grass and flower and fruit, and that the light gas ascends just where there is oxygen to combine with it, and form it into refreshing drops of water. The atheist says, this is chance; we Christians glory in the discovery that this is God. Which is the most superstitious? which the most irrational? which the least philosophic? I leave it with you to decide.*

* Since the Lecture was delivered, the Lecturer has received several letters, either praising or finding fault with it. Such as had signatures he has read and profited by. The only letter, however, of any importance is the following, which he thinks it alike just and useful to publish. The Lecturer is but a learner in science, he pretends to no originality; and if he is wrong in this special instance, the exposure of his error will not vex him, and like a wreck in the Channel, his blunder, if such it be, will carry his correspondent's buoy floating over it, to warn other Lecturers to avoid the reef or sand-bank.

The letter is as follows:—

*St. Thomas's Hospital,
January 9th, 1851.*

DEAR SIR,—I was present at your Lecture in Exeter Hall last Tuesday evening. I need not express to you the pleasure I experienced, in listening to your eloquent discourse upon a subject which is particularly interesting to me; but there was one circumstance which has induced me to trouble you with this letter.

Your Lecture will, of course, soon be in print; and it would be

Now, another fact, which, again, is a lucky accident, as the atheist would say, a blessed and benevolence if some glaring errors in natural philosophy, which occurred in it, should appear in the published form. Allow me, then, as myself a scientific man, and connected with the Young Men's Christian Association, to point them out to you that they may be corrected.

You attempted to explain why carbonic acid gas does not accumulate on the surface of the earth, and hydrogen in the upper regions of the atmosphere. The real cause is what is termed the law of diffusion of gases. Two gases of different specific gravities never separate permanently, as oil and water; but they soon become thoroughly mixed: thus, if heavy carbonic acid be poured to the bottom of a vessel, and light hydrogen gas placed above it, though they be kept perfectly still, they will gradually diffuse the one into the other, and, after a while, as much carbonic acid will be found at the top as at the bottom, and as much hydrogen at the bottom as at the top. This property of gases is, of course, itself a beautiful proof of design. What you stated about the absorption by plants, of the carbonic acid produced by animals, is certainly the manner in which the air is prevented becoming surcharged by the noxious gas, and is one of the most striking provisions of God's wisdom with which chemistry makes us acquainted. The absorption of carbonic acid by the waters on the surface of the earth must also play *some* part in the same arrangement.

Your remarks upon hydrogen gas must, I fear, be entirely altered. Hydrogen is *not* poisonous; it is never given off in any quantity, either by vegetables or animals; it cannot rise and form a stratum at the top of the atmosphere; and as to the lightning preventing its accumulation there by causing its combination with oxygen—that is all pure romance.

That certain phenomena, observed in the strata of the earth, afford proof of the Universal Deluge, was once believed; but it has long since ceased to be the creed of geologists. There is, indeed, abundant evidence in almost all places of many floods, but there is nothing to show that any one of these has been otherwise than local. The reality of the Noachian deluge must not be sought to be established by any evidence afforded by our present geological knowledge.

ficient argument, as the Christian would say, is this. During the months of June, July, and August, the heat of the sun, as you are aware, is so great, that if that heat were to go on increasing from nine o'clock in the morning until twelve, exactly in the same ratio in which it increases from six o'clock in the morning till nine, every green thing would be scorched, and the heat would be absolutely intolerable. Then, why is it that the heat leaves off increasing about nine—that instead of proceeding till twelve o'clock increasing and accumulating at the same ratio, at just about eight, nine, or ten, modifying elements come in, that mitigate and reduce the heat. I will show you how, by a simple illustration. In your warehouses and places of business, on a hot June or July day, have you not noticed the porter of your establishment take a pail, with little holes bored at the bottom, and sprinkle with water the floor of the shop and the pavement outside? You may have thought that this was merely to lay the dust; but that is a great mistake. It is a law discovered by science, that

These are the only important errors which I remember having observed in your Lecture. Of course, they were remarked by others beside myself, and perhaps my friendly criticism may be confirmed by others. You will yourself see the desirableness of suppressing them in print.

I wish my letter to you on this occasion had been of a more complimentary character; yet, I doubt not, you have sufficient of that to be often heartily sick of it. I could not snatch any time yesterday to write this, or I should not have delayed it till now.

I remain, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

Dr. Cumming.

J. H. GLADSTONE.

when water is turned into steam, it absorbs heat from every surrounding object, as it passes from the state of water to the state of steam. Now, by sprinkling your shop floors and the pavement before the door with water, that water, in passing into steam from the excessive heat of the day, absorbs the heat from the surrounding atmosphere, and walls, and pavement; and you feel the shop cooler, and the floor much more comfortable to tread upon. Now, in this same way, in the summer months, when the sun has got to a certain degree of heat, about nine o'clock, he begins to turn every dew-drop that dances like a gem upon the cabbage-leaf, every streamlet that runs meandering to the mighty main, every pool of water, and a part of the great sea itself, gradually, by his heat, from a state of water to a state of steam; and as the water passes from its water-state into its steam-state, it carries off the excessive heat from the surrounding atmosphere, and leaves the day cooler between nine and twelve, instead of leaving it in a state of intolerable and fervid heat. The atheist says, all this is a lucky chance; the Christian says, it is indicative of design, pre-arrangement, in short, of God.

But there is another interesting fact worth knowing. When the sun goes down, the source of heat, as you are aware, is below the horizon. How is it, then, that there does not take place an excessive cold, that blights and blasts everything? By another lucky accident, as the atheist would say, those mists which the sun exhaled out of the drops of water by day, in order to keep the day cool, are in the night-time condensed into water again, by the growing coldness; and you see that water in the shape

of the dewdrops, that sparkle and that dance upon the leaves of trees, of flowers, and of fruits. So that the sun all day is turning water into mist, to keep the day nice and cool; and the same sun all night thinks of you, when you do not think of him, by turning those mists back again into water, thus giving out heat; presenting in this a beautiful symbol of that "Sun of Righteousness," who shines upon us by day with an ennobling light, and slumbering not nor sleeping by night, thinks of us when we forget to think of Him.

The winter comes—harder winters than we have had lately. Were the cold of winter to increase during the last six hours of the night, as during the first three, every living creature would perish. But why does not this cold increase all night in the same ratio in which it began? The answer is, when the cold has reached a certain point, the water begins to freeze; and when water is passing from its liquid state into ice, it gives out heat most rapidly; so that the intense cold is modified by its own action turning the water into ice. When a thaw comes, on a fine day after there has been much frost, the heat, if there were no modifying elements, would be so intolerable, that no person would be able to stand it. How is it that the heat of a thaw is so gradual? The ice begins to be turned back again into water, and in this transition it absorbs heat; and thus the excessive cold, in the one case, is modified by water passing into ice, and giving out heat; and the excessive heat, in the other case, is modified by the ice passing into water, and subtracting or taking off

heat. And thus nature works perpetually for man, by a system of exquisite balances and counter-balances, which the atheist says are the results of chance, but which the Christian says are the design and the creation of God.

One other fact I notice here. You are aware that sulphur and water cannot be mixed together; they will not mix. You are equally aware that sugar and water will mix together at once, and very rapidly. Now if our earth were as hard as sulphur, then the showers would never penetrate it, or they would rush down in torrents, and do no good to the plants that needed them. If our earth, again, were as soft as sugar, you would sink in it after every shower; and for all architectural purposes it would be absolutely useless. The dry land, therefore, is partly soft and partly hard. If all the earth were powder, there would be no architecture—no buildings; if all the earth were solid, there would be no vegetation—no plants striking their roots. But, by a beautiful arrangement, the loose sand is concentrated by heat, or cement, or some other process; the hard rock is broken by volcanic agency, upheaved from the sea; and if, a few years after, you visit what was so dry and sterile, you find it disintegrated by the lightning, the rain, and the frost; you find that the fowls of the air have manured it, that the earth-worm has loosened it, and that flying dust and decaying matter have covered that rock with a rich and prolific soil. The atheist says, all this is a lucky accident: the Christian says, all this is the design of God. These are a few of the more prominent facts which

I have collected, not created. They are but instances of a series and line of thought highly instructive.

Again:—It happens, too, that there are vast coal-cellars arranged for man, without consulting his own opinion upon the subject at all. Large forests were anciently submerged, or swept down by torrents; a mysterious Hand laid up those forests for us; and the blaze of our winter fires tells us that there was a God in his sovereignty providing for our winter comfort long before we were born. Iron, and coal, and lime happen also to be always near each other. Coal makes the fire, lime makes the necessary flux, and by the combination of both, the iron ore is smelted, and turned to practical and useful purposes. Thus, there is not a mineral below the earth, or a stone above it, that is not a text, and that text inlaid with God. There is not a palpitating heart in this assembly, every palpitation of which does not proclaim the existence and the presence of the infinite, the eternal, the all-good and wise God, our Father.

Scientific and religious truth may seem sometimes opposed the one to the other; but this is only seeming—they are not truly and really so. Get at the truth, wherever truth can be discovered, and have nothing to do with the consequences. Depend upon it that the crow-bar of the geologist will never upheave the Rock of ages, and that the telescope of the astronomer will never see a speck on the Sun of righteousness. Wherever you find truth, seize it; and if you cannot harmonize the truth that comes from the mine with the text that comes from the Bible, do not say there is a contradiction. Wait

patiently; both are beams from the fountain of light, and will meet, and mingle, and coalesce, to the glory of Him that made them, and to the good of the man that thus accepts them.

For instance: Geology, instead of obstructing, in my humble judgment, casts light upon the Bible. The favourite dogma of atheists has been, the eternity of this world—the eternity of matter. Now geology finds memorials of a period when not one of the existing races of animals was upon the earth. It proves, too, that whole races have been suddenly destroyed, and that new races have been instantly created. In other words, the discovery of geology is, that there is no transmutation of species whatever. It is not true that the ape gradually developed himself into the man; but it is true that the ape was created an ape, just as he now is; and that “God made man upright,”—in his own image made he him. Geology shows that whole races have been suddenly destroyed, as if by some great judgment of the Almighty, and that whole new races have been instantly created by the interposition of the fiat of God. So that the discoveries of geology demonstrate, that each link in the chain had a beginning, and by just and necessary inference, that the whole chain itself had a beginning. And thus it is true that God’s footprints are traced, as Hugh Miller has admirably done, in the red sand-stone, in the subterranean mine, in the fossil remains, in the mineral kingdom, in the saurian monster, and in the ancient petrification; and though our Saviour said, “They will not believe though one rose from the dead,” a thousand strange and mysterious forms are being extricated every day from the bowels of the

earth; and these things emerging from the dead proclaim there is a God,—and that God whose word is the Bible, the Word of truth. It has been objected by some, that geology disproves such a fact as the flood of Noah. Professor Hitchcock, of America, says, “It is sufficient, so far as revelation is concerned, to have shown that no presumption is derived from geology against the truth of the history of the deluge, but rather presumption in its favour.” A distinguished professor in America has shown that there is no geological evidence demonstrative of such an occurrence. A recent sceptic French writer has declared that the conclusion is inevitable, that there was such a flood:—“I shall be vexed to be thought stupid enough to deny that an inundation has taken place in the world, or rather in the region inhabited by the antediluvians. To me this seems to be as really a fact in history as the reign of Cæsar at Rome.” Many persons have speculated upon how that flood could have been produced. A favourite account for it is, that it was through a comet striking against our earth. If the Bible had said so, the discovery of astronomers that comets are gaseous, and not solid, would have been a disproof of the truth of the Bible; but the Bible just states the fact, leaving the explanation of the phenomenon, because not required; and while men’s theories change, and come and go, God’s word remains, in all its integrity, “the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.”

Astronomy does not impugn, but cast light upon the word of God. The sun and moon and stars were not created for the benefit of the earth, but they were appointed for the benefit of the earth. For instance.

at the flood, the rainbow was not then created, but God applied it and appointed it then, as a symbol of his covenant. So, when this earth was created, the sun, moon, and stars were not created in order to enlighten it, but the rays of light were directed to it from them for its enlightenment and its benefit. And it is very remarkable that in the first chapter of Genesis, the word which we translate "lights," "He made two great lights, the sun and the moon," is literally translated "light-bearers." The light was created before the sun was appointed to occupy his relative position to the earth, but was gathered up into the sun, the sun being made, not a creator of light that was not, but a reflector of light that was to the earth then created.

It has been objected by some, that this orb is so minute, that they cannot conceive that God should have paid such attention to it, as to send His Son to die on it, when there are orbs infinitely greater and more magnificent in the realms of space. But this objection is not sustained by the analogies of our own experience. The mother who has seven sons, one of whom, the seventh, has played the prodigal, when she hears the winds blow, and the rain and the snow beat against her casement, though her six children are at home, and comfortable and happy around her fire-side, in her heart thinks of the absent prodigal, and prays for him, and even forgets those that are beside her. Again: When a shepherd has a hundred sheep, and loses one of them, he leaves the ninety and nine, and goes after what seems so unworthy of his care, the strayed one that has left him. In our own country, the Houses of Parliament occupy a very little

space, yet within their walls are transacted those things that regulate Great Britain, and the vast colonial dependencies that are associated with it. Thus the analogies of our own experience illustrate the fact of making this orb to be the lesson-book of the universe, the exemplar of "mercy and truth, that have met together," and of "righteousness and peace," that "have kissed each other."

Infidels and atheists have objected, that the worlds were not originally made by God, but that there is a sort of world-genesis going on in the realms of infinitude, in which worlds are spun by a kind of spontaneous action. The author of "The Vestiges of Creation" said, that he discovered in the heavens something which he called fire-mist, and that this fire-mist was gradually condensing itself into little orbs, which little orbs became greater ones, which greater ones became the greatest ones:—something after the mode of the Irishman's pistol, which kept long enough, became a gun, and that kept long enough, became a cannon. Lord Rosse on hearing of this, resolved to test it. He therefore turned his telescope to that very place in the heavens where the author of "The Vestiges of Creation" had pointed out the fire-mist that was gradually being formed into worlds: and that telescope discovered, that instead of being fire-mist, it was clusters of stars or worlds, each perfect in form, revolving in their orbits, and

"Ever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

It is not a very ancient discovery of astronomers, that the sun is the centre of the solar system. But

just conceive this, that our sun, with his solar system, is only a little group round another central sun, who has a thousand solar systems round him; and this central sun, with his thousand solar systems, is only another group round another central sun, in that vast starry host that shines in the expanse above. We see but the sentinels and the outposts of that mighty army, that glorious host, the creation and the government of God; and it needs only Imagination to spread her wing, and to avail herself of her foothold on the facts of science, to rise, and soar, and form a conception of the vastness, the magnificence, and the glory of Him, of whose grandeur these are but minute and microscopic specimens.

I notice other instances of what atheism calls accidents. Mercury is forty millions of miles from the sun; he does not want a moon, and by a very "lucky accident," he has not got one. Venus is sixty millions of miles from the sun, and does not need a moon, and by a very lucky accident she has not got one. The earth, however, is ninety-five millions of miles from the sun, and by a lucky accident the earth has got a moon exactly at the point at which she could not do well without one. These are very like acts of Deity. So, again: Jupiter is five hundred millions of miles from the sun; by a lucky accident he has got four moons, exactly proportionate to his immense distance from the sun. Now, is all this chance—that the moons should just come when they are wanted, should not be given when they are not wanted, and that the moons should grow in number somewhat in the ratio of the distance of these worlds from the sun? The atheist says, all this is accident; I say—

you say—the Christian glories in saying, It is the wise and beneficent creation of God.

Let us notice a few more accidents—very lucky, I must say. If the moon were much nearer our earth, she would shine much more dimly, because the angle of the reflection of the sun's rays would be more obtuse. If the moon were larger, she would pull the earth out of her orbit, as the tides are moved by the moon already. Were the moon nearer or larger than she is, our tides would be raised till they overflowed the whole earth. If the moon were smaller, or more remote than she is, the tides would be so insignificant that they would be utterly worthless for our purposes. Are not these very lucky chances? Again: If the motion of the earth on its axis were more rapid than it is, our days and our nights would be shortened, and the equatorial regions would be covered with perpetual sea. If the motion were slower than it is, the sea would cover the temperate and polar regions, and London, and all in the same latitude, would soon disappear. Now, is not this very lucky, that the moon is just of that size and just at that distance that makes our tides useful, lets our earth pursue its course, does its duty to the earth, and does not interfere with the enjoyments of the earth? Is not this very lucky? If there be no God, it is to me most wonderful—most incredible: if there be a God, as there is, what evidence of his wisdom and his goodness towards the children of men!

And hence, in teaching science—in teaching all science—let us never leave out its ultimate end—the existence and the glory of God. A catechism that

I have been taught from my infancy, contains the question, "What is the chief end of man?" The answer is, "To glorify God, and enjoy him for ever." That question is not the monopoly of a theological catechism—it is a question that we may ask of every object of the whole universe. What is the end of that star that shines in its orbit? What is the end of that gold that is dragged from the bowels of the earth? What is the end of the bird on its wing, of the cattle upon a thousand hills? What is the end of the flower and the grass? To glorify God, and reflect the splendour of Him whose breath gave every flower its aroma; whose smiles gave every blossom its tints: who is the Creator of all, the middle of all, the end of all, the object that they all serve to glorify and honour. To teach a boy science, and not to teach him God, is one of the most grievous inconsistencies I can conceive. I must say, that if I were appointed to a school, to lecture on chemistry, and astronomy, and botany, and all those things, but never to bring in religion, I should be excessively perplexed and exceedingly fettered. I should feel myself in a most awkward position certainly, fettered and chained in the prime function of my office. It would just be as if I were to introduce one of you into one of those grand cathedrals whose spires sparkle in the rays of the rising and the setting sun—cathedrals which in this land have not, as they have in Italy, dungeons very deep and dark below them—and tell you what is the order of the architecture, what is the composition of the stones, what is their height, what the space they cover, and what the name of the architect, and after you had

admired the grandeur and beauty, and the order of that great structure, I were to conceal from you the end and the object of it—the praise and the worship of God. My duty would be, to seize all connected with the structure, its origin, its composition, its uses and its dimensions, and to make these subserve the grand and ultimate end, that this is for the worship of the true God—this is for the preaching of the everlasting gospel of the Son of man.

It is thus, then, that all science, when looked at as science ought to be looked at, must teach us there is a God, and reveal to us, in its most beautiful features, the attributes, and the glories, and the perfections of that God. Hume, as you are aware, the celebrated infidel, in his argument against miracles, says that miracles are incredible, because we have no experience of them. Now, geology comes in to refute this argument; for we have proofs of miracles, of which we have no experience, by the records of geology. The geologist, like a laborious sexton, digs into the depths of the earth, brings up proofs of phenomena positively miraculous, of which we have no experience, and therefore demonstrations. So that the argument of Hume is absolute and intolerable sophistry.

Geology, too, shows that there is no evidence whatever of creation going on without a Creator; and in the volume written by Mr. Miller, it is proved that every creature was made in its highest state, and then descended. The argument of the author of "The Vestiges of Creation," is, that every creature was made in his lowest state, and then gradually developed into something better. The demonstra-

tion of geology is, that every creature was made in its highest state, and that deterioration and degradation have been the fact. And Mr. Miller argues with great effect, that man was made in consistency with the universal analogy in his perfect state, that he is degraded by sin, but the very degradation is the foreshadowing of a glorious elevation, when man shall be again the priest and the sovereign of nature—the image of that God that made him good at the first, and redeemed him by His blood when he had forgotten and forsaken Him.*

Geology has clearly demonstrated that this world is not an orphan world—that God has interposed again and again, by successive acts and creations. I admit that this world gives all the evidence, at this moment, that it is under the pressure of a painful and a heavy curse. It groans and travails, as the apostle says, waiting to be delivered. And I have often thought, when I have looked at the earth in summer, it seems as if the earth were conscious of this very figure of the apostle: in the month of June it sends forth from its bosom a magnificent burst of beautiful and fragrant flowers; and after it has done so, as if conscious that this is not the clime for them to bloom for ever in, it takes them back into its bosom, and shelters them from the wild winds and the biting frosts, giving token and foreshadow in these its groanings and sufferings, that the hour of

* Should I find time, I intend to illustrate this by copious references to that masterly work, "Footprints of the Creator," by Hugh Miller.

its emancipation and deliverance will come, when creation shall no more groan, but join in the everlasting jubilee, the key-note of which is creation's Redeemer, Christ and him crucified and crowned.

But, let me add, while nature tells us all this, and science, interpreting nature, tells us that God is—tells us that he is wise and good,—it cannot answer this question, Will God pardon sin? Ask every science, and it must be dumb when you put this great question, How shall man be just, and yet the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus? I was once speaking with my esteemed and excellent friend, that distinguished and devoted minister of Christ, Mr. Baptist Noel. He was arguing how much nature showed of the goodness of God. "What a proof have you of that goodness when you see the lark," he said, in his own beautiful way, "rising on untiring wing, singing as it rises in the beautiful sunshine! Why, that creature shows that it is perfectly happy, and is an evidence to you and me, that God, who thus made it and keeps it so, is a truly good God." So far, the reasoning seems conclusive. I took the liberty of adding this remark, which I think meets his argument, "Did you notice, my dear brother, a little speck appearing just below the lark? That speck blackened and darkened, and grew, until at length you saw unmistakeably a hawk. That hawk seized upon the lark, drank its blood, and effected its destruction. If your lark singing in the sunshine shows how good is God, this ferocious hawk that pounces on it and feeds on it, shows that God must be angry." In other words, nature teaches us contradictions about

these things ; and we only find the discord harmony, the contradiction peace, when we cast the light of God's word on the face of God's world, and interpret the one in the splendours and the glories of the other.

Again :—Let me show you that the knowledge of science is a most important accompaniment of every missionary effort. You heard, I believe, a very distinguished missionary address you, only a few weeks ago, in this place, whose practical experience in India is long and thorough. Now, it has been found by him, and other missionaries who have laboured in the midst of India, that to send a missionary to India without a knowledge of science, is to send him with one positive disqualification for that great and important office. The whole Hindoo system, as you may have heard, is a system that embraces science,—botany, astronomy, astrology, and geography ; and every part of it is just as Divine as the other. For instance :—the Hindoo believes that the earth is a plain, that it is surrounded by concentric belts of ocean, that an eclipse is a great animal coming between the earth and the sun, and he believes these things just as truly as you believe there is a God ; and if you disprove to a Hindoo a single dogma of this kind, you do not merely make him a better philosopher, but you make him cease to have confidence in his own religious system. When, therefore, one of the missionaries predicted to a Hindoo an eclipse, that missionary shook the Hindoo's confidence, not merely in his astronomy, but in his own faith ; and having thus dislodged his own creed by science, the Christian missionary laboured — and in many in-

stances most successfully—to introduce into his mind the glorious doctrines of the Son of God. So that, to know science well, in the age in which we live, is to have one qualification for being a good missionary to the heathen—not the alone one, nor the chief one, but yet a very valuable one. In this case we see science clothed with a beneficent mission. Having come from God, it clears the way for man seeing and hearing, and again meeting God. This is but an instalment of the uses of science—an earnest of the part it is yet to play in the great schemes of Providence, religion, and truth. Is the increased velocity of communication taking place all over the earth no preparation for missionary success? Is the spread of civilisation, and of social elevation and intellectual attainments, no contribution to the extension of the Redeemer's name? The growing prevalence of the English tongue—that storehouse of profoundest science and of purest literature—is it not a paving of the path, a laying down of the rails, for the outgoing of the everlasting Gospel—the more extensive recognition of our Saviour Christ? What wonderful discoveries, contributing to the comfort of man, and making known the beneficence of God, have been made during the last half century now closed! The steam-engine, called into effective existence about fifty years ago, what strength to man's hand!—what ministry to man's comfort!—what diminution of the physical weight and pressure of the curse—“In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread!” The vast ship, without a rag of sail, moving in the face of the hurricane, cutting through the waves with gigantic energy, and crossing the Atlantic

in less time in 1851 than it took to make a passage from London to Edinburgh in 1800!—is this only for the aggrandizement of man? May we not expect that it is for the good of man, and for the glory of God? The locomotive engine, rushing along at the rate of fifty miles an hour, carrying the contents of one village on its back to the homes of a distant one, with all the comfort of a drawing-room; and the electric telegraph, reporting the Queen's speech in Edinburgh half an hour or an hour after that speech has been spoken in London,—is this for man's pride only; is it not for God's glory? It is not mammon, it is not Cæsar, it is not aimless accident, that are the end, the inspiration, and the origin of these grand contributions to mankind. They are instalments of those wonderful energies that lie buried in the depths of nature, waiting for the approach of science, directed by God, to come forth and speak out their origin and power, and unveil the glory of Him that created them, and minister to the happiness of man, who has so long lost sight of them. Is it only for amusement, that the sunbeams paint the scenes of the earth, and the features of the human countenance on the sensative but tenacious tablet? Is it no evidence of the interposing beneficence of God, that an anæsthetic agent, called chloroform, has been discovered, which destroys all sensation, and makes a man unconscious when doomed to undergo some painful operation? Even from the very spots on which the pestilence gathered up its most numerous victims, science is collecting, at this moment, facts which will enable us to alleviate, if not totally arrest, the ravages of another visitation. The

recent discovery, for such practically it is, that fresh air is as essential to good health as good food, is now fixing Dr. Arnott's valves in overcrowded shops, compelling attention to overcrowded sleeping-rooms, and proving, even to the most avaricious employer, that an hour's fresh air before the business of the day begins, and an hour's leisure after the business of the day is done, will give him the largest return of efficient labour. Geology has made new progress, and shown foot-prints of the Creator, and correspondences between phenomena and texts—God in his work and God in his word,—truly noble and truly delightful to the Christian mind. Astronomy has discovered new orbs in the last fifty years, Pallas, and Juno, and Vesta, and, lately, Victoria, Parthenope, and Hygeia; and these orbs are not new Californias for enriching man, but gems for the crown of the blessed Redeemer. Electricity, then, is not an insulated jar, geology is not a mere boulder on the earth, astronomy is not a lofty and lone observatory, music is not a mere solo strain, poetry is not a mendicant minstrel, art is not a solitary tradesman set up for himself; but a grand unity binds them all in one, bringing them day by day to be more and more the echo of the Christian's anthem—“Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.” Steam and lightning are not secular, but Divine powers. They are inspirations from on high, preparing the way of the Lord. All science, worthy of the name, is either a messenger to man, proclaiming God, or a servant coming down from God, to prepare the way of the Lord. All the sciences, like the *Magi* of old, will come not

only to the cradle, but to the cross of our exalted Redeemer. There is no fear that truth discovered by the philosopher will ever shade or shadow in the least degree, the text enunciated in the Bible. It is folly in the philosopher to say, this discovery contradicts the Bible; it is all but fanaticism in the Christian to feel, that anything that is true can possibly do so. It is worse in either to attempt to put down the one, or to repudiate the other. When Galileo saw the oscillations of the lamp that still hangs in the Cathedral of Pisa, he exclaimed, "The earth is in motion:" the Cardinals of that day responded, in true cardinal style, "Imprison the heretic;" but Galileo, when made to recant scientific truth in order to save his life—a spectacle humbling enough—nevertheless rose from his knees after his recantation, and said, "It moves still, however;" and the earth, on the other hand, did not stop because these mediæval monks declared its revolution on its orbit to be heresy; but on the earth rolled, carrying the cardinals and monks with it, whether they liked it or not, leaving them to protest to the winds, and pursuing in its orbit the career which God gave it. And so, let me say, will it be again. So will old England still pursue her majestic career of splendour, of goodness, and of victory: let cardinals swear—hereticos impugnare, et persequi—let Romish bishops in London comment upon the merits of De Castro, who hesitates to decide whether it be most canonical to throw Protestants into burning oil, or to burn them with faggot and fire—let one divine in the east rear his flowers upon his altar, not too many,

but just what are canonically sufficient—let another in the west re-light his Roman candles behind his roodscreen—let the old Pope in the Vatican (see John Bunyan's picture) fulminate new anathemas against our beloved Queen, as he has done against Elizabeth; when the Cardinal can catch the four winds in his "red hat,"* when his monks can hold the sun in their "hoods," and the followers of either put out the stars, only then will old England put off her glorious diadem, surrender her Bible to the padlock, and pay' Peter-pence again. That celebrated Cardinal came in with a celebrated bull, proclaiming, "We govern, and we will continue to govern, the counties of Essex," &c.; he will retire as far as this assumption of jurisdiction is involved, exclaiming, "We retreat, and shall continue to retreat."

One very short topic I must notice, and I have done. There is before us an Exhibition, which is connected with science. I rejoice, I must say, in spite of the prophecies of some, in the prospect of that noble evidence of peace and harmony among mankind. It seems to me a very noble idea, and such I pray it may prove to be, being a lover of science, as I am, next to a lover of my Bible—I pray

* This expression may seem somewhat light to those who are unacquainted with Romish rites and ceremonies. But in the "Ceremoniale Romanum," vol. I. Romæ, 1721, we find the *Ruber Galerus* as much the distinctive honour of a Cardinal as a crown of a Sovereign, or mitre of a Bishop. The Pope puts the Red Hat on the Cardinal's head, enjoining him, even to the shedding of his blood, to stand for the increase and stability of the holy Roman Church. The Red Hat is the sign of power and fealty in the Cardinal.

to God, it may fulfil the prophecies of the sanguine, not the vaticinations of those who augur ill. It will teach us Britons, perhaps, to be more humble, and to cease from measuring ourselves by ourselves, which the apostle says is not wise. It may be a contribution to the peace of nations, by showing a nobler rivalry than arms, better trophies than banners and garments rolled in blood, and a warfare whose field is the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park—whose artillery are steam-engines and hydraulic presses—whose soldiers are philosophers and engineers, and spinners and dyers—and its protocols treatises on science, and its traces good feeling, amicable rivalry, and social and universal advancement. Such great movements have always been connected with the elevation and the progress of mankind. It was when the Medes and Parthians and dwellers in Mesopotamia—and I speak it with a deep sense of the solemnity of that event—were all assembled at Jerusalem, that the Holy Spirit came down, and made them the ambassadors of God and the benefactors of mankind. It may be, that during this great assembly of the nations of the earth, of Jew and Gentile, Greek and barbarian, bond and free, God may have in store, unknown to us—I pray that it may be so—social blessings that the world shall not be able to exhaust. It may be a new era. At all events, we may feel persuaded that multitudes will witness here what they never dreamt of. Muftis and sultans may return to Constantinople, to make known what Christianity has done—for it alone has done it—for this great land of ours. Yes! despots and tyrants from afar

may go home to their capitals, never to forget the impression of liberty without licence, loyalty in the subject without despotism in the ruler, the omnipotence of law, the majestic might of order, of harmony, and of peace. Pope Pius IX. may himself pay us a visit—not enamoured of the sciences any more than of railroads—to sympathise with his disappointed Archbishop in the Borough, and to see with his own eyes the extraordinary race that would not thank his Holiness for a Cardinal, that did not at all admire a bull, that think a hierarchy no present, and that have even lost all liking for Tractarianism, the least and most amiable form of it; and on seeing the streets without bayonets, which he is not at present accustomed to, and a Queen without any other battalions than loving hearts around her; and a city without an Inquisition, which he has never witnessed in his life before; ministers with families, and yet abundant in labours, and homes so much more beautiful than convents and nunneries—the Pontiff may go back again to the Vatican, and issue a new rescript, taking off his anathemas from the Bible Society, and his padlock from the Word of God, and ordering his Eminence on the south of the Thames to lay aside his *anulus* and *ruber Galerus*, and to become, if approved, a City Missionary, a far loftier rank, and preach to those poor people in what he calls the “slums of Westminster,” whom he has taken as a special heritage; and thus the worst that we shall wish Cardinal Wiseman is, that he may change his creed and become a monument of the grace and lovingkindness of our God.

In conclusion, nature is a priest of God. Science

has shown that she is so. Creation is a living hymn, every sound of which is praise; a poem, every syllable of which is a star; a portrait, every touch of which is wisdom, beneficence, and love. Dedicate, my young friends, some of your spare hours to study the rock-crystal, the heath-bell, the beautiful fern, the bright star, the creatures that God has made, and that he made at first very beautiful. They are worth your study. There is health in the pursuit, there is joy in the discoveries. Study all the sciences, but oh! study them as they cluster round the cross; study them in the light of Him that hung upon that cross. The Queen of Sheba came from afar to hear Solomon's wisdom; "a greater than Solomon is here." Let us not go to Christ through Solomon; let us go through Christ to hear the wisdom of Solomon. The teaching of Solomon alone may precipitate you into his sins. The wisdom of the Egyptians alone may make you like "the fleshpots of Egypt;" the science of the Chaldeans alone may make you worship the heavenly bodies; but the knowledge of Christ, the science of Christianity, will bring you within the orbit of everlasting love, and to the acceptance of that precious sacrifice which is pardon and peace, and happiness for ever. Study, my dear young friends, the flowers of the fields in the bright light of the Sun of righteousness; read the starry sky beside the effulgence of the bright and morning Star. Bring the aroma of plants, the tints of flowers, the glories of the earth, and the splendours of the heavens, the gold of the mines, the gems and the pearls of the deep—bring them, but bring, above all,

your own hearts—"living sacrifices, which is your reasonable service."

I close this Lecture, undertaken at your urgent request. Having lectured to you every year since the commencement of your noble Association, I can now, with a greater grace, commit to others the carrying on in future years the course we have so auspiciously commenced and established. God be merciful to you, and bless you, and cause his countenance to shine upon you! May your pursuit and practice be, whatsoever things are true and just, and earnest and lovely, and of good report! And on this, the first lecture evening of 1851, may the bells that have rung out 1850, in the words of a living poet,

"Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter morals, purer laws.
Ring out the shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
Ring in the valiant man, and true,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the light that is to be!"

Life in London :
Its Advantages and its Dangers in relation to
Character.

BY THE

HON. & REV. H. MONTAGU VILLIERS, A.M.

LIFE IN LONDON.

It is impossible for a benevolent or a Christian heart to contemplate such an assembly as this without a deep feeling of thankfulness to God, that, in days of so much religious strife, a body of young men, not only calling themselves, in common with many others, Christians, but professing to live according to that profession, should be found week after week assembling together to hear addresses on such topics as have been selected for this course of Lectures. It is a very remarkable feature of the age. And I confess I feel it a very great privilege and honour to have been selected by your body to take part in so interesting and important a work.

The title of the Lecture which has been assigned to me is, to say the least, peculiar—"Life in London." There are so many ideas which will involuntarily force themselves on the mind in connexion with this title, that I could scarcely commence my address without a passing allusion to it. I am not, I suppose, expected to pourtray the workings of the mind, the affections, or the bodies of those who live in London—the extremes of wealth or poverty—the heights of luxury, or the depths of misery. I am not

to attempt to give such graphic descriptions as have been so largely read in the *Morning Chronicle*; and I need not say that this Lecture is in no way connected with *Bell's Life* of ancient, and, for aught I know to the contrary, of present celebrity; but I am rather to direct your minds to principles which will bear as strongly upon every very large town as upon London itself. I must endeavour to touch upon those points which bear most naturally and forcibly upon the habits, pursuits, and temperaments of young men.

When we are considering "LIFE IN LONDON," I am to be understood as speaking of a large city, into which there is a constant flowing of persons of all ages, ranks, and characters. There cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that any interest is perfectly distinct from another, or, in other words, that there is no connexion between each class of people. Almsgiving, brisk trade, luxury, abundance, scarcity—all will be found to bear more or less on each other. The influence of the rich on the poor—the morals of the court—the calm intelligence of the middle classes, are felt in circles in which the connexion between cause and effect is but seldom traced. I may apply to the subject the words of Isaiah, though in a very different sense. It is, "as with the people, so with the priest; as with the servant, so with his master; as with the maid, so with her mistress; as with the buyer, so with the seller; as with the lender, so with the borrower; as with the taker of usury, so with the giver of usury to him.'

If this idea which I have now thrown out be correct, you will be ready to allow that the bringing together of large masses is sure also to bring forward

large evils. And here I do not speak so much of those physical evils which I believe multitudes generally bring in their train, but of the moral evil which *the* multitude commits, but which masses of people provoke and encourage. It is true there may be, and I believe often is, as much sin practised in a convent as in a theatre. It is true there may be as much vice in the heart of the country clown as there is in that of the London young gentleman. But the bringing together many faggots, many combustible materials, from north, south, east, and west, will make a brighter bonfire than the few dry sticks which the children may collect on the village green. The very compression of these materials into one place has a tendency to produce spontaneous combustion. It will be very well for us if within the next twelve months we have not a practical proof of the truth of my words. I do not assert that in large cities a prominence will be given to vice in all its grossness, which may be seen in less intellectual parts of the world;—though I apprehend you may visit certain parts of London, and find vices so gross that they must not even be named amongst us; and practised too, so frequently, that they escape notice more from being lost in the mass of sin than from their non-existence.

The general civilising effects of the gospel in a country may, and do, very much alter the forms of evil. In some cases it diminishes the publicity of sin, but the sin will be indulged privately, and the seeds of that sin will exist in man's heart, and will burst forth in large towns in a manner which is impossible in the more retired and more thinly

populated country village. We must not be turned aside from acknowledging these truths by the fact, that in these large cities there is a much greater show of philanthropy. Doubtless the *show* is great. But the field for philanthropic exertion is great. The number of persons capable of contributing to "the show" is great; far greater, indeed, in proportion than in any smaller district. But the philanthropy in London is by no means greater than it is in our country villages. Take any street in our metropolis, and you will find three-fourths of the inhabitants are not only unacquainted with, and therefore without sympathy for, a next-door neighbour, but you will find they are unacquainted with a single poor person in the back streets of their own neighbourhood. Not so in the country: our neighbours are known, our neighbours are visited, our neighbours are invited. Widow Ellis must have a new gown; poor old William must have some flannel at Christmas; Mrs. Watkins has had her children ill with the measles, so some good broth must be very acceptable. Thus there manifestly is a caring for some one beyond the four walls of the splendid house in the parish of St. George, Hanover Square.

The principle seems to be in great cities, that because we *cannot* know *many*, we *need* not know *any*. This ought not so to be. No man should live to himself. The practical withdrawal from the active duties and sympathies of life, is as great an evil as the theoretical religion supposed to be found only in the cloister. Every man bears a relationship to the community at large. Every man ought to consider his relationship not only to the neighbourhood by

which he is immediately surrounded, but to posterity. For instance, look at the youth just emerging from boyhood, and yet scarcely entered into manhood. Who does not recognise his desire to imitate his elders? The tie of his neckcloth, the cut of his coat, the swish of his stick, are all thought of *then* in a way they will not be when five years more shall have passed over his head. *The real young man* will have a great influence upon such a youth, for good or for evil. His example may encourage foppery and frivolity, or may inculcate prudence and good common sense. Again, each person ought to remember that self-training in youth is essential for wise ruling in maturer age. It becomes, therefore, the duty of every thoughtful member of society, to so order himself and his possessions as most effectually to contribute to the present and eternal welfare of his fellow-creatures.

I repeat, therefore, that we must not be driven from our estimate of the true character of London, by the mere display of philanthropy which meets us in some of our streets, or by the boastful advertisement of some benevolent society. We must look not at splendid spots, but at the whole corruptible mass containing its upwards of two millions of inhabitants.

Before I enter upon the dangers of London, I must still trespass on your time by one or two more preliminary remarks. In such a large city as London, there is something of everything, and there is everything of the best, and there is everything of the worst. The extremes are not to be found in any but in such large cities. This it is which gives

such great importance to the question which your Committee has selected for this evening's consideration. Take, for instance, the learned professions: a young man may be associated with the most high-minded, most religious, and straightforward lawyer or physician, or he may be placed with the very reverse; and his every associate may be gradually training up with the one object of drawing the life-blood to the last drop from every un-ortunate client or patient. Take the house of business: a young man may find himself with a firm *who*, while they encourage everything that is excellent in theory, will not, for their own interest, sanction anything inconsistent in practice;—right lengths—full measures—true descriptions, are given;—or he may find his lot is cast where Mammon is the only god who is served—where young men will be complimented upon the principle that gain is godliness—where honesty to the buyer is counted dishonesty to the seller—where the net profits shown by the ledger are counted of more consequence than the certain losses recorded in the Book of God.

With amusements, the extremes are equally striking. Whether for the health of the body or the cultivation of the mind, you may find the best and the worst in London. The intellect may be enlarged and the mind stored by the attendance on lectures delivered by men of the highest science, or their talents may be quickened by the coarser wit of the clubs and societies at which religion furnishes the best joke, and sobriety and chastity the loudest laugh.

So, once more, whatever you can desire for the healthy exercise of the body, by land or by water, is

within the reach of the young man who lives in the great metropolis of England. Such then is the general description which I may give of what is called "Life in London." But I have now to turn to another part of the subject on which you have desired me to speak—I refer to THE DANGERS of London.

Here, before I venture to discuss any of the sins to the indulgence in which so many may ascribe their utter ruin both of body and of soul, it will be expedient for me to remind you that in the commission of such offences in London, there is, humanly speaking, far greater freedom from restraint than there can be in a more limited district. In the first place there must be greater opportunity of sinning, and you have more to sin with you. The young man in the west may sin with companions in the east, or *vice versâ*. The youth in his own office or place of business may have no human tempter, but he may meet one at his coffee-house, dining room, or lodging. Who is to discover him? Who is to complain of him? I speak of course of the youth living alone—his parents far away—his master *looking over* his services, but *overlooking* his morals. I can scarcely conceive any position in which we may, speaking as men, say there could be a greater certainty of impunity. In the village the absence from home is felt—the late hour is noticed—yea, the very village gossip is turned to good purpose, and the wildness of the young squire, or lawyer B.'s son, or neighbour C.'s lad, is spoken of, lamented over; and the word of warning and remonstrance reaches the ear, if not the heart, of the unfortunate prodigal. But it is not so in London: the power of public opinion is lost—the lodging-house

keeper may complain of the hours kept ; the youth changes his room, but not his habits : the companion in business, who is no companion in sin, may drop a word of friendly advice ; but what then?—he is met with a reply as false in fact as it is peremptory in expression, “ That his conduct out of business is his own affair, and no one’s else.” And thus, I repeat, with opportunity and impunity, a young man may be rushing down the steep incline which leads to hell, without one hope that a break may be put on, and his sinful desires reversed, till the impetus he has obtained is so strong that, before he is himself aware, he finds himself at the terminus, where he is received with shouts of fiendish joy by the devil and his angels.

We must not omit to notice in passing, that the opportunity of witnessing sin, and the particular form in which sin will be committed, must necessarily vary with the various grades and positions of society. Vices and sins may appear less gross, may be put forward less offensively in one class of society than in another, while the vice may be of the very same nature in every class alike. Nor do I believe that the fact of vice being less gross, makes the temptation to its commission less strong ; on the contrary, the attraction of the form increases the strength and the efficiency of the snare. “ In vain,” says the wise man, “ is the net spread in the sight of any bird.”

As for *the dangers themselves*. The first to which the mind of any student of human nature, any calm observer of life in London, is naturally directed, is *the danger of sensuality*.—On this I must offer a few words : though, as all of you will naturally feel, the subject must be touched with a delicate hand ; that

while the faithful watchman may raise a warning voice against the danger which threatens the young resident in London, the Christian minister may not offend the ears or wound the delicacy of the traveller to Zion, into which the voice of Inspiration has proclaimed, "There shall in no wise enter any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever maketh abomination." The two forms in which *the danger of sensuality* may develop itself are in the sins of *fornication* and *intoxication*.

Concerning the former, the baneful effects on mind and body are so little known—its social consequences so little thought of, and in large cities the temptation secretly to transgress is of so common and frequent occurrence, that the danger is but little realized at the age when exposure to it is most seductive.

Upon the extent of the danger—in which light this division of our subject must be viewed—statements of the most contradictory character are made. I find, for instance, in a work by that excellent man, the late Rev. Edward Bickersteth, called "Signs of the Times," that "a list, very imperfect as to the number, gives one thousand five hundred notorious houses, where prostitutes dwell—habitations actually known to be so occupied." The exact numbers of these wretched fallen women are not known. Mr. Bickersteth says, however, that tens of thousands of these unhappy women are living within eight miles of St. Paul's. In the same work, I read that eight thousand of these miserable creatures, with souls as precious and immortal as our own, die off in their sins each year. I cannot help hoping that this computation is erroneous, for it would involve the conclusion, that

nearly one-seventh of the whole mortality of London, including infants and those who die in extreme old age, fell victims to a sin which is proclaimed in God's holy Word to be utterly ruinous to the soul, for which Christ shed His precious blood.

I have referred, however, to another work, by that very able writer, Dr. Vaughan, President of the Lancashire Independent College, who, in his "Age of Great Cities," says—"In forming our judgment with regard to the mortality of great cities, both as compared with the population in each place, and as compared with the rural districts, great caution will be necessary, if we would guard successfully against being misled. It is certain, that singularly exaggerated statements have been put forth on this subject, by well meaning persons who have been themselves deceived concerning it. When it is remembered that it has been well ascertained that the women of known bad character in London do not exceed seven thousand, while even very recently they have been described in print as amounting to sixty thousand, and even to eighty thousand, it will be obvious that it becomes us to look on all reports on such matters, with much misgiving, except as they are furnished upon such authority as should entitle them to credit."

In either case, however, taking Mr. Bickersteth's fearful statement, or Dr. Vaughan's more limited estimate, I am quite convinced that, if you ask any one of age and experience—any one who knows at all what is going on in London—any, the most casual, observer of the state of our streets alone, he would equally feel one of the greatest dangers in London

arises from the seductions of women. I will not now stay to remind you of the strong terms in which Scripture denounces the sin, but I would advise you to read the 7th chap. of Proverbs; nor will I do more than call to your recollection the figurative application of the sin, to conduct which God intends to describe as most abhorrent to his own holy nature; but I cannot resist, even in this assembly, where I would fain hope my hearers are pure in heart, and holy in life, declaring, without hesitation, that such a sin is the prolific parent of weakness of intellect, and disease of body; and besides all this, many young men, in order to indulge in this sin, have been led to lying and robbery. Their character before God and man is ruined, and the sentence awaits them at the great day—exclusion from heaven—exclusion for ever! Let no man deceive you with vain words. The world may excuse you—companions may applaud you—the devil may rejoice in you; but believe me, nay, rather believe God's own Word, which says, "Because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience."

Leaving, then, a topic which it is painful for us to dwell upon, but which it would be improper to omit in any address to young men on "Life in London," I proceed to notice another danger, under the same head of Sensuality—I mean *Wine*. There is a peculiar characteristic of the English, that they can never do anything without good eating and drinking. It is a saying, of the truth of which I cannot pretend to judge, but of which, probably, some of my friends here present have made up their minds, that Scotch men do their work best half-starved; but I never

heard anybody say that of Englishmen in general, or of a Londoner in particular. One of our commonest national tunes is the "Roast Beef of Old England;" and if we kept to the part of the beef, so much mischief would not be done. But John Bull thinks this is rather too dry a meeting, and the consequence is, that wine is indulged in to an extent which it is really fearful to think of.

In Mr. Bickersteth's work, to which I have already alluded, he quotes the evidence of one Charles Saunders, given to the Select Committee on Drunkenness. He states that thirty thousand charges of drunkenness are entered each year on the books of the metropolitan police. It is computed about three millions of pounds are annually expended in the metropolis in gin only! In fourteen gin-shops two hundred and sixty-nine thousand four hundred and thirty-eight entries of men, women, and children were made in one week. In some trades compulsion to drink is used before employment can be obtained. I have heard that "footings" of from one to four guineas are common in factories—all spent in drink!* It is asserted also that "four-fifths of all the inmates of hospitals, lunatic asylums, and prisons, are brought there by drink."

Mr. Poynder, for three years Under-Sheriff of London and Middlesex, made the following declaration before a Committee of the House of Commons:—"I have long been in the habit of hearing criminals refer all their misery to drinking, so that

* Note in Edgar, in his introductory Essay to Dr. Becher's Sermons on Intemperance

I now almost cease to ask them the cause of their ruin. This evil lies at the root of all other evils in the City and elsewhere. Nearly all convicts for murder with whom I have conversed, have admitted themselves to have been under the influence of spirits at the time of the act."

But I am not now supposing that any of those who belong to this excellent Society, would willingly run into the danger to which I allude; but just recollect the fact, that if a young man is found at the ale-house or tavern in the country village, he is a marked man. But here, where taverns abound, where young men must meet at dinner, where it is so easy for one to entice another, and all remain unknown to any but themselves, I need not say the danger is multiplied an hundredfold. Well might Solomon ask, "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine—they that go to seek mixed wine." Nor must I neglect to remark the intimate connexion between the two sins. The one producing excitement, and inflammation of the blood, deprives reason of its power, and leaves the maddened youth a prey to the seducing influence of the ungodly woman who, as the active agent of Satan, leads him captive at her will. "By a due observation, for nearly twenty years," says the great Judge Hale, "I have found that if the murders and manslaughters, the burglaries and robberies, the riots and tumults, the adulteries, fornications, rapes, and other great enormities that have happened in that time, were divided into five parts, four of them have

been the issue and product of excessive drinking—of tavern and ale-house meetings.”

Whenever the love of drink creeps in, the love of God will be driven out;—no dependence can be placed in the youth. In his drunkenness he ceases to be master of himself. He becomes lower than the brutes that perish: would, for his own sake, that with the brutes he could throw off his responsibility too! But, alas! the Scripture cannot be broken. God has said of the drunkard, that he who does such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God. The hold which this vice has upon the affections is fearful. I have read of a family, of high respectability, being in a state of great domestic trouble, on account of the head of the house having contracted habits of intemperance. To a friend who remonstrated with him, saying, “Sir, your family is in great distress on account of this unfortunate habit—your business is neglected—your moral influence gone—your health ruined,” he replied, “My good friend, your remarks are just: they are too true, but I cannot resist. If a bottle of brandy stood on the one hand, and the pit of hell yawned on the other, if I were convinced that I should be pushed in so surely as I took another glass, I could not refrain.”

I shall now proceed to speak of a second class of dangers, which I may call the *dangers of dissipation*. As illustrations of these I shall only refer to two: *the theatre and the ball-room*. Both these places are strenuously defended, not only by the vicious and profligate, but by kind-hearted and well-intentioned persons also;—perhaps even by some of you whom I am addressing to-night. It is my bounden duty,

in occupying the position to which you yourselves have called me, to express, faithfully, my own opinions, without reference to those opinions being palatable or not. Upon the extreme danger into which these places introduce youth, I have no doubts whatever. But I do not mean they are equally bad in themselves, or that they are equally dangerous in their effects. I must, therefore, speak of them separately.

As regards *the Theatre*, I believe it to be bad in itself, and inevitably bad from its accompaniments. I do not assert that it is *necessarily* bad in itself. But when I know how God's name is taken in vain, when I know how vice is made attractive—how parents are held up to dishonour—how sin is supposed to be wiped away by a reformation at last, I do assert that the theatre, as it now is, is *an unmixed evil*. We hear sometimes some high-sounding praises in behalf of the morality of such places, but such reasoning is false from beginning to end. People do not take their children, nor do they go there themselves, to be improved in moral sentiments or in moral practices. I would appeal to any man of calm and candid judgment, whether he does not believe that some of the first suggestions to sins of a gross character are received by the young at the play-house?

I had occasion to investigate the books of a Penitentiary last year, and I was told, without any qualification, that the majority of the inmates who were seeking to recover their characters in these places, were first seduced from the paths of virtue at theatres, races, or tea-gardens. I might, therefore, on this ground alone, appeal to a play-going public, whether their theatrical tastes ought to be indulged and en

couraged at such a price as that to which I allude? Supposing you receive no injury yourselves, still I may say with St. Paul, "Through thy knowledge shall the weak brother perish for whom Christ died?"

But I would not rest my argument upon these representations alone. The fact of theatres being essentially the means of encouraging profligacy, is proved to demonstration, by the laudable attempt made by a very eminent tragedian, as well as manager, to remove and banish from the house every person of improper character. This bold attempt was an eminent failure, and the praiseworthy individual found he must either give up the attempt, or give up his theatre. Can there be a better proof of the tendency of the theatre? Can there be a better answer to the question, Whether it encourages morality or immorality?

But once more: An individual can know but little of life in London, who is not aware that the neighbourhood of the theatre is, of all others, the most prolific in sensuality and vice. That neighbourhood cannot be worse naturally. It can only be that it is more suited for that particular trade, owing to the customers being such as are the commonest frequenters of the theatre.

"Miss Baillie, a modern writer, of most admirable talents, though she does not absolutely condemn the stage, is constrained, as a moralist, to enter her protest against busy, that is, fashionable, comedy. "The moral tendency of it," she observes, "is very faulty: that mockery of age and domestic authority, so constantly held forth, has a very bad effect on the

younger part of an audience; and that continual lying and deceit in the first characters of the piece, which is necessary for conducting the plot, has a most pernicious one."

Archbishop Tillotson, in reprobating the conduct of certain parents, employs this very strong language: from any other pen it would be condemned as the sourest Puritanism:—"They are such monsters, I had almost said devils, as not to know how to give good things to their children. Instead of bringing them to God's church, they bring them to the devil's chapel, to playhouses, and places of debauchery—those schools and nurseries of lewdness and vice."*

As for *the Ball-room*, the danger from that place of amusement arises chiefly from the silly vanity which it encourages, the late hours which it renders necessary, and the injury produced to the health from the atmosphere which is breathed for so many consecutive hours. There are, however, some excellent men—men of sound judgment—who do not hesitate to speak much more strongly against the ball-room than I would do. They believe that there are thoughts and desires excited there of a character which no pious or thoughtful parent would desire to sanction. But that wicked thoughts and desires *must* arise, that they *always do* arise, I would stoutly deny; and if some still demur to my reasoning, I will only say, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

That the conversation will be, for the most part, trifling, that the duty of family prayer will be laid

* Extracted from a work on the "Character and Influence of the Stage," by Rev. Dr. Styles.

aside, that private reading and private communion with God before retiring to rest will be hurried over, or will be gone through without profit, if not neglected altogether, owing to the fatigue of body and excitement of mind, are facts which few will attempt to deny.

Of course it will be understood that I am now alluding to balls and dances *in private houses*. But if there is danger here, how infinitely greater is the danger when you bear in mind the numbers of Casinos and small dancing-rooms which have been, of late years, opened in London and its suburbs!—where strangers introduce themselves to each other; where every species of excitement is encouraged; and where, to say the least, no very strict surveillance is kept over the moral conduct of those who frequent these fruitful sources of mischief to the young men of London. The private family is, at least, some guarantee for external moral conduct; but even this safeguard is removed in the scenes to which I am now referring.

I pass on now to the third class, which I will denominate as the *Dangers of Speculation*. I am afraid, Sir, you will think this rather a magniloquent title for the illustration which I shall bring forward. You, Mr. Chairman, and those who occupy positions of a similar character, are accustomed to associate speculation with funds, railroads, or other sharehold property. But I know no one, even in these great matters, who has a more wholesome and pious dread of such means as Speculation, in its common acceptation, implies for the increase of wealth, than yourself. But, Sir I am not now going to inveigh against

railroad speculations, though the misery they have caused is infinite ; I am not going to cry out against dabbling in the funds, for I really do not understand the matter, and certainly know more of Roman *consuls* than of English *consols*.

But I am referring to those nests of iniquity, *the gambling-houses*, and those later inventions of the devil, *the betting-rooms*, with which this city abounds. Into these the young man, attracted by the light, and accompanied by some companion, perhaps his cotemporary in years, but his senior in vice, enters. Allowed by the sharpers within to be a gainer at first, the ill-fated youth thinks to make a profit by his unlawful speculation. His appetite, whetted by success, induces him to increase his stake—he loses : again he tries ; “The tide *must* change,” he cries. He doubles his stake. Again he loses, and so on till the end. He entered with a competency in his pocket—he leaves a beggar. He entered in peace—he leaves in misery. What follows ? To regain his money he cannot work ; to beg he is ashamed. To his poor unhappy (rather happy parents, for they know not the wretchedness into which the dangers incident to a life in London have led their beloved child)—to his parents, I say, he dares not apply. Pursued by want, inflamed perhaps by wine, he vainly thinks one more try may bring success. “Only this once,” he cries, “and if I succeed I will never enter this place again.” But where are the funds ?—“The till is unlocked !” “The office desk is open !” Satan whispers in his ear,—You must win, you can easily repay ! The gambler becomes the thief, and he to whom a career honourable and useful was open, is

now the victim of a hell on earth, preparatory to his being the inhabitant of hell beneath for ever. Young men! flee all covetous desires: "they war against the soul."

I would now desire to draw your attention to a very different class of dangers—a class which, from want of a better name, I must designate as the *Dangers of Plausibility*; I mean those which arise, not from any wilful perversion of truth, but from a deceitful heart, encouraged by the peculiar circumstances of a large city, to call things by their wrong names. I will only refer to one case, There can be no doubt that the air of Brighton or Barnet is infinitely purer than that of Saffron-hill or Rosemary-lane—that the daily avocations of the scientific farmer are more salubrious than the occupations of clerks in Lombard-street, or of shopmen amongst the brilliant gaslights of Oxford-street or Regent-street. Thus many are led to say, that the Sunday excursion to the country is a necessary of life. Now these parties forget that they prefer robbing God to taking a little from mammon!—yet *the plausibility of the reasoning is very great*. But the violation of the Sabbath is one of the most prolific causes of loss of moral character that I know. Nor is it wonderful that it should be so. For men are engaged all the week in the service of an earthly master, in matters which require great honesty and integrity of purpose; and yet they are giving themselves no time for taking in that spiritual strength, which the means of grace in general, which the Sabbath-day in particular, are intended to afford. They are very much like a runaway steam-engine on a railroad; travelling

at an immense pace, expending strength rapidly, with no controlling power to make it stop to take in water. Who can wonder at the result being ruin to themselves and to others with whom they may come in contact? And yet the indulgence of this transgression, I repeat, *seems reasonable*. In the country no such danger exists. In the walks of young men to their occupations, they imbibe good air. In their homes they have well-ventilated rooms. If *they* transgress the sanctity of the Sabbath, conscience can give them no flattering words to assure them they are justified in preferring the health of the body to the health of the soul—the fallacies of man to the truths of God.

Connected with this, but yet distinct from this class, is what I may call the dangers of *Self-deception*. The connexion will be clearly seen; the distinction being, that, in the former case, the danger arises from inferential arguments. In the case to which I now refer, the danger springs from the idea, that the individual has a special call from Heaven. I refer to that which is almost entirely restricted to large towns—the *desire to leave the particular calling of life in which a young man is working, to undertake the duties of the ministry*.

In London everybody is in a bustle. Everything is done in a bustle. Religious duties are bustled over; and there are young men who seem to forget, in the midst of the bustle, that *all things can* be, and that *all things ought* to be, done for God's glory: thus they, fondly thinking that the consistent life does not preach loud enough, and forgetting that it preaches more plainly than any other sermon, become un-

settled in their work, and harassed in their minds, and leave the godly usefulness of the shop for the greater prominence of the pulpit.

While I thankfully acknowledge the liberty in that Church to which I am myself privileged to belong, which opens its doors to all ranks of men, which allows no distinction of birth to interfere with its bestowal of honours;—for instance, I have myself had the privilege of being acquainted with the son of a small country shopkeeper, afterwards a Bishop, and with the son of a tailor, afterwards an Archbishop;—yet, here were parties whose whole education and training prepared them, in dependence on the help of the Holy Spirit, for the work of preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ;—while I acknowledge this, I cannot but fear that *ambition*, and *a want of steadiness of purpose*, oftentimes are mistaken for that *call from on high* which alone should authorise any to meddle with those high and holy things which fall more immediately under the work of the ministry of religion.

I trust you will, none of you, misunderstand me in making these remarks. There are some among your number who have entered upon the training necessary for labouring as ministers in the Lord's vineyard at an early age. I rejoice at it. There are, perhaps, others who have been, or who now are, thinking over these points. I would not, for a moment, discourage you. One of my earliest and dearest friends in the ministry—one who was faithful to me before I was myself in the faith—one whose memory, now that he is entered into his rest, is most dear to me, was a linendraper's apprentice

before we were fellow-curates together in Lancashire.

But I do feel, and I doubt not that *you* feel, that, with a heart deceitful above all things, with the devil always on the watch to set light to the portable tinder-box which we carry about with us to the end of our lives, we ought to be on our guard, lest we call that only "*providential*" which falls in with our wishes, and call that "*extraordinary or unlucky*" which militates against our desires.

There is only one more class of positive danger to which I will refer—the *Dangers Intellectual*. Amongst the advantages connected with London, the most prominent will be the intellectual; but the danger is not less so. If the "agricultural mind," as some of our Anti-Corn-Law friends have, I believe, denominated the intellect of our country neighbours, be somewhat less quick than that of our brethren in London, it is less captious, less cavilling, and less critical; and in matters of religion, that childlike simplicity so much commended by our blessed Lord is comparatively lost. Reason, instead of being the handmaid of faith, is allowed to usurp her place. I am not advocating that blind reception of whatever is taught, to the exclusion of the right—I would rather say the duty—of private judgment. I am the last to offer one word of approval of the Popish dogma, that men should believe what the Church teaches, merely because the Church teaches it; but I refer to that abuse of the privilege of private judgment which, in proving all things, decides upon none—which, while it should lead to holding fast that which is good, rejects revealed truth altogether.

Upon this subject, after I had written the above, I have met with so remarkable a passage in the writings of the eminent and reverend Nonconformist, Dr. Vaughan, a paragraph which so exactly expresses my opinion on this point, that I cannot forbear quoting him in his own powerful words:—"In states where there is a great distinction of ranks, and especially where that distinction has subsisted very long, it has been the general course of things that religion should be established by law, and that it should be made to acquire visibility in the form of fixed public institutions.

"It follows, also, from this fact, that obedience to religion, as thus embodied, will be regarded in such states, as a matter no less proper than obedience to so much civil enactment. The upper classes learn to look upon the State religion in this light, and the humbler classes are constrained to follow the example of their superiors. In some cases this conformity is made sure by law; in others, it is realised in a large measure purely by the force of influence and custom. In the age of Elizabeth, the population of our country parishes were thus constrained by civil penalties; in our own age, the same result follows, in nearly an equal degree, through our agricultural districts, from an influence put forth by the wealth and station which are there more or less diffused. The farmer and the village trader are not exempt from such influence on the part of the landholder and the clergyman; and the labourer is not exempt from such influence on the part of the farmer. Thus the obligation to be present at the public exercises of religion, is handed down from one point

to another in the social scale until it reaches the lowest.

“It must not be supposed, however, that this happens because the upper classes, or the classes immediately below them, are, in fact, more religiously disposed than the people at large. Men possess an interest in public order and tranquillity in proportion as they are men of property; and as the sanctions of law never become so powerful as when allied with religion, men of wealth must, in general, be sagacious enough to perceive, that to uphold religion is to do much toward upholding all the forms of social security.

“But in large towns, and in manufacturing districts, direct influence of this nature is almost unknown. In such localities the poor are little dependent on the rich, the employed are little dependent on their employers. Such of the industrious classes as are prompted by considerations, independent of social connexion, to become Christian worshippers, possess full liberty to do so. But such as may, unhappily, be indisposed to engage in such exercises, possess equal liberty to absent themselves from them. It may seem reasonable to suppose, that where constraint in this respect is the least, conformity will be the least; and though there are causes which operate in favour of attention to public worship in large towns as they do not operate elsewhere, still the difference adverted to, so far as it exists, is a difference in favour of attention to the forms of religion among the scattered population of country districts, as compared with the crowded population of great cities.

“In large towns, also, along with this greater degree of social liberty, there is a greater degree of mental liberty, and men frequently avail themselves of the latter, to their injury, no less than of the former. It must be a most depraved religious system which does not carry along with it some tendency favourable to religion. But men who do not worship, cease of course to participate in the benefit of such tendency. It is natural, also, that the habit of mind which causes men to abstain from religious observances, should dispose them to indulge in questionings, beyond the limits of the reasonable, in regard to the claims of religious truth. The men who do not render homage to religious truth formally, may be accounted, in the general, as men who do not so regard it mentally. The absence of control in their case is something different from a proper liberty;—it often becomes liberty abused, the neglect of the formal being the easy and natural preliminary to a neglect of the truly devout, and even of the moral.

“It is the injunction of an inspired instructor—‘Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good.’ But men may lay claim to this freedom without possessing the natural ability, or the moral temperament, necessary to a wise use of it, and may afford, in consequence, lamentable proof of not knowing where to doubt, or where to believe. Where there is great social independence, there should be great mental capability and mental honesty. But, in great cities, where men commonly find the liberty to do well, they do not always show themselves possessed of those higher qualifications which are necessary to constitute that liberty a real benefit.”

Upon the various illustrations which I have thus rapidly brought before you, I have only to add one more remark, which is, that in every case it is almost impossible for a young man to *sin alone*. He will fall into sin in company with others; and where are bad companions so likely to be met with as in London? In the country, birth, parentage, and education are all known. The habits and private life of every companion are as well known as those of a brother. It is not so in London: and yet companions a youth will have. A young man may be left in London without parents, or without guardians, but he will not be left without companions. If these companions be false friends,—if their motives are false,—if their judgments are corrupted,—if they have not the abiding principle of God's grace within them,—then I say to *them* at least, Life in London is the *most dangerous life which can be found for a young man*.

There is one danger of a more negative character. I refer to the utter impossibility of a young man being placed in London under any *efficient pastoral superintendence*. I remember well a father calling upon me in London, to tell me he had placed his son in a particular house of business, and requested that I would act the pastor's part, and pay him the attention which, had I been a country clergyman, I should have felt it no less my duty than my privilege to show. I called on him: my fellow-labourers called upon him. But what was the result? Just nothing at all. His face cannot be distinguished amongst the motley numbers that attend our places of worship; his occupations take him away from home at

the hour we could call. And supposing that we could follow his case up as it ought to be, in order to get any real influence over his mind and affections, how many more must be neglected and overlooked, to cultivate this one plant!

In the country each stranger is recognised, and his habits discovered, before, for the most part, he can do much mischief in a parish, should he desire it; but in London this is impossible.

The want of this pastoral care is the more felt, and the dangers to which I have before alluded, are the more imminent, from a reformation which has taken place in the last few years,—I refer to the system of Early Closing. I believe the principle of this reformation is excellent,—the relieving the young men from the treatment of mere machines,—the acknowledgment of their intellectual powers, and of their responsibility for spiritual and mental improvement, is undoubtedly as gratifying as it is just. But if there be nothing to warn them of their danger—no provision for their improvement—no attracter to godliness,—depend upon it, relaxation from the bondage of business will only be followed, in many cases, by the severer slavery of sin and Satan.

But I must hasten on to the second subject which you have desired me to bring under your notice,—*The Advantages of Life in London.*

Considering the vast body of young men who annually arrive in London, with the view either of prosecuting their studies, or entering upon the active duties of life, I heartily wish, but I fear my wish will not be responded to, that it were necessary that I should occupy a portion of your time equally long

with that which has been taken up in pointing out the *dangers* to a young man in London. This, however, is by no means necessary.

I shall at once address myself to the advantage of London to the young man *intellectually*.

I have touched upon this already; but hitherto in the way of warning against the abuse, rather than of describing the use. Unquestionably the wits of men become sharpened in any large city. The rapid interchange of ideas,—the necessity for bringing theories quickly into practice,—the friendly banter no less than the sarcastic jeer,—all tend, not only to keep the intellect awake, but to stir it up to make those exertions which most materially conduce to the welfare of the community at large. In the village district, education and talent are necessarily confined to a few, to a very few. Their sayings are treated as oracular; their doings are hailed as the fruits of infallible wisdom. It is not so in London. A man is not bought at his own estimate. He is tried, compared, weighed with his fellows. He is judged of, not by the weight of his purse, nor by the strength of his arm, but by the practical results of his daily life.

More topics are introduced in conversation—topics with which every one is expected to be acquainted—in one day in London, than will often come before the country youth in a month or a year. Mind comes in contact with mind, and acts upon mind as iron sharpens iron. The very same subject is viewed in a variety of lights; the narrow-minded and illiberal feelings of the little village are necessarily driven away, and are succeeded by larger, freer, nobler views. For

instance, the railroad is not henceforth considered upon the principle of its destroying the pretty landscape, but the mind dwells at once upon the rapidity with which knowledge will be conveyed,—the increase of commerce which will follow,—the vast addition of comfort to a country at large which will accrue. The petty discomforts of life are weighed in a different balance. In the country, man dwells on his troubles, feeds upon them, grows thin upon them. In the city, the greater events cast these little matters into the shade, and man pursues his career of usefulness with greater cheerfulness and power. If we had been left to our country villages alone, where would have been the results of machinery, to which we owe so much of our comfort and health?—where would have been the commercial enterprise which has done so much to raise this country in the scale of nations? Where do we now look for signs of progress, but to London? And where do we now feel sure we may find a dead weight put upon any progress, but to the country? But I need not enlarge. It is a proposition which must be received as an axiom, that the mart of intelligence is not the country village, but the metropolis itself.

At the same time, it is but fair to remark, that if there is so much more to quicken the intellect, and if we find intellect so much more quickened in London, there is a fearful amount of ignorance, and that of the most debasing character. In parishes in the very centre of London,—not where the education of the poor is neglected, not where the gospel is a sound unknown, not where ministers are idle and inefficient, but the very reverse of all this—you will

find persons grown up,—wives, mothers, as utterly ignorant of God and his Christ as the poor heathen who has never come within a hundred miles of the Christian missionary. Persons whose ignorance is not surpassed by the barbarous darkness which is made known to us in the Parliamentary Reports concerning the state of the mining districts.

Then, on the other hand, again, I have heard myself from young men—probably from some of you to whom I am now speaking—addresses upon religious subjects, upon the differences of doctrine, and upon the errors of the day; addresses which showed a depth of knowledge, an intimate acquaintance with books, a clear perception of the importance of truth, a critical acumen, a discernment of the relative value of the different topics discussed, which would have done credit to students of twice their age; addresses which, I am convinced, would never have been delivered by any but by an inhabitant of some large and influential town or city.

Independently of the inferential arguments brought forward, which of themselves might naturally lead us to expect such results, we must not forget the *fountains of information* which are open in London, fountains such as no other town can possibly supply. I refer especially to such a library as the British Museum, the admission to which my kind and excellent friend, Sir Henry Ellis, makes as easy as is possible. The numbers of circulating libraries also afford means of reading at home, at so moderate an expense, that no individual really desirous of increasing his store of information need be left unsupplied. The various scientific Institu-

tions also contribute to open the mind, to strengthen the intellect, and to give an interest in those higher branches of education which so materially tend to raise one man in the scale of intelligence above another.

And this is done for the most part without the injurious effects which more generally accompany the superiority of one young man amongst his contemporaries. Amongst the injurious effects to which I allude, must be reckoned jealousy. The facilities for improving the powers of the mind and increasing knowledge in any particular department without exciting such jealousy—indeed, without at first its being known to those amongst whom we live, is one benefit of a Life in London. For, paradoxical as it may seem, there is no place where a young man *may* pass a life of greater privacy than in London; and you may rest assured that if a young man attempts to give himself airs, and to be puffed up with his own attainments, the collision into which he will ultimately be brought with others, will make him before long find his own level.

Supposing, however, that some jealousy, some petty quarrel should arise, fuel is not so readily supplied. In the little village or country town, rival must meet rival daily; but a man may walk through London from year's end to year's end, and never meet his competitor.

Another advantage must not be overlooked which a life in London affords to a Christian young man. To the youth who lives for this world only, it is no advantage—I mean the *extensive sphere of usefulness* which this vast metropolis affords. No young man

need be idle. But in doing good he is getting good. In doing good on right principles, he is in a course of training for the highest purposes of life. To do good, the ways and means are abundantly open in London. Time would fail me if I entered into a lengthened description of the doors opened. I might speak of the visiting from house to house, under the direction of some more experienced head. Where can human nature be better studied? Where can the sustaining power of the gospel be more evidenced? Where can the vanity of any false foundation be more clearly seen than in the abodes of sickness and poverty?

I might speak of the Sunday-school teacher, and the inestimable blessing which that class of labourer is to any active minister in a large parish. I do not know a class to whom the minister is, and ought to feel that he is, under greater obligations. I might refer to the collecting for charities, for Bible Societies, Missionary Societies amongst Jews and Gentiles for heathens abroad, and the more responsible heathens at home. I might remind you of the value to be attached to "the word in season," carefully and wisely thrown out in general conversation, testifying to that which is good and virtuous, and deprecatory of that which is bad and vicious. And still more might I speak of the power of example, which tells with equal force in churches or behind the counter, in the season of relaxation and amusement, and in the time of business and study.

But I need not occupy your time with these points "Where there's a will, there's a way," is as true a proverb now as when it first was uttered; and if all

the means were described, and the heart is wanting, my words would only be as those of one "beating the air."

But there is a topic which is worthy a few minutes' consideration—for one of the most serious objections usually urged against life in any great city is its tendency to check or damp sincere piety. I have dwelt long enough on the great amount of temptation to which the young man is exposed; but whether there is not as much real piety in London as in the country, may fairly be disputed. Although much of the poetry which is so constantly associated with allusions to country life may be lost by the assertion, I am by no means unwilling to confess that the mind may be just as much in heaven while the body is wending its way along Fetter-lane, or down Fish-street-hill, as among our lakes in Westmoreland, or on the banks of the Wye. It is all very pretty to associate with the ploughman nothing but the man who has his eye on the furrow, his hand on the plough, and his heart with God; but a little prosaic reality is, to my mind, quite as good as poetic fiction.

On this subject an aged pilgrim thus conveys his consciousness of the prejudices generally entertained against the prevalence of piety and spiritual devotion in cities. He writes:—

“ Say when in pity ye have gazed
On the wreathed smoke afar,
That o'er some town-like mist upraised
Hung hiding sun and star;
Then as ye turned your weary eye
To the green earth and open sky,

Were ye not fain to doubt how Faith could dwell
Amid that dreary glare in this world's citadel?

“ But Love's a flower that will not die
For lack of leafy screen;
And Christian hope can cheer the eye
That ne'er saw vernal green.
Then be ye sure that love can bless
Even in this crowded loneliness,
Wherever moving myriads seem to say—
Go: thou art nought to us, nor we to thee;—away!

“ There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime!
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.”

So much for the fact; and if we allow a statement made just now, that the most private life may be life in London, I do not see anything improbable, that in the midst of the strongest temptations, God may supply the greatest abundance of Divine grace, and cause a large growth of manly piety to spring up to the praise of the glory of his holy name

And now you must allow me to depart from the mere question of danger and advantage, that I may suggest some *safeguards* to young men in London.—First and foremost of these I mention *the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ*. It is a great advantage to the sons of Christian parents that they can always find in London an Evangelical ministry. There are country places where no such privilege is within their reach.

I mean by a Gospel or Evangelical ministry, a correct and faithful exposition of the word of God—not the mere inculcation of a cold morality, but the plain and simple setting forth of the absolute ruin of man owing to Adam's fall—his recovery through the second Adam, the Lord Jesus—the weakness of man and his dependence on the Holy Spirit of God—the necessity for holiness, together with the absence of merit in good works. In other words, the preaching that great and fundamental doctrine of justification which has been succinctly stated to be, freely by grace—meritoriously by Christ—evidentially by works—instrumentally by faith. This doctrine alone touches the heart and introduces the believer as it were into “a new world.”* It shows him the way to God, and affords him the strength to walk in it. “The grace of God that bringeth salvation teaches us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for the blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.” But this ministry should be *regularly* attended: it will not do to be wandering from minister to minister. The spiritual digestion always is in the healthiest state when it partakes of food from week to week prepared by the same hand.

In the second place, you must aim at becoming *mighty in the Scriptures*. The sword of the Spirit is

* See an excellent tract entitled “The New World,” lately published by the Religious Tract Society.

the word of God. When the devil tempted our Divine Master, He continually foiled his antagonist with an "It is written." If the word of Christ "dwell in you richly," as St. Paul says, I should not be afraid for you. I am convinced, so far from the assertion of the world being well founded, that much religion makes weak minds, that true religion strengthens the intellect, while it warms the affections. It makes a man aim at being diligent in business, while it reminds him that in so doing he is "serving the Lord."

One danger of much company is, lest the standard of men should be preferred to the standard of God. Keep to your Bibles, and you raise the standard of man to the standard of God, and not lower the standard of God to the standard of man.

Then, thirdly, *Remember your happy homes.* Cultivate home affections. It is a fashion to laugh at some as home-sick birds. Let them laugh. Better that they should laugh than that your parents should cry. Never be ashamed of your home. Keep up correspondence with your mother and sisters. More purity is preserved by this than some of you will believe. My conviction is, that few debts will be incurred—few gross sins committed—few departures from the narrow road allowed, by that young man whose heart yearns with love for a parent or a sister.

I will only add, in the words of Scripture, "*Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.*" "WATCH AND PRAY," I repeat. To watch without praying, is little better than presumption. To pray without watching, is no better than superstition.

And now I feel I must rapidly bring this Lecture

to a close. I have been dwelling on theories. I have spoken of certain facts, which may, advantageously or disadvantageously, interfere with your morals, and which must and will tell in the formation of what is expressed by the single word—CHARACTER.

But the assemblage of such a body of persons as are met together in this hall, lays a heavy responsibility on the lecturer to endeavour to improve the opportunity to your personal well-doing. Let me then say, First, "*Take care of your eyes.*" David's eye led to David's sin. If your eye wanders, the mind will follow in its train;—thoughts of an impure and degrading character will quickly occupy your time. The longer they retain possession of the mind, the stronger will be their hold, till you will soon lose all controlling power over them. A slave to degrading passions you will live, and a slave to degrading passions you will die; and the word of God says, a slave to degrading passions you will live again, for, in the great day, "he that is filthy shall be filthy still."

In the next place, "*Take care of your tongues.*" The tongue is a little member, but "the tongue is a fire," says St. James. "It is a world of iniquity—it defileth the whole body." Talking of sin often leads to walking with sin. Young men may sit at the same desk, stand behind the same counter, and nothing more; they may never meet out of the place of business, but their foolish conversation may have so inflamed each other, or may so have corrupted each other, that sin will inevitably follow.

In connexion with this I must add, *Never jest with Scripture.* I have known many Christians lament to

their dying day the having listened to some jest on the Word of God. The joke has, as it were, haunted them, while they have mourned over their inability to remember a single encouraging promise,—the devil thus for a time being allowed to blunt the edge of “the sword of the Spirit.”

Thirdly, “*Take care of your ears.*” There are persons apparently sorry for sin, and apparently with a proper hatred for sin, but who think that the best way of showing their hatred is by talking against it. The result of this is not only unprofitable, but *highly dangerous*. It is possible that this talking is only so much glorying in their shame. *Your* listening injures *them*, for the dwelling on sin generally hardens to sin. The hearing of sin is often the begetter of more sin.

Fourthly, *Cultivate the Christian grace of courage* Courage to be singular for the Lord’s sake. A coward may seek the bubble reputation at the cannon’s mouth, but the Christian man must have true moral courage. The curling lip—the silent sneer—the quiet piece of ill-nature, repeated day after day, sound like trifles. Experience proves them to be no trifles. It is easier to bear with calm resignation the great griefs of life, than to maintain a peaceful frame amidst the daily frettings of every day’s business. Great moral training is required for this. The Christian, nevertheless, is not of the world, even as Christ is not of the world.

I remember a story told of John Huss, on whose head his enemies placed some crown or chaplet, to turn him into ridicule; he calmly quoted the case of his Divine Master, on whose holy brow was placed

another crown—a crown of thorns—and quietly added, he need not be ashamed to follow One who had done so much for him.

Lastly, *Recollect the inconsistency of the young professor will be certainly charged upon the religion of Christ.* Your character may have immense influence in this great city, for weal or for woe. You may, by your heads being full of these very important subjects, be induced to think lightly of the daily duties of your professions. If you fall into this snare, you dishonour the doctrines you profess. You put a stumbling-block in the way of young men. You encourage the infidel sneer of the enemies of truth. But religious zeal, combined with careful morality, together with good common sense in your daily duties, will command the respect of all, and perchance, with the blessing of God, may lead to the conversion of many.

And now, my friends, I must detain you no longer. You seem destined to live in London. Shall London's life be your ruin or your gain? If your life in London be a life of sin, your death in London will be followed by "the second death" in hell. If your life in London be a life *to* God, your death in London will be the step to a life *with* God, and the forerunner of those joys which are at his right hand for evermore. May it be so, for Jesus Christ's sake!

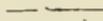
I would beg to insert, as a note, the following observations by Dr. Vaughan, with reference to the tendencies in cities favourable to religion:—

"We have seen that the estimate formed concerning the state of morals in our rural districts is generally much more favourable than

the real state of things would warrant. The same may be said in at least an equal degree with regard to the religion of those districts. If you look to any space embracing some twenty thousand agriculturists, it will be found that the number of them who altogether neglect public worship is not inconsiderable; and let the religious intelligence and the religious feeling of the numbers who do attend such worship be compared with those of the same number attending as worshippers in the churches and chapels of our towns and cities, and in this respect, as in almost every other, the scale will be seen to turn greatly in favour of a city population. Parishes in which the clergyman is a man of piety and ability, and prompted to activity by humane feeling, may exhibit many pleasing instances of a simple-hearted and fervent Christianity. But in a country of large extent, and in connexion with institutions and a state of society like our own, such parishes are almost of necessity the exception, and not the rule. The church-going population in our agricultural districts have ever been, for the most part, grossly ignorant, superstitious, and sensual, exhibiting most of the vices of towns, with few of their virtues, and more superstition than would be found in towns, with little of the enlightened religious feeling generally observable in such places.

“Christianity distinguishes between formalism and religion. It counts the former as valueless, except as conducting to the latter. External worship and the instruction connected with it may be of such a complexion as to prove in a great degree favourable to social order, without communicating the knowledge peculiar to the gospel, so as to raise men to a properly Christian habit of thought and affection. But it is a sorry service which is rendered to men, when, as the best thing that may be done for them, they are taught to substitute a formal for a spiritual worship, and to cherish the dreams of superstition, as founded on the supposed efficacy of priestly offices, in the place of that ‘better hope’ which is nourished by the exercise of a Christian intelligence and Christian feeling.”

Heroes.



BY THE

REV WILLIAM ARTHUR, A.M.

HEROES.

THE men who have been, and who are not, are many. Those who have transmitted a record to us are few. For one man of the past whom we could name, there are millions whom we know not. Though children of the same stock, graced with the same physical symmetry, looking out upon the beauty of the universe with the same upward eye, hearkening to her melody with the same interpreting ear, claiming fellowship each with each by the same grand faculty of speech; though one by ten thousand tokens—so one, that, as face answereth to face in a glass, so does human heart to heart—yet it is manifest that one man excels another man more than the giraffe excels the dormouse, than the ostrich excels the owl. One star differeth from another star in glory. One man is so little, that you see him a thousand times without caring to ask his name; another man is so great, that if you have once exchanged a word with him while living, or possess “a hair of him” when dead, it is something of which you are proud. This disparity in the respective importance of men has been noted in all generations. It ranges over all the degrees of an immense scale, beginning at the slender superiority that marks out a man as the

ablest of a family, and reaching to that splendour of character which makes a whole nation boastful because it can lay claim to one individual.

The word Hero comes to us from other tongues. It belonged to the Greeks of old. They seem to have used it, in the first instance, to designate hordes that overran their country. For a time it was applied promiscuously to all the men of an army. Eventually it came to mean such only as had become prodigies, and was applied to these, whether distinguished in war, arts, philosophy, or even personal charms. The endowments that made the Hero a wonder to others were accounted for, according to the superstition of the time, on the ground that, whatever his seeming parentage, he was really the offspring of some divinity; and the ready invention of mythology soon produced a fable affiliating him on one or other of the gods. So soon as one was fairly placed on the calendar of Heroes, a column was erected upon his tomb, sacrifices were offered to him, and he became the object of prayer for supernatural aid. In this the Romans followed the Greeks, and we find that, among their Heroes, six were held in such honour, that they were said to have been received into the community of the twelve great gods. Of these, one is Esculapius, whose fame was won by the art of healing. Amongst ourselves the word Hero has generally signified one who displayed a very high degree of valour and self-devotion, in the cause of country, or some such cause.

Within the last few years, Mr. Carlyle has made a vigorous attempt to remodel the public sentiment on the subject of Heroes. He has written much on

Heroes and hero-worship. But in all his earnest and eloquent writing, it is not made remarkably clear what a Hero is. True, we learn that no Hero is a dissembler, that no Hero is selfish, that no Hero is ambitious. So much for what a Hero is not. Then we also learn that a Hero is "a sincere man;" that a Hero is a "thinker;" and that a Hero is "a believer;" while by a believer we are left to understand a man who looks, not at "shews," or "shams," but at realities. We are also instructed that the chief business we have here on earth is to treat Heroes fittingly; and that our first study ought to be how to render real Heroes discoverable, and how to worship them when discovered. Moreover, we are taught that the essence of all religions is only hero-worship. That in whatever else Paganism, Mohammedanism, Judaism, and Christianity may differ, they are one in this cardinal point—they are but variations of the same great gospel of hero-worship. And, moreover, that in the midst of truths which at one time are true, and at another time are not true (a new order of truths, I presume, brought to us from Hero-land), this one truth of hero-worship will evermore survive. We must also know that hero-worship, beside being the soul of religion, is the pillar of the state—the one and only rock to which, in this anarchical age, human society can look. It may flounder and fall as it will, but having once reached this rock, it may thence re-erect itself.

Our business to-night will be to inquire, What is a Hero? What kind of Hero we ought to hold in the first esteem? And in what light we ordinary mortals ought to regard Heroes generally.

In trying to discover what a Hero is, we do not find that Mr. Carlyle's moral characteristics are of great practical import. He tells us no Hero is ambitious. But the moment we enter his own Hero-temple, and look at those who are lifted on high for special worship, there is Mohammed, there is Cromwell, there is Napoleon, there is Rousseau. Now the gentleman who gravely assures us that these men had no ambition, must not wonder if we gravely ask him what opinion he has of our common sense. Again, he tells us, that no Hero is a dissembler. Yet, apart from all points in the character of others whom we find here in his own temple—look at Mohammed exalted there—Mohammed who dissembled all his life long even the bare fact that he could read and write, and would have died dissembling it, only that in his last illness he fell into delirium; and as the delirious cannot well dissemble, he let his secret escape, by calling for a pen and ink that he might write. Then, no Hero is selfish; yet in this Hero-temple, besides Napoleon and others, you see Rousseau and Burns. Selfishness takes many a form. In one man it takes a pecuniary form; he becomes a pelf-gatherer: in another a dietary form; he becomes "a gluttonous man, and a wine-bibber:" in another a military form; he becomes a treader under foot of nations. But in no form that selfishness assumes is it more malignant, more hypocritical, more base, than in the case of the seducer; who, with a cold recklessness of the interests of another, pursues his own end, seizes a virgin heart, wrings out its life-drop of happiness, swallows it with relish, and then flings away the shattered husk, to

lie in the dust for ever. No Hero selfish! yet Burns and Rousseau are Heroes!

The fact that Mr. Carlyle denies that the Hero can be ambitious, selfish, or deceitful, shows that in ideal he is in pursuit of the true Hero. But though his conception points to the right model, his instances are not culled from the right field. His Heroes are far from being exempt from the blemishes which he declares incompatible with the heroic. On looking round that temple of Heroes, the one, the manifest, the only common and pervading characteristic is—prodigy! prodigy! prodigy! In this all his Heroes agree. They are all prodigies. Whether it be Mohammed or Johnson, Shakspeare or Napoleon, Luther or Cromwell, they all tower up above the level of common manhood, huge, prodigious beings. And it is quite true, that every prodigy is a Hero, in a certain sense; especially in this, that he is selected by other men as the object of their imitation; he becomes, first, their wonder, then their model man. Nor should we overlook the lesson, earnestly enforced by Mr. Carlyle, that our own character is displayed by the kind of man we set up for our special admiration. Every prodigy is sure to become the Hero of somebody. Thus, the young painter has before his eyes, as a luminous vision, the figure of Titian; and Oh! to shine as he! The young sculptor sees Phidias seated aloft above mortals; and Oh! to gain a place by his side! The young poet beholds the head of Milton crowned with glories that kings cannot win or wither; and Ah! how his temples throb to think of having such a wreath around them! So, with the young soldier, Napo-

leon or Wellington, and with every aspirant to greatness, some prodigy or other, shines before his eye, the star at once of his guidance and his worship. But this honouring of prodigies does not lie alone in those high regions. How many speculators have before their eye, as the acme of all attainment, the golden image of Rothschild! And there is not a ploughboy, with a heart for his calling, who has not before him some prodigy of a ploughman whom he would fain rival. Ay, many a worthy citizen there is in yonder French Republic, men studious and learned in their art—and a very useful art that culinary art of theirs is—whose highest dream of terrestrial attainment would be to reach a point such as has been gained, amongst ourselves, by a countryman of their own, the prodigious Alexis Soyer. This following of prodigies for Heroes, leads us down into regions very far from the heroic.

Here comes forth a man on the theatre of Europe, and hark how the ears of the world tingle! Men of taste and men of fashion, men of letters and men of commerce, see how thickly they crowd, and how noisily they wonder! It is a man making glorious music out of a single fiddlestring—a prodigy! certainly, a great prodigy! As you stand before that Paganini, and see him enchanting that string, till it seems possessed with all the spirits of melody, you cannot help feeling that you are before a prodigy. But is he quite a Hero? Here again is a young man, rising in the starry times of Elizabeth, springing from our aristocracy, and trained in the studies of our law. When yet a youth, he conceives and writes a work, which, in the gush of young exultation, he

calls "*Partus Temporis Maximus*," "The Greatest Birth of Time." He has the prudence to hold back this wonder-volume. In the mean time, his genius lights him onward. He becomes distinguished at the bar, distinguished at court, distinguished as a practical philosopher, distinguished as a writer, distinguished as a parliamentary orator—such an orator, that Ben Jonson calls him the first of his day, and says you could neither look aside, nor cough, without being a loser. Finally, he takes his seat on the woolsack, and thence Lord Chancellor Bacon, in the ripeness of his faculties, in the zenith of his elevation, launches forth the book which, when a boy, he had called "The Greatest Birth of Time," and which, since then, he has re-written no less than twelve times. Now he wisely gives it a less ambitious name—it is the "New Organ." But were all the philosophers alive here this night, they would confirm the title given to that book by its author when a boy. As "The Greatest Birth of Time," it is hailed by the whole resplendent suite of modern sciences, which proclaim it as their tutor, and their light. Yet very shortly after this wonderful book appears, you see Lord Bacon led down Tower Hill a prisoner, and that not for state offences, but for low-souled chicanery and swindling. As you watch that Chancellor taking with one hand £300 from Mr. Egerton, and with the other £400 from the opposing suitor, then giving judgment in favour of the £400; as you see him smoothly take the heavy purse from Lady Whar-ton, saying, he "could not refuse anything from the hands of so fair a lady;" you cannot help feeling that you are before a prodigy—for it is Francis Bacon—

and all the sciences are sitting at his feet, extolling him as their benefactor. But Oh! is that greedy bribe-bibber a Hero? When you see him enter his prison, convicted of bribery, fraud, and deceit, the very gates, as they close, seem to cry upon their hinges,

“The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.”

But I remember reading, when a boy, somewhere, I cannot say where, an account of one of the struggles through which the Swiss passed with such renown in other days. The enemy stood before them in a serried line of spearmen. All their attempts to break the line were vain. Victory seemed impossible; when a man dashed forth from the ranks of the Swiss, spread abroad his arms, clasped as many spears as he could reach, gathered them to a centre in his own breast; and fell with their points in his vitals, making an opening through which his comrades rushed in upon the foe. Now, as I stand before the corpse of that Swiss peasant, though I know not his name, and cannot recall where I read of his action, all my instincts cry out, there is a Hero!

What, then, is it which at once fills you with a sense of the heroic, in looking on that fallen and nameless peasant? At first sight one would perhaps say, it is his daring. But, then, you remember the case of Empedocles, the Sicilian poet, statesman, and philosopher. He was a prodigy in his way; and was so resolved that people should know he was a prodigy, that, if the tale be true, he wore upon his head a crown of gold. But eager to have the honours of a divinity when dead, he wished to make

it appear that he had been mysteriously conveyed away from earth, as it was believed that Romulus and others had been. With this view he cast himself into the crater of Etna when in a state of convulsion. However, the volcano cast up one of his sandals, and so disclosed the mode of his death. Now, while you feel that this Swiss peasant is a Hero, you feel that this Sicilian philosopher is a fool. What makes the great difference in your estimate of the two men? Not their daring. The one is as daring as the other. If you were forced to rush on a violent death, you would rather bleed on bright steel, with an admiring band of fellow-soldiers behind you, than burn in the horrible crater of a volcano, alone. What then is it that makes such a difference between these two daring men? One distinction is manifest—the Swiss *sacrificed himself for the good of others*; the Sicilian *sacrificed his life for the glory of himself*.

Perhaps, then, in this we have the index of true Heroism, the *sacrifice of self for the good of others*. You can hardly make the word Heroic accord well with terms that only indicate a man's abilities. "Heroic talent!" "Heroic genius!" It is not quite the thing. All that seems to sound of quantity, of measure, of the man's mental stature—to show you rather that he is a tall man than that he is a noble one. You tell me of his marvellous judgment—yes, he has a splendid eye: of his memory, exact as a lexicon and faithful as a bookshelf—yes, he has a most capacious hand: of his imagination various as the hues of a humming-bird, gorgeous as the northern lights—yes, he has a superb com-

plexion. This perfectly proves that he is a fine man ; but of what kind is his heart? "Talent," "genius," speak of a man's abilities, the comparative stature of his mind among other minds ; "Heroism" at once calls my attention to his dispositions and his deeds. Wherever the word Heroic comes, it seems to bring with it this idea—greatness of soul, superiority to considerations of self. Though you cannot well adjust the terms Heroic talent, or Heroic genius, you can very well adjust the terms Heroic daring, Heroic sacrifice, Heroic endurance: all these are pervaded by the idea of self-sacrifice. Daring, in which one exposes himself so, that though he may escape he is more likely to suffer; sacrifice, in which one by his own act deprives himself of enjoyments or honours ; endurance, in which one submits to repeated strokes which he might evade. The man who has never voluntarily dared, voluntarily sacrificed, or voluntarily endured, whatever his capabilities, has not arrived at the true Heroic. Yet, to keep in view both real and reputed Heroes, we may speak of them under two classes, which we shall designate, for want of better terms, as the HERO-PRODIGY, and the HERO-MAGNANIMOUS.

Taking self-sacrifice as the essential element of Heroism, we shall find that the principles under the impulse of which persons have been raised to that eminence of Heroism that has thrown them prominently before the world, have been chiefly patriotism, science, and religion. Patriotism has presented examples of Heroism mainly upon the field of war. There have been displayed many brilliant instances of daring, of sacrifice, of endurance. How

many have rushed into hopeless peril! how many have laid down all that was dear! how many have stood firm to endure all that was revolting! But here we need not enlarge. War speaks with the tongue of trumpets and artillery, and makes the world resound with the name of her favourites. If we turn to science, we find that it has developed the Heroism of magnanimity chiefly on the field of discovery. Here one instance stands up conspicuously above all others. You see all the nations of Europe attracted towards the East by a thousand golden cords. All the courts are athirst for its bright jewels, its dainty spices, its delicate silks—those pleasant things which the West and the North would not produce, and which come so scantily, by tortuous ways, from the far off lands of the rising sun. All the world is pondering how to find a readier path to these realms of wealth. One man starts up and confronts the convictions of all mankind, and the testimony of all ages. He contends that he will reach yonder East, by sailing across this Western sea. The world sneers; but he reasons, he avers, he prophesies; he travels from land to land, from court to court; his enterprise is fixed, his idea leads him on. He will dare laughter, he will dare the sea, he will dare all things. At last there he stands, Christopher Columbus, on the deck of a small Spanish vessel, facing that vast Atlantic which man had never tracked before. And now he is weeks away—and on, and on—sea and sky, sea and sky—and all the world behind him is laughing—all the world before him a blank—all the men around him disheartened, trembling, protesting that it is madness thus to rush

into the unknown. Still, weary week after week, that single man sustains himself; on, on he will go; his men may resist, the monotonous waves may mock, his heart is great within him—on, on. And see him now—the new world under his eye—and his mutinous sailors prostrate at his feet, worshipping him as one inspired of God! As I look at that achievement, I feel that it is almost impossible to conceive of a higher instance of daring and of endurance. Much of sacrifice is there, too. To rush to the charge in the excitement of action encircled with ardent comrades, is small Heroism, compared with facing the prejudices of that bigotted world, and the waters of that untravelled sea.

Turn to another sphere. There in Northamptonshire you see a man making shoes; but deep in his heart is the love of the Lord Jesus Christ. His eye is upon that same East. Standing embattled on the shores of Hindustan, he sees the most stupendous system ever framed by the wisdom of the great deceiver. He sees the vast old structure of the Veda religion, venerable by the suffrage of thirty centuries, upheld by tens of millions of the finest population in Asia, cherished with a pertinacity which has hitherto seemed immovable, adorned by temple after temple, celebrated in festivity after festivity, magnificent by processions and all public pomp, cemented by the indissoluble bonds of caste, and by a fixity of usage such as never existed elsewhere, and, above all, garrisoned by some millions of hereditary priests, the Brahmans—learned, subtle, astute—whose every energy is enlisted to defend it; for while the system stands they

rank above all other mortals. Yet that obscure William Carey says in his heart, "I will go and assail all that." He has no state to endow him; no traditions of an ancient and splendid church to dignify him; none of the great or wise of the world to smile upon him: but there he goes. No English ship will carry the visionary; he is too wild for the sober sense of Englishmen. See him, then, in that Danish ship, going out like another Abraham, not knowing whither he is going; see him facing that vast Hindustan, spreading before him its vaunted and gorgeous heathenism. He is lonely, poor, and destitute of all efficient human aid; but forward he moves to the assault, his heart calm in hope within him. He sets his foot on that shore, he summons Brahmanism to cast at the feet of Christ, the crown it has worn for thousands of years. Is there not daring there? The British power lifts its hand to strike him down; but he stands firmly, takes shelter under a foreign flag, and will work to the death before he will abandon his giant task. Is there not endurance there? As I see the solitary figure of that Northamptonshire shoemaker, moving around the walls of that vast and venerable citadel, the bulwark of superstition, the Bastile of souls—as I see his unskilled hand begin to belabour it, and hear him say, 'Thou shalt fall, thou shalt fall: then I do feel that there is a reality in Heroism; that man may be raised to an elevation of daring, of sacrifice, and of endurance, where the littleness of his own soul disappears in the glory of a Divine love that inspires and upholds him.

But these instances of Heroism belong to the

class of prodigies. We are not, therefore, to conclude that all Heroism is confined to cases which are thrown forth on the page of history. There may be many a Hero with a heart as great as Carey or Columbus, whose deeds lie, and will lie unknown. There may be concealed in this city many a young man who, to cheer the declining days of a good mother, is steadily checking every desire, holding himself far from every indulgence, forcing a bountiful heart to the appearance of stinginess, subjecting a sensitive heart to the imputation of it, day by day diligently working, and then courageously depriving himself of the fruit of his toil. All this he may conceal: no one may ever hear of it. Yet wherever that man is you have a Hero; no matter what counter he is behind, no matter in what lane is his lodging, no matter in what workshop his daily bread may be earned, his heart is the heart of the magnanimous. Go into the obscure districts where our city missionaries are labouring; go into our ragged schools; go into many a hidden home or misery and sin close by our own doors; and there you will find men bravely toiling. They face contagion, crime, and filth; go up and meet death a thousand times; and cheerfully endure all that wrings the heart and wearies the frame. This done for the good of others, and done when it is certain that no meed of earthly recompense, or breath of human praise can reach them, is indeed Heroism-magnanimous. A most essential feature in Heroism is, the doing the self-sacrificing deed when it is certain no reward can accrue on earth. He is the Hero-magnanimous who dares the danger, who resigns

the enjoyment, who endures the evil, when, in the very nature of the circumstances, he can have no thought of fame, or history, of flattering testimonies, or a grateful public, or reputation in time to come—when the sole recompense he can have for his own suffering is that by it another has been saved.

But what kind of Hero are we to hold in the first esteem?—It is manifest what obtains for a man the highest place in the world's attention. The prodigy is the idol of the crowd; the Hero-magnanimous can gain their eye only when he happens to combine with the nobleness of his heart some qualities that mark him out a prodigy. The conquerors and the poets are the foremost in the esteem of men. They blaze in superior splendour, while others twinkle dimly.

What, then, you ask, makes the greatest Hero? "Mental power," is the ready answer of many. "The intellect is the man, and he that has the mightiest mind, stands first on the list of mortals." Here, then, are two men—Rothschild and John Howard. Which has the greater power of mind? I should say, it probably is that wonderful Jew, who can poise all the probabilities of war; can foresee the course of campaigns; can outdo, in the speed of his intelligence, even cabinet ministers; can elude, by his emissaries, the most vigilant police; can sway the affairs of a nation or a market; can negotiate with the grandest monarch, or the pettiest speculator; can keep all the complications of the money market in his eye, and lay his hand just on the right spring; and can make alike the dove of peace or the eagle of war come to him with "wings of silver" and "feathers of yellow gold." Could the

two minds be measured before us by the intellectual standard, most probably Rothschild would prove to have the taller mind of the two. Yet look at Howard: there he travels from prison to prison, with superhuman toil and tenderness; and when he has done his message in the prison-house, he turns to the pest-house, and stands face to face with death, laying down his life a thousand times, that others may find theirs. Which of the two men is the Hero? You will not balance them for a moment. Mental power! You never think of that. There may be mental power enough in this vast money-maker; but Heroism!—do not name Heroism here. In that man-lover there may be mental power, ordinary, vast, or what else you please; but without ever thinking of that, you feel—Here is magnificent and transcendent Heroism.

Indeed, mere mental power, apart from magnanimity, seems rather to diminish than increase a man's claim to grandeur. You see what he might be; and you see what he is. Capable of great deeds for his race, he has lived for himself; and all he has left his race is a spectacle to wonder at, instead of a benefit to enjoy. Which is the nobler man, the heir to a great fortune who squanders it on folly; or the humble cotter who inherits nothing, lives in comfort, owes no man anything, and finds his children a home? We know which is more before the eye of the public; but that is all owing to his inheritance, which he only abuses. The cotter is the nobler man. Some men are born wonderfully rich in mental goods: they have vast estates of genius; and spend their inheritance well or ill, so as to exalt

themselves or debase themselves, so as to bless or to blight their neighbours : you will have me worship them just because they were born rich ! “ He is a true son of genius — a very poet of nature ; it is baseness and unbelief not to worship him.” Awoke by this indignation about the poet, whom the world does not fall down to worship, I look at him—his plumage is the plumage of a bird of Paradise ; I listen to him—his note is the note of a nightingale. I go on to watch him—his appetites are the appetites of the carrion crow—and that a Hero ! Challenge my adoration as you may, I will not give it. I wonder at him—I say he is wonderful—a prodigy—a Hero-prodigy, if you will. But to me every ray of his genius sets in a stronger light the foulness of his life.

“ Mental power !” cries the soldier ; “ that is the bookworm’s notion of a Hero. A Hero is known by the heart with which he faces the enemy, or by the width of his conquests.” And in this sentiment the soldier has always carried a large portion of mankind with him. Greece worshipped all that fell at Marathon, and most lands have followed the example. But military Heroism must be content to take a lower rank, as men more study what Heroism is. The soldier shows his true Heroism more in the heart with which he bears the toils of a campaign—cold and heat, hunger and fatigue—than in the indifference with which he advances to the charge. True, his bearing is bold ; but two things must be remembered : Look at his excitement—all the influence of discipline, of habit, of public opinion, the intense watching of his country, the eye of his com-

rades, the march of animated masses, the stir of the war-field, the thrill of music, all come to the man's aid, and bear him aloft. It is by what a man is when standing alone that you can judge his true stature: think of Columbus on the Atlantic. Then look at the soldier's recompense. He is never a Hero for nought: rewards are close at hand—all manner of praises and smiles, bright eyes, public honours, glory, if not gain. Very different this from the man who has nothing to expect but neglect, buffets, or rebukes. Think of Carey, forsaken and denounced by the authorities of his own nation. Yet the soldier is often a real Hero, going forth at the call of his country, and performing the services she requires, no matter what he may have to dare, to sacrifice, or to endure. Full often every tie and hope, every affection and treasure dear to self, is manfully dashed to pieces, that others may escape by the sacrifice. But how different from this is he who, being head of one nation, chooses to make a conquest of other nations! True, men measure his greatness by the number of countries he subdues. See him ride triumphantly over land after land! What is that man? If Heroism at all consists in magnanimity, in superiority to self, then what is this man? Is it Alexander? Is it Napoleon? Is it any other of this class? Superiority to self! A man that will coolly calculate how many thousands of men, each with a heart and soul as well as himself, must perish, that he may win an end of his own; who, to place a fresh laurel in his own wreath, will plant a whole country with cypress; who, to gain a little more renown, will hew down the sense

of independence in a whole people ; who, in order to sparkle in his own capital, will ravage the cities and violate the homes of a vast community: this man a Hero! What could you discover that so completely contradicts all I have shown to constitute the Hero, as a human being like that? Turn to other spheres, to other classes of aspirants after greatness—you will see much of selfishness, much of greediness to gripe advantage, and of indifference to others. But where is there anything that, for huge and monstrous outrage upon others, is to be compared with this spectacle—the spectacle of one man going out to brow-beat whole nations, incapable of rising but as they sink, incapable of rejoicing but as they mourn, incapable of glorying but as they are abased? And that he may rise, he will make others fall; that he may exult, he will make others weep; that he may be glorious, he will crush others to the earth with disgrace and shame. See, to-day, throughout a land that has millions of children, there is not an eye but is full of tears, and to-day his eye is brighter than ever. Tears! he can quaff tears when they are only the tears of others. That spectacle is none to make me worship. It throws my thoughts beyond the human. It stalks before me, the emblem of the great dark spirit, who goes about seeking all the satisfaction his accursed state permits, in witnessing the overthrow and undoing of others.

Among all the forms of Heroism, I must own there is no prodigy more truly wonderful than this tremendous conqueror. Yet I turn from him with honest disgust, as miserably perverting and denaturalising the idea of Heroism; sacrificing others to himself.

instead of sacrificing himself to others. George Cruikshank has conceived a monument for Napoleon; and if all his other ideas should perish, I hope that may live. It is a pyramid of human skulls, with the conqueror standing on the apex of the pyramid. Most fitting monument! You must have him conspicuous. There he is on the history of the world; and he must be lifted up for the notice of men. Then let him have a worthy pedestal—skulls! skulls! skulls! These were what he made—these were what he rose by. Let him stand upon them. Let the generations to come know that, for every step he ascended, the head of another fell.

Though I would still hold, on all accounts, that a mere military Heroism is one of the lowest kinds, all must feel that a vast difference lies between such a man as the one just alluded to, and one who, with all the powers of the other in him, with all the soul of the other in him (such a one as that wonderful old Hero who lives amongst us still), goes forth only when his country bids him go, strikes only when his country bids him strike; and when he has smitten all she bade him smite, and she says, "It is enough," returns, and dutifully reposes on the bosom he had bravely defended. That is another case altogether. Whatever may be its proper grade on the scale of Heroes, it is free from that disastrous feature—the ruin of others for the aggrandisement of self. Then let all prodigies have their eminence: let the artist have his crown, with a gem for every eye his productions made to sparkle; let the author have his monument in tomes that every age reissues; let the discoverer have his pile, built up with

all the productions of the lands he brought to light ; let the patriot soldier have his column, with his indebted country looking up gratefully ; and let the conqueror, on his own account, be held up to the eye of all, upon a heap of human skulls.

But if we may not test the Hero by his mental power, his physical courage, or his conquests, may we not fix his rank among the great by the effects he produced upon the history of man. Certain it is that some expend great powers with little result, and that others affect the future career of their fellow-men with wondrous potency, and throughout age after age. Yet this is a test that would be difficult to apply. It is hard to tell who has had most to do with a great impulse given to the movements of men—he that conceived a deed, he that accomplished it, or he that wrote it. Yet it is a fact brought full before us by this study of Heroes—and a fact with a very weighty lesson in it—that a man may perpetuate his good or his evil on earth, long after he himself has passed away. You may, at any time, find men sinning through the effects of the sin of some man of whom they never heard. Did you never mark, as you trace down that moving record of the falls and errors of Israel, that when Jeroboam has been laid in his grave, one man comes up who never saw Jeroboam, yet sins after “the sin of Jeroboam ;” years after him another, who sins after “the sin of Jeroboam ;” then, generation after generation, men who are separated from Jeroboam by a vast elapse of years ; and still the record goes on saying, “He sinned after the sin of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who taught Israel to sin ?” Centuries after the son

of Nebat has gone to his grave, his sin is cankering the souls of a whole population. But take Paul. He has been away from our world for many an age; yet at this day his deeds and his words are light and brightness to thousands and tens of thousands. And these whose influence thus survives—whose work is shedding upon others blight or blessing,—are they tasting no effect themselves? Is it supposable that, while others are reaping the fruit of their doings, they are not reaping the fruit of their own doings?—that while others cannot wholly escape the baleful or the beneficent effect of their courses, they are wholly exempt from either? It is not supposable. The commonest reason forces you to feel that, if others are reaping of what they have sown, they surely are reaping too.

There is something very imposing in these men, whose hand moulds a whole nation. Here comes a man who has been one of the mightiest powers in modern history. A strange, wild man—one who does remarkably exhibit Mr. Carlyle's favourite characteristic of a Hero—"a great wild soul." If ever man had within a huge body "a great wild soul," it was Peter of Russia. He finds a people wholly barbarous, and gives them the first impulse of civilisation. He finds a nation altogether inland,—he stretches it till it touches two seas. To give it a navy, you may see him there at Deptford, living in John Evelyn's house, and working hard as a common ship-carpenter. Then you see him building ships with his own hand, and steering them on seas of his own conquering, into ports of his own constructing. Then you see him chasing the most

terrible Hero of the day, the Swedish Charles XII. Then you see him building in one year a city of thirty thousand houses. Thirty thousand houses in one year! and that too, on a frightful morass, destitute of stones, or timber, or other conceivable facility for building, and cursed with one of the most harassing climates that daring could encounter. What a marvel this man is! You stare at him, and keep saying, "A nation awoke from barbarism; a frontier extended to the Baltic and the Black Sea; a navy created; Charles XII. vanquished; and thirty thousand houses built in one year!" Yes; but to build them there were a hundred thousand men sacrificed in that one year. Thirty thousand houses and a hundred thousand corpses! Mark that—three dead men for every standing house! I stand before that man, and stare at him: he is a wonder; his soul is a very spring of powers, boiling as the Geyser, copious as the Nile: his acts are like enchantment; his sphere in history is vast; is he not one of the firstborn of Heroes? Ah! I cannot get rid of those hundred thousand corpses. I cannot help seeing him, for state policy, pursuing to the death his own son. He is a most illustrious prodigy; but is he your type of a Hero?

From that gigantic Czar, I turn to a poor man, whose name I do not know, and whose name very few know outside a few parishes in the county of Cornwall. I hardly know whether or not he has yet gone to his rest.* The fact I am about to relate I

* Since delivering the above, I have met with a friend who knows the man well; he is still living. From his relation—had repeatedly at first hand—I have corrected some particulars of the statement.

know well. This man, a poor miner, was down with his brother miner, sinking a shaft. In pursuit of that obscure labour they were blasting the solid rock. They had placed in the rock a large charge of powder, and fixed their fuse so that it could not be extricated. Their proper course was to cut the fuse with a knife; then one should ascend in their bucket, the other wait till the bucket came down again; then get into it, ignite the fuse, give the signal, and so be at the top of the shaft before the explosion. In the present case, however, they negligently cut the fuse with a stone and a blunt iron instrument. Fire was struck; the fuse was hissing; they both dashed to the bucket, and gave the signal. The man above attempted in vain to move the windlass. One could escape; both could not; and delay was death to both. Our miner looked for a moment at his comrade, and, slipping from the bucket, said, "Escape! I shall be in heaven in a minute!" The bucket sped up the shaft. The man was safe; eager to watch the fate of his deliverer, he bent to hear. Just then the explosion rumbled below: a splinter came up the shaft, and struck him on the brow, leaving a mark he will bear all his days, to remind him of his rescue. They soon began to burrow among the fallen rock to extricate the corpse. At last they heard a voice. Their friend was yet alive. They reached him: the pieces of rock had roofed him over—he was without injury or scratch. All he could tell was, that the moment his friend was gone, he sat down, lifted a piece of rock, and held it before his eyes. When asked what induced him to let the other escape, he replied, "I knew *my* soul was safe; I was

not so sure about his." Now, I look at this great Czar, who, to build a city, called by his own name, sacrificed a hundred thousand men; and at this poor miner, who, to save the soul of his comrade, sat down there to be blasted to pieces; and I ask you which of the two is the Hero?

But as thus we refuse to rank the Hero according to his mental power, his courage, his conquests, or his part in general history, what a host of remonstrants rise around us! From the schools of art, from the seats of learning, from the paths of discovery, from the laboratory, from the tunnel, from the battle-field, from the senate, from palaces and thrones, they come to chide us:—"This, this is greatness; if you would know true glory, it is here:" thus each in his turn persists to cry. We are bewildered with the variety of splendours. What is *your* greatness? "I make canvas speak;" and yours? "I make marble breathe;" and yours? "I sing a song that all ages will repeat;" and yours? "I teach mankind the worth of steam;" and yours? "I make my country free." And, voice rising above voice, the ardent crowd demand pre-eminence, one crying, "I discover a world!" another, "I conquer a world!" another, "I weigh the sun!" In presence of all this greatness, who can decide? Amidst so much that is human, O for something Divine! For surely that which is nearest to the heavenly must be the highest upon earth. Hark! amid the hills of Galilee is sounding a voice of One who speaks as never man spake. Blindness and palsy, leprosy and death, all meekly obey his word. The blustering wind, and the brawling wave, fall mutely at his feet,

whispering, as they fall, "Immanuel, God with us!" Here, then, is at last the Divine before these bewildered eyes! Let us reverently ask, Prophet of Nazareth, "What is thy greatness?" "I come to seek and to save that which was lost." "And by what means wilt Thou seek and save?" "By the sacrifice of Myself." Tush! ye competitors for grandeur, and fix your eye there. There is the Divine. Your lights of genius, your rush of courage, your sweep of conquest, your stamp on history, are little now. How far have you lived to serve others—how far been wont to sacrifice yourself? Ascertain that, and take rank accordingly.

But in what light are we ordinary mortals to regard Heroes generally? According to the teaching to which we have already alluded, our chief calling in this world is to search it through and through, to find out the Heroes it is ungenerously concealing from us; and when we have discovered these occult "captains," to set them on high, and do all they bid us do, and be all they bid us be. In fact, the life of mankind ought to be developed mainly in two forms—Hero-hunting, and Hero-worshipping. Mr. Carlyle appears to be absolutely possessed with the spirit that dictated that exquisite verse, in which Gray, as he looks on the forgotten graves of a country churchyard, exclaims:—

"Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood."

And he would have the whole human society set out at once on a serious errand, to "discover" all these

hidden Hampdens, mute Miltons, and correct Cromwells, who are flourishing inappropriately in our farmsteads. Yet, though it is absolutely essential that this errand be accomplished, if we are to be saved from hopeless anarchy and chaos, poor Society, which must either perform the errand or perish, does not receive very particular directions as to the best road to the hiding-place of Heroes. Neither is she much enlightened on the readiest mode of measuring the Heroes (when she has found them), so as to settle the very probable dispute as to which Hero shall be captain of all. But, by whatever road she goes, and by whatever scale she measures, she must, for her life's sake, discover the great captain, and make him dictator;—then confusion and chaos will flee away.

Now, all serious men must feel that it is at once the wisdom and the virtue of any community to provide facilities by which all may cultivate and bring to light every aptitude they possess to promote the public good. By education, by just laws, by ready paths for rising merit, all should be invited to come forward and take the place for which the Creator's hand has fitted them. But this is about all that we need say of our duty on this head. As to a universal errand of Hero-hunting, perhaps society had better not go on such an errand at all. Amongst individuals you seldom find your thorough Hero-hunter a very valuable person; and in society the same career would probably end in a still more dissipating result. Nor are we likely to worship the wisdom that seeks all ameliorations from the hand of one man. Experience points rather to a multitude of counsellors for safety. The consulta-

tions of many soon discover the true master among them, and while he takes the lead for which he is fitted, let counsel continually attend him ; for it is not given to one to be master of all emergencies. Great men must be honoured ; it is right to look up respectfully towards him whom my Maker has pleased to make greater than He made me. But the greatest man is finite, the wisest man is fallible ; and society is always disordered while she relies on the apparition of prodigies. Her real strength and healing lie in the advance of principles by which the bulk of men shall, individual by individual, rise in truth, and wisdom, and virtue. A wicked and foolish multitude would set up a wicked and foolish Hero. Society wants a sun to enlighten all ; not a lamp in the hand of one, whom, go where he will, the rest must follow. *We are not, then, to regard Heroes as a superhuman creation of captains sent here to mould us as they may.*

It is also taught that genius is an inspiration of God, in such a sense as to constitute the man so gifted, a seer, a prophet, a Divine messenger. "A man of 'genius,' as we call it ; the soul of a man actually sent down from the skies with a God's message to us." And of all conceivable souls, this is said of the soul of Robert Burns ! Alas for us all, if the God above us sent down messages incentive to vice ! One effect of thus magnifying intellect, and adoring genius, in whatever form it displays itself, is, to believe, that as each Hero is a seer, a revelation indeed of God, so their contradictory messages are all true :—Paganism true, for it was taught by Heroes ; Mohammedanism true, for Mo-

hammered was a Hero; and of course Judaism and Christianity not less true, because they had, equally with the other systems, the benefit of an infallible Heroic origin. Hence it comes, of course, that the truths of Hero-land are quite exempt from that stubbornness and immutability with which other truths are chargeable. "It was a truth, and is none,"* is an easy word for a Hero-worshipper; though to us it looks so monstrously difficult, that a man must shut his eyes to utter it. But, while this idolatry of genius obliterates the distinction between true and false, it does not halt there. As every Hero is inspired and worthy of worship, in his degree, so we find coming in as one of the Hero family—the head and foremost of the family certainly, but still one even as the others—the man Christ Jesus. Here we approach ground of much solemnity. We will own greatness wherever we see it. We will honour it according to its degree. But when we draw nigh to Jesus of Nazareth and study him, he is not what human nature presents to us in its other great examples. Take not only actual men of flesh and blood, but take the conceptions men have elaborated to portray, not Hero-gods alone, but even their loftiest conceivable divinities; and when do you find, even in portraits of the celestial, a character in any way approaching that character of Jesus Christ? You find splendour, power, superhuman intelligence, and delights; but, whether it be the Jupiter of Greece, the Vishnu of India, or the God of the wildest savage, you never find a divinity

* Carlyle.

pictured by the heart of man, but is soiled with impurity. They lead you above human strength, above human wisdom, above human resources, above human joy; but never above human goodness. You escape in imagination from the presence of man's weakness, blindness, poverty, and sorrows; but you never escape from the presence of his depravity. Mr. Emerson has made a good admission: "Man can paint, or make, or think nothing but man." It is true, and is especially shown to be true in all man's attempts to paint, make, and think gods. What man creates, he creates in his own image. You cannot "bring a clean thing out of an unclean." Wherever a creation has come out of the heart of man, no matter to what proportions it may be expanded, or with what sonorous epithets described, it no sooner begins to act than it shows itself an unclean thing. The genius of Greece is bright, the genius of India sublime; yet look at the Pantheon of the one or the other, and, amid huge proportions and tremendous powers, you see lust there, deceit there, every manner of sinfulness there; and these celestials of human conception, though, giants indeed, are ever giants with a leprosy. Then look at our actual earthly Heroes: splendour they have, and it is a splendour to be acknowledged; but it is ever coupled with foible, with fault, and too frequently with mournful crime. But turn to Jesus of Nazareth. If that character of his were only an imagination—if no such Man had actually trodden the earth—it would be such an imagination as never visited the mind of uninspired man before his day. Here is one not moving above all our

temptations, in some ethereal region, but dwelling with us down here in this land of flesh and blood; eating, sleeping, wearying, and dropping tears, tempted of men and tempted of Satan, even as we; bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, entering into our homes, and permitting us to lean upon his bosom. Thus he stays in this sinful world for thirty years and more, amid ample temptations and opportunities. The men that paint him for us, that show us his whole life so naturally and so minutely, that we seem to know the tones of his voice,—they were not men whom great cultivation had prepared to sketch an ideal more Divine than had ever been sketched before. They were homely men enough, with their own faults to chronicle. Yet they paint that life, and never does one speck appear. On and on you are led through the lowest vales of earthly wayfaring, yet ever before you an example of heavenly brightness. Toil you find, and temptation, and tears; but of sin you find none. “Holy, harmless, undefiled,” is the impression that grows upon you as you company with him. “Holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners,” He shines out in a mild glory that ever brightens: till after that wondrous life of sinlessness you see him approach the end, and then “he offers himself up without spot to God.” Look at that one example of untainted holiness, and say, are you in the region of your Mohammeds, of your Napoleons, of your Luthers, or of your great *men*, whatever their sphere? No, you are in another presence altogether. You look up at those stars, and think how distant they are, how large, how many, and how harmo-

nious. You never think then that you are looking on a human work ; you hear them—

“ Singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is Divine.”

And as you look on that life, all immaculate, think you that you are looking on a work of man? You cannot bring a clean thing out of an unclean. That purity is as much a token of superhuman holiness, as yonder sky is of superhuman power. The one is no further beyond our impotence, than the other is beyond our depravity ; no more impossible to our hand, than the other to our heart. It has already been said, that what comes nearest to the Divine, must be greatest in the human. Then set before you as the model of all immortal greatness, the Immanuel—God manifest in the flesh ; but presume not to crown with the fading laurels of Hero-ship, that never spotted brow. Honour superiority, pay tribute to eminence, but bring not JESUS to the level of great men. Say that Britannia is one of the Hebrides, that America is one of the West India Isles, that the sun is one of the planets ; but say not that HE that was “ holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners,” was one of the better born of the Hero race. *We are not, then, to regard Heroes as an inspired race, of whom Christ was one.*

Another light, in which the whole world, when unchecked by revelation, has agreed to regard the Hero, is that of a demi-god, to whom, after death, we should offer worship, and look for supernatural protection. I am quite surprised to read that this is now impossible, that it has long been impossible,

that never hereafter can the Hero be turned into the divinity. Why, some of the best days of this poor life of mine have been spent in opposing, among the intelligent people of yonder great India, the worship of one, who, some two centuries ago, had been a schoolmaster in the town. The people tell you he was ; but then he was such a schoolmaster, a wonderful schoolmaster, a Hero schoolmaster. They thought, after he was gone, that he must have been a divinity ; accordingly they worship him every day. — “ Impossible,” you say. Why, for anything I know, yonder poor Pius IX. in Rome, who has made rather an unsuccessful prince, may, some twenty years hence, have men kneeling down before his image, and calling upon him in the skies, to obtain them salvation. There is nothing at all impossible in turning a man into an object of worship, even in this age, that people call so wonderfully bright. It is not the age, it is not the natural evolutions of time that protect *us* from the delusion of making Heroes divinities. The age is just as old in India as in England. Time has had quite as much leisure to grow wise on the coasts of Guinea, or on those of Kent. And yonder in Guinea, when that chief falls, you see how many slaves die that he may be duly honoured, in his new Heroic state. Yonder in China, you see a whole people worshipping their forefathers. Yonder in that illuminated continent of Europe, you see thousands, at the same moment, in different lands, and in different tongues, calling upon Anthony, or Ignatius, or Theresa, or some other canonised mortal. It has been so in all ages, after the first few ; Greek and Roman, Egyptian and Arab,

Assyrian and Hindoo, all have joined to make the illustrious dead an object of prayer and honour.

One notable exception shines throughout the whole length of history. You see one line of Heroes—of Heroes in all grades of prodigy and of magnanimity—such Heroes as the world has never equalled elsewhere. There is Abraham, or, farther up, Noah and Enoch. Enoch “was not, for God took him;” and did they not worship him, and call him a god? No, he was no divinity; his utmost elevation was this:—“He had this testimony, that he pleased God.” Then Noah, the sole survivor of the old, and the father of the new world—surely they made a god of him. No, he “found grace in the eyes of the Lord.” Then Abraham, the great founder of their nation, wise, good, brave, princely; surely they made a god of him. No, those who had the light did not. They called him “the friend of God;” but though among his own children in Jerusalem, where the oracles of truth were, Abraham was never set up as a god, in Mecca, among the Arabs, in their heathen days, Abraham was a chief god, and was worshipped in their Kaabah for ages. But continue in the same line; look at Moses effecting the deliverance; at Joshua leading them into the land; at David with his marvellous combination of champion, general, king, poet, and musician; at Solomon, so splendid and so sage; at prophet after prophet rising up in stupendous succession; and yet none of these ever exalted as divinities. It was not “time” or “age” that led the contemporaries of these to feel that they were “men of like passions with ourselves” They were taught

of the oracles of God. But, when Christianity relapsed toward heathenism, she soon fell into Hero worship. The great and wonderful, when gone, must be adored; and sanctuaries are dedicated to their name, and altars receive their offerings; and many are the voices that approach to them in prayer. This habit of making the great dead an object of worship,—if you look at the world you will find it everywhere, except where the Bible has taught otherwise. The Bible has taught the Jews; they make not their great men divinities. It has taught the Mohammedans all they have of truth; they make not their great men divinities. It has taught Christians; they make not their great men divinities. But when nominal Christians cast that Bible away, and resort to other teaching, they soon pay the forfeit by bowing before pictures of dead men. Then, apart from these portions of the human race on which the Bible light shines partially or fully, where can you find the nation that will hold it “impossible” to make a Hero a god? The light of revelation, in whatever age, has saved those who enjoyed it, from the folly of man-worship; without that light no nation has attained to the knowledge of ONE, only adorable:—“the world by wisdom knew not God.”

We must not then hold that Heroes stand midway between humanity and Godhead.—Acknowledge that they are above other men; as far above others as the great above the little; but never forget that they are as far below the Divine, as the vast is below the infinite.

There is another error we must thoroughly shun

The Hero is not a *manifestation* of God. I now find, in these European languages, the old errors of our Indian Brahmanism reproduced. In India, men speak out plainly—they say that the Creator is in everything, that, therefore, the Creator *is* every thing, the one thing, the sole reality in the universe; and as the Creator is everything, it follows that everything is the Creator. God is said to be the soul of the universe, the one Spirit that pervades all, and animates all, so that all life is his existence, and all motion his activity. If all things are God, then, of course, the most wonderful thing we see, man, is God too. Now I find this most tremendous of all errors, actually adopted from these Hindoos, and sent forth anew in our mother tongue. I find audiences in this country entertained with lectures, in which, under guise of glory to great men, this Pantheism (or *All-Godism*), is spread abroad among us. If all things are God, then all things are equal. If that is so, the distinction between right and wrong vanishes at once. Now, I could have believed it possible that a man born amid the light of Christianity, could, in dreamy searching after something philosophic, fall into the Brahmanical dogma of Pantheism: but I should have thought, that any man, once possessed with the idea the Bible gives of right and wrong, would have awoke up, and eschewed his new dogma, the moment it met him, with the inference, “ Evil and good are much the same.” But, what do I find polluting this English tongue of ours, which ought to have been Christianised by this time? First of all, I would cite a pas-

page taken from that famous book of the Brahmans, the Bhagavat Geeta. There Vishnu, the preserver of all things, incarnate as Krishna, says, "I am the same TO ALL mankind. There is not one who is worthy of my love or hatred. They who serve me with adoration, I am in them, and they in me. If one, whose ways are ever so evil, serve me alone, he is as respectable as the just man, he is altogether well employed, he soon becometh of a virtuous spirit and obtaineth eternal happiness." Here we have the distinction between good and evil royally abrogated; the Supreme declaring himself to be the same to all, and announcing the same "eternal happiness" for the just and the unjust. Now this passage,—one of the worst in the book, as to the principles it involves,—is positively quoted with approbation, and printed out before the sun, in plain English, by Mr. Emerson. Yes; but though he may quote the passage for its sentiment, he could never accept its practical conclusion? So one would think; but you never know what a man can do till you see; when one begins to fall into error, who will fix the limit? Here is the style in which this author introduces that bold piece of heathenism:—"To what a painful perversion had Gothic theology arrived, that Swedenborg admitted no conversion for evil spirits. But the Divine effort is never relaxed; the carrion in the sun will convert itself to fruit and flowers;"—here I must pause, to crave pardon of the audience, for offending their ears with what follows; it will shock us, but it will humble us, and it ought to humble us—"and man, though

in brothels, or jails, or on gibbets, is on his way to"—to what? to the wrath of God? to the judgment of a Holy Sovereign? to shame and woe? Nay, verily, to quite another destiny—"is on his way to all that is good and true." There it is! Brahmanism embraced in its maddest audacity of Pantheism, and that pushed to its most abominable issue, the abrogation of the difference between right and wrong. Take another passage:—"The world is saturated with deity and with law. He is content with just and unjust, with sots and fools, with the triumph of folly and fraud." This, the language of a man who comes out before a Christian people, to speak face to face with them in public! What! we are in the power of an Almighty Being who is content with the just and unjust, with the triumph of folly and fraud! Ah! if my soul could believe that, it would then feel that all hope of happiness was fled. Tell me that I am in a house, the master of which is content with just and unjust, with sot and fool, with folly and fraud, and how soon shall I flee that dwelling! No peace there. Tell me I am in a city, the authorities of which are content with just and unjust, sot and fool, folly and fraud; no sum will purchase me to make my dwelling there. Tell me, that I am in a country the government of which is content with just and unjust, sot and fool, folly and fraud; and O let me betake myself to the antipodes of that country for the plague of its disorders will spread far. But tell me that I am in a universe every part of which is "saturated" by one resistless power, and that power is content with just and un-

just, with sot and fool, with the triumph of folly and fraud; ah, then, my soul is desolate. In vain, in vain does she look for

“ A mansion of peace, where no peril can chase her.”

The whole universe is jarred with the clash of just and unjust, stained with the sottish, debased with the foolish, and, even under the eye of the Supreme, wisdom and goodness lie vanquished by folly and fraud, and He, the awful One, smiles at their overthrow. Were cruelty impersonated, were it put in power, did it revolve the one problem, How shall the greatest amount of misery be secured, and how shall peace be rendered impossible for ever? the best answer would be, By a universal proclamation, that injustice, sottishness, folly, and fraud may flourish unchecked, and triumph unpunished. Woe worth the family, the city, the country, the world, that was placed under such a law! Yet this is the tremendous doom that Pantheism pronounces upon man. And this system, which is vanishing away from its native land in the East, is now caught up at second-hand from misty Germans, and the authority of India's exploded Shastras is pompously cited, to deprive the youth of England of the glorious bulwark that the gospel has reared between right and wrong. Touch not that bulwark, whatever you touch. It is the safeguard of all peace; without it we can never entertain hope of a holy world, where innocence and joy will eternally dwell together. Or if you would dare to touch it, libel not the benignant God above us, by averring that He abolishes the

barrier that parts good and evil. History has heaped odium on many rulers; but where is the tyrant whom his foes could charge with the enormity of avowing that he would rule on the principle of setting all retribution aside, and bidding wrong and injustice rejoice in undisturbable immunity? Yet you charge this on the great God that made us. If you choose, set before this race of ours—ever ready to accept a gospel that smooths the path of self-indulgence—the bait of a dogma, that a course begun in the “brothel,” proceeding to the “prison,” and ending on the “gibbet,” is one stage of a journey to “all that is good and true!” But let the soul within you shrink from the badness of attributing to its glorious Creator indifference to right and wrong.

Reject, then, the *Political* weakness that the Hero is a special messenger sent to rule all others by sheer dint of his infallibility. Reject the *Pagan* delusion that the Hero is a demi-god. Reject the *Deistical* error that the Hero is a revelation and a seer, the only revelation, indeed, we have. Reject, too, and that with loathing, for there is a peculiar pest in it, the *Brahmanical* presumption, that the Hero is only a manifestation of the One who alone *is*, while all other apparent beings and things are illusions.

So much has been said about lights in which we should not regard Heroes, that little time remains to speak of lights in which we should. But call up the great of the past before your eye, and mark them as they appear. See, there is a man of the last century, a countryman of your own, Robert Clive, a most astonishing man. He finds, on the shores of Hindustan, a few adventurers, timid, weak, and down

cast, amid multitudinous nations. He makes them bold—makes them strong—makes them victors—passes from marvel to marvel of warlike achievement, and forms an empire with thirty millions of subjects, while he has only nine hundred Englishmen under his command. Prodigy more incredible than Clive hardly ever was. Yet look at Clive after he has won all his glories. Something comes looming before that prodigious spirit—a spirit that no host of deaths or impossibilities could ever daunt—an intellect that blazed out upon opposition with consuming fire—a heart that was brave above all hearts—a will that was strong above all wills. But what is this foe now coming to assail him, darkly, fitfully—but on, on, still coming? He sees it, he feels it; it draws nearer, it is ready to close upon him—it is madness. What! madness assault an imperial soul like that? Yes, alas! even so; and see, before this new enemy all the powers of the Hero fall low. He is in its gripe;—Oh, how it crushes that superb intelligence;—and, hark! the hand of the Hero is wielded by madness, and his own brave life is gone. Ah! as you see that mind falling, and bringing down the body in its fall; as you stand over that self-murdered Hero, do you feel disposed to regard the great man as an Origin; to hail genius as something of itself? Does not that ruin tell you that it never built itself? Is not that wound an expressive mouth, declaring that, it is not of man to give, or to preserve the powers that make him splendid? Does it not tell you to look beyond the work to a wise and wonderful Author who gave it all its grandeur?

Again, here is another man of that same age, and he writes in sweet and majestic verse, "The Deserted Village." Suppose that Clive, who, on the field, seemed a power that needed but to will and it was so, had become inspired with the ambition to write; all in vain would he have tried to vie in numbers with that impracticable Oliver Goldsmith, who on the field would hardly have served for a corporal. Yet Goldsmith, who can write "The Deserted Village," hears his friend Johnson hold forth, till all ears covet his words; and he would fain be excellent in speech too. But such is the success of his attempts, that his great friend can only call him "An inspired idiot." And Johnson himself,—he astonishes all the world. Yet yonder is James Watt; and were Johnson to tax his power to the death, he could not construct as Watt is constructing. Then Watt again,—suppose that, while, in comparative obscurity, he was planning benefits for all lands and all generations, he had been moved by the spectacle of Edmund Burke, blazing like a double star in letters and in oratory, and had become stirred with an ambition to blaze as Burke blazed, not all his powers could ever have evoked from his soul one oration, or one treatise either so sublime or so beautiful, as those which the soul of Burke, made up of music, evolved whenever it was put in motion. Yes, ye are very marvellous, ye men of genius; but none of you can impart to another the peculiar gift you have, and none of you can snatch, for himself, the peculiar gift you have not. Ye say in your splendour, as we say in our obscurity, "It is HE that hath made us, and not we ourselves."

Again, we see in our day, all the world held in

amaze by a prodigy. It begins yonder, singing among the snows and pine groves of Sweden; then moves over Europe, singing till all Europe is enraptured of its song. Then away across the Atlantic, and sings till the new world claps its hands in ecstasy. Now, ye sages, and powers of the earth, gather ye here, and hearken to that one human voice. Ah, how you admire, how you applaud, how you go into raptures with the rest of us! But can you not make us another? You have sciences, you have arts, you have invention; you tell us of your genius, of your inspiration, of your forces; but cannot you produce for us a thing like that?—just another voice the same? All the talents, all the inventions, all the authorities, all the potentates, stand abashed. They are impotent all. This is no sphere of theirs. They have no skill at creating.

Whence then comes it, that one man so surpasses another man? Where is the skill that makes one so bright in one way, another so bright in a different way? Hearken to the voice of one of old:—

“Where shall wisdom be found?
 And where is the place of understanding?
 Man knoweth not the price thereof,
 Neither is it found in the land of the living.
 The depth saith, It is not in me:
 And the sea saith, It is not with me.
 It cannot be gotten for gold,
 Neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.
 Whence, then, cometh wisdom?
 And *where is the place* of understanding?”

All living things are mute; none has sounded the depth where wisdom dwells, nor traced the fount whence wisdom springs. Will the dead tell us?

“ Death and destruction say,
We have heard the fame thereof with our ears.”

Again, all is silent ; have the swift-winged coursers
of the sky, reached the hiding-place of wisdom ?

“ It is hid from the eyes of all living,
And kept close from the fowls of the air.”

And now that noisy nature is hushed, and willing to
listen, a voice comes forth from the depths, and cries,

“ GOD understandeth the way thereof,
HE knoweth the place thereof.”

Yes, God alone is wise ; and all we see of human
wisdom tells of Him. By the mystery it has, even to
its possessor, it is a token of God's existence ; by
its capability of promoting the happiness of the in-
dividual, and the race, a token of His goodness ; by
its limits, defects, and aberrations, a token that He
wills man to feel himself dependent ; and by the
diversity with which it is conferred on one and an
other, a token of his sovereignty, “ distributing to
every man severally as He will.”

Suppose you could see united in one individual all
that has ever adorned the mind of the prodigy, or
dignified the heart of the magnanimous. Suppose
you could hear of one whose rare endowments em-
braced the judgment of all the philosophers that ever
taught, the imagination of all the poets that ever
sang, the taste of all the musicians that ever played,
of all the artists that ever painted, with the mag-
nanimity of all the benefactors that ever blessed
mankind,—oh ! who would not hasten to acquaint
himself with that one man ? All breasts would pant

to hold some communion with that marvel of wisdom, and goodness, and splendour. Where can such a concentration be found? In one alone, but in Him transcendently — even in the Father of Spirits. All that dazzles us, all that attracts us, in illustrious men, is but the faint efflux, the twinkling index of the glory that is there—the glory of knowledge, and beauty, and love, and power.

If, when we look at the lustre with which He has invested many of his creatures here, we feel charmed, and drawn toward their loveliness, oh, how should we haste to the day when “I shall see Him for myself, and my eye shall behold Him, and not another!” When our Divine Father would give to us a manifestation of a vegetable process, see how beautiful He makes that manifestation, in plant or flower. When He would give us a manifestation of the physical frame of our kindred men, see how He prepares it to rejoice the eye, so welcome, and so fair. When He would give us a manifestation of this terrestrial globe, see how He overspreads it with exhaustless charms, and presents it to us canopied with glory. And if, in making manifest to us these material and transient things, He discloses so much that moves to delight, what, O what will it be, when this same Father comes, not to make manifest to us a fragile vegetable, a dying body, an earthy globe, but even to make manifest Himself,—the Lord, the Lord God—the Creator of the heavens and the earth! Let all you see of the wise or true, or good or beautiful, only quicken your desire to see Him, the spring and the perfection of the wise, the true, the beautiful, and the good. O bright shall that eye be, that sees Him as He is!

See, then, in Heroes, a proof of a Creator, and of a Disposer. See in them, also, a strong inducement to acquaint yourself with the "Father of lights," and to seek fellowship with Him. But fix your eye for yet a further purpose, especially on the Hero-magnanimous. He is there, that you may imitate him. The prodigy is, perhaps, beyond the range of legitimate imitation. I can no more make myself Milton, than I can make myself Mont Blanc; and the attempt to make myself Milton, would only make me a less man than I am. When you see a prodigy, you see something to wonder at; but when you see a Hero-magnanimous, you see something to follow. Look, for instance, at that young man in Egypt, so long ago. He is turning his back on the palace of the Pharaohs; resigning the kindred of the most splendid dynasty then existing, the joys of the brightest court in the world, the treasures of the wealthiest nation, the prospects of the noblest principedom that earth could offer him; and he is going to make himself one of a contemptible tribe of slaves. You may never be in any such position; but in that heart you see something you can imitate. He gives away fame and splendour, he chooses reproach and sorrow. You may learn from him, when your duty calls you, to forfeit all things earthly, and clasp to your bosom the reproach of Christ. Thus the Hero-magnanimous, no matter how far removed from you in sphere, always displays a nobleness that may be exemplified in whatever sphere you fill.

I would fain have said something about heroism in connection with commerce. Men of war tell us that we must go to battle, because that in continual peace

the heroic virtues would have no field for development, and the cold, selfish calculations of commerce would benumb mankind, till all society became shrivelled and corrupt. It is to be frankly admitted, that commerce is not the field in which heroism is stimulated by natural aids. The soldier is called by all his pledges to forget himself, and seek alone the good of his country. The man of science has before his eye the splendid services he may render to mankind. The physician may dignify his profession with the recollection that all his talents are laid out for the general welfare. So the man of letters, the statesman, the artist, may all in their way propose to themselves to live for the public good. It may be true that, in all his valour, the soldier is thinking of laurels; that in all his studies, the philosopher is chasing distinction; that in all his healings, the physician is in search of fees; that the artist, the poet, the man of letters, the statesman, are all but making the public a pedestal for their own elevation. Yet in these spheres, a man feels that to keep up to the level of his calling, he must have a seeming at least of disinterestedness, and public views. Nothing of the kind is necessary in commerce. A man may stand honourably before the world, and stoutly say, "I am here just to do the best I can for myself." What others do, while professing something nobler, he may do without any such profession. All his talent, and all his toil, tend directly to profit himself; his own advantage is the avowed object of his transactions, and the advantage of the public comes into view but in the distance. The only form his success can wear is that of remuneration, and general approba-

tion attends him in proportion as he "does well to himself." In this position, the natural tendency of the heart, to seek self-interest alone, is favoured by all the accessories of circumstance; and he that on such a field displays the true tokens of heroism, does so from the impulse of principle within him, and not from the pressure of stimulant without. In speaking of the self-devotion displayed by the soldier in battle, we showed that it lost much of its expressiveness, owing to the force of excitement impelling to such a course. So when, in commerce, we find a man holding self in check, and sacrificing his own gain to pure motives and to noble ends, we must heighten our estimate of his heroism, in proportion to the surrounding inducements to consult his own advantage. The man who, from a sense of duty, renounces methods of gain which are held allowable, and commonly practised by all his competitors, does an act advancing far towards the heroic. He who holds on for years in such self-denial, contending hard against ruin and bankruptcy, rather than place himself at ease, by sacrifice of principle, while the interests of a family press upon one hand, and the success of less scrupulous neighbours allures on the other; that man, with his heavy heart, of which no one knows, with his thousandfold perplexities, for which no one cares, with his daily temptations to swerve, with his plans, and forecast, and exhausting toil, all to maintain his integrity, while he provides for his own—ay, that honest man has a fund of bravery in him, very different from that which one needs to fight an hour, and then know the issue. Ye, that, in the fear of God, are fighting such a fight, bear up!

be cheerful! you are carrying arms for the King of kings, on the great battle-field between right and wrong. A Captain's eye is on every turn of your struggle; gain your battle, or fall fighting. In either case, dukes and kings will wish that they had won such a wreath as you.

While commerce offers continual inducement to self-seeking, it also offers unceasing and very widely varied opportunities of true nobleness. Each new invitation to unholy gain, is also a call to Christian self-denial. A very humble tradesman may have one customer, on whose patronage his prosperity seems chiefly to depend. That customer takes little note of the Lord's day. He expects to be served then, if he thinks anything lacking to the honour of his table, or the enjoyment of his guests. To refuse is to offend, to lose his patronage; perhaps, to fail of the means to meet the next payment coming due; perhaps, to be dashed down to bankruptcy. And then, to disoblige him, seems ungrateful, too. Ah! it is not without making up his mind to suffer, and to trust the result to God, that the tempted man turns away the tempting gain from his door. So the young man, who must either forfeit his situation, or tell a lie; must either lose employment or trespass on the day of rest; is called to be the Hero, and sacrifice himself for the glory of his Saviour. And the opportunities of displaying the magnanimous heart, which lie before the head of an establishment, are indeed manifold. He that voluntarily gives others for their services more than they would gladly accept; he that makes it his care that no man shall ever be called upon to make money for him, by any proceeding that would

stain his conscience; he that will deprive himself daily of gainful hours of trade, that those under him may have pleasant hours of repose; he that will exert skill, energy, and diligence that bring in bright returns of gold, and then send back that gold again out of his own hand into various channels, where it may relieve, rejoice, instruct, and elevate others; he that, held up by the grace of God, does all this steadily—does he rank low among the magnanimous? is his example dim amid the illustrious? No; there may be heroism in all spheres; high and holy heroism in commerce; heroism in St. Paul's church-yard, as well as at Waterloo.

I now bid you farewell, earnestly praying that God may give you grace never to magnify the creature, forgetting the Creator; never to exalt your fellow-mortal till you partly invest him with the honours of Godhead; never to reduce the Christ, the Immanuel, to the level of human glory; and never, when you see in our Father's works tokens of His hand and will, to suppose that these are Deity, and that Deity is these—like a child, which standing under a tree when the sun is shining, thinks, because it can look no higher, that the sun is in the tree. God the One, the Infinite, the Holy; God to whom none is equal, and none is like; God "dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto;"—May He be your adoration! May He be your God! adorning you with His own image, and so conferring the only nobleness which will outlive the shock, under which this world is soon to fall with all its grandeur.

Daniel a Model for Young Men,

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM BROCK.

DANIEL A MODEL FOR YOUNG MEN.

THE entrance of a young man upon his life in London may be deemed a great crisis in his existence.

To be, or not to be, is emphatically the question then. To be, or not to be, a virtuous man. To be, or not to be, an honourable man. To be, or not to be, a religious man, a man of God, thoroughly furnished unto every good work. Never, Sir, was I more powerfully impressed with this truth that when listening, a fortnight ago, to the lecture of our most excellent friend, Mr. Villiers. Most suggestive was that lecture to my mind, in respect to the momentousness of the transition from the provinces to this metropolis. I know, indeed, that the provinces are dangerous enough. I did not live for sixteen years in a large provincial city without learning that our young men are safe there, only as they make God their confidence and strength. But I have learned now, that London is more dangerous, far more dangerous still. The opportunities for profound secrecy which are supplied here, and the refinement in the forms of sensuality which is contrived here, and the imperceptible gradations in the downward course of iniquity which the deceitfulness of sin has instituted

here, and the panderers to all sorts of crime who abound here, combine to make our metropolis the Babylon of Great Britain. Not inconsiderately has a well-known modern writer designated London "The Modern Babylon." Hence, the arrival of a youthful friend from the provinces—even though he has been religiously educated—occasions, at once, anxiety on his behalf. He comes from a locality where he has been well known, to one where, at first, he is known to hardly any but his employer, and known, alas, in many cases, to his employer only as a person who renders him so much service for so much money, with his lodging and his board to boot. Everything is new to him. Modes of doing business are new. The subjects, if not the forms, of conversation are new. Companionships, and relaxations, and literature, are new. The religious sanctuary, the congregation, the psalmody, the minister, are all new.

The novelty in all these things affects him. By some of them he may be affected favourably. By many more he may be affected most unfavourably. No wonder that his family at home follow him with deep solicitude. No wonder that his mother and his sisters especially look anxiously for his letters. No wonder, if his letter arrives infrequently, that they are troubled; if it arrives regularly, that they are overjoyed.

If I do not mistake, this Young Men's Christian Association greatly sympathises with the solicitude at home. I believe, indeed, that it was formed at first, and that it is maintained, in part at least, on purpose to shield and to encourage our young men,

as they come up from the provinces, to enter upon their London life. A young man need not be friendless now. He is not wholly at the mercy of the vicious and the profane now.

In the excellent officers of our association, and in the various members of our association, and in the resources which are so well provided at the rooms of our association, he may find, on his arrival, agreeable and effective help.

I should like it to be known throughout the empire, that there is a friend in London, well experienced in respect to its dangers and advantages, with whom young men at any time may claim acquaintance, with the most perfect confidence that they will be right welcome to his warmest sympathies, and will be generously provided with his valuable aid. That friend, I need hardly say (personifying the association), may be found at No. 7, Gresham Street, City. Transition from the provinces to London is dangerous, but the danger may be escaped. It is imminent, but not inevitable. A youth may come up to this Modern Babylon, and may remain, amidst all its temptations, unharmed; just as Daniel came to the Ancient Babylon, and remained amidst all its temptations unharmed. He so acted, as to escape the corruption which surrounded him, and, to the end of a long life, to live in the fear of God. And during his long life in that eastern metropolis, he supplied a model for young men who live in this western metropolis. He did a great many things which I very much wish, gentlemen, that you would do. It would be really a fine thing were you all, who are here present, to imitate Daniel. Let me

hope that I shall not wholly fail in my desire to secure what, I venture to say, would be a great result. Give me a race of British youth like-minded with our Hebrew youth, and I would hail the august phenomenon, both as the harbinger and certain pledge of our country's augmenting welfare, and as the sign, clear, and refreshing, and incontrovertible, that the millennium was close at hand. No fear of the Man of sin then. Less fear, at all events, of the Man of sin, and of every other evil, when our young men, generally, should be distinguished, as was Daniel, for earnestness in religion without any sanctimoniousness; for diligence in business, without any worldly-mindedness; for heroism in danger, without any fanaticism; and for confidence in God, without any presumptuous and self-complacent pride.

From a careful comparison of the several points of chronology presented in his history, we infer that Daniel was between sixteen and twenty years old when he first came to Babylon. It is true that he and his companions are called children. But there is no difficulty in that, as the Jews would often speak of children, when they were describing full-grown men. He came to Babylon just about the age at which many of yourselves came to London. He came, you know, as a captive, and yet he was thrown into circumstances which put his character, as a model for yourselves, appropriately as well as severely, to the test.

NOW, FIRST, DANIEL WAS A MODEL OF EARNESTNESS IN RELIGION.

Attached to the service of Jehovah, the probability was that, on reaching Babylon, he would

find himself in difficulty. It was likely that the master whom now he would be forced to serve would require from him obedience which he could not render. The difficulty arose at once. His name was immediately changed from Daniel, which meant "God is my judge," to Belteshazzar, which meant "priest or treasurer of Bel." With this, however, he had no concern. The thing was done without asking his consent. Presently afterwards, in respect to other things of the same kind, his consent was asked. Certain food and wine were brought to him, of which, at the king's direction, he was required to partake. Thereupon we are told that "He purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself." In other words he would not, being a religious man, partake of the king's food.

There was this reason why he would not. The law of Moses prohibited the use of certain meats to the Jew which were common among other nations. Thus were they prohibited: "Ye shall not eat to defile yourselves therewith." No alternative therefore was left to Daniel. There was the law, positive and peremptory, not to let the unclean thing pass his lips; so that it was not an act of superficial sanctimoniousness, but an act of most substantial sanctity, to refuse compliance with the royal mandate.

There was probably another reason. The food brought to him had, in all likelihood, been consecrated with idolatrous ceremonies. We know that the king's wine was so consecrated: consequently a worshipper of Jehovah could not partake of it without deliberately committing sin. In itself the portion from the king's table might have been inno-

cent enough; but as a portion over which heathen incantations had been performed, and upon which the approbation of false gods had been involved, and from which a part had been taken and offered to Bel, the great idol which they adored, it was defiled. Had he eaten it he would have partaken of its defilement, and this he purposed that he would not do. Most courteously was his purpose disclosed to the king's officer. "He requested of the prince of the eunuchs that he might not defile himself." There was no occasion, as indeed there never is occasion, for rudeness and vulgarity. Nay, they are always odious; never more so than when manifested about sacred things. Coarseness and firmness have nothing in common. They are generically distinct.

There are two or three features in Daniel's religiousness worthy your especial note. *Look at its constancy.* He had never, till now, lived where idolatry prevailed. His companions and pursuits and associations had been so fully identified with Judaism, as to render it a comparatively easy task for him to serve the true God. A stranger looking on might have said that his service was a thing of course. The taunt might have been flung at him by some devotee of Babylonish heathenism: "Ah! take that young believer in the theocracy of Israel to the land of Shinar. Let him once see the services which are performed there, and the spectacles which are displayed there, and the delights which are proffered there, in connexion with the worship of the gods, and in that worship he will engage too. He worships Jehovah because such has been his habit. He is a disciple of Moses through fear of the

penalties which are denounced against all who held Moses in disrespect. Could we once get him to Babylon, you would see The taunt, however, would have been wholly out of place. Here he was in Babylon, and here, not amidst its poverty, but amidst its splendour; not where the blandishments in question were few and feeble, but where, in the abodes of royalty, they were putting forth all their power. And what saith the scoffer now? Is the captive youth recreant to the theocracy of Israel? Has he changed his religion with his change of country? Not he! The one God was as much supreme in Chaldea as in Jewry. The true God was as much to be adored in Shushan as in Jerusalem. The living God was to be as fervently trusted and loved in the territory of Nebuchadnezzar as in the territory of Jehoiakim. What had geographical transitions to do with the religion of the heart? What had transference from one sort of society to another sort of society to do with a man's allegiance to the King of kings? The allegiance that was due before the captivity was due after it. Just as that allegiance which was due to God from you when you were home, in the bosom of your family circle, is due to him now you are come to London.

Look also at the activity of Daniel's religiousness.— A man may do nothing which his professed principles condemn, but he may leave undone much which they demand. He may not be fickle, but he may be faithlessly inert. Daniel was not so. He brought his religious principles with him, not to lay them by, but to lay them out—to act upon them without com-

promise or reserve. No sooner, therefore, was the temptation before him, than he took up his ground. There was no procrastination, no treacherous parleying with atheistic plausibilities. There was decision instantaneously, and decision once for all.

Do I hear something about the rash and the premature? Does somebody inquire of me whether religion does not enjoin deliberate, and grave, and continuous thought, before it expects a man to act? Of course it does; but then it enjoins that thoughtfulness with a view to corresponding action. A man is not to keep on thinking without end, spending day after day in maudlin reverie, as if there were no commandment to work while it is called to-day. Think by all means, and think deeply about what God would have you do; but think the matter out, and then have done with thinking, so far, not pondering, not calculating, not musing, as though there were difficulties you dare not encounter, collisions you cannot meet, disruptions you dread to bring about. Once sure that a thing is right, do it at all hazards. Once convinced that a thing is wrong, leave it undone at any cost.

Look, moreover, at the force of Daniel's religiousness.—"He purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself." How suggestive this of profound emotion, of stern volition, of what the apostle calls "spiritual mindedness!" The more he meditated on the great things of the Divine law, the more he realised the sovereignty of the Divine authority; the more he exercised himself in supplication to the Divine mercy, the more intense and impassioned was his conviction that he must not touch the prof-

ferred boon from the monarch's table, on peril of high treason against the Lord of Hosts. Strong was the inducement to relax his purpose. Not only had the monarch specially ordained the boon, but he held his officer answerable with his life for any neglect that might ensue. Thus spake the officer, when Daniel entreated him not to insist on his participation of the food: "I fear my lord the king. You will make me endanger my head to the king." Still Daniel entreated, reminding him of the providence of God, in which they might safely trust. There was a power which would come into gracious operation, and there were influences whereby the simpler food which he preferred would effectively minister to his comeliness and strength. At all events he would not touch the unclean thing.

And, as he acted in this instance, so was he accustomed to act. Obedience to God was the first thing; obedience to God was the great business of his life. Did his love of ease dictate one course whilst a sense of duty enjoined another? Did a bystander speak of singularity, of awkward and unfashionable singularity, in bringing the peculiarities of Judæa to the court of Babylon? Did some apostate fellow-captive dwell on the sin of opposition to constituted authorities, urging Daniel to render reverence to the laws of the land? He yet held fast by the purpose of his heart to obey God rather than man. He would not be entangled in the toils of fashion. He would not give in to the profane insinuation that a man's religious action must needs be subordinate to the *dictum* of human law. He would render to Nebuchadnezzar the things

which were Nebuchadnezzar's. He would not render to him the things which were God's.

Now we want you to be earnestly religious, exactly after this manner. The Divine claim on you is quite as righteous and imperative as was that claim on Daniel. It is most incumbent on you to purpose in your heart that you will not defile yourselves with the manifold pollutions of this metropolis; and not only so, but that you will live godly in Christ Jesus.

And why not purpose this in your heart now? I know one answer which you may give, and it is a taking, conclusive sort of answer. "I abhor your sanctimonious man!" you say. "For the world I would not be a sanctimonious man!" Now what do you mean by sanctimoniousness? Don't be carried away by a plausible word. What is it you so much abhor? Let it be rightly understood, and we heartily adopt your own expression. For the world, we wouldn't have you to be sanctimonious men. Let me show how I understand it. I think that the man who will assume the airs of piety, and adopt the tones of piety, and clothe himself in the garb of piety, and yet will at any moment do a shabby thing, or perform an act of dishonesty, or originate a calumny, or tell a lie, or sacrifice anybody's interests to the promotion of his own—I think he is a sanctimonious man. Ask him to meet you in the thankful enjoyment of God's mercies, and he will make some speech about self-denial. Ask him to gaze with you on some manifestation of God's glory in creation, and he will utter some cant about the manifestations of God's grace. Ask him to join you

in some efforts for vindicating God's honour, amidst the frauds, and the falsehoods, and the fooleries of the surrounding community, and he will decline co-operation, lest, as he pretends, he should damage his spirituality of mind. But let him be asked to perpetrate some deception unobserved; let him be solicited to yield to some temptation in secret; let him have the opportunity of turning the friendlessness, or the inadvertencies, or the mishaps of others to his own account, and he is the very man. With the semblance and the odour of sanctity notwithstanding, the hypocrite will do it all.

But, I put it to you, gentlemen, would Daniel have done all this? Nay; did he do aught like this? You have his history, and therein you read that he could take his share in the business of the commonwealth, and be godly still; that he could eat his pleasant bread, and be godly still; that he could prosecute the pursuits of literature, and be godly still; that he could reciprocate the amenities and the courtesies of life, and be godly still. How beautifully suggestive this one statement: "Now God had brought Daniel into favour and tender love with the prince of the eunuchs."

Say then all that you may fairly say about the hatefulness and abominableness of sanctimoniousness, but learn that, after you have said all, you should, nevertheless, serve the Lord. This is his will, even your sanctification; and I pray you not to confound sanctification with sanctimoniousness. It is not his will that you should misanthropically keep aloof from the world; but it is his will that you keep yourselves unspotted from the world. It is not

his will that you should for a pretence make long prayers; but it is his will that you continue instant in prayer. It is not his will that you should abstain from those things which he has given you so richly to enjoy; but it is his will that whatever you eat or drink, or whatever you do, you do all to his glory. It is not his will that you should be a churl, or a sycophant, or a cynic; but it is his will that you be a saint. It is not his will that you should be an anchorite, entombed within a monastery; but it is his will that you be a pilgrim, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.

SECONDLY. DANIEL WAS A MODEL OF DILIGENCE IN BUSINESS.

The apprehensions of the king's officer were unfounded. Though the portion from the king's table was declined by the godly Hebrew, his comeliness and vigour steadily increased; so that when ultimately he was subjected to the king's own inspection, he was greatly admired.

He was employed forthwith in the royal service, rising from subordinate situations to those of great, and yet greater importance, until he was second to the king alone. Singular were the providential interpositions which led to his ultimate elevation, not only under one and yet another sovereign, but under one and yet another race of sovereigns. He was the servant successively of Nebuchadnezzar, of Belshazzar, of Darius, and of Cyrus. It is clear, therefore, that he was neither a recluse, nor a private citizen, nor merely a public servant for purposes of state pageantry; for thus it is written—"It pleased Darius to set over the kingdom a hundred and

twenty princes, which should be over the whole kingdom; and over these three presidents; of whom Daniel was the first. Then Daniel was preferred above the presidents and princes." The responsibilities which were thus devolved upon him were extraordinary. Herodotus will greatly help you, if you are anxious to ascertain what the responsibilities of the government of Babylon must have been. The Scriptures also will help you much. They speak of Babylon as "the lady of kingdoms," "A queen for ever," "The golden city," "The glory of kingdoms," "The Lord's battle-axe," "The hammer of the whole earth." Over this vast empire Daniel was placed. To his management and control were its affairs consigned, and so effective was his management, that by his determined adversaries it was acknowledged that though "they had sought to find occasion against Daniel concerning the kingdom, that they could find none, forasmuch as he was faithful, neither was there any error or fault to be found in him." How much is involved in this acknowledgment! How many things must of necessity have been done in order to this well ordering of an empire so immense! Think now in what various ways Daniel must have been diligent in business.

He must have been diligent in the acquisition of suitable knowledge.—He was early called to be a statesman. He was called to be a statesman in a foreign land. He continued to be a statesman under different monarchs and various dynasties. Hence, strenuous application was requisite for the right understanding of the diversified duties to be performed. Even over the wise men of Babylon was he the chief governor.

There was consequently no alternative but hard work in familiarising himself with the scientific as well as with the political learning of the times. And he did work hard. There was no squandering of his time in skimming a superficial literature. There was no expenditure of his intellectual power in unprofitable researches. There was no presumptuous reliance on supernatural assistance. Associating with the far-famed scholars of Chaldea, he aimed to emulate and surpass them all; not trusting to accidental suggestion; not living on information picked up at second hand; not thinking, even at his best estate, that he had already attained. He searched for knowledge as for hid treasure.

Moreover, he must have been diligent in the administration of the royal laws.—It was a part of his office, at one time, to sit in the gate of the king. That was the place to which all persons came who had grievances to be redressed, or petitions to be attended to, from themselves, or from their fellow-subjects. At the king's gate was Daniel regularly found—at the precise hour was he there—with promptitude did he take each case in succession—patiently did he hearken to complaints and to replies—deliberately did he ponder the probabilities of proof—thoughtfully did he conclude as to the sentence of the law—inflexibly did he execute the judgments which the law decreed. Largely as all this must have drawn upon his time, he did it all, his enemies themselves being judges.

He must have been diligent in his attention to the imperial revenue.—The one hundred and twenty princes were appointed to receive the tribute which their

provinces supplied. Of that tribute they were to give exact accounts to the three presidents. By the three presidents these accounts were finally to be rendered to Daniel, who was, at the peril of his life, to see that the king sustained no damage. This avoidance of damage must have been somewhat serious work. What correspondence was requisite! what inquiries, what returns, what calculations, what checks, what forecasting, and what wide-reaching control, before he could appear before the king, and certify that the greater and smaller tribute had been all supplied! Gentlemen, some of you know what it is to labour at the ledger, and to be harassed oftentimes by the perplexities of an ordinary, but honourable trade. How nearly do you get agitated, bewildered, overdone! Such voluminous correspondence! Such uncertain markets! Such distracting competition! Such selfish or self-willed subordinates! Such incessant claims on your energy! Such unmerciful occupation of your precious time! Take all this. Let the description of a diligent man of business be your own, and not mine! And will you describe a condition of solicitude and activity which at all surpasses, even if it equal, that of Daniel? Was not the management of the finances of the empire of Babylon enough to tax any man's industry to the last degree? You assent. Remember, then, that Daniel managed them all, and managed them without fault.

He must, furthermore, have been diligent in his apprehension of national contingencies.—At any moment the people might have become turbulent and rebellious. The adjoining countries might have leagued together

for an invasion. The one hundred and twenty princes might have renounced their allegiance, or clandestinely their loyalty might have been undermined. Who can imagine the jeopardy against which the chief president had ever to be upon his guard? This solicitude must have been far greater than that of the king himself. It was not the king's business, it was Daniel's; it was not the people's concern, it was Daniel's—to see that this prodigious Babylonish empire was tranquil, and loyal, and secure. And so diligently did he see to it, that, as the chief president, he was faithful, and without fault.

The case, then, is clear. We have before us the very paragon of an industrious man. There was no idling, no loitering, no sauntering, no putting off until to-morrow what could be done to-day. It was diligence in business done well. "Yes," some unthinking, censorious religionist may say, "yes, he was diligent enough in business, but where was the man's religion? He was as industrious as any tyrant could have demanded, but where was the care of the soul all the while? where his communion with God, where his preparation for the life to come? Alas, he was too much like our own Wolsey, as he thus sacrificed the service of his God to the service of his king!" Thus the ignorance of one foolish man may talk—and then another foolish man may scornfully talk in reply: "Where was Daniel's religion? Where his preparation for the life to come? Enthusiastic nonsense! His faithfulness to his great engagements was religion enough for any man. He had no time, as verily he had no occasion, and no

taste either, for the praying, and the moralising, and the psalm-singing, so famous among the saints. He was all safe enough for heaven, because he had been faithful and without fault on earth." Do any of you say this? Speak I to some who think that he was a worldly-minded man, and are, therefore, for finding fault? and to others who think that he was a worldly-minded man, and are, therefore, glad? Sirs, you are both wrong together. He was not worldly-minded at all.

Was he now diligent in business for the purpose of self-indulgence? No. There was no employment of his power for his personal gratification. He did not use it for the fulfilment of the will of the flesh. He did not give himself to his various occupations that he might the more effectively pander to guilty passions, or the more extravagantly luxuriate in the debaucheries of vice. His enemies would have found this out had it been discoverable, and would have exposed it with malignant joy. They found it not, and they give their testimony that, so far, he was not a worldly minded man.

Was he then diligent in business with a view to self-aggrandisement? No. He had not been greedy of gain. He had not been laying by in store, for his own uses, possessions which were the patrimony of the orphan, wealth which rightfully belonged to the friendless, riches which were lawfully the property of the king. His enemies had inquired and searched diligently, but they were forced to acquit him of all covetousness. They tried, but they could find no such fault as the love of money.

So that thus far he was not a worldly-minded man.

Then, was he diligent in business in the spirit of self-dependence? No. In all his ways he acknowledged God. He began, and he continued, and he ended his manifold engagements with prayer for heavenly wisdom, and in dependence on Almighty power. As we have already seen, he was an earnestly religious man; not leaning to his own understanding, not thinking that he was sufficient of himself to do anything as of himself—habitually acting on the conviction that his sufficiency was of God. Well, then, since he was diligent in business, neither for the purpose of self-indulgence, nor with a view to self-aggrandisement, nor in the spirit of self-dependence, he clearly was not a worldly-minded man. He was thoroughly a man of business, but he was quite as thoroughly a man of God.

Gentlemen, be you men of business by all means! I hope we have no idlers here, no loiterers, no saunterers. I hope we have not a sluggard in this great assembly. If we have, I should like to have him up here, and have read to him, with due significance, before you all, the lesson which is drawn in the book of Proverbs from the industry of the ant. I do think that all sluggards, and all saunterers, and all loiterers, and all idlers, and all dawdlers, should be ashamed of themselves. Laziness is disreputable. Procrastination is a reproach. Dilatoriness is disgraceful. Inattentiveness to lawful occupation is a great crime. Form solemn purposes against them all! Be punctual to the moment! Be prompt as with the quickness of

an instinct! Be patient to the last extremity to which your attention may be required!

Of all men of business you, who are religious, ought to be among the best. Not indeed the best at driving a hard bargain, not the best at constructing a specious falsehood, not the best at any portion of what is called "sharp practice." You should, however, be among the best in prudent calculation, in large commercial or professional information, in steady and vigorous adaptation of your affairs to passing circumstances, in tact for discovering all honourable opportunities, and in ability for taking advantage of all honourable opportunities for profitable professional occupation, or for buying, and selling, and getting gain. It ought not to be that our religious young men should be lacking either in spirit, or in enterprise, or in energy, or in perseverance, or in sagacity. With such motives as Christianity supplies, with such principles as Christianity induces, with such light as Christianity provides, with such safeguards as Christianity institutes, with such force as Christianity imparts, with such examples as Christianity presents, with such rewards as Christianity promises, the man who is possessed of Christianity should be, in his own calling, a first-rate man. You should be first-rate men. The point of honour with you, whether you are in the office, or in the lecture-room, or in chambers, or in the surgery, or in the warehouse, or in the shop, or in the manufactory—the point of honour with you should be distinction in your particular calling—that sort of distinction which will arrest attention, and command respect. Whenever you get a holiday, enjoy yourselves

thoroughly. When you sit down to read, apply yourselves thoroughly. So when you are in business, employ yourselves thoroughly. Be in it body, soul, and spirit; impelled and cheered on to assiduity, and forethought, and steady application, by the assurance of the eternal oracles, that "He who in these things serveth Christ is acceptable to God and approved of men." That is the sort of human approbation you may rightfully desire, approbation which stands connected with the service of Christ and acceptance with God. Like Daniel you are to be pre-eminently diligent in business, in so far as you are pre-eminently earnest in religion. You are to be thoroughly the man of business, because you are thoroughly a man of God. In the duties of every hour you are to be actuated by the really sublime consideration that, by performing those common, current duties well, your light will so shine before men that they, beholding your good works, will glorify your Father who is in heaven. Emphatically does the apostle Paul put it, when he says, "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." "It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing."

THIRDLY, DANIEL WAS A MODEL OF HEROISM AMIDST APPALLING PERSECUTION.

The persecution was on this wise. His adversaries being foiled in their first scheme for involving him in disgrace, presently bethought themselves of another scheme. But in suggesting it to one another, they bore testimony to his godliness in a eulogy of which, with devout thankfulness, he might have been greatly proud. Hear that eulogy with

attention. "Then said these men, We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God." The thought was opportune. His reverence for Jehovah was so remarkable, that they had only to make that reverence incompatible with his loyalty to the king, and their end was gained. Let them put him in a position where he must inevitably disobey either his earthly or his heavenly Master, and they knew that he would disobey his earthly master of course, and then for that disobedience he could be punished, as they desired. Their plan was well drawn. Addressing themselves to the king, they represented that a proclamation was desirable, prohibiting any kind of supplication to any god or man, except to himself, for the space of thirty days. Their flattery succeeded. The royal consent was obtained at once. The decree, containing the prohibition which their malignant craftiness had taken care to have in readiness, was forthwith sealed.

Hereby an insurmountable barrier was erected between Daniel and the throne of grace, unless, indeed, he would jeopardise his life. Provided that he obeyed the decree, he could hold no intercourse with the Father of his spirit, he could render no customary thanksgiving to the God of his salvation, he could seek no grace to help him in time of need. At the peril of the den of lions would he draw near to God.

And a terrific peril was that—lions, ravening for their prey; lions kept on purpose to put malefactors to a cruel death. It was a momentous crisis. Would not the king relent? He could not relent to any

purpose, for the law of the Medes and Persians never changed. A decree once signed was deemed absolutely irrevocable. The king certainly would abide by the decree. Then shall Daniel succumb? Shall he resort to some evasion? Shall he dexterously endeavour to serve two masters? Shall he somehow obey the letter of the law, and disobey the spirit of it? Shall he do just enough to save himself from the den of lions, and yet do quite enough to appear like a faithful subject of the Lord of Hosts? His influence in the court of Babylon seems too valuable to be sacrificed. His life is really too precious to be thrown away. May he not as well endeavour, by some prudent and well-timed arrangement, to reconcile the difficulties of his position, and thus escape the danger which is at hand? Hear the narrative: "Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; and his windows being open in his chamber towards Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime." It was the goodly practice of the pious Jews to pray and give thanks to God in the morning, in the evening, and at noonday. They would retire into some privacy to do this, even when they were required to be much in public life. This was Daniel's practice. Since he had been at Babylon, it had been his practice also to pray with his face towards Jerusalem—an incident of much importance, as you will see. When Solomon consecrated the temple at Jerusalem, he thus invoked the blessing of the Lord: "Let thine eyes be open towards this house night and day, even towards the place of which

thou hast said, My name shall be there. If the people be carried away captive, and make supplication unto thee in the land of them that carried them away captive, and pray unto thee toward their land, then hear thou their prayer." This magnificent building at Jerusalem was regarded, then, as Jehovah's especial dwelling-place on earth. Nowhere else could worship be offered, at that time, so acceptably as within its hallowed walls. Removal from the temple, therefore, was a great calamity to the devout Jew, a calamity which was somewhat, though very slightly, mitigated, by turning himself bodily towards the temple, wherever he might chance to be. This accounts for Daniel's habit of having his window open towards Jerusalem. Through that opened window he seemed to see the symbols of the Divine presence for which the temple had been distinguished, and the sacrifices for sin for which that temple had been renowned, and the pledges of Jehovah's mercy with which that temple had been so richly blessed. And the thought of these great things at Jerusalem imparted an earnestness to his prayer, and an unction to his praise, analogous to the earnestness and unction of which we are possessed now, when we think of the Lamb of God. The open window toward Jerusalem was not an accident, neither was it a trifling circumstantial to be adhered to, or to be given up according to caprice.

Well, will Daniel do what he has been wont to do? Will he deliberately incur the danger of certain and ignominious death? The time is come for his decision. And it is the time for the manifestation of

his heroism. Not in the remotest degree will he diverge from his usual course. Not in the minutest particular will he alter his ordinary procedure. Not, even for once, will he put off the hour of prayer. See him at this portentous crisis! He has entered his chamber—he is opening his western window, but with strange emotion now, for he sees the shadows of his foes as they are crouching, and creeping, and hearkening along the wall—he has taken down his well-worn volume of the books of Moses, that he may read out of the law of the Lord—he places by its side the Psalms of David, that he may sing praises unto the Most High—he is enwrapt for a moment in silent thoughtfulness, as preliminary to his vocal prayer. There are the advancing footsteps and the muffled whisperings, but he proceeds. With audible voice he reads out the Holy Scripture. With the voice of supplication he pours out the solemn prayer. With sonorous voice he chants the sacred song; until, looking fully at the conspirators, as they are now rushing into his chamber, he makes that chamber ring again as he sings, “The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?” They rudely present to him the king’s decree, and call attention to its prohibition. He reads and returns it without faltering a hair’s-breadth from his purpose, dismissing them with the assurance, “I cannot do that wickedness, and sin against God.”

Of course, his doom was fixed. They sought an interview with their master, called attention to the decree, and obtained from him the admission that any man detected in the act of praying to Jehovah

must be cast into the den of lions. On receiving his admission, they demanded that Daniel should be thrown to the lions forthwith. He had been praying to Jehovah. They had taken him in the very act. The king remonstrated, but in vain. He laboured to deliver Daniel, but in vain. At the going down of the sun, Daniel was seized with ruffian hand; and because he would obey God rather than man, because his conscience had summoned him to the sublime extremity of sacrificing life rather than religious principle, because he would not acknowledge the jurisdiction of human authority in the province of things which were Divine, he was thrown alive into the slaughterhouse of fierce and ferocious death. No resistance was offered by this illustrious martyr. No recantation was uttered by this worshipper of the great God. No cry of dismay escaped from this victim of demoniac jealousy. He took joyfully the cruelty of his persecutors. He was faithful even unto death.

Say, gentlemen, was not this heroism? Have we not before us a model of genuine bravery, of real courage, of downright fortitude? It was not the daring of a passing hour, when, urged on by some resistless influence from without, a man will recklessly defy even death itself. It was not the daring of a vehement impulse, which will sometimes lead a man, without his knowing why, to provoke the universe to do its worst. It was not the daring of the stoic, moralising in his fool-hardihood about the absolute indifference either of life or death. No; it was the daring which is induced by calm reflection upon the whole of a man's responsibilities, on the one

hand, and upon the whole of his resources on the other. It was a thing which Daniel was prepared quietly and reasonably to account for. To any man who would have asked him why he thus exposed himself to disgrace and death, he would have so replied as to obtain the acknowledgment that, despite the terrific catastrophe, his course was right.

I hear the expression of a doubt yonder. It half comes out that you think Daniel was in measure fanatical. And now I mention it, you let it fully out, challenging me to show that his course really was right. I have no objection at all to take up such a challenge; and I meet it thus. Was it right, or was it wrong, for Daniel to offer his supplication, and to render his thanksgiving unto the great God? From whom had he derived his being? By whom had he evermore been preserved? Through whom had he been blessed with favour in the eyes even of the king himself? To whom was he indebted for the revelation of the dream of Nebuchadnezzar, as well as for the explanation of the hand-writing on the wall? Against whom, according to his own confession, had he oftentimes transgressed? Before whom was he shortly to stand to receive a sentence, either to everlasting blessedness, or to eternal woe? You are ready with the only answer to these interrogations. As God is your Creator, Preserver, Benefactor, and Judge, so was he Daniel's. Then ought not the creature to worship the Creator? Ought not the dependent to honour the Preserver? Ought not the beneficiary to praise the Benefactor? Ought not the sinner to seek reconciliation with his Sovereign, and acceptance with his Judge? You admit it all. It is

a man's bounden duty to do all this. Then Daniel only did what he was bound to do. So far, therefore, he was not fanatical; for there surely is no fanaticism in doing right.

"No. But he was commanded to suspend the performance of the duty just for thirty days." Granted; but by whom? Jehovah required the duty. Who forbade it? Darius. But was Darius, for thirty days, to be held superior to Jehovah? If for thirty days, why not for thirty generations? Why not, indeed, for ever? Was the King of Babylon, even for a moment, to be held superior to the King of kings? No. You do not mean that; but you question whether the sin of disobeying the King of kings, in the present case, would not have been the sin of Daniel's enemies, rather than his own. You intimate that he might have reasoned somewhat thus:—"I am not now a free agent. I am told I must not go into my chamber as aforetime. It is made to be treason against the government to pray to the Most High. I am, therefore, innocent in not praying to him. The sin is not mine, since I would pray if I might. I am restrained. My persecutors are answerable, not myself." He might have reasoned thus. "Yes," you add; "and would not his reasoning have been sound?" Only on one condition, namely, that the restraint imposed upon him was a physical and absolutely invincible restraint. If Darius had ordered his Bible to be burnt, then it would have been the sin of Darius, and not the sin of Daniel, that that Bible was no longer read. If Darius had made his feet fast in the stocks, then it would have been the sin of Darius, and not the

sin of Daniel, that he did not go into his chamber. If, by some instrument of torture, Darius had literally stopped his mouth, and paralysed his tongue, then it would have been the sin of Darius, and not the sin of Daniel, that his lips did not show forth God's praise. But none of these things had been done. He might use his Bible, if he would—he might go three times a day into his chamber, if he would—he might sing songs of holy praise, if he would. All that Darius had done, was to prohibit these things, on the penalty of death. He was as free as ever to do them, or to leave them undone. And, because he was free, he was responsible. Guilty, indeed, was the Babylonish monarch of throwing formidable obstacles in the way of Daniel's worship; but he was not directly guilty of putting that worship to an end. The crime was unquestionably imputable to him of making allegiance to Daniel's earthly lord incompatible with his allegiance to the Lord of Hosts; but the crime was not imputable to him of forcing Daniel to be at once disloyal to the Lord of Hosts. If he would brave the penalty annexed to the decree, if he would submit to the punishment of the lions, he might be as loyal to the Lord of Hosts as he liked. This left the responsibility at his own door; and, as a consistent man, he had no alternative but to incur the threatened doom. But, if he had no alternative, he was not fanatical; if consistency in his religious course committed him to that doom, his heroism in incurring it is not to be condemned, but to be approved. Observe!—He simply did what he had been wont to do. There was no vainglorious ostentation assumed for the

occasion. There was no parading of his devotions to catch attention. A fanatic might have displayed himself on purpose to make himself notorious; on purpose, indeed, to make himself obnoxious to the king's decree. Daniel did no such thing. He was not irritated into doing more than was necessary to maintain his consistency; he was not intimidated from doing less. He was heroic, but he was not fanatical.

How say you, gentlemen? will you take this fine characteristic of Daniel's conduct; and, as you have the opportunity, will you make it quite your own? "As we have opportunity for such heroism," you say. — "Where anything like it in such times as ours?" Why, for really religious men, there are a good many such opportunities. There are no lions' dens now, neither are there any burning fiery furnaces. There is great difference, no doubt, in the forms in which men are persecuted, now-a-days, for righteousness' sake. No thanks, however, to the persecutors for that. Their spirit is just the same. They cannot imprison you for being a saint, but they can ridicule you; and there is great malignity in their ridicule. They cannot take away your life for your loyalty to Jehovah, but they can take away your bread; and they care nothing though you should come to want. They cannot invoke against you for your destruction the employment of the civil power, but they can invoke against you for your damage the opinions of society. They cannot deal with you as traitors to the government, or as enemies to the throne. Thank God, the day for such dealing with religious men is past! Never may it return again! You may be religious

in the best sense, without any fear of the scaffold or the stake; but, if you will be religious, in the best sense, you must expect to be called hard names, to be refused advantageous patronage, to be assailed with calumnious misrepresentation, to be treated with contumelious scorn, to have enemies where otherwise you would certainly have friends. There are men of great influence and of large resources who would render to you their help at once, if you would work on Sundays, if you would adroitly tell a lie, if you would do all they require without remonstrance, if you would consent not to be righteous over much, if you would not set up for saints. And there are underlings to those men of influence; foremen, factors, stewards, agents, private secretaries, and the like, who would serve you most effectively, if you would become their boon companions, if you would run with them to the same excess of riot, if you would hold yourselves in readiness, without asking any questions, to come into their various schemes. But if you will not, as I think you cannot, then you must give place to those who will. Hence the necessity for godly heroism. Then be heroic! Never obtain a situation, never keep a situation upon the condition, either expressed or implied, that you must deviate as occasion requires from the injunctions of the law of God. Never seek for assistance, never receive it, if spontaneously offered, upon the understanding that, in return for it, you will do what you believe to be wrong, or leave undone what you deem to be right. Never offend your conscience; never shrink from duty; never tamper with convictions; never forget

the great lesson taught you by that window open towards Jerusalem, not to fear those who can kill the body, but after that have no more that they can do—but rather to fear Him who, after He hath killed, hath power to cast into hell. You may be brave without any recklessness; you may be courageous without any fool-hardihood; you may be resolute without any rashness; you may be heroic without any fanaticism. I ask not for the noisy, boisterous, heady, trumpety caricature, which young men have sometimes mistaken for conscientiousness and independence. What I want at your hands, gentlemen, is a solemn determination to abide by well-formed convictions, through evil as well as through good report. If you must suffer persecution for confessing Christ before men, be it so. Confess him in face of the persecution, borne up against all temptations to cowardice by the promise of Immanuel, that then he will confess you before his Father and the holy angels. “Him that honoureth me I will honour He that despiseth me shall be lightly esteemed.” Thus saith the Lord of hosts.

FOURTHLY, DANIEL WAS A MODEL OF UNFALTERING RELIANCE UPON THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

You will find this expression in the sayings of Daniel: “The Lord *my* God.” “I prayed unto the Lord *my* God.” This use of the personal pronoun is significant. It is a term of appropriation. Whatever Jehovah was, that he was for Daniel, or on his behalf.

He was Daniel's God, inasmuch as Daniel was a Jew.—Fearfully did idolatry prevail in Babylon. The people worshipped the gods of silver and of gold, of iron, and of wood, and of stone. They had one

deity called Nebo, another called Sheshach, another called Merodach, and another called Bel. Besides these they worshipped Jupiter, and Venus, Rhea and Juno, and Mars. Idolatry indeed was rampant. Wherever our illustrious Jewish exile looked, he saw either its majestic altars, or its splendid priesthood, or its luxurious incense, or its costly sacrifices, or its assembled devotees, prepared, amidst the orgies of licentiousness, to glorify their gods by the gratification of the flesh. There was idolatry everywhere. From the monarch to the beggar worship was continually offered to lords many and to gods many, the work of their own hands. Daniel, on the contrary, worshipped the one God, the living and the true God, and worshipped him with the more earnestness because of the idolatry amidst which he lived. Their gods had eyes, but they did not see. His God saw all things in heaven and on earth. Their gods had mouths, but they could not speak. His God spake and everything was done, commanded and everything stood fast. Their gods had ears, but they could not hear. His God heard the feeblest supplication, and caught, ere it had well escaped from the disconsolate, the weakest sigh. Their gods were the work of men's hands. His God was the self-existent and everlasting Jehovah. No wonder, therefore, that as a well-instructed Jew, surrounded by the manifold obscenities and absurdities of heathenism, he should say so emphatically, "My God—thou God of infinite majesty, of universal presence, of unimpeachable righteousness, of unlimited sovereignty, of everlasting love! Who is a God like unto my God, glorious in holiness,

fearful in praises, doing wonders?" He contrasted the rabble of the Pantheon with the Divine unity, the Divine ubiquity, the Divine wisdom, the Divine purity, and the Divine power, and rejoiced, as he traced out the contrast, that the Lord was on his side.

But Jehovah was Daniel's God especially, inasmuch as Daniel was a godly Jew. He was a Jew inwardly. He belonged to the true circumcision. He was an Israelite indeed. He was of faithful Abraham, through his exercise of like precious faith with Abraham in the commandments, the threatenings, and the promises of the Most High. Hence it was that he spake so confidently of his relationship to Jehovah, and not only spake so confidently thereof, but acted so confidently in regard to it, when the emergency required. Take an instance. A decree had gone forth from the king to slay his wise men, Daniel among the rest. He besought the king for a temporary suspension of the punishment decreed, intimating that peradventure he should be able to tranquillise the royal mind. Now what did he do in this extremity? What could he do? He went at once, and desired mercies of the God of heaven concerning the king's secret. The difficulty was referred to Jehovah. The burden was cast upon the Almighty. The threat of the King of Babylon was placed, with all assurance, in the hands of the King of kings. He desired mercies of the God of heaven, and at once the mercies were bestowed. In a night vision the secret was revealed.

That was Daniel's way of trusting in God. He believed with the heart, that to the entire fulness of the Godhead he was authorised always to look as to

his refuge and his strength. I want you, men and brethren, to get acquainted and familiar with this mode of appropriating the exercise of the Divine attributes to yourselves.

Revert to the absolute knowledge of the Godhead, and think how Daniel appropriated that.—Upon the unnumbered and innumerable multitude of beings, animate and inanimate, material and immaterial, visible and invisible, human and superhuman, angelical and demoniacal, the eye of God is always fixed. There is no movement of matter or of mind unnoticed; no operation, simple or complex, unmarked; nothing done, nothing endured, nothing designed, nothing attempted, which the Lord does not fully and exactly know. To him the profoundest obscurities are transparent. By him the remotest consequences are apprehended. Before him the most tangled perplexities evolve distinctly and all harmoniously. With him the most astounding mysteries are the merest elements, the simplest rudiments, the very alphabet of truth. And this God of knowledge and of wisdom was Daniel's God. To this fountain of light he could come, and there with a true heart, and in the full assurance of faith, he could rightly say, "The Lord *my* God."

Revert to the uncontrollable sovereignty of the Godhead, and think how Daniel appropriated that.—It was his own language, "Blessed be the name of God for ever and ever, for wisdom and might are his. He changeth the times and seasons. He removeth kings and setteth up kings." Most suggestive is this declaration of intense emotion and of elevated, transcendent thought. Throughout the universe

Jehovah exercises power which nothing can either restrain or countervail. True, indeed, there seems now and then to be observable an interruption or a counteraction of his will. Evil things occur which look like checks on the Divine purposes. But they are not checks in reality. Over all forms of evil, and throughout all operations of evil, and amidst all the agents and emissaries of evil, there is an energy which they cannot thwart, and a government which they cannot overturn. God works all things after the counsel of his own will. God maketh the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder of that wrath he restrains. God doeth whatsoever it pleaseth him in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth. Of God, and through God, and to God, are all things. And this God of absolute supremacy was Daniel's God. To the source of this marvellous, stupendous, unsearchable, universal, everlasting sovereignty, he might come, and there, nothing doubting, say, "The Lord *my* God."

Revert to the immutable faithfulness of the Godhead, and think how Daniel appropriated that.—It is impossible that God should lie. He cannot deny himself. Not one good thing of all that he has promised can fail of coming to pass. Clouds and darkness are round about him oftentimes, but justice and judgment are evermore the habitation of his throne. He may hide himself, but he never contradicts himself. He may not evince his faithfulness in the manner we desire, but he never suffers his faithfulness to fail. The heavens and the earth shall perish, but God remaineth. They all shall wax old as doth a garment, and as a vesture shall he fold them up

Pause and think well of that. There are the ponderous mountains, and there are the vast continents, and there are the wide-reaching oceans, and there is the mighty firmament, and there are the rolling stars; and these are the things which God will just wrap up, as you wrap up a garment. And when in the exercise of his great power, he has put them all aside, then he himself will be emphatically the same. He is the same now as he was yesterday, and for ever will he remain the same. There is no variableness with him, neither the shadow of a turning. And this God of unchangeable faithfulness was Daniel's God. To him, as in his majesty he was declaring — "I am the Lord, I change not," Daniel could boldly come, and say, "The Lord *my* God."

Revert to the forgiving mercy of the Godhead, and think how Daniel appropriated that.—Jehovah had no pleasure in the death of a sinner. No matter how wickedly a man had lived, no matter how unrighteously a man had acted, no matter how far a man had gone with the multitude to do evil, if he would forsake his wicked ways, and abandon his evil thoughts, and return unto the Lord, the Lord would even abundantly pardon him. As far as the east was from the west, so far would he remove his transgressions from him. They should be blotted out from the book of God's remembrance. They should be cast into the depths of the sea. They should be buried in everlasting oblivion. They should not be mentioned against them any more. And this God of marvellous lovingkindness and tender mercy was Daniel's God. Of this unparalleled compassion

for the rebellious, of this exuberant long-suffering for the ungodly, of this multitude of tender mercies for the broken-hearted, of these unsearchable riches of Divine grace for the returning backslider, of this incomparable, inexhaustible, incomprehensible plentitude of forgiving mercy, of this fulness, this abyss, this pleroma of everlasting love, Daniel might take unlimited advantage, saying, as he was receiving from the Lord's hands double for all his sins, "The Lord *my* God."

You have got now, I think, an idea of the personal interest which Daniel had in Jehovah's favour, and also of the use he made of it amidst the momentous vicissitudes of his eventful life. Knowing that God could do everything, he believed that he would do everything for him. He took the promises of God, and exercising upon them a masculine and vigorous faith, he imparted to them all the vitality and force of a direct assurance to himself. They were the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. He took the works of God, with their glorious indications of power, and wisdom, and goodness, and he made them contribute to his delight as a child of God. He stood, for instance, upon the great observatories of Babylon, in company with the astrologers and the wise men of its far-famed school; and as they gazed together on the magnificent phenomena of that eastern sky, as they calculated together the mightier and the minuter revolutions of the heavenly bodies, as they spake together of the enormous sweep of the planets, of the eccentric orbit of the comets, of the stupendous distances, and the probably stupendous relations of the fixed stars, as

they got sometimes half-instinctively to argue from the things so wonderfully formed to him who formed them thus, Daniel would immediately remark, — “ Those heavens are the work of God’s finger. Arcturus, and the Pleiades, and Mazzaroth, and Orion, are the production of God’s hand. There is not an orbit which his wisdom did not draw—there is not a motion which his energy did not impress—there is not a relation which his power did not institute—there is not a distance which his sovereignty did not fix. All those gorgeous constellations, and the whole of that more gorgeous system, of which they severally form a part, are even now upholden by the word of God’s power.”

So would Daniel speak to those who, though profoundly scientific, were ignorant of Jehovah; and then, when their discourse had turned upon the perfections of God, as thus demonstrated, he would triumphantly conclude,—“ And this God is *my* God for ever and ever, and he will be my guide even unto death.”

But I am asked if there was not presumptuousness in all this? Was not he taking too much to himself? Had he, or any other man, a right thus personally to appropriate to his own particular uses the exercise of the Divine attributes, and to expect, for his own particular benefit, the accomplishment of the Divine word? That some men have this right is beyond question, from the Scriptures of truth. We read of the full assurance of hope, and of the full assurance of faith, as things to be aimed at and to be enjoyed. We read, moreover, of those who know in whom they have believed, who are persuaded of God’s favour, who are confident of the Divine faith-

fulness, who even know in themselves that they have in heaven a better and an enduring substance.

Know you, my brethren, know you these things for yourselves? "How should we know them, seeing we are not what Daniel was? It is not for sinners to rejoice after this manner." It is not for careless and hardened sinners to rejoice thus, I know. But it is for penitent sinners to rejoice like this. What was Daniel but a penitent sinner? Never was language more expressive of a broken heart than his. No language that you can use would ever surpass his, in deep self-renunciation, in earnestness of entreaty for the forgiveness of his sins. Settle it in your minds as a thing admitting no doubt, that, on one condition, God will hear all your prayers, will care for all your interests, will help you amidst all your difficulties, will be to you personally an exceeding great reward—and that one condition now is repentance towards God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. Let these be exercised by you, and then the presumption will not be in doing what Daniel did, but in leaving it undone. Talk, indeed, of the faith which appropriates God's promises, of the faith which rejoices in God's character, of the faith which boasts itself in God's all-sufficiency, of the faith which strengthens itself in God's unchangeableness—talk of this faith as presumption, and say to the man by whom it is devoutly exercised, that he is forgetting the reverence due to the Almighty, and discarding the humility incumbent upon himself! No, Sirs. Sterling humility, and genuine reverence for the Almighty, will lead us to take his word for all it means. And this one word

will justify all I have said to-night: "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

Now Daniel had come out from the ungodly, as we have largely seen. He purposed, in his heart, that he would not defile himself with the unclean thing; and to his purpose he had manfully stood fast. There could, therefore, be no presumption in his relying so implicitly, and so hopefully, and so immediately, on God. And that there was no presumption, is put beyond all question, by his signal deliverance from the lions' den. We have seen him thrown into that den. Let us now see him taken out again. In the early morning, the king repaired to the mouth of the den, and there, with tremulous and misgiving voice, thus spake: "Daniel, O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?" What agonizing suspense! To his unutterable relief, Daniel at once replied to him, "O King, live for ever; *My* God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me. So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God." Hear that again:—"No manner of hurt was found upon him, *because he believed in his God.*" What was that but the *imprimatur* of Heaven, the sanction, the seal from God's own hand, in attestation of the soundness, the rationality, the philosophy of Daniel's faith?

We know now that he was not a presumptuous

man. Neither will you be presumptuous men, if you imitate Daniel. Come out from the world, and God will receive you too. He will give his angels charge concerning you; he will cause all things to work together for your good; he will guide you with his eye; he will engrave you on the palms of his hands; he will gather you as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings; he will give you the Spirit of adoption, whereby you shall call him, Abba, Father; he will put you in a position of such security, and honour, and blessedness, that you shall be able properly to say, "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."

Said I not rightly, then, that it would be a fine thing if all who are here present would imitate Daniel? And why not? I speak as unto wise men now: judge you, gentlemen, what I say—why should you not imitate Daniel? "Because we cannot. He is an admirable model, we grant you, but the model is far too extraordinary and complete for us to copy." If you say so, you are wrong; for whatever his history declares, it declares this—that he was a man of like passions, and of like temptations with yourselves. Hear what he said on one occasion: "As for me, this secret is not revealed to me for any wisdom that I have more than any living." There was nothing about him that was by necessity specifically or exclusively peculiar to himself. Any other Jew might have done all that he did then. Any

other man may do things of the same kind now. Hear what he said on another occasion: "I was speaking and praying, and confessing my sins and presenting my supplications before the Lord my God." He had nothing which he did not receive, and it was all received in the ordinary way. There was nothing done by him which may not be done by you. There was nothing done for him which may not be done for you. His excellence was not born with him, it was acquired. His virtues were not imparted to him by miracle, they were attained in the use of means. His earnestness in religion was attained; his diligence in business was attained; his heroism in danger was attained; his reliance upon God was attained: and they were attained, not to inspire you with sheer amazement, but to inspire you with magnanimous determination that you will attain them too. To the task, and mind that you quit yourselves like men!

*To the task of avoiding all manner of defilement!—*Never gaze on licentious pictures, never read lascivious books, never frequent obscene amusements, never consort with profligate companions, never do that of which you would be ashamed to tell your father, never be found where the approach of a mother's footsteps would make you run. Purpose in your heart that you will not defile yourself.

*To the task of searching the Scriptures!—*Daniel was a great Bible reader; and because he was a great Bible reader, therefore he got to know so much about God's omniscience, and God's sovereignty, and God's immutability, and God's forgiving love. He knew, because he followed on to know the Lord.

Go you and do likewise, and you shall know too. You have a fuller Bible than he had. All that was in Daniel's possession is in yours, and a great deal more. The gospels with their exquisite narratives—the Acts with their wonderful incidents—the epistles with the unanswerable logic of their arguments, and the inimitable pathos of their appeals, are given to you over and above Moses, and the prophets, and the psalms. Most of all, there is given to you the immaculate life, the vicarious death; the triumphant resurrection, and the glorious ascension up on high of Him who bare your sins in his own body on the tree. You need not say, "Who shall ascend into heaven?" nor "Who shall descend into the deep?" There, in that sacred book, given you as you were coming up to this Modern Babylon, may be by a precious sister, or by a venerated mother—there, within its two covers, lies all that you want to know. But it must be read. There must be a transference of its sentiments into your hearts, and an assimilation with your moral nature of its inspired truths. The Bible won't act magically, nor miraculously. As a treatise on mathematics is of no avail, nor a disquisition on chemistry, nor an exposition of the practice of surgery, unless they are read, and read again, even until they are understood, so the Bible is of no avail, unless it be read after the same manner. It is not Euclid on your shelves that will make you a mathematician. It is not Brandt, nor Faraday, nor Graham, nor even Liebig, lying about on your table, that will make you a chemist. It is not Liston's book, enveloped in cobwebs and dust, that will make you a surgeon. It is not Coke upon Lyttleton,

mildewing in your chambers, that will make you a lawyer. And so it is not the Bible on your shelf, or on your desk, or on your table, that will make you a man of God, thoroughly furnished unto all good works. Read it, taking consecutively the several portions of one gospel, or one epistle, or one prophecy, or one book at a time; read it with your whole mind; read it as though you deemed it sweeter than honey, or even the honeycomb; read it so as to hide it away in your hearts, so as to let it dwell in you richly in all wisdom and spiritual understanding, and then you will gradually become what Daniel was. Familiarity with newspapers will not do it. Acquaintance with reviews will not do it. Devotion even to our religious magazines will not do it. Familiar and devout acquaintance with the Bible will help to do it all—religiousness, diligence, heroism, confidence in God and all. Abstain from fleshly lusts, and read your Bibles well, and your imitation of Daniel would be well-nigh secured.

To the task, lastly, of habitual prayerfulness to God!—There are promises of all manner of grace to help you in time of need. When the enemy cometh in like a flood, God has promised to lift up a standard against him. When wicked men and seducers wax worse and worse, in tempting you to sin, God has promised to make a way for your escape. When your heart is overwhelmed within you, God has promised to be at your right hand, even a very present help. In a word, he has promised so much, that his promises are called “exceeding great and precious.” They are even said to be “yea and amen in Jesus Christ,” who, having been tempted in all points

just exactly as we are, yet without sin, is able to succour those that are tempted. But, for all these things God will be inquired of by you, to do them on your behalf. He will have the submission of which your prayer will be the indication; he will have the dependence of which it will be the expression; he will have the solicitude of which it will be the sign. And then, when he has secured all these; he will strengthen you with might by his Spirit in the inner man; he will enable you to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free; he will enlighten the eyes of your understanding so that in his light you shall see light; he will do exceeding abundantly for you above all that you ask or think. Where your emergencies abound, his grace will much more abound. The youths among you, who rely upon their own wisdom, shall faint and be weary, and the young men, who trust to their own strength, shall utterly fall, but those who wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint.

Solomon the Prince, and Solomon
the Preacher.

BY THE

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SOLOMON THE PRINCE,
AND
SOLOMON THE PREACHER.

THERE is no season of the year so exquisite as the first full burst of Summer: when east winds lose their venom, and the firmament its April fickleness; when the trees have unreefed their foliage, and under them the turf is tender; when, before going to sleep, the blackbird wakes the nightingale, and night itself is only a softer day; when the dog-star has not withered a single flower, nor the mower's scythe touched one; but all is youth and freshness, novelty and hope—as if our very earth had become a bud, of which only another Eden could be the blossom—as if, with all her green canvas spread, our island were an argosie, floating over seas of balm to some bright Sabbath haven on the shores of Immortality.

With the Hebrew commonwealth, it was the month of June. Over all the Holy Land there rested a blissful serenity—the calm which follows when successful war is crowned with conquest—a calm which was only stirred by the proud joy of possession, and then hallowed and intensified again by the sense of Jehovah's favour. And amidst this calm the monarch was enshrined, at once its source and its symbol. In the

morning he held his levée in his splendid Basilica—a pillared hall as large as this.* As he sate aloft on his lion-guarded throne, he received petitions and heard appeals, and astonished his subjects by astute decisions and weighty apothegms, till every case was disposed of, and the toils of king-craft ended. Meanwhile, his chariot was waiting in the square; and, with their shoeless hoofs, the light coursers pawed the pavement, impatient for their master; whilst, drawn up on either side, purple squadrons held the ground, and their champing chargers tossed from their flowing manes a dust of gold. And now, a stir in the crowd—the straining of necks and the jingle of horse-gear announce the acme of expectation; and preceded by the tall panoply of the commander-in-chief, and followed by the *élite* of Jerusalem, there emerges from the palace, and there ascends the chariot, a noble form, arrayed in white and in silver, and crowned with a golden coronet, and the welkin rings, “God save the King;” for this is Solomon in all his glory. And, as through the Bethlehem gate, and adown the level causeway, the bickering chariot speeds, the vines on either side of the valley give a good smell, and it is a noble sight to look back to yon marble fane and princely mansions which rear their snowy cliffs over the capital’s new ramparts. It is a noble sight, this rural comfort and that civic opulence—for they evince the abundance of peace and the abundance of righteousness. And when, through orchards and corn-fields,

* See 1 Kings viii.; Josephus’ *Antiquities*, Bk. viii. chaps. 5—7; and Fergusson’s “*Palaces of Nineveh Restored*,” (1851,) pp. 225—232.

the progress ends, the shouting concourse of the capital is exchanged for the delights of an elysian hermitage. After visiting his far-come favourites—the “apes and the peacocks,”—the bright birds and curious quadrupeds which share his retirement; after wandering along the terraces where, under the ripening pomegranates, roses of Sharon blossom, and watching the ponds where fishes bask amid the water-lilies,—we can imagine him retiring from the sunshine into that grotto which fed these reservoirs from its fountain sealed; or in the spacious parlour, whose fluttering lattice cooled, and whose cedar wainscot embalmed, the flowing summer, sitting down to indite a poem in which celestial love should overmaster and replace the earthly passion which supplied its imagery. Dipping his pen by turns in Heaven’s rainbow, and in the prismatic depths of his own felicity, with joy’s own ink, this Prince of Peace inscribed that Song of Songs which is Solomon’s.

It was June in Hebrew history—the top-tide of a nation’s happiness. Sitting, like an empress, between the Eastern and Western oceans, the navies of three continents poured their treasures at her feet; and, awed by her commanding name, the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah brought spontaneous tributes of spice, and silver, and precious stones. To build her palaces, the shaggy brows of Lebanon had been scalped of their cedars, Ophir had bled its richest gold. At the magical voice of the Sovereign, fountains, native to distant hills, rippled down the slopes of Zion; and miraculous cities, like Palmyra, started up from the sandy waste And whilst peace,

and commerce, and the law's protection, made gold like brass, and silver shekels like stones of the street, Palestine was a halcyon-nest suspended betwixt the calm wave and the warm sky; Jerusalem was a royal infant, whose silken cradle soft winds rock, high up on a castle tower: all was serene magnificence and opulent security.

Just as the aloe shoots, and in one stately blossom pours forth the life which has been calmly collecting for a century, so it would appear as if nations were destined to pour forth their accumulated qualities in some characteristic man, and then they droop away. Macedonia blossomed, and Alexander was the flower of Greece; fiery and effeminate, voluptuous in his valour, and full of chivalrous relentings amidst his wild revenge. Rome shot up in a spike of glory, and revealed Augustus—so stern and so sumptuous, so vast in his conceptions, so unquailing in his projects, so fearless of the world, and so fond of the seven-hilled city—the imperial nest-builder. Mediæval, martial Europe blossomed, and the crusader was the flower of chivalry — Richard of the lion-heart, Richard of the hammer-hand. And modern France developed in one Frenchman, the concentration of a people vain and volatile, brilliant in sentiment, and brave in battle; and having flowered the fated once, the Gallic aloe can yield no more Napoleons. So with Palestine at the time we speak of. Half-way between the call of Abraham and the final capture of Jerusalem, it was the high summer of Jewish story, and Hebrew mind unfolded in this pre-eminent Hebrew. Full of sublime devotion, equally full of practical sagacity; the extemporiser of the noblest

prayer in existence; withal, the author of the homely Proverbs; able to mount up on Rapture's ethereal pinion, to the region of the seraphim, but keenly alive to all the details of business, and shrewd in his human intercourse; sumptuous in his tastes, and splendid in costume, and, except in so far as intellectual vastitude necessitated, a certain catholicity—the patriot intense, the Israelite indeed like a Colossus on a mountain-top, his sunward side was the glory toward which one Millennium of his nation had all along been climbing,—his darker side, with its overlapping beams, is still the mightiest object in that nation's memory.

You have seen a blight in summer. The sky is overcast, and yet there are no clouds; nothing but a dry and stifling obscuration—as if the mouth of some pestilent volcano had opened, or as if sulphur mingled with the sunbeams. “The beasts groan; the cattle are oppressed.” From the trees the new set fruit and the remaining blossoms fall in an unnoticed shower, and the foliage curls and crumples. And whilst creation looks disconsolate, in the hedgerows the heavy moths begin to flutter, and ominous owlets cry from the ruin. Such a blight came over the Hebrew summer. By every calculation it should still have been noon; but the sun no longer smiled on Israel's dial. There was a dark discomfort in the air. The people murmured. The monarch wheeled along with greater pomp than ever; but the popular prince had soured into the despot, and the crown sat defiant on his moody brow; and stiff were the obeisances, heartless the hosannas, which hailed him as he passed. The ways of Zion mourned; and whilst

grass was sprouting in the temple-courts, mysterious groves and impious shrines were rising everywhere : and whilst lust defiled the palace, Chemosh and Ashtaroth, and other Gentile abominations, defiled the Holy Land. And in the disastrous eclipse, beasts of the forest crept abroad. From his lurking-place in Egypt Hadad ventured out, and became a life-long torment to the God-forsaken monarch. And Rezin pounced on Damascus, and made Syria his own. And from the pagan palaces of Thebes and Memphis, harsh cries were heard ever and anon, Pharaoh and Jeroboam taking counsel together, screeching forth their threatenings, and hooting insults, at which Solomon could laugh no longer. For amidst all the gloom and misery a message comes from God : the kingdom is rent ; and whilst Solomon's successor will only have a fag-end and a fragment, by right Divine ten tribes are handed over to a rebel and a runaway.

What led to Solomon's apostasy ? And what, again, was the ulterior effect of that apostasy on himself ? As to the origin of his apostasy the Word of God is explicit. He did not obey his own maxim. He ceased to rejoice with the wife of his youth ; and loving many strangers, they drew his heart away from God. Luxury and sinful attachments made him an idolater, and idolatry made him yet more licentious : until, in the lazy enervation and languid day-dreaming of the Sybarite, he lost the perspicacity of the sage, and the prowess of the sovereign ; and when he woke up from the tipsy swoon, and out of the swine-trough picked his tarnished diadem, he woke to find his faculties, once so clear and limpid, all perturbed, his

strenuous reason paralysed, and his healthful fancy poisoned. He woke to find the world grown hollow, and himself grown old. He woke to see the sun bedarkened in Israel's sky, and a special gloom encompassing himself. He woke to recognise all round a sadder sight than winter—a blasted summer. Like a deluded Samson starting from his slumber, he felt for that noted wisdom which signalised his Nazarite days, but its locks were shorn; and, cross and self-disgusted, wretched and guilty, he woke up to the discovery which awaits the sated sensualist: he found that when the beast gets the better of the man, the man is cast off by God. And like one who falls asleep amidst the lights and music of an orchestra, and who awakes amidst empty benches and the scattered fragments of programmes now preterite—like a man who falls asleep in a flower-garden, and who opens his eyes on a bald and locust-blackened wilderness,—the life, the loveliness, was vanished, and all the remaining spirit of the mighty Solomon yawned forth that verdict of the tired voluptuary:—“Vanity of vanities! vanity of vanities! all is vanity!”

There are some books of the Bible which can only be read with thorough profit, when once you have found the key. Luther somewhere tells us, that he used to be greatly damped by an expression in the outset of the Epistle to the Romans. The apostle says, “I am not ashamed of the gospel; for therein is the righteousness of God revealed.” By “righteousness” Luther understood the justice of God—his attributes of moral rectitude; and so understanding

it, he could scarcely see the superiority of the gospel over the law, and at all events, his troubled conscience could find no comfort in it. But when at last it was revealed to him that the term here alludes not to God's inherent, but his out-wrought righteousness—that it means not justice, but God's justifying righteousness—the whole epistle was lit up with a flood of joyful illumination; and the context, and many other passages which used to look so dark and hostile, at once leaped up and fondled him with friendly recognition; and to Luther ever after the gospel was glorious as the revelation and the vehicle to the sinner of a righteousness Divine. And, to take another instance: many read the Book of Job as if every verse were equally the utterance of Jehovah; and sayings of Bildad and Zophar are often quoted as if they were the mind of the Most High; entirely forgetting the avowed structure of the book—forgetting that through five-and-thirty chapters the several collocutors are permitted to reason and wrangle, and darken counsel by words without knowledge, in order to make the contrast more striking, when Jehovah at last breaks silence from on high, and vindicates his own procedure. But when you advert to its real structure—when you group the different elements of its poetic painting—when, under the canopy of a dark cloud, you see the patriarch blasted and life-weary, and his three friends assailing him with caluminous explanations of his sore affliction: but above that cloud you see Jehovah listening to his loyal servant, and his pious, but narrow-minded neighbours—listening with a look of fatherly fondness, and from heaven's cornu-

copia* ready to shower on his servant's head the most overwhelming of vindications—the blessings twice repeated, which Satan snatched away: when you see this, and when you know that Jehovah is to be the last speaker, instead of nervously striving to torture into truths the mistakes of Bildad and Zophar, and Job himself, you feel that their mistakes are as natural and as needful to the plan of the book, as are all the cross-purposes and contradictory colloquies of a well-constructed drama. And when so understood you feel that all the rather because of the misconceptions of the human speakers, the book is eloquent with Divine vindication, and teaches what Cowper sings so touchingly—

“ Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

“ Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.”

Perhaps, no portion of Holy Writ more needs a key than the book which has suggested the subject of our lecture. On the one hand, “Ecclesiastes” has always been a favourite book with infidels. It was a manual with that coarse scoffer, Frederick the Great of Prussia; and both Volney and Voltaire appeal to it in support of their sceptical philosophy. Nor can it be denied that it contains many sentiments at seeming variance with the general purport of the

* Job xlii. 14. Keren-happuch ; i. e. Horn of Plenty.

Word of God. "Be not righteous overmuch; why shouldst thou destroy thyself?" "All things come alike to all: there is one event to the righteous and to the wicked; to him that sacrificeth, and to him that sacrificeth not." "There is a time for everything. What profit hath he that worketh in that wherein he laboureth?" "As the beast dieth, so dieth man. Do not both go to one place?" "A man hath no better thing than to eat and drink and be merry." These texts, and many like them, are quoted by the moralists of expediency; by the fatalist, the materialist, the Pyrrhonist, the epicure.

On the other hand, many able commentators have laboured hard to harmonise such passages with the sayings of Scripture; I may add, they have laboured hard to harmonise them with other sayings of Solomon, and other passages of this self same book. But I cannot help thinking they have laboured in vain. For the moment, and when reading or listening to some eloquent exposition, you may persuade yourself that such texts are, after all, only peculiar and paradoxical ways of putting important truths; but when Procrustes has withdrawn his pressure, and the reluctant sentence has escaped from the screw and lever, it bounds up elastic, and looks as strange and ungainly as ever.

These are the closing words of "Ecclesiastes:" "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep his commandments: for this is the whole of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." This is the conclusion of the matter, and a wise and wholesome conclusion,

worthy of Him who said, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." But what is the "matter" of which this is the "conclusion?" To ascertain this we must go back to the beginning. There you read, "I the preacher was king in Jerusalem, and I gave my heart to search out by wisdom concerning all things that are done under heaven. Then I said in my heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth: therefore enjoy pleasure," &c. In other words you find that this matter was a long experiment, which the narrator made in search of the *summum bonum*, and of which "Ecclesiastes" records the successive stages. But how does it record them? By virtually repeating them. In the exercise of his poetic power the historian reconveys himself and his reader back into those days of vanity, and feels anew all that he felt then; so that, in the course of his rapid monologue, he stands before us, by turns, the man of science and the man of pleasure, the fatalist, the materialist, the sceptic, the epicurean, and the stoic, with a few earnest and enlightened interludes; till, in the conclusion of the whole matter, he sloughs the last of all these "lying vanities," and emerges to our view, the noblest style of man, the believer and the penitent.

This we believe to be the true idea of the book. We would describe it as a dramatic biography in which Solomon not only records but re-enacts the successive scenes of his search after happiness; a descriptive memoir, in which he not only recites his past experience, but in his improvising fervour becomes the various phases of his former self once

more. He is a restored backslider, and for the benefit of his son and his subjects, and, under the guidance of God's Spirit, for the benefit of the church, he writes this prodigal's progress. He is a returned pilgrim from the land of Nod, and as he opens the portfolio of sketches which he took before his eyes were turned away from viewing vanity, he accompanies them with lively and realizing repetitions of what he felt and thought during those wild and joyless days. Our great Edmund Burke once said that his own life might be best divided into "fyttes" or "manias:" that his life began with a fit poetical, followed by a fit metaphysical, and that again by a fit rhetorical; that he once had a mania for statesmanship, and that this again had subsided into the mania of philosophical seclusion. And so in his days of apostasy, the intense soul of Solomon developed in a fit of study, succeeded by a fit of luxury. He had fits of grossness and refinement, a mania of conviviality, a mania of misanthropy. He had a fit of building, a fit of science, a fit of book-making; and they all passed off in collapses of disappointment and paroxysms of downright misery. And here, as he exhibits these successive *tableaux*, these facsimiles of his former self, like a modern lyrist on St. Cecilia's day, he runs the diapason of his bygone frenzies, and in the successive strophes and antistrophes, as it were, feels his former frenzies over again, in order that, by the very vividness of the representation, we may be all the better "admonished."*

* Chap. xii. 12.

“The preacher was king over Israel, and because he was wise, he taught the people knowledge. He long sought to find out acceptable words, and that which was written was upright,”* a true story, a real statement of the case. “And by these, my son, be admonished.” Do you, my son, accept this father’s legacy; and do you, my people, receive at your monarch’s hand this “Basilicon Doron,” this autobiography of your penitent prince. These chapters are “words of truth:” revivals of my former self—reproductions of my reasonings and regrets—my fantastic hopes and blank failures, during that sad voyage round the coasts of vanity. “By these be admonished.” Without repeating the guilty experiment, learn the painful result—listen to the moans of a melancholy worldling; for I shall sing again some of those doleful ditties for which I exchanged the songs of Zion. Look at these portraits—they are not fancy sketches—they are my former self, or, rather, my former selves: that lay figure in the royal robes, surmounted first by the lantern-jaws of the book-worm, now exchanged for the jolly visage of the gay *gourmand*, and presently refining into the glossy locks and languid smile of the Hebrew exquisite: now chuckling with the merriment of the laughing philosopher, curling anon into the bitter sneer of the Cynic, and each in succession exploding in smoke; not a masque, not a mummary, not a series of make-believers, but each a genuine evolution of the various Solomon—look at these pictures, ye worldlings, and as in water face answers

* Chap. i. 1, 2, 12, 13.

to face, so in one or other of these recognise your present likeness and foresee your destiny.*

There is little difference in men's bodily stature. A fathom, or thereabouts—a little more or a little less—is the ordinary elevation of the human family. Should a man add a cubit to this stature, he is followed along the streets as a prodigy; should he fall very far short of it, people pay money for a sight of him, as a great curiosity. But, were there any exact measurement of mental statures, we should be struck by an amazing diversity. We should find pigmy

* "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God," and it is not the less "profitable" because some of it is the inspired record of human infirmity. Thus, in the 73rd Psalm, which is just a lesser Ecclesiastes, Asaph says—"Behold, they are the ungodly, who prosper in the world; they increase in riches. Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency." But at last he recovers his "feet which were almost gone;" and Asaph's "conclusion of the whole matter" is, "For, lo, they that are far from thee shall perish: thou hast destroyed all them that go a whoring from thee. But it is good for me to draw near to God: I have put my trust in the Lord God, that I may declare all thy works." Nor is Ecclesiastes the less "profitable for correction and reproof and instruction in righteousness," because a large portion of it consists of the dark reasonings and futile experiments of one whose "steps" had actually "slipped." Apart from the incidental instruction with which its successive portions abound, its great lesson must be sought in the very contrast betwixt its intermediate reasonings and its grand conclusion. Whatever may be the merits of the view above given, the lecturer is persuaded, that the better we understand the plan of every Bible book, we shall be the more convinced of the plenary inspiration of Scripture. He need scarcely add, that there are other elements in the structure of Ecclesiastes which his limits did not allow him to develope.

intellects too frequent to be curiosities. We should find fragile understandings to which the grasshopper is a burden, and dwarfish capacities unable to encompass the most common-place idea: whilst, on the other hand, we should encounter a few colossal minds, of which the altitude must be taken not in feet, but in furlongs—tall, culminating minds, which command the entire tract of existing knowledge—minds whose horizon is their coeval hemisphere; or, loftier still, prophetic minds, on which is already shining the unrisen sun of some future century.

Such a mind was Solomon. His information was vast. He was the encyclopædia of that early age. He was an adept in the natural sciences:—"he spake of trees, from the cedar to the hyssop; he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes," as the sacred historian simply words it; or as our more pompous diction would express it, he was a botanist, and acquainted with all departments of zoology, from the Annelides up to the higher vertebrata. His wisdom excelled the wisdom of all the children of the East country, and all the children of Egypt. And then his originality was equal to his information. He was a poet: his "Songs" were upwards of a thousand. And a moralist: his Proverbs were three thousand. He was a sagacious politician; and as the chief magistrate of his own empire, he was famous for the equity and acuteness of his decisions. He had a splendid taste in architecture and landscape gardening; and his enormous wealth enabled him to conjure into palpable realities the visions of his gorgeous imagina

tion ; whilst, to crown the whole—unlike Moses and many others, men of stately intellect, but stammering speech—the wisdom of Solomon found utterance in language like itself ; and whilst the eloquence still lived of which the Bible has preserved some examples—crowned students, royal disciples, came from the utmost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon.

Now, this man, so mightily endowed ; if you add to his intellectual elevation the pedestal of his rare good fortune, mounting the genius of the sage on the throne of the sovereign—this peerless man, this prime specimen of humanity—it would appear that Providence raised up for this, among other purposes. From the day when Adam fell it had been the great inquiry among men, Where and how to find the true Felicity ? And though the Most High assured them that they could only find it where they had lost it—in unison with Himself, and in His conscious friendship : of this they were quite incredulous. It was still the problem, Apart from Infinite Excellence, how shall we be happy ? Though Blessedness was not far from any one of them, in delirious search of it, men burrowed in gold mines, and rummaged in the rubbish-heaps, drilled deep into the rock, and dived deep into the sea. And though none succeeded, few despaired. There was always an apology for failure. They had sought in the right direction, but with inadequate appliances. They were not rich enough ; they were not strong enough ; they were not clever enough. Had they been only a little wealthier ; had they been better educated ; had they possessed more leisure, talent, power — they were just about to

touch the talisman: they would have brought to light the philosopher's stone. And as it is part of man's ungodliness to believe his fellow-sinner more than his Creator, the Most High provided an unimpeachable testimony. He raised up Solomon. He made him healthy and handsome—wise and brilliant. He poured wealth into his lap, till it ran over. He made him absolute monarch of the finest kingdom which the world at that time offered—and, instead of savages and pagans, gave him for his subjects a civilised and a religious people. And that he might not be distracted by wars, and rumours of wars, he put into his hand a peaceful sceptre, and saved him from the hardships of the field and the perils of the fight. And thus endowed and thus favoured, Solomon commenced the search after happiness. Everything except godly, he devoted himself to the art of enjoyment. And in carrying on his own experiment he unwittingly, but effectually, became God's demonstration. Into the crucible he cast rank and beauty, wealth and learning; and, as a flux, he added youth and genius; and urged the furnace to its whitest glow, with all the ardour of his vehement nature. But when the grand projection took place, from all the costly ingredients the entire residuum was, Vanity of vanities! And ere he left the laboratory, he made ink of the ashes; and in the confessions of a converted worldling, he was constrained to write one of the saddest books in all the Bible.

His first recourse was knowledge. Communing with his own heart, he said, "Lo, I am come to great estate, and have gotten more wisdom than all they that have been before me in Jerusalem: yea,

my heart had great experience of wisdom and knowledge. And I gave my heart to know (more) wisdom, and to know madness and folly (that is, fun and satire): I perceived that this also is vexation of spirit. For in much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." And, as he adds elsewhere, "Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness to the flesh."

No, no. *Carpe'diem*. Life is short, and learning slow. Quit that dingy study, and out into the laughing world. Make a bonfire of these books, and fill your reed-quiver with bird-bolts. Exchange the man of letters for the man of pleasure. And so he did. "I gave myself to wine, I made me great works, I builded me houses, I planted me vineyards." But here, too, he was destined to disappointment. For the coarse pleasures of the carouse and the wine-cup his cultivated mind had little affinity; and when next morning revealed the faded chaplets, the goblets capsized, and the red wine-pools on the floor of the banquet hall; when the merry-making of yesternight only lived in the misery of the morning, he exclaimed, "Such laughter is mad; and such mirth, what doeth it?" And so of the more elegant pastimes—the palace, the fish pond, the flower-garden, the menagerie, the enjoyment ended when the plan was executed; and as soon as the collection was completed, the pleasure of the collector ceased. "Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun."

But there still remained one solace. There must

be something very sweet in absolute power. Though the battle has been going on for six thousand years, and the odds are overwhelming—a million resisting one—yet still the love of power is so tremendous,—to say to one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Do this, and he doeth it—the right to say this is so delicious, that, sooner or later, the million lose the battle, and find the one their master. Now, this ascendancy over others Solomon possessed to a rare degree. “The Preacher was king in Jerusalem.” He was absolute monarch there. And to flatter his instinct of government still more, surrounding states and sovereigns all did homage at Jerusalem. But no sooner did he find his power thus supreme and unchallenged, than he began to be visited with misgivings as to his successor—misgivings for which the sequel showed that there was too good reason. “Yea, I hated all the labour which I had taken under the sun, because I should leave it unto the man that shall be after me. And who knoweth whether he shall be a wise man or a fool? Yet shall he have rule over all my labour wherein I have laboured, and wherein I have showed myself wise under the sun. This is also vanity.”

And I need not say how the experience of most worldlings has been Solomon’s sorrow repeated, with the variations incident to altered circumstances, and the diminished intensity to be expected in feebler men—vanity and vexation of spirit all over again. And as we are sometimes more impressed by modern instances than by Bible examples, we could call into court nearly as many witnesses as there have been hunters of happiness—mighty Nimrods in the chase

of Pleasure, and Fame, and Power. We might ask the Statesman, and, as we wished him a happy new year, Lord Dundas would answer, "It had need to be happier than the last, for I never knew one happy day in it." We might ask the successful lawyer, and the wariest, luckiest, most self-complacent of them all would answer, as Lord Eldon was privately recording when the whole bar envied the Chancellor,—“A few weeks will send me to dear Encombe, as a short resting-place between vexation and the grave.” We might ask the golden *millionaire*, “You must be a happy man, Mr. Rothschild.” “Happy!—me happy! What! happy, when just as you are going to dine you have a letter placed in your hand, saying, ‘If you do not send me £500, I will blow your brains out’?” Happy! when you have to sleep with pistols at your pillow! We might ask the clever artist, and our gifted countryman would answer of whose latter days a brother writes, “In the studio, all the pictures seemed to stand up like enemies to receive me. This joy in labour, this desire for fame, what have they done for him? The walls of this gaunt sounding place, the frames, even some of the canvasses, are furred with damp. In the little library where he painted last, was the word ‘Nepenthe?’ written interrogatingly with white chalk on the wall.”* We might ask the world-famed warrior, and get for answer the “Miserere” of the Emperor-monk,† or the sigh of a broken heart from St. Helena. We might ask the brilliant courtier, and Lord Chesterfield would tell us, “I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world,

* Memoirs of David Scott.

† Charles V.

and I do not regret their loss. I have been behind the scenes. I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which move the gaudy machines; and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decorations, to the astonishment of an ignorant audience." We might ask the dazzling wit, and, faint with a glut of glory, yet disgusted with the creatures who adored him, Voltaire would condense the essence of his existence into one word, "*Ennui*." And we might ask the world's poet, and we would be answered with an imprecation by that splendid genius, who

"Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump
Of fame; drank early, deeply drank; drank draughts
That common millions might have quenched—then died
Of thirst, because there was no more to drink."

But without going so far as these historic instances, I make my appeal to all the candour and self-knowledge here present, and I ask, Who is there that, apart from God's favour, has ever tasted solid joy and satisfaction of spirit? You have perhaps tried learning. You have wearied your flesh acquiring some branch of knowledge, or mastering the arcana of some science; and you promised yourself that, when once you were an adept, it would introduce you to a circle of transcendental friends, or would drown you in a flood of golden fame. You won the friends, and found them so full of petty feuds and jealousies, so cold-hearted or so coarse-minded, alongside of this special accomplishment, that you inwardly abjured them, and vowed that you must follow learning for its own rewards; or

you won the fame—you secured the prize—you caught the coveted distinction, and like the senior wrangler,* you found that you had “grasped a shadow.” Or you tried some course of gaiety. You said, “Go to now—I will prove thee with mirth : therefore enjoy pleasure.” You dressed—you took pains with your appearance ; you studied the art of pleasing. But even self-love could not disguise that some rival was more dazzling, more graceful and self-possessed, and had made a more brilliant impression : and you came home mortified at your own sheepishness and rustic blundering ; or, if content to mingle passively in others’ merriment, tattling with the talkers, and drifting along the tide of drollery, was there no pensive reflection as, late at night, you sought your dwelling?—did you not say of laughter, It is mad? and of mirth, What doeth it? Or, perhaps, at some pleasant time of year, you made up a famous ploy. And the excursion went off, but the promised enjoyment never came up. Mountain breezes lid not blow away your vexing memories, nor did the soft sea-wind heal your wounded spirit. In the rapid train you darted swiftly, but at the journey’s end you were mortified to find that your evil temper had travelled by the same conveyance. And though it was a classic or a sacred stream into which you looked, not even Arethusa nor Siloah could polish from off your countenance the furrows of carking anxiety, or the frown of crossness which wrinkled there. The fact is, all will be vanity to the heart

* Henry Martyn.

which is vile, and all will be vexation to the spirit which the peace of God is not possessing. When you remember how vast is the soul of man, and also what a mighty virus of depravity pervades it, you might as well ask, How many showers will it need to make the salt ocean fresh? as ask, How many mercies will it need to make a murmuring spirit thankful and happy? You may as soon ask, How many buckets of water must you pour down the crater of Etna before you convert the volcano into a cool and crystal *jet d'eau*? as ask, How many bounties must Providence pour into a worldling's spirit before that spirit will cease to evaporate them into vanity, or send them fuming back in complaint and vexation?

“ Attempt how vain—

With things of earthly sort, with aught but God,
 With aught but moral excellence, truth, and love—
 To satisfy and fill the immortal soul!
 To satisfy the ocean with a drop;
 To marry immortality to death;
 And with the unsubstantial shade of time,
 To fill the embrace of all eternity!”*

It was autumn with the Hebrew commonwealth. Like withered leaves from the sapless tree, the Jews easily parted from the parent Palestine, and were blown about adventurers in every land; and like that fungous vegetation which rushes up when nobler plants have faded, formalism and infidelity were rankly springing everywhere; and it was only a berry on the topmost bough—some mellow Simeon or Zacharias—that reminded you of the rich old piety

* Pollok's "Course of Time," book iv

The sceptre had not quite departed from Judah, but he who held it was a puppet in the Gentile's hand; and with shipless harbours, and silent oracles, with Roman sentinels on every public building, and Roman tax-gatherers in every town, patriotism felt too surely, that from the land of Joshua and Samuel, of Elijah and Isaiah, of David and Solomon, the glory was at last departing. The sky was lead, the air a winding-sheet; and every token told that a long winter was setting in. It was even then, amid the short days and sombre sunsets of the waning dynasty, that music filled the firmament, and in the city of David a mighty Prince was born. He grew in stature, and in due time was manifested to Israel. And what was the appearance of this greater than Solomon? What were his royal robes? The attire of a common Nazarene. What were his palaces? A carpenter's cottage, which he sometimes exchanged for a fisherman's hut. Who were his Ministers and his court attendants? Twelve peasants. And what was his state chariot? None could he afford; but on one special procession he rode on a borrowed ass. Ah! said we so? His royal robe was heaven's splendour, whenever he chose to let it through; and Solomon, in all his glory, was never arrayed like Jesus on Tabor. His palace was the heaven of heavens; and when a voluntary exile from it, little did it matter whether his occasional lodging were a rustic hovel, or Herod's halls. If fishermen were his friends, angels were his servants; and if the borrowed colt was his triumphal charger, the sea was proud when, from wave to wave of its foaming billows, it felt his majestic footsteps moving; and

when the time had arrived for returning to his Father and his God, the clouds lent the chariot, and obsequious airs upbore him in their reverent hands. Solomon's pulpit was a throne, and he had an audience of kings and queens. The Saviour's synagogue was a mountain-side—his pulpit was a grassy knoll or a fishing-boat—his audience the boors of Galilee; and yet, in point of intrinsic greatness, Solomon did not more excel the children playing in the market-place, than He who preached the Sermon on the Mount excelled King Solomon.

Looking at Solomon as a Teacher, the first thing that strikes us is, that he was a great querist. Next to the man who can answer a question thoroughly, is the man who can ask it clearly. Our world is full of obscure misery—dark wants and dim desiderata: like a man in a low fever, its whole head is sick, and its whole heart faint; but it can neither fix exactly on the focus of disease, nor give an intelligent account of its sensations. But in this respect Solomon was the mouth-piece of humanity. Speaking for himself, he has so described the symptoms, that a whole ward—an entire world of fellow-sufferers—may take him for their spokesman. "These are exactly my feelings. I have experienced all that he describes. I am just such another fitful anomaly—just such a constant self-contradiction. One day I wish time to fly faster; another I am appalled to find that so little remains. One day I believe that I shall die like the brutes; and, frantic in thinking that a spirit so capacious is to perish so soon, I chafe around my cage, and beat those bars of flesh which enclose a captive so god-like; I try to burst that cell which

is ere long to be my sepulchre: anon I am content, and I say, 'Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die:' and no sooner is the carnival over than I start up, conscious of my crime—describing the forgotten judgment-seat, and aghast at my own impiety in embruting an heir of immortality. One day I deny myself, and save up a fortune for my son and successor; another, it strikes me he may prove a prodigal, and I fling the hoard away. Now it seizes me that I must needs be famous; and then I grow disgusted with the praise of fools. What will cure a broken heart? What will fill an abysmal gulf? What will make a crooked nature upright? What will restore his Creator unto man, and man unto himself?"

And Jesus answers: "Believe in God and believe in me, and that faith will heal heart-trouble. Hunger after righteousness, and your craving spirit will be filled. The words that I speak unto you are spirit and life: imbibe them, ponder them, delight in them, and they will satisfy the vastest desires of the most eager soul. What will make the crooked upright? Be born again. What will restore the Creator to revolted man? God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should have eternal life." And thus, one by one, the great Evangelist answers the queries of the great Ecclesiastes. And if the sage has done a service, who, in articulate words, describes the symptoms of the great disease, how incomparably greater is the service done by the Saviour, who prescribes the remedy! After all Solomon is only an eloquent patient; Jesus is the Divine Physician.

Again: Solomon's teaching is mainly negative. Five centuries later, it was the business of the wisest Greek to teach his brethren knowledge of their ignorance. And so dexterously did he manage his oblique mirrors—so many of his countrymen did he surprise with side-views and back-views of themselves; so much fancied knowledge did he confute, and so many Athenians did he put out of conceit with themselves, that at last the Athenians lost conceit of him, and killed the mortifying missionary. And, like Socrates, Solomon is an apostle of sincerity. His pen is the point of a diamond; and as it touches many of this world's boasted jewels, it shows that they are only coloured crystal. His sceptre is a rod of iron, and as it enabled him to command all pleasures, so it enables him to prove their nullity; and before his indignant sweep they crash like potsherds, and dissipate in dust. But more sincere than Socrates. His tests, his probes, his solar lamp, the Greek employed for his neighbours' benefit; such an awful earnestness had God's Spirit enkindled in the Hebrew sage, that his grand struggle was against self-deception: and the illusions on which he spends his hottest fury are the phantoms which have befooled himself. Socrates gossips: Solomon communes with his own heart. Socrates gets his comrade to confess; Solomon makes his own confession. And so terrible is his intensity, that if it be well for our modern idoloclasts and showers up of shams that there is no Socrates now-a-days to show them to themselves, it will be well for us all if we take a pattern from Solomon's noble fidelity, and if we strive after his stern self-

knowledge. And yet the result was mainly negative. He had dived deep enough into his nature to find that there was no genuine goodness there; and from the heights of his stately intellect he swept a wide horizon, and reported that within his field of view there was perceptible no genuine happiness. If he was taller than other men, he was sorry to announce that, far as he could see, no fountain of joy now sprang in this desert: no tree of life grew here-away. If he was stronger than other men, he had bad news for them: he had tried the gate of Eden, and shoved it and shaken it: but he feared no mortal shoulders could move it on its hinges, nor any human contrivance prise it off its fastenings.

But if Solomon in his teaching was mainly negative, Jesus was as mainly positive. Solomon shook his head, and told what happiness is not: Jesus opened his lips, and enunciated what it is. Solomon said, "Knowledge is vanity. Power is vanity. Mirth is vanity. Man and all man's pursuits are perfect vanity." Jesus said, "Humility is blessedness. Meekness is blessedness. Purity of heart is blessedness. God is blessed for evermore, and most blessed is the creature that is likest God. Holiness is happiness." "We labour and find no rest," said Solomon. Jesus answered, "Come unto me, all ye that labour, and I will give you rest." "All is vanity," sighed the preacher. "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace," replied the Saviour. "What is truth?" asks Ecclesiastes. "I am the truth," returns the Divine Evangelist. Solomon was tall enough to scan the most of earth and see an expanse of sorrow,

the Son of man knew all that is in heaven, and could tell of a Comforter who, like a flask of balsam floating in the briny sea, can fill with peace unspeakable the soul immersed in outward misery. Solomon could tell that the gate of bliss is closed against human effort. Jesus hath the key of David, and opens what Adam shut; and undertakes to usher into the Father's propitious presence all who come through Him. Solomon composed Earth's epitaph, and on the tomb of the species wrote, All is Vanity. Accustomed to date men's history from their death, Jesus substituted, All is Heaven or Hell.

Nay, so positive was the Saviour's teaching, that, in order to understand him rightly, we must remember that he was not only the Prophet, but the doctrine; not only the Oracle uttering God's truth, but his very self that Truth. Other prophets could tell what God's mind is: Jesus was that mind. The law—a portion of God's will—was given by Moses; but grace and truth—the gracious reality, the truthful plenitude of the Divine perfections, came by Jesus Christ. He was the express image of the Father. He was the Word Incarnate. And to many a query of man's wistful spirit, he was the embodied answer. Is there any immortality to this soul? Is there any second life to this body? "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you, and I will come again and receive you to myself." "I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in me shall never die: I will raise him up at the last day." Is there any mediation betwixt man and his Maker? is there any forgiveness of sins? "I am the way. Whatsoever

ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you. Go in peace: thy sins are forgiven thee." Is there any model of excellence exempt from all infirmity? any pattern in which the Most High has perfect complacency? "He was holy and harmless, separate from sinners. This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased: hear ye him."

Solomon was wise; but Jesus was Wisdom. Solomon had more understanding than all the ancients; but Jesus was that eternal wisdom of which Solomon's genius was a borrowed spark—of which the deep flood of Solomon's information was only an emitted rill. To which we only add the contrast in their tone. Each had a certain grandeur. Solomon's speech was regal. It had both the imperial amplitude and the autocratic emphasis,—stately, decisive, peremptory. But the Saviour's was Divine. There was no pomp of diction, but there was a God-like depth of meaning; and such was its spontaneous majesty, that the hearer felt, How easily He could speak a miracle! And miracles he often spake; but so naturally did they emerge from his discourse, and so noiselessly did they again subside into its current, that we as frequently read of men astonished at his doctrine, as of men amazed at his doings. But though both spake with authority—the one with authority as a king of men, the other with authority as the Son of God—there is a wonderful difference in point of the pervasive feeling. Like a Prometheus chained to the rock of his own remorse, the Preacher pours forth his mighty woes in solitude, and, truly human, is mainly piteous of himself.

Consequently, his enthroned misery—his self-absorbed and stately sorrow, moves you to wonder, rather than to weep; and, like a gladiator dying in marble, you are thankful that the sufferer is none of your kindred. But though greater in his sorrows, the Saviour was also greater in his sympathies; and though silent about his personal anguish, there is that in his mild aspect which tells each who meets it—if his grief be great, his love is greater. And whilst Solomon is so king-like that he does not ask you to be his friend, the Saviour is so God-like that he solicits your affection, and so brotherly that he wins it. Indeed, here is the mystery of godliness—God manifest in flesh, that flesh may see how God is love; and that through the loveliness of Jesus we may be attracted and entranced into the love of God. O melancholy monarch! how funereal is thy tread, as thou paces up and down thy echoing galleries, and disappearest in the valley of Death-shadow, ever sounding—Vanity of vanities! O Teacher blessed! how beautiful are thy feet on the mountains, publishing peace! How benign thy outstretched hand, which, to the sinner weeping over it, proves God's golden sceptre of forgiveness, and which then clasps that sinner's hand and guides him to glory! O Thou greater than Solomon! "let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely."

A greater than Solomon. The cedar palace has long since yielded to the torch of the spoiler; but the home which Jesus has prepared for his disciples is a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Thorns and thistles choke the garden of

Engedi, and the moon is no longer mirrored in the fish-ponds of Heshbon; but no brier grows in the paradise above, and nothing will ever choke or narrow that fountain whence life leaps in fulness, or stagnate that still expanse where the Good Shepherd leads his flock at glory's noon. And Solomon—the splendour of his age—his grave is with us at this day; his flesh has seen corruption; and he must hear the voice of the Son of man, and come forth to the great account: but Jesus saw no corruption. Him hath God raised up, and made a Prince and a Saviour; and hath given him authority to execute judgment, because he is the Son of man. And reverting to the allusion of our outset.—Solomon effloresced from his country's Golden Age—a greater than Solomon appeared when miry clay was mixing with its Age of Iron. Solomon was, so to speak, an effusion of his age, as well as its brightest ornament: the Son of Mary was an advent and an alien—a Star come down to blossom on a brier-bush—a root of Deity from our earth's dry ground. But though it was the Hebrew winter when he came, he did not fail nor wax discouraged. He taught, he lived, he fulfilled all righteousness—he loved, he died. It was winter wheat; but the corn fell into the ground ungrudgingly; for as he sowed his seeds of truth, the Saviour knew that he was sowing the summer of our world. And as, one by one, these seeds spring up, they fetch with them a glow more genial: for every saved soul is not only something for God's garner, but an influence for the world. Already of that handful of corn which this greater Solomon scattered on the mountain-tops of Galilee, the first

fruits are springing; and by and by the fruit shall shake like Lebanon, and the Church's citizens shall be abundant as grass of the earth. On the wings of prophecy it is hastening towards us; and every prayer and every mission speeds it on—our world's latter summer-burst, our earth's perennial June—when the name of Jesus shall endure for ever, and be continued as long as the sun: when men shall be blessed in Him, and all nations shall call Him blessed.

So great is this Prince of prophets, that the least in his kingdom is greater than Solomon. The saint is greater than the sage, and discipleship to Jesus is the pinnacle of human dignity. In Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom, and all the germs of undeveloped goodness. He is the true theology, the perfect ethics, the supreme philosophy; and no words can limit the mental ascendancy and moral beauty to which that young man may aspire, who, in all the susceptibility of an adoring affection, consecrates himself to the service and society of the Son of God. My brothers! is it a presumptuous hope that, even whilst I speak, some of you feel stirring within you the desire to join yourselves to blessedness by joining yourselves to Jesus? Is it too much to hope that some of you, who are Christian young men already, are wishing and praying that God would make you characters less commonplace, and render you influences in your day more abundant and benign? Is it too much to hope that, even from this rapid survey, some shall retire with a happy consciousness—Blessed be God! I belong to a kingdom which cannot be moved, and am em-

barked in a cause which cannot be defeated? Is it too much to hope that some one who has found, in regard to godless enjoyment, "All is vanity," may now be led to exclaim, with the gifted youth to whom our poet-laureate has inscribed "In Memoriam," "Lord, I have viewed this world over, in which thou hast set me; I have tried how this and that thing will fit my spirit, and the design of my creation, and can find nothing on which to rest, for nothing here doth itself rest; but such things as please me for awhile in some degree, vanish and flee as shadows from before me. Lo! I come to Thee—the Eternal Being—the Spring of Life—the Centre of Rest—the Stay of the Creation—the Fulness of all things. I join myself to Thee; with Thee I will lead my life and spend my days, with whom I am to dwell for ever, expecting, when my little time is over, to be taken up into thine own eternity."*

* From a deeply interesting account of Arthur H. Hallam, in the "North British Review," for February, 1851.

The Instincts of Industry.



BY THE

REV. SAMUEL MARTIN.

THE INSTINCTS OF INDUSTRY.

THE Earth is a vast Magazine of Materials, and Man is an Artizan placed in the midst of these stores to discover their uses and to appropriate them. This is not the *only* end for which man was created and located on this planet—it is not the *chief* end—but it is *one* of the important objects of our terrestrial life—and an object which sustains intimate relations with every other end of our being ; even with the chief.

God made the Earth *before* He created the man. So that appropriating this fact to our present purpose we may say,—The factory was built and the materials for labour collected, before the human artificer was brought into being. The Creator's introducing such a creature to such a world, reveals the Divine intention concerning him. Goethe in his "Like and Like" expresses this idea with much sweetness—

"A little flower bell
Was sprung from the earth ;
Early spring welcomed
The lovely birth :

Then settled a bee there,
Sipping so sweet,—
*Sure the one for the other
Was made most meet."*

Man is not the *first* industrial tenant of this Globe. The Ant provided meat before Abel tilled the ground. The Beaver constructed a dam before Cain formed a sheepfold. Birds built their nests before Jabal pitched a tent. The Bee wrought in wax before Tubal Cain wrought in iron. Music was in the woods before Jubal strung a harp or designed an organ.

But although man is not the firstborn of the working creation—he is chief of them in skill, and his strength is of the highest kind. The human hands—the organs of human speech—the comparative length of human life—the social tendencies of man—are all endowments, which, apart from superiority of mind, give man immense advantage over all other working animals. But when to these superiorities we add, his power of looking into causes and of discerning consequences—of calling up precedents from the past and of deriving motives from the future—of searching for and pursuing the true and the beautiful and the good—when we consider that man is essentially speculative and progressive and religious—we see how deep and wide is the source of his superiority over the other working animals who share with him this Earth.

Besides constructing the Factory—filling it with material—creating the human workman and introducing him to the scene of labour—the Creator does little to assist human toil. The Bee and the Beaver wrought perfectly at the first. At least history and

observation teach this—But testimony and experience shew that men advance from foolish things to wise—from weak things to mighty—from base things to glorious—from things that are not to things that are. What it is the Creator has done for those animals which work perfectly apart from imitation, instruction, or experience we do not know. But we do know that man is not similarly endowed. His ability to labour with advantage *is a growth*. No inspiration of the Almighty imparts the knowledge of particular Arts. The man brings no experience. He has not—as Plato would have it—lived in another sphere and come to this earth with the knowledge gained during his pre-existence. Our earliest ancestors found no *superior* creatures here to whom they could be pupils, and from whom they could fully learn the uses of the riches of the Earth. Evidently God intended that man should be self-taught. Having made us capable of discovering hidden uses and of adapting rude substances—God will not shew us what He has made us able to find out; neither will He shape for us what He has given us power to mould. As when Jesus Christ raised Jairus' daughter He commanded her friends to give her something to eat—working no miracle to feed her because this her friends could do—but putting forth Divine power to restore her to life because this her kindred could not effect:—As when He provided by miracle Wine for the Marriage Feast, He commanded the servants to fill the Water-pots with Water—And as on the same principle when the Son of God raised Lazarus, He made others remove the grave-stone and unbind the grave-clothes—so God—of whom Jesus Christ was

the expressed image—will not do for man what He has made man capable of doing for himself. We believe that this was as much the law of Paradise as it is now the law of the Expulsion from Eden.

But while Divine Providence does not so directly endow man to work as it has qualified inferior creatures—God has made us with faculties and with wants, and by making labour necessary, God (hereby) moves men to employ their powers. Our necessities demand our powers, and our powers are restless to meet our necessities. And as *our* faculties are superior to the powers of other terrestrial creatures—so our wants are more numerous and more intense. Instead then of endowing man to meet these wants perfectly at once—the Creator ordains that he shall so feel their pressure as that his faculties shall be progressively developed ; while his wants are hereby more and more abundantly met.

One charge given to man at his creation was this—*Subdue the Earth*. And the changes which the introduction of evil has involved do not annul this commission. God's mandate now is—*Subdue the Earth*. Human sinfulness may involve inferior intuition—duller instincts—a feebler hand and an evil eye—still, God's Voice to man is—*Subdue the Earth* ; —with your sweating brow, and aching limbs, and fevered brain—*Subdue the Earth*.

Unless the man work, many of his wants will remain unmet and numerous desires will be ungratified —there will be riches around him unpossessed and powers within him unemployed. Instead of being the true lord of a real kingdom he will have but the shadow of a throne. The Poet Thomson having

described the indolent savage as naked, helpless, and comfortless—spending his days in heaviness and darkness—sings:—

“Industry approach’d,
 And roused him from his miserable sloth,
 His faculties unfolded ; pointed out
 Where lavish nature the directing hand
 Of art demanded; show’d him how to *raise*
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers;
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth;
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
 On what the torrent, and the gather’d blast;
 Gave the tall, ancient forest to his axe,
 Taught him to chip the wood and hew the stone,
 Till, by degrees, the finish’d fabric rose;
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
 And wrapt him in the woolly vestment warm;—
 Nor stopt at barren, bare necessity,
 But, still advancing bolder, led him on
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace;
 And, breathing high ambition through his soul,
 Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
 And bade him be the lord of all below.”

If then we be faithful to our constitution—true to our circumstances—and obedient to the mandate of the Creator—we shall endeavour so to employ and dispose of the riches of the Earth as that they may best minister to our comfort and advantage. *This is Art.* Nature is the Earth as God left it. Art, in antithesis to Nature, is the Earth as man moulds it and governs it. Lord Bacon defines Art as the “proper disposal of the things of Nature by human thought and experience so as to answer the several purposes of mankind.”

In subduing the Earth men may either be dull or

energetic—fitful or assiduous—slothful or diligent :— they may work with divided powers or they may toil with their might. Earnestness—whole-heartedness and steadiness in labour—is *Industry*.

While the man toils with his might—the inclination to effort instead of being exhausted will be strengthened—the man will forget what is behind and will reach forth to that which is before—and *in doing this*—as the labourer presses toward the Goal for the Prizes of Industry—he will see what he is not looking for—he will do what he has not deliberated upon—he will attain to objects the possession of which he has not contemplated. This is what we mean by *The Instincts of Industry*.

Instinct—(the word)—is applied by philosophers to animals with different significations. Sidney Smith writes—“Actions performed with a view to a certain end are rational. Actions performed without the spontaneity of the agent are automatic. Actions regularly performed without a view to the consequences they produce are instinctive.” According to this definition of instinct the lower animals may be said to be moved rather than to move—to be acted upon rather than to act—to proceed from an outward influence of the nature of which they are ignorant and the end of which they neither see nor appreciate, and not from choice or from reason. Thus the Bee constructs its hexagonal cell—and the Beaver its dam and plastered house—the Bird its warmly lined nest—and the Wasp its food-furnished hole—not because these creatures see the reason for their work, but because they are moved thereto by some state of their animal constitution. We cannot here discuss

the interesting subject of the instinct of lower animals, but we may say—that we incline to award the lower animals the rudiments of the human mind, and to attribute to man a measure of the instinct which belongs to the lower animals. We think that both act instinctively. Few subjects have in discussion so exhibited the prejudice, the haste, and the vanity of men as the comparative faculties of men and beasts.

But to our Subject. Industry is instinctive. *Technically* instinctive—for it sometimes acts without the motive derived from a complete view of results. And generally instinctive—for there are natural tendencies of Industry; and these often carry men beyond what they see, and whither if they foresaw they would not be prepared to go.

Although we have not met with any work on the subject of this Lecture—we have found references to the topic in several authors. Beckmann, in his “History of Inventions,” writing of the Stocking Loom, says—“It was not a *matter of accident*, like most of the great discoveries.” Lord Kames, in his “Sketches of the History of Man, writes—“*More arts have been invented by accident than by investigation.*” Herschell, in his “Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy,” remarks—“In speculating on the future prospects of Physical Science, we should not be justified in leaving out of consideration the probability, or rather certainty of the occasional occurrence of those *happy accidents* which have had so powerful an influence on the past—occasions where a fortunate combination opportunely noticed may admit us in an instant to the knowledge of

principles of which no suspicion might occur but for some casual notice." The Minister of Agriculture and Commerce for France—M. Charles Dupin—addressing his countrymen on the coming Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, says—"No living being is entitled to claim perfection for the Arts useful to man. They are progressive in their very nature, and often when they are thought to be carried to the very highest point of excellence, an *unexpected discovery* opens to them a new career." Mac Cullagh, in his "Industrial History of Free Nations"—writes—"The instincts of Industry are wise and inventive, and seldom when left free to act fail of discovering the right way of obtaining rightful ends."

In all these quotations our subject is touched. But where some of these writers put "accident" we should use instinct. Moreover, we should qualify such words as "unexpected discovery," for we hold that Industry has natural tendencies which—under the blessing of Divine Providence—account for all its present products, and which will secure fruits and results far beyond all present calculation. A diligent man makes an unexpected discovery. In describing it he calls it a "happy hit." Others say—"He fell upon it." He says—"It struck me." But the fact is, nothing struck *him*. On the contrary, he—striking on every hand with the rod of Industry—at length struck what he thought was rock dry to the core—but what God has made a strong cistern—and that rock being smitten by the leadings of his industrial instincts—the long-needed waters gushed out

It will be observed that while we do not exclude from our present use of the word *Instincts*, the signifi

cation it holds when in accordance with the definition of Sidney Smith, it is applied to the Lower Animals—that we embrace a much wider meaning. The word, according to its etymon—means motions and tendencies, whether without reason or guided by reason; and it is in the sense of natural and necessary tendencies that we now apply the word. Industry has nothing automatic about it. It creates automata, but is not itself an automaton. Human industry is, of course, rational—it performs many actions with a view to its end. But we shall see that, beside being rational, industry is also both in the particular and general sense instinctive. To these instincts we are about to look.

Nor must we fail to remark, that on this occasion we confine *industry* to what are generally called *The Useful Arts*. Not that the word necessarily represents only those things that are confined to this sphere. If, by "Industry," we mean *assiduity* and *diligence* (and that is the import of the word)—then we find it in many a sphere beyond that of the arts useful to man. It lives and moves in the sphere *just above* that we are about to contemplate. Is not industry in the *Fine Arts*? Tell me not that it is Genius as separated from Industry that can make marble breathe and canvas speak and stones bend with the grace of flowers. The Sculptor and the Painter *conceive* by genius; but they can only adequately express their conceptions by industry. Marble does not yield at the mere presence of Phidias; nor does the canvas glow at the mere face of Raphael or Claude. There is Industry in the Fine Arts. Nor can we name a department of Science in which progress can be made with-

out diligence and assiduity. If we may point to living men we ask,—Is it by intuition that Faraday is so sublimely acquainted with electricity—Brande with inorganic chemistry—Lyell with geology—Owen with Animal Physiology—Forbes with Vegetable Physiology, and the Merchant Astronomer Lassell with the wonders of the Heavens? Look at the men—by their physiognomy you will declare them hard-working men. And where do you see eminence without toil? Certain Poets may be named as exceptions. But Milton was industrious, and Handel—Bacon too, and Locke. We might speak of the Industry of Politics—for there have been men who in our House of Commons have wrought as hard as any mechanic at his bench or artizan in a mill. And there live some such men now. And does not Industry move in spheres of Benevolence? Consider John Howard and Elizabeth Fry—the one in the Reformation of Prisons and the other in the Reformation of the Prisoner! Remember Carey, and Morrison, and John Williams—Carey the Indian Scholar and Evangelist—Morrison the Chinese Scholar and Evangelist—and Williams the founder of the Useful Arts, as well as the Apostle of Religion in the South Sea Islands!

From the Missionary Enterprise—from the Christian Church—from Science and from Literature—from Politics and from Philanthropy—and from the Fine Arts, we could draw illustrious examples of Industry and copious illustrations of its instincts. We might even speak of the Industry of Evil. But we are now confined to those Arts which relate to Food and to Fuel—to Clothing and to Dwellings—to Travelling and to the use of Minerals, Chemicals,

and Metals in providing for the common wants of men. We must keep clear of that wide and interesting subject, the HISTORY of the Useful Arts—nor can we in the space of a Lecture *adequately* illustrate any of the points we shall exhibit. We can do little more than hint and suggest.

Your sympathy with our remarks will depend greatly upon your apprehension of our meaning in the use of the word INDUSTRY. We do not intend mere work—but hard work—doing what we do with our might.

In the early life of William Hutton of Birmingham (himself a notable example of diligence), an incident occurred which will serve as an illustration. Hutton, when a poor apprentice at Nottingham, happened to hear a lad playing on a bell-harp. The sound of that instrument opened an ear for music that hitherto had been stopped. Music became Hutton's study, and without tutor, or books, or friends to assist him, he learned to play on that instrument; his great encouragement being a couplet he had seen in an old spelling-book—

“Despair of nothing that you would attain,
Unwearied diligence your point will gain.”

The Bell-Harp, however, did not long content him. He borrowed a dulcimer—made one by it, and learned to play upon it. Now in the construction of this dulcimer he had neither fit materials nor proper tools, and he had no money to procure any. He had, however, an old and large trunk—this he pulled to pieces and therefrom obtained materials. And with a pocket-knife—the hammer key and plyers of his stocking

frame and a two-pronged fork, minus one limb,—he made a dulcimer and soon learned to play with ease. But observe—A young man, *an apprentice to a Baker*, hearing Hutton play, purchased this Home-made Dulcimer—upon the maker's offering his assistance in tuning the instrument, or in teaching the young man to play—the purchaser replied—“O no, there is not a doubt but I shall do.” And to some extent he succeeded. For when Hutton met him again and inquired about his success—the reply was—“O rarely well: I can play part of “Over the hills and far away.” But mark the sequel. The next meeting produced the same question, and the reply was this—“O hang that music—I could not make it do—and it provoked me so much, that I took a broomstick and whacked the strings till I broke them—then knocked the body to pieces and burned it in the oven.” In the contrast of William Hutton with the young man who bought his dulcimer, you will see what we mean by Industry. Indolence breaks the dulcimer and burns it. Industry constructs a dulcimer out of an old trunk.

I. LET US THEN NOW INQUIRE INTO THE INSTINCTS OR
NATURAL TENDENCIES OF INDUSTRY.

1. *Industry developes and improves the human faculties in their relation to Labour.* We will employ different parts of the body as illustrations of the improvement both of spiritual and of animal faculties. Then we say—that Industry *opens wide the EYE and makes it keen.* Thus Bertholet is said to have discovered the bleaching property of oxy-muriatic acid, and hereby to have considerably shortened the pro

cess of bleaching; by observing that the cork of the phial in which he had put some of that acid *had been whitened thereby*. A soap manufacturer observes a corrosion of his copper boiler. He cannot account for it. He obtains the analysis of a skilful chemist. By that analysis *Iodine* is discovered. This element is then traced to sea-plants, to sea-water, to salt-mines, and salt-springs; also to Sponge. Dr. Coindet, of Geneva, now remembers that Burnt Sponge is an old remedy for a fearful disease. He tries Iodine on that horrible disorder, and finds it an almost perfect specific. Thus Industry promotes observation and penetration. The greater the industry, the stronger and keener the eye. The eyes among the *spindles* are more open than the eyes among the *ploughs*. But all the world over Industry doffs the nap, and puts on the wide-awake. To *make the dull EAR quick of hearing* is another tendency of Industry. The industrious man will take a hint from anybody and from anything. Hence Talus having found the jaw bone of a snake, and employed it to cut through a piece of wood, was taught to form that iron instrument which we know as the Saw. And Drawing was invented by Saurias of Samos accidentally etching out a horse from his shadow in the sun. Painting and Images had a similar origin. And does not Industry *move men's TONGUES*? The industrious inquire—they lose nothing through lack of asking. At the commencement of the eighteenth century the Italians had exclusively the art of silk-throwing. John Lombe, a spirited and intelligent mechanic, travels to Italy to discover the secret. And at the imminent hazard of his life he asks and questions and inquires until he

becomes acquainted with the art, brings it to England and establishes it here. Industry *stretches forth the HAND* and imparts *swiftness to the FOOT*. The diligent reach after and expect. They so run as to obtain. Until the beginning of the sixth century silk-rearing was unknown to Europe. Two Persian monks went as missionaries to China. There they saw the production of silk from the silk-worm. They learn the manual arts employed in making up the material: and when their information is complete, they return to the West, proceed to Constantinople, lay their information before the Emperor Justinian, return at his bidding to China, obtain silk-worms' eggs, conceal them in a hollow cane, convey them safely to Constantinople, hatch them, rear the worms, obtain silk, convert it into thread, and thus lay the foundation of silk manufacture in Europe—these worms being the progenitors of the worms which now enrich Italy, Southern France, and Turkey. Industry is ever reaching after and ever pursuing. Nor are these the only tendencies of Industry—*it strengthens both the HEAD and the HEART*. “The character of a true philosopher,” says one who can write subjectively on this subject, “is to hope all things not impossible and to believe all things not unreasonable.” Industry tends to form a similar character—a character that will endure privation, persevere under disheartenment, struggle with exigencies, conquer obstacles, and endure shame. Galileo can bear to hear his pendulum called in mockery a swing-swang. The first saw-mill in England, erected 1768, was pulled down by a mob, but James Stansfield, who had learned in Holland and Norway their value, had

the spirit to put up another. The earthquake at Rhodes laid that magnificent city in ruins. Neighbouring cities proffered help : for the fulfilment of these promises, however, the Rhodians did not wait. It has been said of them, " Like brave and wise men they wasted no time in lamentations or despondency, but forthwith set about repairing the damage that had been done to their once busy docks and wharfs. The earth and sea were moved ; but their *free industrial spirit* was not broken, and they probably knew that those are most likely to get help who are the most ready to help themselves."

Such is the effect of Industry on the human faculties. It makes sleep light and toil heavy, dreams frequent and thought wakeful. It causes the pulse to throb and the heart to beat. It strengthens the sinews and braces the nerves. It increases the muscle and makes supple the limb. It conserves the vigour of prime, and puts decrepitude far away. It makes doing nothing intolerable, and renders enterprise and adventure essential to life : and while the powers of some men perish because self-consumed, Industry, by an invariable re-action imparts to the whole man an indomitable, healthful, and living energy.

The moral effect of Industry is also good. It promotes self-respect and self-reliance. It drives away a mean dependence upon circumstances, and upon our fellow-men, and protects us from that morbid self-distrust and contempt which are to a man's spirit what the softening of the human brain is to the human body. What a man can do is his kingdom. Working he reigns.

Industry has tendencies beyond its effect on the individual man. Let us now observe these.

2. *See how Industry tends to substitute the DIRECTION of labour for its actual performance.* Fingers were made before tools, But tools are subsequently formed to do the work of fingers. And the fingers at length decline even to direct the tools. Machinery and steam are made to do the work of the human hand. The shepherd does his work chiefly by his dog. And industry employs powers and processes of nature to accomplish what otherwise must be performed by the limbs of men. The wife of the patriarch Abram, when shewing hospitality to the three illustrious strangers who visited them on the plains of Mamre, ground with her own hands the meal, kneaded it, and made cakes on the hearth. A few miles from this spot, you may see *steam power* grind corn, fill the troughs with flour, mix the flour, knead the dough, flatten it into layers, cut these into hexagonal pieces, stamp each piece, and complete the biscuit to the floor of the oven. In Her Majesty's Victualling Office at Deptford, eight thousand tons, or one hundred millions of biscuits are made annually by steam. Of the wise woman described by Solomon it is said, "She seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with *her hands*. She layeth *her hands* to the spindle, **and her hands** hold the distaff." And contrasting **this** ancient flax manufacture with the present manufacture of cotton, we see—that, instead of distaff and spindle, iron fingers, teeth and wheels, moving with exhaustless energy and devouring speed, open the cotton, clean it, spread it, card it, draw it, rove it, spin it, wind it, warp it, dress it, and weave it. A steam-engine of one-hundred horse power has the strength of 880 men, and is sufficient to give rapid motion to 50,000

spindles for spinning fine cotton threads, each spindle forming a separate thread, and producing a mile and a quarter of thread in twelve hours. So that 50,000 spindles produce in twelve hours, 62,500 miles of thread—more than enough to go two and a-half times round the globe. And as 750 people are enough to superintend these 50,000 spindles, as much thread can be spun by these 750 people through machinery and steam power, as could be spun by 200,000 persons without this power—that is, one pair of hands is hereby made equal to 266.

These illustrations of the substitution of direction for performance must suffice. But we may remark that it is impossible to say where this relief of human animal labour will end. Clement of Alexandria gives directions to the Christians in his day, not merely for sitting and lying down, eating and drinking, but *for sneezing and for blowing the nose*. And it is possible that a pocket machine may be invented for raising the handkerchief to the nasal organ without the intervention of the human hands, or for applying snuff to the olfactory nerves without taxing the human fingers. A machine for snuffing would be a great time-saver. It has been calculated that every professed snuff-taker takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing the nose, &c. consumes a minute and a-half. One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff-taking day, amounts to two hours, twenty-four minutes per day, or one day out of ten. One day out of ten is thirty-six days and a half in a year. So that if a man take snuff for forty years of his life, he dedicates four years to the important

service of tickling his nose. We have musical snuff-boxes—may Industry soon send self-communicating snuff-boxes!

3. *But a yet more notable tendency of Industry is to subdue all things to itself.* In accomplishing this you will observe—that *Industry counts nothing common or unclean.* It gathers up fragments and suffers nothing to be lost. This is literally true in Paper Manufacture. Here cotton and linen rags are employed. So that after these fabrics have served us as garments—they are in their *refuse state* converted to a most important purpose. Nor is the English Paper-Maker contented with the rags of England—he imports German and Italian tatters, and would gladly pay for the rags of France, Holland, Belgium, and Spain, were not those ports closed against him. We have already seen that the *Lees of a Soap Boiler* supply us with a most valuable medicine; and it is well known that the *stomach of a calf* converts milk into cheese. The agriculturist improves his land with soap-boilers' waste—bone dust—ashes of consumed vegetables—drainage of houses—refuse of all kinds. And the *dung* of a South American bird has become a most important article of commerce. Industry stoops to conquer. This suggests another example of the subjugating tendency of Industry—it inclines

To exhaust the Materials on which it works. An illustration may be taken from among people whose industrial instincts are not strong. The Cocoa Palm tree (not that whence we derive Cocoa and Chocolate) is indigenous to Asia. Of this tree it is said—"The uses are almost incalculably numerous. The roots are masticated—gutters and posts are made of the

wood—the young buds form a delicate vegetable—the leaves are manufactured into baskets, lanterns, books, and numerous other articles—the midrib of the leaves forms oars—the bruised end of a leaf forms a brush—the juice of the stem yields palm wine, and afterwards an ardent spirit—the farinaceous matter in the stem is a substitute for sago—the sap yields a dark-coloured sugar—the sugar mixed with lime forms a powerful cement—the fruit of the nut is a wholesome food, and its milk a cooling beverage—the coir, or fibrous covering to the nut, makes excellent cordage—the shell is formed into drinking-vessels—and the solid matter contained within the shell yields excellent oil for lamps and for medicines.” This is an illustration of Industry making every part of a natural product serve some useful purpose. And numerous counterparts may be found. But beside this—Industry procures from objects as wholes a most varied service. Corn, for example, is not merely made to supply varieties of Bread, but varieties of drinks; and after it has served the purpose of the Brewer and Distiller—the grains are employed to feed Cattle. “*Peat Bog* is a superficial stratum of vegetable matter, which at different depths is undergoing, or has undergone, various stages of change and decomposition.” “In Ireland alone, one-tenth of the surface is peat bog.” And from this peat bog most valuable products may be gained. These are said to be (beside Charcoal) the following:—

1. Sulphate of Ammonia—valuable as Manure, and saleable at £12 per Ton.
2. Acetate of Lime—used largely by Calico Printers, and saleable at £14 per Ton.

3. Pyroligneous spirit—used by hatters, varnishers, and for lamps, and saleable at 5s. per Gallon.

4. Naphtha for dissolving Caoutchouc, illuminating, varnishing, &c., and saleable at 1s. per Gallon.

5. The heavy and more fixed oils, and saleable for various purposes at 1s. per Gallon. And

6. Paraffine, blended with other fatty bodies, for Candles. And it is said the greatest Candlemaker in the world has offered 1s. per pound for any quantity that can be produced.

Such are the products and educts of Peat. And there are men of noble Christian Enterprise endeavouring from the Irish Peat to raise these articles of Commerce, and hereby to elevate that wretched land. To lift Ireland out of its social mire by means of its natural bogs will indeed be to conquer. May God speed the attempt!

Thus Industry labours to get out of all the objects with which it has to do—the utmost that each product or material of nature will yield. It abides in every Province until it is subdued. *Industry waits to conquer.* And the Tactics of Industry are pliable.

Industry has great facility of adaptation. It will employ any process of nature as it is—or it will hasten that process or arrest it. It will use the riches of the Earth as they are, or will convert them to its purposes. Moreover—Industry will, as we have seen, take a hint from any quarter—will accept any amount or instalment of service, and refuses not to learn from any Teacher. Let us take one or two Examples. Over some deep fissures in different mountainous districts, and especially in the Andes, there are natural bridges formed by the accidental junction of rude

stones in their fall down the chasms. And it is supposed that these natural bridges suggested the idea of an *arched stone bridge*. The supposition is very likely to be true. Nor have we less reason to receive the substance of the legendary account of the origin of *Glass*. As the story goes—a merchant vessel laden with nitre is driven ashore on the coast of Palestine. The shore is smooth sand. And the sailors, in the absence of stone, place their cooking-vessels on pieces of nitre. The fire melts the nitre, which becoming incorporated with the sand forms a stream of liquid glass. And the industrious Phenicians observing the useful qualities of this new material, establish a Glass-manufacture. Does every *Fringe Manufacturer* know—that the products of his art were suggested by the ragged edges of stuffs being tied into bunches to prevent further unravelling? Tell this, ye drapers, to the Ladies who waste so much of your precious time in *matching* a fringe and a silk. And yet further to shew how pliable is Industry—I may remind you that while the Baker does not wait for the spontaneous fermentation of his dough, but *hastens* it with leaven—the Cane-Sugar Grower *arrests* the process by which the juice of the cane would become acid, by the application of heat. The “Fulling Stocks” of the Woollen Manufacturer are *adapted* to the *felting properties* of wool—but the *spinning-jenny* to the *separate fibres* of cotton. In Agriculture we observe draining or irrigation—high or low cultivation, according to the nature of the soil. And thus—the helm of the vessel which Industry commands is seen traversing—the type that industry employs is moveable and not stereotype—and the

children of industry are not alike even in outward appearance, as the soldiers of the same regiment, but have a different outward manifestation, according to their works. One reason that industry has made spinning-jennies is, that man may be less uniform and monotonous than mere machines. And farther—while Industry can economize even to getting paper from rags, and bread from bones and sawdust—it can also sow broadcast its capital, as when it invests millions in the construction and sustenance of Railways. *It is a principle in nature that Death is the beginning of new life.* In creation nothing perishes. What appears to perish merely changes its form of existence. Now, Invention often appears to destroy Industry. This is the old objection against Machinery: but it is like a real Christian's dread of dying—as inconsistent as unfounded. According to the Christian system its disciples must die in order to live. Why then should a Christian fear to die? And in harmony with the genius of Industry, its particular embodiments must melt in order that itself may survive. The transition may be painful, as when the moulting eagle strikes off its old beak against the rock—but the result will be glorious—as when the king of birds, through that very moulting process, renews its youth. The History of Industry recognizes the principle—that death is the beginning of new life, and some of its forms have died while itself has lived. The spinning-wheel has ceased for the spinning-jenny—and the shuttle of the hand-loom for the power-loom. The scribe has died for the printer—and the coach has gone off the road for the rail. The oil-lamp has been put out that the gas may

be lighted; and the saw-pit has been filled up for the saw-mill. Indolence and ignorance repudiate these changes—Industry courts them and effects them. Not that Industry is wayward and fickle. It has been said that—Huber was a great bee—Euclid, a great line—and Newton, a great fluxion. And we may add—John Lombe was a silk-mill—Jacquard, a weaving machine—Cartwright, a power-loom—James Watt, a steam-engine—Stephenson, a railway—Brunel, a tunnel—Rosse, a telescope—and Faraday, electricity. The spirit of Industry can be fixed, and it can roam—it can possess a butterfly or a bee, a spider or an ant, a worm or a beaver.

The Process of *Bleaching* would show that Industry sometimes *hastens* to conquer. Sixty years ago, it was customary to send linen, manufactured in England, to Holland to be bleached. And so slow was the process, that cloth sent to Holland in the Spring was not sent back until the autumn. Since Chemistry has been applied to bleaching, this process is conducted in the space of twenty-four or thirty hours.

But we must not linger here. We merely remind you—that Industry *stoops* to conquer—*waits* to conquer—*changes its tactics* to conquer—*parts with its wealth* to conquer—*hastens* to conquer—lives but to conquer.

4. *Through the tendencies already named, Industry leads on to the elevation of the condition of mankind; it makes men Kings, and provides for their royal state.*—Cicero, in his Offices, writes:—There could neither be the preservation of health, navigation, nor the gathering and preserving the corn and other fruits, without the industry of mankind. And certainly there could have been

no exportation of things in which we abound, and importation of those which we want, had not mankind applied themselves to those employments. In like manner, neither could stones be hewn for our use, nor iron, nor brass, nor gold, nor silver be dug from the earth, but by the toil and art of man." "Moreover, from whence but from the labour of man could we have had aqueducts, the cuts of rivers, the irrigation of the land, dams opposed to streams and artificial harbours? From these, and a great many other instances it is plain, that we could by no manner of means have, without the hand and industry of man, reaped the benefit and advantages arising from such things as are inanimate. In short, what advantage and convenience could have been realized from the *brute* creation, had not men assisted?" These words of the great Roman Orator serve exactly our present purpose. Apart from labour, the outward condition of man is *inferior* to the situation of the lower animals. His skin does not protect him against unfavourable atmospheric influences. His feet are not so swift as the limbs of fierce animals, ready to devour him. His hands are a miserable weapon against the paw of the bear—the lion or the tiger, and in conflict with the talons of a Vulture or the beak of an Eagle. He requires other food than that which the untilled earth yields. The beginning and end of his life are seasons of helplessness. He passes a large portion of his time in sleep:—so that we can scarcely think of a climate or country in which the human race could be continued without an amount of labour. And then while a small amount of labour may preserve our being,—a considerable degree is required

before we can reach such a position of civilization as that, for example, in which England now is. Through Industry, man is better housed—better fed—better clad—better supplied with water, and fire, and light—he can travel farther, and this with greater safety and superior speed—he has superior and more abundant materials for his toil—the sphere of his exertions widens and improves—and he becomes in his entire physical condition a better man.

But few men realize their obligations to the Industrial Arts. To bring this before us let us pull to pieces some young man in this Hall. Your Paris Hat, Sir, has in it cambric or willow—a resinous cement and composition—silk plush—leather—paper, silk, and iron. Your Alpaca Paletôt is derived from the wool of the Peruvian Goat. Your Saxony dress coat and kersey trowsers are made of wool from Germany, or from Australia, or it may be of English wool; and, perhaps, in one of your country excursions you saw covering a sheep the fleece which now protects your back. Worms furnished the silk for your vest and for your cravat. Flax and cotton supply your inner raiment. Your feet are clad with fleece and skins of beasts. The precious metals are in your watch and pencil case. Rags, perhaps Sicilian, supply the substance of your card of admission and the material for memoranda in your Pocket Book. The Art of Coinage is in your cash; and the Art of Printing in your Almanack. From steel your keys are wrought. The Artist in Hair, or Silk, or Metal, has produced your watch-guard. The letters you carry have come to you through postal arrangements, and involve railways and perhaps steam navigation.

Have you taken three meals to-day? Then corn, salt, yeast, sugar-cane, tea-plant, coffee-tree, cow-milk, potato-root, flesh of animals, have been ministering to you, beside the varied material of the breakfast, dinner, and tea-services from which you have taken your food. But I have forgotten the furniture of your rooms, made up of woods and metals, clays and chemicals of various kinds, beside fabrics produced from flax and cotton, and different wools. The streets through which you have come to this Hall, lay you under new obligation, neither has it cost little to produce such a building as this. What is the sum of these remarks? This:—That land and water, air and fire, animals, vegetables, and minerals, animate and inanimate things innumerable, are daily employed for our service. We lay all nature under tribute for our common wants. And hereby our condition is bettered. It is possible so to multiply the conveniences and luxuries of life as to emasculate man rather than strengthen him. But, within a certain limit, all that the arts of industry can do to promote the comfort of animal life, releases time for the supply of higher wants, and sets free the spiritual faculties of our nature to occupy those spheres, to the filling of which all animal gratification should be subservient. The ancient Briton, while he lived by hunting and fishing, still dyed his body with woad, was content with the shelter of a hut of mud, and desired no better navigation than that which was possible to the paddle and the coracle. But when the man, who has lived merely by hunting and fishing, tills the land; he improves his dwelling: as he adds to the conveniences of his abode, he creates useful arts:

and, as he multiplies these, he opens his eye to Science; being indebted for this improvement to the impulses of additional and improved labour in the supply of his bodily wants.

The man of industry is a better-bred man. He is not a slave in creation but a lord—he directs rather than performs—He never rejects aid—he wastes nothing—he adapts his movements to circumstances—he improves in every way his condition. So that the natural tendencies of Industry *are in effect*—ELEVATION. Industry lifts the poor out of the dunghill and sets him among Princes—it suffers not the head to droop upon the bosom—it allows not the eye to be downcast—hands that are under its influence never hang down. Industry is health. Industry is strength. Industry is Wealth.

5. *If Industry abide the test of this improved condition—there are two tendencies developed of considerable moment—Discovery and Invention.*

Sometimes Industry kills itself by intoxication and gluttony with its first fruits. The History of Nations and the Biography of individuals might be used to illustrate this.

It is worthy of remark that up to 1490 but seven metals were known; while now we may enumerate fifty. These metals have, moreover, been discovered chiefly by Germans and Englishmen—men belonging to countries whose industrial position was comparatively high at the time of these discoveries. The inventions which have so greatly extended our silk and cotton manufacture, are of so recent a date that the mere mention of them will serve our purpose; and if you look to the time when the polarity of the

magnet was fully applied to navigation, and to the day in which Printing by moveable type was established, you will find copious illustration of our principle. But it is with the principle and not with the history of its development that we have now to do.

We have said, that Industry is health, and strength, and wealth—that it secures elevation both in character and in condition. Remembering, therefore, that a keen eye is open—that a strong ear is quick—that the tongue is at command—the hand stretched out—the foot swift—the heart strong—the head clear—observe what it is likely Industry will do. Martin Tupper says :—

“Invention is activity of mind, as fire is air in motion.”

The active mind, not only often finds what it seeks, but it comes upon objects which it did not expect to discover. The indolent mind never does this! Would every man beholding the acanthus growing around a basket, have conceived the rich capital of the Corinthian column? How many shadows fell on walls before men thought of likenesses! Was Newton the first to see a falling apple? Did no need exist for the Safety-Lamp before the days of Sir Humphry Davy? Were Crompton and Arkwright—Jacquard and Cartwright, the first men who felt that hands could not spin and weave fast enough to meet the wants of an increasing and improving population? All inventors are men of active mind, and their mental activity is instinct to the invention. We now use the word instinct technically. Callimachus did not know that he was about to construct a capital for a column when he first looked on the tile-covered basket clothed with the large foliage

of the Acanthus. Newton did not know that he should reveal pervading gravitation when he began to meditate on the falling apple. But as in the lower animals particular sensations lead on to the performance of the works for which they are remarkable—so a particular state of mind is an instinct by which men reach what they did not know was within their reach. The sensations of birds when the weather is genial, lead them to the building of their nests. In the midst of these sensations springs up the instinct. And in the same manner, Invention is connected with activity of mind. We have already heard Sidney Smith say:—“Actions performed without a view to the consequences are instinctive.” And what great industrial invention has been formed with even a remote idea of the results? Yet to these results it is the destiny of Providence we should come. And there is a certain state of mind that precedes these results, which is to these consequences what a particular state of the Bee is to the formation of a Hive—what distinct sensations in the bird are to building its nest—what a specific condition of the Beaver is to the construction of its dam.

God foresees—foreknows all that Industry will accomplish. Yea, He has done what Industry secures beforehand. Much that is called Invention is merely the IMITATION of Nature.

Pope, in his *Essay on Man*, says of the human being that he will—

“The art of building from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plough; the worm to weave;
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.”

The same Truth is manifested by Martin Tupper in Proverbial Philosophy. He says:—

“To improve and expand is ours, as well as to limit and defeat;
But to create a thought, or a thing, is hopeless and impossible.”

But we do not thus foresee and thus foreknow. Were this foresight possible, invention would be impossible. The magnitude of the result would, in many instances, so clothe the undertaking, that men would be unable to embody their thoughts in things. But they produce by little and little—they work like the mole with a strong sight, but with a *short* sight—and they are moved to accomplish what they perform by inward impulses, the purport of which is—*Do something—Do this*. Thus, in the same sense in which the actions of the Bee and Beaver are instinctive—many of the actions of Industry are instinctive. Men are moved to do what tells on the condition of the whole human race—and they often know not what they do. And to the highest industry these motions are most frequent.

II. The subject we are discussing, will receive further illustration, if we inquire INTO THE CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH PROMOTE THE NATURAL TENDENCIES OF INDUSTRY.

“All embodiments of force”—it has been well observed—“will go on growing.” Industry is an embodiment of vigour, and we may expect that Industry will really improve. But while some circumstances are to Industry as a river of water to a Tree—other conditions are as a dry and thirsty land in which is no moisture.

1 *Considerable importance must be attached to the*

character and constitution of INDIVIDUALS. The men who have led in the Useful Arts are men of strong natural impulsiveness—men whose first spheres did not exhaust their energy. In the year 1760, there lived at Bolton a young man about 28 years of age, engaged in the business of a Hair Dresser. He was brought up to the occupation of a Barber, at Preston, his birthplace. But the mowing of beards—the cropping of hair, and the manufacture of those topmost falsities, *wigs and fronts*, did not exhaust his powers. After the hardest days of shaving, and cutting, and curling, he found but the mere surface of his energy spent; and there was a deep swell of power within him that prevented his finding rest in the ingenuities and advantages of a Hair Dresser. Never himself mentally still—he attempted in the year 1760 to discover perpetual motion. And while trial and failure alternated in this his first effort in Mechanics, he observed that the weavers around him were hindered in their work by the slow supply of cotton-yarn which the spinning-wheel produced. He devotes himself to remedy this evil. With the aid of a clockmaker he succeeds—and in 1767 he established at Nottingham his *roller-spinning-factory*, which he worked by Horse Power. Here in Arkwright was an embodiment of force which went on growing until it gave impulse to the Industry of the whole nation. Our language is not unduly strong about this invention. Let a man of another tongue sustain our testimony. “A hair dresser invents,” says M. Dupin, “or at least brings into action, a machine for spinning cotton. This alone gives to British Industry an immense superiority.”

Love is said to be the genius that produced the Stocking Loom. Beckmann gives two accounts. A Cambridge Graduate being enamoured of a young country girl who during his visits paid more attention to her work (which was knitting) than to her lover and his proposals;—he endeavoured to find out a machine that might facilitate and forward the operation of knitting, and by these means afford more leisure to the object of his affections to converse with him. The other account is—A student of Oxford was so imprudent as to marry at an early period without money and without income. His young wife, however, was able to procure the necessaries of life by knitting; but as an increase of family was likely soon to render this insufficient—the husband invented a machine by which knitting could be performed in a speedier and more profitable manner. That machine was the Stocking Loom. I certainly incline to the latter account. Love in its earliest stages—so far as we have observed it in young men—(we have forgotten our own experience)—has anything but a mechanical turn. Yet both stories will illustrate our principle—that personal impulsiveness has much to do with the tendencies of Industry.

2. *Country affects Industry considerably.* Lord Kames remarks—“Arts make the quickest progress in a fertile soil, which produces plenty with little labour. They flourished early in Egypt and Chaldean countries extremely fertile.” His explanation of this is as follows:—“When the soil affords plenty with less labour, the surplus hands are employed first in useful arts and next in those of luxury and amusement.” There can be no doubt that soil, climate,

natural production, an inland or maritime position, and other territorial circumstances, have great power in stimulating or in retarding the national tendencies of Industry. Hereby is regulated to a considerable extent—the food—the fuel—the clothing—the dwellings, and the means of travelling of a people. And with these matters the *Useful Arts* have chiefly to do. India grows cotton—clothes her people in cotton and exports cotton. China produces silk—clothes her people largely in silk and exports silk. England by her coals and useful metals has great facility of manufacture, and exports largely manufactured goods. But far greater than the influence of Country is the effect of—3. *National Condition*. Peace promotes the natural tendencies of Industry—War retards them. The *Power Loom* is an example. It was just after the Peace of Amiens that Jacquard's attention was called to Mechanism. Communication between England and France being then open, and an English Newspaper happening to fall into Jacquard's hands—he saw a paragraph in which was stated that some society in England would award a Premium to any person who should Weave a Net by Machinery. This set the ingenuity of Jacquard to work and the *Power Loom* was produced. But had war been still raging between France and England—the subject would not have been presented to the Frenchman's attention. Monopoly is unfavourable—freedom of purchase and sale is favourable. Civil liberty is propitious—oppression and the limitation of rights are hinderances. Competition gives wings to Industry—exclusiveness binds it in fetters. Any favourable change in a nation's affairs infuses new life into the industrial Arts—

monotony in a country's history circulates more venous blood than arterial. It is observable in the history of Greece that Industry and Freedom grew together and together declined. The days of the Emperor Augustus have been marked as those in which the Useful Arts flourished most in the Roman Empire. The people who could raise an Empire on a swamp—cities on peat, and a country on the *débris* of floods are a people of whom Tacitus said—"They boast the proud distinction that they have never yielded tribute or recognized a foreign tax-gatherer Rome asks them not for contributions, but in the hour of danger looks for their aid, as the javelin is sought for on the eve of the battle." Have not the frequent revolutions of France most sensibly retarded *her* industrial progress? And is not England greatly indebted to the absence of civil war and of any great internal commotion for the unparalleled progress she has made during the last Century in every Useful Art? Is not the Industrial History of America indebted to the spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers? Are not 300 millions of our fellow-men kept back by the exclusiveness of the so-called celestial Empire? Those who have read history and are observant of the present state of the nations, must be aware that the tendencies of national industry are most seriously affected by political condition.

4. *Circumstances of a temporary—local and accidental character, exert a considerable influence. Commercial demand has a great effect.* The tea-drinking habits of England have on this principle moved the 300 million celestials, and produced an equal influence on our own people. Tea was not introduced into England

until 1666. But so rapidly has the use of that beverage extended—that it is computed—that in England every man, woman, and child consumes two pounds of Tea a year each—that is, in England alone 30 millions of pounds annually. Now the mere importation of tea employs constantly many thousand tons of our navy. If this be the commercial result to England, we can imagine the effect on the agriculture and commerce of China and Japan. It was in consequence of *demand* for yarn and for fabrics exceeding the supply, that those mighty improvements in spinning and weaving to which we have already referred, were effected. Nature abhors a vacuum. And *Industry* hates a void with as intense a hatred; and rushes like the air to fill the commercial space. *Difficulties and Hinderances* quicken that longing for the Mastery which characterizes Industry. The Dutch are a *national* illustration, and the Engineer of the Artesian Well, M. Mulot, an individual example. From the year 1833 until 1841, did M. Mulot bore the bowels of the earth at Grenelle for water. And not until he had bored 1800 feet—repelled by accident after accident to his boring rods—did he find water. Imagine a man boring—down—down—down—through eight long years for water! The Useful Arts abound with corresponding examples. Palm-Tree like Industry rises in spite of downward pressure, and lichen-like it springs up in rifts. Let the burning lava of any eruption destroy its harvests—that lava is scarcely cold before you see springing up between the yet widening fissures those germs of new vitality which promise to clothe even the sides of a volcano with new-born beauty, and with youthful life.

The gaining of a particular object—such as the acquisition of wealth—the establishment of reputation—the attainment of fame—the earning of daily bread, are Prizes and Goals which make Industry a race. The division of labour—the absence of caste restriction in the choice and pursuit of particular occupations—so that men may concentrate their energies in one employment—divide them among several or change the nature of their industrial labour—all this affects the tendencies of Industry. Competition—the Currency of Countries—Commercial Facilities—pressing Necessity—Success—and Men of Enterprise—all put forth considerable power in the Industry of Nations. But we cannot now even enumerate these influences. It may suffice to remark that—Many things by little and little move the mind in the sphere of labour.

“ And the soul, fed and fatten'd on the thoughts and things around it,
 Groweth to perfection, full of fruit, the fruit of foreign seeds
 For we learn upon a hint, we find upon a clue,
 We yield a hundredfold; but the great sower is Analogy.
 There must be an acrid sloe before a luscious peach,
 A ball of rotting flax before the bridal veil,
 An egg before an eagle, a thought before a thing,
 A spark struck into tinder to light the lamp of knowledge,
 A slight suggestive nod to guide the watching mind,
 A half-seen hand upon the wall, pointing to the balance of comparison.”

All these moving forces we can but mention, in order to dwell a little on two more potent influences—*Science and Religion*. Taking *Science first*—we remark that the publication of the facts of Science stimulates curiosity, and hereby *Industry*. Some men

—(to use illustrations of which Herschell makes admirable use)—may hear that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times in a second—that in acquiring the sensation of redness our eyes are affected 482 millions of millions of times; of yellowness, 542 millions of millions of times; and of violet 707 millions of millions of times per second—we say some men may hear these results of scientific research without inquiry and examination—but the true disciples of Industry will “feel the keenest curiosity to know *how* such things were ever made out.” And as they—thus stimulated, peer and pry into the wonders of nature—not merely will their powers of penetration and observation be improved—but an ambition to imitate nature, however humbly, will also be aroused.

The great importance to the useful Arts of that knowledge which the study of Natural Philosophy affords, is thus stated by Herschell. He says it is important—1. In showing us how to avoid attempting impossibilities. 2. In securing us from important mistakes in attempting what is in itself possible, by means either inadequate, or actually opposed to the end in view. 3. In enabling us to accomplish our ends in the easiest, shortest, most economical, and most effectual manner. 4. In inducing us to attempt, and enabling us to accomplish, objects which, but for such knowledge, we should never have thought of undertaking. In all these respects Science is the foster-parent of Industry. “Between,” adds the author just quoted—“the physical sciences and the arts of life, there subsists a constant mutual interchange of good offices, and no considerable pro-

gress can be made in the one, without of necessity giving rise to corresponding steps in the other " We find then that while Art furnishes Science with the materials of many of its investigations. Science is in many cases the guide and the guardian of the Useful Arts.

But a mightier influence than Science is that of *Religion*. The ideas which men have of God, and of Divine Providence, the hopes these ideas inspire and the observances they create, the motives they suggest, and the conduct they induce, all affect seriously the tendencies of Industry. Greece had Beauty as the Divine idea to the multitude, and *the Good*, first in the individual, and then in the Republic, as the Divine idea to the learned few. Rome had Strength and Extension as the Divine idea. Hence Greece excelled in sculpture, and in the refinement of art; while Rome surpassed in Aqueducts, Viaducts, Reservoirs, and Roads. The capricious Providences of Mahomedanism make art a mere bagatelle wherever that system abides. How can the pale and sickly moon-beam produce expansion and maturity? The follies of Eastern Paganism conserve in childishness the hundreds of millions who are its disciples, while the castes of Hindooism make Indian society a social pyramid; the bulk and strength of the country is conglomerated to give altitude to a mere point. But in countries in which pure Christianity abides, the Industry of the nation partakes of the superiority of the religion. And it is remarkable that wherever Christianity is most like the Christianity of the New Testament, there do you find the quickest and widest Industry. Are not England, Scotland, and the

United States of America, foremost in the Useful Arts? And is not much of the Christianity in these lands nearer the primitive type than that which obtains in other countries? I leave you to carry out the contrast, but would suggest that since the Reformation the industrial progress of England has been wider and more rapid than in any previous period. And this we trace to the preaching of Christian doctrine and to the establishment of Christian morals. Pure Christianity is above all religions likely to affect Industry favourably. *What is Christianity?* Not your Isms nor my Ism,—not your doxy nor my doxy,—not your Church, nor my Church,—not your communion nor my sect,—not your articles nor my creed,—not your liturgy nor my free prayer. Somewhat of Christianity may be in all these things, but they are not Christianity! What then is it? He who ought to know tells us to what it is like. He says *it is like* a man having a hundred sheep, and losing one of them going after the lost sheep *until he find it*. *It is like* a woman having ten pieces of silver, and losing one—lighting a candle—sweeping the house, and searching diligently until she find it. *It is like* the owner of cattle, whose oxen have fallen into a pit on a Sabbath-day spending that very rest day in pulling them out. Christianity, cleared of all its incumbrances, *is the Industry of Divine Mercy*—the seeking in order to save that which is lost. And as the spirit of Christianity is infinite and everlasting love, and as the true Church is the body in which this large heart beats, the pulsations of this heart cause this body to throb with life from head to foot, and from breast to hand. The Industry of Divine Mercy makes an active Church.

And an active Church, by giving thoughts to the world, empowers the world to work. "There must be a thought before a thing." Beside this, the intellectual elevation, the moral rectitude, the community of hand and heart which Christianity promotes, has a direct bearing on the Useful Arts. Not that those who lead in Industry are always Christians, or that they are conscious of a distinct influence from Christianity on their pursuits. It frequently happens that the leaders in the Useful Arts are *not* Christians. Yet as the lord of a forest may possess acres of trees, not planted by the hand of man, but raised from the seeds which birds have dropped in their flight, or from fir-cones, and acorns which squirrels have planted—and as that lord of the soil may never know whence his forest treasures sprang, and may never inquire—so the Inventors of Arts useful to man, and those who labour in these arts, from the least to the greatest, may be under immense obligations to Christianity, and may not be aware that by the fruits of the Christian system they are in the Useful Arts what they are. To me it is a most significant circumstance that the Ancients attributed inventions to the Gods, or made Deities of the inventors. To such an extent was this carried, that among the Greeks even the mixing of water with wine has a Divine Author. These facts show that Religion has by other, and by ancient minds, been supposed to have to do with the Arts common to Life. Show me a religion without a positive belief—a religion whose doctrines are not *above* the thoughts of men, and whose paths are not *superior* to the depraved wishes of men—and then I admit I shall see religion

cherishing *ennui* and sloth—and promoting dwarfishness of character and narrowness of action. But if I can point you to a religion of fixed principles and of infinite ideas—a religion that constrains men to think—that penetrates their nature with principles, and pervades their spirits with life—then I can show you, wherever that Religion is adopted, a people—skilful, laborious, enterprising, keen-eyed, strong-handed, clear-headed, and stout-hearted in the spheres of their daily toil. As we have before said—the Industry of England, Scotland, and America is largely promoted by the amount of pure Christianity that exists in these lands.

And the reciprocity we have elsewhere noticed is observable here. Industry is favourable to Christianity and Christianity is promotive of Industry.

I do not wonder at the industrious turning away from *unreal* religion. I can account for the Useful Arts *not* flourishing where corruptions of Christianity are prominent. But I see in the system of Christ much that would in every way foster all the natural tendencies of Industry. Could I gain the ear of the men who are offering this country temples instead of truth—altars instead of an atonement—bodily exercise instead of living faith—I should incline to address them in Campbell's words, and say:—

“ The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man !
 Thy temples—creeds themselves grow wan !
 But there's a dome of nobler span,
 A Temple given
 Our faith—that bigots dare not ban—
 Its space is Heaven.”

We have seen that the Natural Tendencies of Industry are to improve the human faculties—to substitute direction for performance—to work by every accessible instrumentality—to exhaust the riches of nature—to adapt itself to circumstances—to improve the condition of mankind—and thus to bring all things under our feet. And we have also observed that these Tendencies are promoted by inward impulsiveness—by country—by climate—by national condition—by temporary and by local circumstances—by the comprehension of Nature and by Science generally—and above all by True Religion. So that to the pursuit of the great ends of Industry we have both outward enticement and inward impulse. *A strong external allurements is in the riches of the Earth*—which just shew themselves, and like coy birds tempt us to pursue them that we may receive the advantages they are created to afford. All terrestrial things come to man and ask him for employment. The *Gases* touch us and bid us feel after them. The *Metals* lie under our feet in perfect vassalage. The *Air* whispers—“May I serve you?” The *Lightning* just shews itself and retires—but it leaves on the heavens the inscription—“Electricity was made for man.” The *Sea* rolls up to our feet and asks to be our burden-bearer. The *River* runs up and down like a Vehicle with noiseless and everlasting wheels—plying for Hire. The *Trees of the forest* lift up their heads and flowers wear bright raiment that they may not be overlooked, but that we may be ministered unto by them in the order of their course. *Birds and Beasts, Fish and Reptiles*, come to us that we may name some service within their sphere. The many-voiced *Earth* utters this

one cry in the ear of man—"Let me be your servant." And there is that within man that responds to this request and that says—"Be served by the objects around you." Desire for action and for power—desire for knowledge and for happiness—the necessitous state in which man commences life—combine to urge that the Earth be used as our servant. And when men catch and imprison and employ the vagrant and subtile Gas—when men mould the massive metals—when they move among the Animal and Vegetable Creation as Lords—then do they fulfil one part of their mission.

What a multitude of subjects belong to the Empire which Industry is commissioned to subdue! Here are Oxygen and Hydrogen—Nitrogen and Chlorine—Bromine and Fluorine—Gold and Silver—Iron and Copper—Mercury and Lead—Tin and Antimony—Bismuth and Zinc—Arsenic and Cobalt—Platinum and Nickel—Manganese and Tungsten—Tellurium and Molybdenum—Uranium, Titanium, and Chromium—and twenty-nine metals beside these—the discovery of the present century. Here are bodies which cannot be classified—Carbon, Phosphorus, Sulphur, and Iodine—besides Earths and Alkalies, Acids and Salts. Here are Eighty Thousand Plants—mosses and heaths—grass and flowers—shrubs and trees—with their seeds and blooms—fruits and woods—barks, gums, oils, gelatines, straws, saps, and leaves. Here are Back-boned Animals and Pulpy Animals—Jointed Animals and Branched Animals—so numerous and so varied that we cannot now mention even their classes and orders—yet these living creatures—their flesh and bones—their fat and

hides—their sinews and entrails—their tusks and teeth—their hair and horns and hoofs, are all within the Empire of Industry.

So that when we speak by Electricity and paint by Light—when we compress and combine by the weight of the Atmosphere—when we move over the waters by Wind, and by the action of the same element grind our grain—when we manufacture and travel by Steam—when we light our streets and dwellings by Gas—when we make the Waters a pathway and a power—when we span the river and tunnel the rock—when we get Heat from Coal—when we make clay into brick—when we build houses of baked Earth, of Stone, or of Marble—when we get implements and ornaments from the Metals—when we use fire to fuse hard substances and to harden soft substances—when we turn Sand into Glass—when out of lumps of cotton, balls of flax, and hanks of wool, we get thread, and from these form warp and woof—when worms clothe us with Silk—when we colour the plain surface, and from shapelessness bring forms of beauty—when from Bark and Reeds we get fabrics, and from refuse rags, materials for writing—when we speak by leaden forms, and by a kindred art bring near, things distant—when we tell the paces of the Sun and measure degrees of Heat and weight of Atmosphere—when by metal and wood and steam we supplant the power of the human hand—when we copy the life and beauty of Creation—when we imitate the processes of Nature—when we bring music from brass and wood—when we create poetry and philosophy and bring up History from its depths—when from God's earth we obtain necessaries, con-

veniences, and luxuries—when we save human labour, quicken it and facilitate it—when we convert, multiply, and preserve the riches of the Earth—when we obtain the quickest means of communication and motion—when—to sum up all—*when we get at the secrets of Nature and expound them—when we lay hold of the powers of Nature and employ them—when we take possession of the riches of Nature and dispose of them—*WHEN IN THE TEMPLE OF THIS EARTH WE TAKE OUR PLACE AS PRIESTS AND AS MINISTERS—then Industry performs its mighty work and fulfils its high destiny—then Man is obedient to the primitive commission—HAVE DOMINION OVER THE EARTH AND SUBDUE IT.

And when man shall have put all things terrestrial under his feet—He who at the creation bid him Subdue—and when he fell raised him that he might still be a conqueror—shall in real and gracious benediction say—“Well done, thou hast triumphed.” And then those of our race who have experienced the Industry of Divine Mercy—instead of weeping as the Ancient Hero—that there are no more worlds to conquer—shall have his two talents made four and his five talents ten—shall because faithful over a few things be made ruler over many things—and shall enter on a sphere in which he will be ever conquering, yet further to conquer—and in which there will be scope for everlasting triumph without the risk of discomfiture and defeat.

“So constituted is the mind of Man that his views enlarge, and his desires and wants increase, in the full proportion of the facilities afforded to their gratification, and indeed with augmented rapidity, so that no sooner has the successful exercise of his powers

accomplished any considerable simplification or improvement of processes subservient to his use or comfort, *than his faculties are again on the stretch to extend the limits of his newly acquired power.*” “Having once learned to look upon knowledge as power, and to avail himself of it as such, he is no longer content to limit his enterprises to the beaten track of former usage, but *is constantly led onwards* to contemplate objects which, in a previous stage of his progress, he would have regarded as unattainable and visionary, had he even thought of them at all.” These remarks apply both to diligence in this world and to activity in the next. But with greater force to the world to come. Here sometimes success is a snare—there it will be a healthful stimulus. Here men are often tempted, after they have won a few Prizes, to give up the struggles of the race—there each Goal will in succession become a starting-point, and the fullest possession will be the strongest impulse again to run in order yet to obtain.

Thus have we expounded (or attempted to expound) the Instincts of Industry—the circumstances by which these instincts are favourably affected, and the issue to which they lead. *And is there not, we may here ask, an Instinctiveness in Industry kindred to the Instinct of the Lower Animals?* Multitudes of men have never read the Creator's mandate—“Subdue the Earth”—and have no idea of subduing the earth; and yet these men perform actions the most splendid and constant with this one end—not in view—but as the certain result.

It remains to us to offer a few reflections on these facts and then to refer to that Exhibition of the

Industry of all Nations in our Metropolis which promises to be the leading event of the year.

1. *According to the doctrines of this Lecture the Useful Arts appear in the light of DUTIES.*

The Voice that said "Go preach the Gospel," is not more Divine than that which said "Subdue the Earth." And the latter is as really a Heavenly Mandate as the former. Men on the earth are under obligation to do their part in putting the earth beneath human feet. We lay stress on this, because some persons have a morbid and most dangerous view of industrial labour. Their idea is—that they serve God and do his will on Sundays—not on other days; in places of worship—not in scenes of common toil; by acts of worship—not by their daily calling. And they seem to sneak into the factory and into the mill—into the workshop and counting-house, as though they could not look God in the face, except when they pray and are in a house of worship. And irreligious men are hereby led to suppose that religion is antagonistic to the common pursuits of life. We protest against this doctrine. And we say—It is as really our duty to plough as to pray—to spin as to sing—to weave as to worship—to produce yarn as to preach. The fact that the Useful Arts are abused does not overthrow my position. At any rate, a Christian must not use this weapon against me. Few things have been so abused as Christianity; and if the abuse of Industry degrades it from a duty, the corruptions of Christianity would on this principle undermine its claims. Beside, the abuses of Industry are not its natural tendencies, but foreign inclinations which evil influences have set up.

2. *Upon religious men is laid the responsibility of meeting the claims of daily Industry without infringing other demands—and of shewing men that this is possible, desirable, and a duty.* “I have learned”—said Clement of Alexandria—“to tread upon the earth, not to adore it.” Most men are subdued by their own captives—ruled by the objects that have been subjected by their own power. A really religious man must prove himself an exception to this. He must keep the earth under his feet and act upon it in that relative position. We urge this suggestion especially upon the Christian young men in this Association, and we counsel you to *shew a superior Industry in your daily calling.* Let it be seen that your fellowship with things unseen and eternal fits you better to meddle with things seen and temporal—that as the falcon soars in order to swoop to its quarry—that you rise to heaven in order better to reach the mark that is fixed for you on earth. Let your Industry be fed by thoughts of religion—let it be stimulated by religious motives—guided by heavenly wisdom—sanctified by godly principle and consecrated to the highest ends. Make the closet of devotion both the porch and the sanctum of the House of Business. Go from God to men and from men to God. Leave Heavenly things for earthly and earthly things for Heavenly, and show that you are a better man of business because a man of God.

3. *Humility in the midst of Industrial Conquests may be secured by fixing our Eye on the Industry of God.*

That there is danger of Pride to the discoverer and inventor and skilful manufacturer, there can be no doubt. But there is one sure protection in this jeopardy. *Let us consider the works of God; and that will*

prevent our thinking of our own deeds more highly than we ought. What, for example, is the revolutions of the spinning-jenny contrasted with the rapid beat of a gnat's wing—and what the speed of steam travelling compared with the velocity of light! Does not the mechanism of the smallest watch sink into nothingness beside those regularly organized beings, many thousands of whose bodies might be compressed into the space of an inch? And what are our highest and noblest structures contrasted with the vast piles of matter that constitute the mountain range? Before God's works all art sinks into nothingness—and he who looks to nature while he exercises his ingenuity and skill, will feel that, however far he surpasses his fellow-men, he is at an infinite distance from the Great Worker, God. The man who lifts his eyes to the works of God will also know—that

“ The Globe knoweth not increase, either of matter or of spirit.
Atoms and thoughts are used again mixing in varied combinations ;
And though by moulding them anew, thou makest them thine own,
Yet have they served thousands, and all their merit is of God.”

4. *And let me here again remind you how intimately connected Industry is with true religion.*

The illustrious Roman already quoted says—“ All the application and management of inanimate things and of brutes for the use of mankind is effected by the industrial arts. But *the quick and ready zeal* of mankind for advancing and enlarging our condition is excited through the *wisdom and virtue of the best of mankind*. For virtue in general consists of three properties. *First*, in discerning in every subject what is true and genuine; what is consistent in every one; what will be the consequence of such or such a thing;

how one thing arises from another and what is the cause of each. *The next property* of virtue is to calm those violent disorders of the mind which the Greeks call *πάθη*, and to render obedient to reason those appetites which they call *ὄρμαι*. *The third property* is to treat with moderation and prudence those with whom we are joined in society, that by their means we may have the complete and full enjoyment of all that nature stands in need of; and likewise by them repel everything adverse that may befall us." According to Cicero—Intelligence—Self-Government and right conduct toward our fellow-men are essential to growth in the useful arts. These Virtues Christianity pre-eminently fosters. And we commend to you a religion that promotes the useful industry of mankind. Whether Christianity be true or false, it is a sublime fact. The system exists. And you have so read history as to know that less than two thousand years ago Christianity was not. And while the system itself is a great fact—its influence—its happy uplifting influence on people is undoubted. We do not say that all which is called Christianity has secured such results. But we say that the Christianity of the New Testament is adapted to bless the life that now is, and that it does this where it is purely and uncorruptedly carried out. Our understanding, our heart, and our conscience unite to commend to you the teaching of Jesus Christ. Take a New Testament—read it—meditate upon it—and you will find in it the strength in which young men glory and the wisdom which is needful to direct. My hopes for the Industry of all Nations rest mainly on the Gospel of Christ being preached to all nations.

A Word about the coming Exhibition. We rejoice in this undertaking. Many circumstances connected with it are intensely interesting. And among these circumstances is the fact that Prince Albert originated it. It is well for the country that *The Prince* is a lover of the useful arts. Had he been devoted to the dark arts of the Race Course and Gambling Table, some that are now against him would have been for him. We congratulate the country that so far as our imperfect knowledge extends—the husband of our Queen is in intelligence—studiousness—healthful activity—morality and endeavour to uphold what is right—an example to young men. He has not the name of King, but in good social influence he is a King. *That such an Exhibition is possible* in our times is another pleasing circumstance. The nation is not preparing for a contest of arms, but for the peaceful competitions of Industry. Europe and the world might have been in a state to render this impossible. Let us thank God an Exhibition of Universal Industry is possible. *The mere building for the Exhibition* has called forth ingenuity that otherwise would have been dormant. Glass and iron may do a yet nobler work in the country—cheaper buildings both for domestic and public purposes may be raised after this example—and it is said that the Tax on Windows will by the reflections of the Palace of Glass be for ever abolished. *Skill has been working all the world over*; and when the products are exhibited—mind will be put in motion—hints will be given—aptitudes will be discerned—clues will be taken—comparisons instituted and analogies seen. Already the industrial world has felt the stimulus. There has been inven-

tion and discovery. But when the products of the industrial nations shall be exposed to view—the effect will be beyond human calculation. As the barren rock is made an island by suns and frosts—by birds and creeping things—by sea-weeds and sea-reptiles—each contributing to fertility its own peculiar influence—and as the most fruitful country is rendered more productive, and the most lovely garden is made more beautiful by the casting in of seeds and by the planting of shrubs and trees—so many a mind that is now barren shall by the Exhibition of Industry be sown with useful thoughts and bear fruit in useful things—and minds now fertile, by more cultivation shall yield a richer produce—and the world shall give a more glorious increase for the Industrial Exhibition of 1851. And because foreign seeds will be brought hither and seeds will be taken hence which now are foreign to other lands, we here have means of making the industrial world like the ancient Eden in which grew everything good for food and pleasant to the eye. But lest in that Crystal Palace emotions of pride should spring up, I will remind you that in the transept of that building are left two old and stately elms, there to speak not so much for themselves as for all the works of God—

“ That Nature’s voice might seem to say—
 ‘ Well hast thou done, frail child of clay !
 Thy humble powers that stately shrine
 Task’d high and hard,—BUT WITNESS MINE ! ’ ”

The Cherubic Symbol.

BY

J. B. MELSON, ESQ., A.M., M.D., &c.

THE CHERUBIC SYMBOL.

EZEKIEL i. 28.

A DESIDERATUM of great importance to the world and to the church is supplied by such an Association as this. There is a class of subjects scarcely fit for pulpit disquisition, which yet cannot, with propriety, be treated of in any literary or scientific institution of merely secular pretensions. The theory of symbolisation belongs to this class, and perhaps no part of theological inquiry has suffered more from the deficiency referred to. A consequence of this neglect has been that theological truth has not kept pace in its unfoldings with the advancement of science in general; though no one denies that all truth is equally capable of, and equally demands, progressive development. God has spread out before us in the records of history, in the pages of science, and in his most holy word, so many scrolls on which are inscribed in characters perfectly legible all that truth which it is profitable for man to understand; in neither the one nor the other, however, does he encourage indolence in the investigator, but, on the contrary, diligence and zeal: and having furnished us with faculties capable of deciphering that truth which is the exponent of his

Power, Wisdom, and Goodness, on the one hand, or his Grace and Mercy in Christ Jesus on the other, a voice is heard from the innermost sanctuary of each temple, exclaiming—“Search”—“Prove all things”—“Then shall ye know, if ye follow on to know the Lord.” And yet, who knows not, that, whilst history has been developing her hidden riches more and more every year, and science progressing with more than électrical velocity, the spectre of heresy has rattled her chain around the moonlit prison-house in which those truths which are most important for man to know are cabined and confined?

A fearful fact has resulted. Whilst the good and sober have been appealing too exclusively to the records of a time-honoured prescription, the genius of the age has fabulised and rationalised what was real and concrete, and a hundred tribunals have usurped jurisdiction and set up their laws to the disparagement of the sole autonomy which God recognises,—the revelation and development of his own will. Hence is the personality of the Son of God invaded, though on the doctrine of the real union of the two natures all that is doctrinal in Christianity is based. Hence are we taught that though, after some mysterious fashion, it may be true that certain divine influences have been communicated to society at large, it is yet a childish thing to believe in the Son of God as being also an historical personage and the Son of the Virgin Mary. Hence is the personality of the Holy Spirit disputed, though upon its recognition is founded all that is living, active, and genuine in practical and

experimental godliness. Hence the personality of the grand adversary of our souls, though scarcely inferior in its importance as an element of the Christian's life and warfare to either of the aforementioned personalities, has been derided and mythicised, until by many who are nevertheless not ashamed to call themselves Christians it is treated as a nursery story, or an old wife's fable.

I do not claim for sacred symbolisation precedence in the pulpit, for I have already stated my opinion that such an Association as yours affords a more fitting arena for the discussion of what is in its very nature so speculative; nor in the professor's chair, where it may occupy a subordinate—and yet scarcely a subordinate—position: but I exhort you to open the Scriptures more fearlessly than you have heretofore done, and to expect that your diligent inquiries, conducted always in a spirit of meek and loving dependance upon the gracious aids of the Holy Spirit vouchsafed in answer to your faithful and fervent supplications, will result in a glorious elevation of your moral and intellectual status. Stop not in the Epistle to the Romans, all-transcendent as is its master-theme, the righteousness which is of God through faith; but pass on, ay, even into the Epistle to the Hebrews, with the triumphant watchword of that august expositor of symbols, "Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God, of the doctrine of baptisms, and of laying on of hands, and of resurrection of the dead, and of eternal judgment;"

and may I not say for you all—"This will we do, if God permit"?

I am not about to-night to enter upon the subject of symbolisation in general, nor even to attempt a discussion of the symbols of this prophet, Ezekiel. I have guarded against any impression of this kind by affixing a specific text, Ezek. i. 28, to my subject; which is *The Cherubic Symbol*. Even in the discussion of this august symbol, further limitation will be necessary; for so has it been travestied by the ancient Egyptian and Persian mythologies, as well as by Assyrian kings who have purloined its attributes and appropriated them to their own use in the sculptures and paintings of Babylon and Nineveh, that a night might be profitably spent in showing how the worship of Jehovah, by the blindness and perverseness of man, was made to furnish materials for the idolatrous exaltation of Baalim and Ashtaroth on the one hand, or by the pride of the human heart to minister even to the elevation of self "above all that is called God, or is worshipped" on the other. With the Egyptian Sphinx or Serapis, compounded as they were of the human and the quadruped; with the Persian Mithra, sun and bull; with the Roman Diana, horse, dog, and man; I have nothing to do this evening: there were rationalists in those days as in this; Layard and Nemroud, Strauss and Germany, succeed each other after thousands of intervening years, as the events of a mighty Providence roll forward in their vast cycles towards the consummation of all things.

Archæology and Philology I shall leave to take care of themselves this evening, and pursue plainly

and simply the thread of scriptural development in reference to the symbol of the Cherubim, hoping that I may at least furnish you, my dear young friends of this Association, with the germs of future thought; not doubting, for I am sure you will not so abuse the repute which, as a society, you have acquired throughout the length and breadth of the land—not doubting, I say, that when in after days you shall “draw near” to investigate for yourselves this glowing *emblem of the character and modes of operation of the Holy Spirit*, you will take your shoes from off your feet, remembering that the place on which you stand is holy ground.

We open then the book of Ezekiel; and full of divine mystery as it confessedly is, we are not so Jewish or so Popish as to fear to do this, knowing that it is a part of those sacred Scriptures, which He who spake as never man spake, with authority, and not as the Scribes, has commanded us to “search,” since “in them we have eternal life, and they are they which testify of him.” And here I will at once, and fearlessly, assert, that the reason why the book of Ezekiel is so little read and so little understood, is because its great function is not comprehended; and the great sin of the church—habitual contempt, or, which is the same thing, though couched in milder terms, habitual neglect of the offices of the Holy Spirit—bears upon this book with more fearful weight, perhaps, than upon any other book of the Old or New Testament.

What then is the special function of the book of Ezekiel? I answer, to set forth the offices of the Third Person in the ever-adorable and undivided

Trinity, and exhibit his œconomical subserviency to the Second Person in the work of man's redemption and salvation. Yes; not more fully are the glowing pages of Isaiah occupied with a delineation of Christ's birth, life, sufferings, death, and the glories which should follow; than is the sublime and majestic scroll of Ezekiel full from end to end of the illustration of that mighty agency, the Holy Ghost, whether viewed under the emblems of fire, air, or water, by which all should be accomplished.

With this key of interpretation in our hands, and distinctly recognising, in the promised Comforter, him whose all-comprising office it was to glorify Christ; what treasures of evangelical truth unfold themselves to our view in the book of the prophet Ezekiel! Confessedly mysterious as were the visions of God vouchsafed to him who, during the captivity, saw the heavens opened near the river Chebar, yet much of their obscurity vanishes, whilst much of their lofty import is developed, when they are regarded as emblematical of the character and modes of operation of that "Spirit of life," which animated the wheels whose "rings were so high that they were dreadful," burned like "coals of fire, and like the appearance of lamps" in the persons of the mighty Cherubim; and already "as the voice of the Almighty, the voice of speech, as the voice of a host" ministered to the majesty of him who sat upon the throne of sapphire, robed with fire, and surrounded by the "appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain," the covenant of mercy and of truth, for the establishment of which he should,

in the last ages of the world, submit to death, even the death of the cross.

“Blessed be the glory of the Lord from his place,” cried “the voice of a great rushing.” (Ezek. iii. 12.) Is not this the very language of the angels’ song on the plains of Bethlehem? What is the difference? “Blessed be the glory of the Lord,”—is not this synonymous with “Glory to God”? “from his place,”—what is this but “the highest”? but now “peace on earth, and good will toward men,” are seen to be not only compatible with it, but simply another form of its expression. “I heard also the voice of the wings of the living creatures as they struck against one another, and the voice of the wheels over against them, and the voice of a great rushing,” exclaims the rapt seer, as he prophetically records what in visionary anticipation he already beheld and heard, the Holy Spirit glorifying the God-man; as he afterwards did when he raised up Jesus from the dead; as he did when the same “mighty rushing wind” filled the house in which “this voice was made,” and “cloven tongues like as of fire”—fire from the brightness of the same Shechinah, sat upon each of the apostles, assembled on the day of Pentecost; as he did in the early ages of the Christian church; as he has ever since done; and as he ever will do until all men shall honour the Son even as they honour the Father. Where, than in Ezekiel, have we more distinct promises of sprinkled waters, of clean hearts, of new spirits, of hearts of flesh? and where more distinct declarations of the special agency by which all this good should be

effected? "I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them." We call Isaiah the Evangelical Prophet. Holds not Ezekiel also in his hand the pen of the Evangelist? Nay, more: as if crowned with the plenary inspiration and commission of the chief apostle of the Gentiles himself, points he not out who that Spirit is whom all true worshippers of Christ must possess; how that Spirit will operate upon their minds in bringing them to Christ; and what fruits of holiness, of hatred for sin, of peace and of joy in believing, that self-same Spirit will work in their hearts when they are Christ's? The magnificent vision of the valley of dry bones; and the agency—the Breath—the Spirit—by which they were re-animated: the stupendous proportions of the Temple, its lands, its waters, its trees bearing new fruits perpetually for food, and leaves which faded not, for medicine, its resident glory—that glory which is described in all its majesty in the first chapter of the prophet, for, "Behold the glory of the Lord filled the house,"—the perpetuity of that residence—"for ever," and the law of the house—"Upon the top of the mountain the whole limit thereof round about shall be most holy; behold, this is the law of the house:" the issuing waters rising higher and higher, setting forth the abundance of the grace of God and of those gifts of the Holy Spirit which should be given to the world in virtue of the atonement and mediation of Christ: what have we here to affright us, what to make us regard the book of Ezekiel as a sealed book? Nay, what have we not rather to allure, to

invite us, to entreat us to open it, that we may quench our thirst at its living fountains, bathe our wearied spirits in its sparkling streams, enjoy the genial glow of its sunny warmth, catch the inspiration of its gales, and join in its temple service—its raptures, and its praises, its seraphic cries, its cherubic exultations?

And now we confine our attention exclusively to that one glorious symbol which, whilst it spans like a rainbow the whole volume of Holy Writ from Genesis to Revelation, one limb sparkling amidst the trees of the terrestrial Eden, the other breaking in splendour before the throne in the celestial Paradise, has its clearest delineation, its most precise analysis, if not its loftiest mundane development, in the first chapter of the book of Ezekiel.

What is it? The prophet answers—"This was the appearance of the likeness of *the glory of the Lord.*" And this it is; neither more nor less.

And here I inquire, What is that object which we are severally, as Christians, most anxious to promote? The answer is one. The glory of God. An answer which contains within itself the refutation of that charge which is sometimes made against our common Christianity, viz. that it is a compound of selfishness and fear. Far otherwise. "Herein is the righteousness of God manifested, from faith to faith." Every individual act of faith, whilst it is the channel of grace to him who exercises it, is more especially to be regarded as an act by which God is glorified. The key to the whole meaning of this symbol is the word "*glory,*"—they are indeed what St. Paul designates them in the ninth of the

Hebrews, "the cherubim of glory." To glorify the Father, the Son came into the world. As he approached the hour of his agony, his prayer was, "Father, glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee." In like manner the Spirit's office is summed up in one word, "He shall glorify me." And David says, "He that offereth praise glorifieth me:" and that God is glorified by the glorification of his people is evident from the Saviour's words,— "And all mine are thine, and thine are mine, and I am glorified in them." But how is poor, feeble, guilty man to glorify God? The answer to this inquiry is furnished still again by the Saviour's intercessory prayer,— "And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one even as we are one: I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one." Now I ask, What can be the meaning of the word "glory" in this connexion? Look at the circumstances of the prayer: look at the clause itself analytically, and— if we may with reverence use the word in such a connexion—historically. It must mean the Holy Spirit, the Third Person in the adorable Trinity: it can mean no other. And here, in this august symbol, we have the perfect embodiment of the Divine Idea: and here all expositors of the doctrine of the Cherubim have lost their way. They have leaned too much to the material, and too little to the spiritual and œconomical; too much to the human, too little to the divine; too much to man, and too little to the glory of Christ. The consequence has been that the scope of our observation has been limited; a fair and legitimate induction

has been restrained; an advantage has been given to the enemies of the real and the concrete, in a word, of the basal and truthful; and rationalism has deluged the church, for want of that distinct acknowledgment of the personalities of our common faith which the word of God so richly and so incontrovertibly encourages.

This will appear more manifestly as we proceed. Some persons see little of the Holy Ghost in the Bible before the day of Pentecost. Now let me ask, Who inspired the sacred oracles? Who excused types? Ordained ceremonies? Instructed prophets? Portrayed and energised symbols? Who, in a word, has kept the church in existence to the present moment, actuating, directing, restraining, convincing, quickening, comforting, and sanctifying it, both in its individual members and in its aggregate capacity? The fact is, that from the time when—if that may be called time when time was not—from the time when in the counsels of the Godhead it was seen, even from before the foundation of the world, that the Son of God should give himself as a ransom for many, from that moment the Holy Spirit sprang forth to glorify him, and from that moment he has not ceased to glorify him.

And now the symbol requires our notice, though in a lecture so limited this must necessarily be very cursory and synoptical. You will, however, already see the scope of my remarks. This symbol, then, is not so much an image as an emblem; not so much a study of shape and form as of import. In conveying to you my views on this interesting theme I shall not attempt formally and severally to discuss

its History, its Analysis, and its Functions; but simply review its whole scope and development, assured that you will be able—and the theme of your contemplation will be a delightful one—to fill up the outline in your retirement more efficiently than I can hope to do in this hall this evening. And may He whose habitation is between the Cherubim shine forth upon us all, and enlighten our understandings by the effulgence of His glory!

The first representation of the cherubim is given us in Gen. iii. 24. We meet with it eastward of the garden of Eden. “So he drave out the man; and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubim and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.” “The voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day,” was now no longer a voice of comfort, but of dread. Man had fallen; transgression had brought its penalty; he was already subject to the fear of death. Still between him and this issue stood the tree of life: he might still eat and live for ever. God saw his wretchedness, and in mercy interposed; for what would life be but one protracted curse beneath the frown of the angry and unpropitiated Deity? His boon had become his bane. And as God’s favour was then, as it is now, better than life, that bright sword was drawn which can pierce even to the dividing asunder of the soul and the spirit, man must return to the ground from out of which he was taken, and eternal life was only to be secured through death and through the cross. A voice is heard, but it is from the Shechinah; communion may be held, but it must be from between the

Cherubim; a more spiritual œconomy is already inaugurated; man's attention is to be turned from the paradise of earth to the paradise of heaven; sacrifices already foreshadow the mediatorial atonement; and the first development of the spirit's operations is seen in *restraining* man from impending evil. How true—I will not say to nature, but—to grace is this delineation! How often by the same Spirit whose work is here foreshadowed, have we been in early youth restrained, long, perhaps, before we knew anything of his convincing energies, from committing some error which would have involved all our future destinies in darkness, some sin whose reproach long years of bitter repentance might never have obliterated! The Spirit is already at his work, glorifying the Son, and directing man's attention from the sacramental to the real, from the tree of life in Eden to the tree of life whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

The second verse in the thirty-third chapter of Deuteronomy may illustrate, moreover, the import of the cherubic flaming sword, where Moses in blessing the children of Israel before his departure exclaims, speaking of Sinai, "From his right hand went a fiery law," or, as the margin reads, "a fire of law." This sword is in fact, and can only be, "the sword of the Spirit." The fourteenth verse of the fourth chapter of Genesis, in which Cain, despairing of the Divine mercy, exclaims, "From thy face shall I be hid," may fairly be understood to mean, "From the cherubic face, which thou hast placed eastward of Eden, shall I be driven, and thus be unable to present an offering for my sin." In this light how

true his observation, "My iniquity is greater than that it may be forgiven!" David's crime, the same, presents us here with a remarkable analogy, "Cast me not away from thy face, and take not thy holy Spirit from me." "And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord."

I pass over Abel's sacrifice, "by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God *testifying* of his gifts," observing only that "faith" was the essential distinction between his sacrifice and that of Cain; that faith, which then, as now, could only be the result of the operation of the Spirit—a circumstance which again distinctly shows that the Third Person was now at his glorious work, glorifying the Son of God, whose atonement was adumbrated in the slain and offered sacrifices. And it is said, "God had respect unto Abel and to his offering."—an old phrase for "looked upon," or as the Septuagint renders the word, *ἐπείδεν*.

It is evident that not long after the period here referred to, the Cherubic Symbol was removed, and no longer stationary: and in different places and at different times, *e. g.* to Enoch, and to Noah both before and after the flood, God makes known his will by distinct utterances.

I pass on, however, to the fifteenth chapter of Genesis, where we have the Cherubic Symbol in a much higher development. We are told by Stephen that "the God of glory" appeared to Abraham in Mesopotamia and gave him that command in obedience to which, after various circuitous wanderings, we find him at last on the plains of Mamre. God converses with him there. A promise is given.

Faith is exercised in it. Abraham is justified. An inheritance is promised. Assurance is sought. In condescension to the prayer "Whereby shall I know that I shall inherit it?" a specific sign is vouchsafed, and a compact is entered into, after the usual method of a covenant, the party covenanting passing between the divided victims. Abraham's faith is accepted. He seeks assurance; it is conceded also. Now, there can be no mistake about the symbol here. "And it came to pass that when the sun went down, and it was dark, behold a smoking furnace, and a lamp of fire, that passed between those pieces." The form of covenant is observed, and God the Word is the covenanter (v. 1). The seventeenth verse, moreover, of this chapter, connected with the previous "horror of great darkness" mentioned in the twelfth verse, when compared with the thirteenth of Ezekiel the first, "As for the likeness of the living creatures, their appearance was like burning coals of fire, and like the appearance of lamps: it went up and down among the living creatures; and the fire was bright, and out of the fire went forth lightning," will still more confirm this view. Whilst the eighteenth Psalm will put it beyond the reach of doubt even to the most sceptical, "There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured: coals were kindled by it. He bowed the heavens also, and came down: and darkness was under his feet. And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly: yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies. At the

brightness that was before him his thick clouds passed, hail stones and coals of fire."

Here, then, in Mamre we have a further development of the symbol. The whole chapter is the illustration of Abraham's faith, and in his of all his children. One wonders that the Methodist body has not laid hold of this chapter, and made it peculiarly their own. But the fact is reverence for patristic authority has affected every denomination, and Watson's exposition of the Cherubic Symbol has closed the field of investigation. "If children, then heirs," heirs with Abraham of the same promise. Did God vouchsafe to him "the earnest of his inheritance?" so he vouchsafes it to us; his earnest was this symbol of glory, ours the glory itself. So that as eastward of Eden we saw the symbol restraining our first parents and testifying to the acceptance of Abel's sacrifice, so here we have it *witnessing* to the inheritance not so much of Abraham as of Abraham's seed. Moreover, in *the furnace* here passing with the lamps of fire we have the type of the children of Israel (Deut. iv. 20; 1 Kings viii. 51; Jer. xi. 4) themselves, as well as the symbol of the divine presence—both parties walking symbolically in the midst of the dichotomized victims, after the fashion of a covenant.* The whole of this fifteenth chapter of Genesis, viewed in this light, becomes a rich evangelical development, in which the Father of the faithful, his seed in prophecy, and the Triune, Covenant-keeping God, are most beautifully displayed. In this furnace

* Collate with Heb vi. *ad finem*

of coals, with its smoke and its lamp, moving up and down between the slain birds and beasts, we almost see, as in a panorama, the scenes of the wilderness before produced to the eye of Abraham's faith, the pillar of cloud by day, the pillar of fire unfolding and infolding itself by night. And to this we now turn, taking Horeb and its burning bush on our way.

We pass, then, by Jacob's vision at Bethel and Peniel, and other patriarchal manifestations, to look in passing into the third of Exodus. The Angel of the Lord appears unto Moses in the burning bush. The bush burns, but is not consumed. God calls Moses. It is the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and no other. "And Moses hid his face; for he was afraid to look upon God." It is the same glorious Being who appeared to Abraham in Mamre; for he says (ver. 17), referring to that very covenant, "I have said I will bring you up out of the affliction of Egypt." It is the same also who led the children of Israel through the wilderness; for Stephen, before the raging Sanhedrim, tells us, speaking of Moses, "This is he that was in the church in the wilderness, with the angel that spake to him in mount Sinai, and with our fathers." He who schechinized in the bush (Deut. xxxiii. 16), and spoke to his servant from out of the fire, now says, "I will be with thee," "I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee." Here then we have the Spirit again at work, *commissioning* his servant, promising him strength, and wisdom, and utterance, as he commissions in this day the ambassadors of God, and promises to each, "I will be with thy mouth and teach thee." The elements

of this glorious vision are few and simple—the bush, the flame, and the voice. What a type at once of the commissioner, and the commissioned! On the one side the “Word made flesh,” tabernacling with us, and displaying his glory: on the other, a poor weak child of earth, carrying the Divine commission, his bosom filled with the fire of the Spirit, yet not consumed.

“ Like Moses’ bush we mount the higher,
And flourish unconsumed in fire.”

But time warns: and we must be more brief. We have by this time reached a point of our argument when *words* represent *ideas*, and your deductions already outrun mine. I will follow you quickly.

And now God having selected a people, sets them apart. Things assume a different form. The Jewish commonwealth is established. They are the people of God. It is a theocracy. A king must have his throne. Commands are given to Moses to construct it. The tabernacle of witness was set up in the wilderness: and those cherubic forms which had been previously only set forth and formed by God’s immediate power, were now to be made by his appointment. In the twenty-fifth of Exodus we have the instructions given for the formation of the mercy-seat and the Cherubim, the table, the candlestick, with the instruments thereof—in a word, the ark and its furniture. In the previous chapter we find Moses, with Aaron, Nadab, Abihu, and seventy of the elders, called up into the mountain, and favoured with a view of the God of Israel. Under his feet was a paved work as of a sapphire

stone, and as it were the body of heaven in its clearness. But Moses and Joshua are called still higher up into the mountain, and a cloud covered the mount, "and the sight of *the glory of the Lord* was like devouring fire on the top of the mount," when Moses went into the midst of the cloud, and abode there forty days and forty nights. We now understand the meaning of the words, "And look that thou make them after the pattern that was shewed thee in the mount." The symbol, then, is the same, though now materialised. It is but a representation; but, "the example and shadow of heavenly things," says St. Paul. Still on that bright mercy-seat the light of heaven struck, and from it has ever since been reflected: but oh, how different this light from that which is merely physical! Its brightness and its revelations are increasing every day with the distance it traverses; and when it is diffracted by the sharp outline of any intervening obstacle, Oh, how glorious is the array of colours with which it fringes them! how increasing in splendour and beauty every day as this world's history rushes on to its conclusion!

It was a glorious day for Israel when the angel of the Lord, between the crystal walls of the Red Sea, removed from the van to the rear of their hosts, baptizing them in his transit with his glory—for the Israelites were baptized in the cloud as well as in the sea, with the Spirit as well as with the water,—it was a glorious night for Israel, when the cloud, half brightness and half darkness, shot forth at once comfort and dismay to God's people and God's enemies; "The waters saw thee, O God, the waters

saw thee, they were afraid, the depths also were troubled, thine arrows went abroad, the voice of thy thunder was in the heavens, thy lightnings lightened the world, the earth shook and trembled, thou leddest thy people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron!" But glorious as was that day, it had no glory by reason of the glory that excelleth. The Cherubim were lost with the ark, but "we heard of it at Ephratah, we found it in the fields of the wood;"—the true tabernacle which God pitched and not man; God himself was made flesh, and tabernacled with us, and we beheld *his glory*, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth;—outward manifestations are dimmed, the true light now shineth: the church of the wilderness, veiled like her great prophet, then looked into the mysteries of grace fitfully as the Dweller between the Cherubim lighted up occasionally the mercy-seat; now the glory of the Lord is revealed, the shadows are passed, and the day-star from on high has visited us.

That the cherubim were formed out of the substance and matter of the mercy-seat, exhibits most lucidly the union of Christ and his Spirit in this great work: whilst their attitude sets forth at once the direction of faith, its intensity, and its object—the propitiation, whose benefits are only to be applied by, and understood in the light of the Holy Ghost. What a bright embodiment of the fact that the Holy Spirit is inseparably connected with this work, and that his eye is ever upon it! What an exposition of the text, "For through him, we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father!"

“ But Solomon built him an house.” And here, as in the tabernacle in the wilderness, the ark was deposited in the holy of holies; and this inner sanctuary and its veil were covered with cherubic figures. No part of the construction of this temple was conducted with greater care than the olive-tree cherubim, each ten cubits high, which were placed so as to cover the ark and overshadow its cherubim. Here we have at once both a multiplication of the cherubim, and a considerable enlargement of their dimensions. At the prayer of the dedication, “ The house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord, so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud; for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God.” The day was a day of joy. The wanderings of Israel had not only ceased but their government was permanently established. All was praise; and even the attitude of the new cherubim was changed, as if in conformity with this fact. They look not down on the mercy-seat; but stretch forth their wings on high, from one side of the sacred enclosure to the other. As before we saw the Holy Spirit guiding the Israelites in their pilgrimage, so here we have him beautifying the place of his glory. To this place—to him “ whose fire was in Zion, and his furnace in Jerusalem,”—the Israelites were to repair three times a year: one condition on which a Jew’s prayer was to be heard, according to the prayer of Solomon at the dedication, was that it should be directed towards this temple; and how scrupulously by the pious this was complied with, the instance of Daniel in Babylon sufficiently proves.

But a change passes upon Israel's fortunes. The temple is destroyed. Its furniture is scattered. Ark and cherubim are lost. By the rivers of Babylon captive Judah weeps, she weeps as she remembers Zion. But is there no pious remnant left, and has God forgotten to be gracious? Far otherwise. By how much the darker the night, by so much the more brightly shines across the tempest-driven ocean the friendly beacon-flame. By how much the blacker the bosom of the thick summer-cloud, by so much the more vivid the lightning that cleaves its gloom. So amid the ruins of the Hebrew commonwealth, and the desolations of its temple-service, the voice of prophecy is heard more distinctly than ever, and the manifestations of the Divine glory become brighter and brighter. The dispensation being still one of externalism, the manifestations of the Divine Spirit were still to be from without: but now their character is more elevated; and as the material substratum of their display was lost, the spiritual is, by the Almighty power of God, brought in to supply its place. Accordingly in Ezekiel, in Daniel, and in Isaiah, even the emblematic is now detached from the physical and the gross, and the gorgeous representations made to the prophet Ezekiel by the river Chebar present themselves to our view.

Everything indicates a mightier and more determined activity in the spiritual world. "A whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire infolding itself, and a brightness was about it, and out of the midst thereof as the colour of amber, out of the midst of the fire. Also out of the midst

thereof came the likeness of four living creatures." The cherubim are then described. "Every one had four faces, every one had four wings." The human prevails. They had hands under their wings. And the four faces which each had, were those of an eagle, a lion, a man, and an ox. "Two wings of every one were joined one to another, and two covered their bodies. And they went every one straight forward: whither *the spirit was to go*, they went; and they turned not when they went. As for the likeness of the living creatures, their appearance was like burning coals of fire, and like the appearance of lamps: it went up and down among the living creatures; and the fire was bright, and out of the fire went forth lightning. And the living creatures ran and returned as the appearance of a flash of lightning." Now, I mean to assert that no human language can more vividly or more powerfully delineate the operations and influences of the Holy Spirit than this; much less can any emblematic representation presume to put itself in competition with it. The fruit of the Spirit is one, the emblem is one and undivided both in essence and in action. In Gal. v and Eph. v. you have that fruit described. In one you have a nine-fold enumeration of graces, in the other a three-fold; the formulæ vary, the thing is the same—you may sum up Christianity in one word—love; or in three—righteousness, peace, and joy. The thing is the same; for what is righteousness, but love down-coming; peace, but love indwelling; joy, but love out bursting? Let me illustrate one of these formulæ from the emblem—it may suffice to direct

your meditations, and I can attempt no more this evening.

Peter, then, after bringing us into contact with our great High Priest, clad in the girdle of his ministrations, with the breastplate of Urim and Thummim,—that light and perfection by which are made over to us all we as Christians possess, even those precious promises whereby we are made partakers of the Divine nature,—exhorts us to give all diligence, and add to our faith, courage; and to courage, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity. What a catalogue! But all represented here. Add to your faith,—they four had the face of an eagle,—courage,—they four had the face of a lion;—and to courage, knowledge,—they four had the face of a man;—and to knowledge, temperance and patience,—they four had the face of an ox;—and to patience, godliness (devotion),—the cherubim are represented as covering their faces with their wings;—and to godliness, brotherly kindness,—every one's wing was joined to his fellow's (the wings kissed one another, marg. Ezek. iii. 13), and they turned not as they went;—and to brotherly kindness, charity,—this was the fire which burned like molten brass in him who sat upon the throne above their heads, “from the appearance of his loins even upward, and from the appearance of his loins even downward,” which pervaded the whole Symbol, the life and light of all. Up to this standard every grace may be brought, and by it tested. But it is evident I cannot enlarge.

“But as I beheld,” exclaims Ezekiel, “the living creatures, behold one wheel upon the earth by the living creatures, with his four faces;”—the wheels have one colour, and one appearance, their work as a wheel within a wheel, they go on their four sides, and like the cherubim turn not as they go: full of eyes round about, and full of life, for the spirit of life was in the wheels also; when the living creatures went, the wheels went by them; whithersoever the Spirit was to go, they went. But actuated as they are by the same Spirit that constrains all things in earth and heaven to glorify the Son, yet their independent character, their form, the fact that they support not the firmament over the heads of the cherubim, and seem detached from it though ministering to those who do support it, accompanying them as by their own spontaneous action, denote beings of a different order. When spiritual chromatics are better understood, it may perhaps be found that principalities and powers in heavenly places have their analogue here, whether it be in the Spirit that actuates them, or the work of mediation and atonement which they “desire to look into.”

Above the heads of the living creatures was the firmament like the terrible crystal. Upon the firmament and floating in its liquid blue was the sapphire throne,—all “in likeness” and “in appearance,” in a word, in emblem,—and “upon the likeness of the throne was the likeness of the appearance of a man, above upon it. And I saw as the colour of amber, as the appearance of fire round about within it, from the appearance of his loins even upward, and from the appearance of his loins even down-

ward, I saw, as it were, the appearance of fire, and it had brightness round about. As the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain"—the Covenant-God is here, and here his emblem,—so "was the appearance of the brightness round about. *This was the appearance of the likeness of the glory of the Lord.* And when I saw it, I fell upon my face, and I heard the voice of one that spake."

And now that I have reached my text, I had better close my sermon. A few rapid thoughts and I have done. To follow this august vision through Ezekiel, as it analyses itself occasionally before our view, to interpret its language, to describe the method of its introduction into the temple, and the glories that followed, were quite foreign to my object. To excite your attention, your reverent, and prayerful, and, let me add, loving attention to these things, is all I desire, and I know I shall succeed.

Daniel then is the last of the prophets who sees this august vision. It disappears from earth. But is the glory lost? The voice of prophecy is no more heard; but the world stands like a vast temple from which that glorious voice had died away, restless to catch the anthem's burst again. And now it breaks upon the plains of Bethlehem. Its key-note "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, goodwill towards men." The angel of the Lord descends upon the shepherds, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them. Wise men from the East come to visit the babe, "And, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was." The tabernacle is re-

stored to Israel; not that which man pitched, but God,—the tabernacle of David which had fallen down was rebuilt, “that the residue of men might seek after the Lord.” Had the former temple its glory, how much more this! “In him dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.” The Word was made flesh, and schechinized among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. And now, until his glorification, the Holy Ghost could not be given, and was not given. In every step of his life we see him ministered unto by angels, and glorified by the Spirit. As at the proclamation of his birth, and even before it, so at his presentation in the temple and at his baptism. Is he to undergo such temptations as none else could pass through unscathed? he is led *by the Spirit* into the wilderness. At his transfiguration how bright the glory which lights up first his countenance, and then whitens his vestments so as no fuller on earth could whiten them! To his death he accompanies him, for “through the Eternal Spirit” it is that he offers himself to God, without spot or fault. What means that cry on Calvary, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” he is left alone in his own person to bear the weight of our woe. He sleeps in death: he is raised by the same spirit—the Spirit of Glory. The disciples remain still steeped in ignorance, because the Spirit’s work is as yet exclusively confined to him. He converses with them on the top of Olivet, and having told them where to wait for “the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon them,” a cloud received him out of their

sight, and the everlasting doors are lifted up to admit into the realms of light the triumphant King of Glory.

“And when the day of Pentecost was fully come,” “suddenly” upon the assembled apostles and disciples came there “a sound from heaven as of a mighty rushing wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting,” and “cloven tongues like as of fire sat upon each of them.” We seem to be at once re-introduced into the glorious visions of Ezekiel: and the more the first part of the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles is collated with the first chapters of Ezekiel, the more strikingly will the analogy be forced upon our attention. Here is no voice of the living creatures or of the wheels, but “a voice was made,” as we find in the sixth verse of the second of the Acts,—“now when this voice was made,”—the voice of the Spirit unquestionably. The system of externalism is passed, and the power of the Holy Ghost which had had its representation in the Saviour, now glorified, has henceforth to have its representation in those who are to be glorified finally together with their risen head. There was no fire flashing like lightning from one cherubic figure to another, but cloven tongues, as of fire, sat upon each of them; flames no longer fleeting, but permanent and enduring, for he who had prayed that the glory which he had with the Father before the worlds were might be given to his disciples, has had his prayer answered, and his promise shall be fulfilled,—“He shall abide with you for ever.” These are flames which lick not their way back again to heaven, but will stay on earth till the last ransomed son of Adam

shall have shouted defiance to the gates of hell before the fires of the final conflagration. There was here the "mighty rushing" which Ezekiel continually heard; and though the voices of wheels, and the voices of wings clapping in gladness one against the other, are not heard; yet *voices* were not wanting, for every man heard his brother converse in his own tongue; nor *gladness*, for all were telling forth the wonderful works of the Lord. There was here no king seated on his sapphire throne floating in a firmament like the body of heaven in its brightness above the heads of the symbolic creatures; but down from that temple once destroyed, but now after three days built up again,—down from the temple of Christ's glorified body in heaven—

"The temple filled with light divine,"

were streaming those rays of glory which now rested on every head and filled every heart, reflecting back in mirrored beauty every grace of the Spirit, the very image of the Son of God.

Man's body had now become the temple of the Holy Ghost, who, as symbolised in these dividing and divided flames, was dispensing already to every man as every man had need. The dispensation of the Spirit—the dispensation of glory—is inaugurated. And if the ministration of death, and its evanished glory, was glorious, how shall not the ministration of the Spirit be rather glorious? If the ministration of condemnation be glory, much more doth the ministration of righteousness exceed in glory. "Now the Lord is that Spirit, and where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty." And "We all with open face

beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, as of the Lord the Spirit."

Stephen before the Sanhedrim and the opened heavens, Saul on the way to Damascus met by the same glory, and many other detailed insights into the mystery now before us, might have detained us, had time permitted. Pray look at them leisurly in this aspect; and the symbol of "glory" will throw a light around them, and open out a meaning in them, which perhaps has not heretofore attracted your attention.

I said that one limb of this Scripture-spanning arch glittered among the trees of the terrestrial, and one broke in splendour before the throne of God in the celestial paradise. It would have been delightful to me to have followed the Symbol through the visions of the Patmian seer: but this, to-night, is impracticable. This much, however, I must say, to prevent misconception in some minds,—confound not the earlier visions of the Apocalypse with the later; the historical which synchronize with the church in her passage through the dark and troublous times of persecution, neglect, and apostasy, with the pure glories and untarnished splendours which burst upon us in the last two chapters of this transcendent scroll. The former visions are still of development, and will respond to the same system of interpretation, when you have settled your scheme of prophetic chromatism, and investigated the meaning of each feature of the gorgeous scene as well as each distinctive shade and colour in it. But in the latter the New Jerusalem

descends as a bride adorned for her husband, having the glory of God, but no temple; no sun or moon, for the glory of God doth lighten it; no vials of wrath, for there shall be no curse there; no clouds or darkness, for there shall be no night there; no sea of glass, for there the living waters issue; no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away. Up to this period we hear of elders, and living creatures, and judgments, and vials of indignation; but now the beast, and the false prophet, and Satan, are removed from the theatre of their operations, the kingdom is given up to the Father, and God is all in all. Clad in the embroidery of the Spirit, her epithalamium chanted by attendant angels, the church now lives and reigns with her Lord for ever and ever. You talk of crystal palaces: call them palaces of iron and of clay. Her streets are of gold, like unto transparent glass: her twelve gates are severally twelve pearls: her wall is of jasper: her foundations precious stones, each inscribed with the name of an apostle of the Lamb: the *nations only of them which are saved* shall walk in the light of *it*: and there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defleth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they only whose names are written in the Lamb's book of life.

Nine years ago, in an Essay on Missions,* I gave it as my opinion that the Cherubic Symbol was an emblem of the character and modes of operation of

* "Who is my Neighbour?" p. 57. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

the Holy Spirit. Everything since that time has confirmed my former judgment. The key to its interpretation is furnished us by Paul in the New Testament, and by Ezekiel in the old. They are "the cherubim of glory," they are "the appearance of the likeness of the glory of the Lord." Accordingly we have very summarily tracked this light that shines on the pathway of the church from the terrestrial to the celestial Eden. "I am the way," says Jehovah Jesus, here is the light that reveals it: "I am the truth," here is the great preacher that expounds it: "I am the life," here is the Spirit that inspires it.

We have seen this symbol *restraining* our first parents in paradise; *witnessing* to the acceptance of the sacrifice of Abel; *assuring* Abraham of his inheritance in Mamre, at once the *sign, seal, and earnest* of that inheritance, received after he had been accounted righteous through faith in Christ, and in answer to his importunate entreaty, "Whereby shall I know that I shall inherit it?" in whose example the faithful children of Abraham in all ages "after that they have believed were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession, unto the praise of his glory." We have seen the symbol connected with the *commissioning* of Moses; and in this we have seen a type of that commission which every faithful minister of God must receive. We have seen it *guiding, defending, and comforting* the children of Israel in their wanderings, and showing forth the very method in which the Spirit still *guides, defends,*

and *comforts* God's Israel in our own day. We have entered Solomon's temple, and seen it *beautifying* the place of the Divine residence with its infoldings and its unfoldings until the priests could no longer minister by reason of "the glory." We have seen the same symbol mysteriously connected with the *revelation of God's will* to Ezekiel, Daniel, and Isaiah, and with the glowing representations of *regenerating, quickening, and sanctifying* energy with which the pages of the prophet of Chebar abound. Daniel saw the glory in its cherubic chariot ascending into heaven, the shepherds beheld it returning again to earth. This glory conducts the wise men to Bethlehem, and clothes the top of Tabor with its fleecy light; it receives the Conqueror as he rises triumphant, enriched with the spoils of death and of hell. The glory carries him up into heaven from the heights of Olivet, and descends in flame upon the heads of the disciples at Jerusalem. filling the room where they were sitting.

Thus have we brought distinctly to view two intercessors: one on high, the Saviour on his mediatorial throne; and one on earth, the Holy Spirit in our hearts. One on high, pleading our cause; the other within us, equally sympathising with us in our difficulties and trials, prompting all that prayer which is prayer, energizing all that desire which is desire, and groaning within the strong outbursting of our spirits his unutterable groan. His will the Father knoweth, and his will alone perform.

Here, then, is a symbol which, in its mysterious connexion with the Holy Spirit and his operations throughout the Sacred Scriptures, asserts distinctly

the personality of the Holy Ghost; exhibits his economical subserviency to the glorification of the Son, and that *personally*, as to Christ himself, being the very agent by which his kingdom is established on earth, his only Vicegerent—though the Pope says he is; his only Vicar—though the Pope says he is; and *cosmically* as to the world at large, sealing at one time the earth in the aggregate as the Redeemer's purchase, and now the Christian individually: the only connexion in all ages between earth and heaven. In the patriarchal, Levitical, and prophetic ages limited in his operations to times and places, and certain forms of revelation; but in the Christian dispensation affording to the man of God continuously, at all times and in every circumstance of need, access to the mercy-seat on high. The proper appreciation of these truths is what the age in which we live desiderates; then would men cease to act as if, in their fondness for ecclesiological antiquities and emptinesses, they would rather have a piece of the old ark of gopher wood, than the true tabernacle which God pitched and not man; a slip from Aaron's rod which budded, than the branch which sprung from the root of Jesse; the manna-pot of the wilderness with its venerable reminiscences, than the bread which descended from heaven; the old tables of stone on which the finger of God wrote the decalogue, than the law of love written on the fleshly tables of their hearts by the finger of the Holy Spirit.

That objections may easily be started to this view of the symbol I am fully aware. But I think they

may be as easily answered. One perhaps of the most obvious should have a passing notice.

It may be thought that the union of the four living creatures, in the fifth chapter of the Revelation, with the four and twenty elders in the new song, "Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood," &c., militates against our view of the case. Now, I think when it is properly regarded, and taken with all the context, especially the last verse of the chapter, it is most highly corroborative of it. Were this the place for textual criticism, reference might be made to the position of the living creatures in the preceding chapter, to the important amendment of the text in verse 10 of the chapter before us, to the fact that by one commentator at least the word "us" is expunged in the ninth verse, and to the responsive character of the whole composition. One thing, however, is certain; that this song will never be sung by the ransomed from the earth, but as they are inspired to sing it by Him whose office it is to glorify Christ: and when the mighty theme has been responded to by angels, and everything in heaven and in earth, the living creatures *alone* pronounce the loud amen, whilst the four and twenty elders *alone* fall down and worship him that liveth for ever and ever. The fact is no breath of prayer or praise, either on this side or that of the pearly gates of the Celestial Paradise, can be of any avail or at all acceptable, except as it is at once the dictate and the reflection of the will of God the Spirit.

I commend this subject to your consideration, my dear young friends : assured that if I have done no more this night than direct your attention—your prayerful and loving attention—to this august Symbol, the hour will, neither on your part, nor on mine, have been spent altogether in vain.

The Authority and Inspiration of the
Holy Scriptures.

BY

ROBERT S. CANDLISH, D.D.

THE AUTHORITY AND INSPIRATION
OF
THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

THE authority and inspiration of Holy Scripture form one subject. According to its inspiration, so is its authority. And if the Bible is not inspired, in the full sense of that term,—in the sense of its being literally the word of God,—the whole question as to the degree of weight to be attached to its statements becomes a matter of discretion and doubt; reason, or intuition, or whatever else the knowing faculty in man may be called,—is constituted the ultimate and only judge; and in all that relates to our acquaintance and intercourse with the Supreme,—in the whole vast problem of the settlement of our peace with God, and the adjustment of the terms on which we are to be with Him for ever,—we have absolutely no distinct and authoritative expression of the Divine mind at all. We are left entirely to the guidance of the higher instincts of our own nature, and of such finer particles of the historical Record,—such flowers of Biblical fact or

argument or appeal,—as these instincts may happen to grasp. In short, we have no external standard or test of religious truth,—no valid objective revelation,—no “thus saith the Lord;”—but only such a measure of insight as a good and holy man, by the help of what other good and holy men have written, may attain into the Divine Ideal, which the aching void and craving want of the human soul either creates and evokes for itself, or welcomes when presented from whatever quarter, and by whatever means.

This is especially the state of the question with reference to the turn which modern speculation, in religious matters, has taken.

For a revolution has come over the camp and kingdom of the freethinkers—whether philosophers or divines.

Formerly, the battle of the Bible was to be fought chiefly on the ground of historical testimony and documentary evidence. The possibility at least,—if not the desirableness,—not to say the necessity,—both of an express revelation from above, and of an infallible record of that revelation,—was acknowledged;—and upon that acknowledgment, the method of procedure was well defined. Two steps were required. In the first place, good cause must be shown for connecting the two volumes we now call the Old and New Testaments, and these alone, with the entire body of proof for the supernatural origin of our religion, which miracles, prophecy, internal marks of credibility, and other branches of the evidence of a Divine Revelation, afford. And in the second place, these volumes being thus attested and accredited—by the whole weight of proof that accredits and attests the

religion itself with which they are identified,—it followed that they must be allowed to speak for themselves, as to the manner in which they were composed, and the measure of deference to which they were entitled. Thus the two questions, of the canon of Scripture, and the authority of Scripture, fell to be discussed in their order, immediately after the evidences of Revealed Religion. The Divine origin of Christianity being established by the usual arguments, together with the genuineness and authenticity, as historical documents, of the books from which we derive our information concerning it—the way was open for inquiring, *first*—On what principle have these books come to be separated from all other cotemporary writings, so as to form one entire and select volume—the Holy Bible—held to possess a peculiar character, and to be considered exclusively and *par-excellence* Divine? And, *secondly*—In what sense, and to what extent, is the volume thus formed to be regarded as the word of God,—how far is it to be received as dictated by his Spirit, and as declaring to us authoritatively his mind and will? This last inquiry, supposing the other to have been satisfactorily adjusted, sought and found its solution within the volume itself; and whatever it could be fairly proved that the Bible claimed to be, in respect of its inspiration,—that, it was admitted, it must be allowed and held to be. For at that stage of the Christian argument, the Bible had established a right to speak for itself, and to say what kind and measure of submission it demanded at the hands of all Christian men.

Such is the method of proof applicable to this subject, as it used to be discussed formerly, in the Pro-

testant Schools and Books of Divinity. And such, we venture to think, is the only fair and legitimate method of proof still; at least, if the sound and cautious principles of the Baconian logic, or the inductive philosophy, are to have any weight at all allowed, or any deference paid to them, in the province of religious belief. By a rigid investigation of its credentials, we ascertain that Christianity is the true religion,—that it is of supernatural origin,—that it is a Divine Revelation, divinely attested. On an examination of written records and documents, we find, that this religion of Christianity, thus proved to be Divine, is identified with a volume entirely *sui generis*,—that the whole force of its own Divine authority, and of the Divine attestations on which it leans, is transferred to that volume—that the volume, in short, is the religion which has been proved to be Divine, and is therefore itself Divine. Thereafter, we consult the volume itself to discover what it tells us of its own composition and claims: and whatever it tells us concerning itself, we now implicitly believe.

But a new aspect of the question meets us, as we come in contact with the speculations of modern times. Not only the antecedent probability, but the very possibility of an infallible external standard of faith, is doubted, at least in some quarters, and wholly denied in others. A subtle sort of refined mysticism,—offspring of the transcendental philosophy meeting with a certain vague fervour of evangelical spirituality,—has entered the field; and the atmosphere has become dim with the haze and mist of a vapory and verbose cloud, in which nothing is clear, nothing distinct or

defined, but the vast sublime of chaos seems again to brood over all things.

§ Among others who have contributed to this result, we may name Schleiermacher in Germany, and the poet Coleridge among ourselves; although it is due to our great and good countryman to remark, that many who are indebted to him,—and these not merely among the more openly sceptical, such as Francis Newman, Parker, and Martineau, but even among the schools and circles of far more evangelical thinkers,—have improved upon his hints, bettered his example, and so out-Coleridged Coleridge that the philosophic bard might with almost as much justice protest against being identified with his followers, as Wilkes the patriot did when he denied that he had ever been a Wilkite.

At the same time the impulse given by the profound and transcendent genius of Coleridge, has been one chief cause or occasion of the style and method that has become fashionable, of late years, in treating of the inspired authority of the Bible. His famous opprobrium of Bibliolatry,—flung in the face of old-school, Bible-loving, evangelical Christians,—has become a by-word and watchword in the mouths of men, whom to name in the same breath with Coleridge would be to offend alike against high intellect and pure spirituality. And even some minds of better mark, themselves railing against the mere echoes with which, instead of voices, they say the orthodox world resounds, have not scrupled to ring the changes on this poorest of all echoes,—the unintelligent echo of a not very intelligible conceit,—filling the air with the cry of Bible-worship, and making it out that to receive the Bible as the word of God is as gross

idolatry and superstition as to revere the Pope in the character of the Vicar of Christ.

With this modern form of opposition to the infallibility of Holy Scripture, it is not very easy to deal. In the first place, it is in itself very intangible, unfixed, obscure; being negative rather than positive. And it is apt, moreover, to take shelter in a sort of studied indistinctness; making a merit of abstaining from plainness of speech, and creating such a vague alarm as leads timid men to be thankful for any measure of forbearance, and to shrink from asking explanations, or wishing to have the inquiry carried further home.

A notable instance of this occurs in a tract of Archdeacon Hare, in which he speaks of himself and those who think with him, as "finding difficulty in the formation and exposition of their opinions on this mysterious and delicate subject,"—"hesitating to bring forward what they felt to be immature and imperfect," and "shrinking from the shock it would be to many pious persons if they were led to doubt the correctness of their notions concerning the plenary inspiration of every word of the Bible."* So far good, Mr. Archdeacon. This may be a reason why, "refusing to adopt the popular view on the subject, you do not straightway promulgate another view." But might not this hesitancy of yours incline you to speak a little less offensively of the popular theory than you sometimes do, seeing that you have nothing better to put in its place?† Might it not also suggest

* Letter to the Editor of the English Review, p. 26.

† The Archdeacon quotes from Akermann, with a manifest adoption of the sentiment as his own, a passage in which that author speaks of the position of the writers of the Bible, on the

the suspicion that possibly you do not really understand that very popular theory itself so well as you think you do? And, above all, does it never occur to you that this sort of bush-fighting is unfair to your opponents, and that they are entitled to demand from you a practical repudiation of the popish doctrine of reserve—as well as a distinct, articulate, and manly avowal of what you hold the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be?

But we must do what we can to thread our way through the misty labyrinth. And accordingly, passing from preliminaries, we now propose to indicate, rather than discuss—for we can do little more than indicate—four successive topics, as those which, in our opinion, a thorough inquiry into the subject before us should embrace.

I. The conditions of the question should be ascertained. What previous points of controversy are to be held as settled? And what meaning is to be attached to the terms employed?—II. The method of proof ought to be adjusted. What are the lines theory of plenary inspiration, as being the position of “drawers wherein the Holy Ghost puts such and such things,”—whose “reciency, with reference to the Spirit inspiring them, was like that of a letter-box.”* Is any man entitled thus to caricature, distort, and insult the opinion deeply and devoutly held by his fellow-Christians and fellow-countrymen, and yet to make a merit of his refusal to state explicitly and unequivocally his own views, which he would substitute in its stead? If he says he has no views that he can explicitly and unequivocally state, that is another matter. Let him say so; and let the controversy be adjusted accordingly. But let him not affect the praise of tenderness to tender consciences and scrupulous understandings, without explaining what he means.

* “Mission of the Comforter” Appendix, p. 500.

of evidence bearing upon the investigation? And what is their precise amount and value, whether separately or in combination?—III. The sources of difficulty are to be candidly and cautiously weighed. And IV. The practical value of the doctrine is to be estimated, with especial reference to the right fixing of the limits between Divine authority and human liberty, and the vindication of our protestant submission to the teaching of the Spirit, in and by the Word, from the imputation of its being analogous to, if not virtually identical with, the popish prostration of the intellect, and heart, and will, beneath the blind sway of a spiritual monarch, or a traditional Church. These, then, are our heads.

I. There are several preliminary matters in regard to which we ought to have a clear and common understanding, before we enter directly upon the argument we have in hand. Three of these, in particular, we must briefly notice, however imperfectly.

§ 1. A Divine revelation of the mind of God, is a different thing from a Divine action on the mind of man. To some, this remark may sound like a self-evident truism; but the turn of modern metaphysical speculation in certain quarters renders it necessary to make it.

According to what is now a favourite theory of our mental constitution, we are possessed of a two-fold reason: the one, the lower, or logical faculty, which deals with truth in the region of experimental knowledge, and deals with it mediately, through the processes and forms of ratiocination and language; the other, the higher, or intuitional faculty, which has for its object the spiritual, the transcendental, the infinite, and which grasps its object immediately, by

a sort of super-sensual instinct, and without the intervention of the ordinary means, or *media*, of human thought. To the cognisance of this latter faculty belongs the idea of God, and of whatever pertains to his character, government, and law. Whatever real insight we have into the being and perfections of God, is by the intuitional faculty, or by intuition. Hence it is inferred that the only way in which God can make discoveries of himself to man, is by quickening his intuitional faculty, and so giving to his higher reason a new sense and sight of things Divine. In this way, all Revelation is resolved into one grand process of subjective illumination, which God has been carrying on by a great variety of methods since the world began. In short, according to the theory we are now adverting to, Revelation is not oracular, but providential. The Scriptures are not in any proper sense the oracles of God, nor do they convey to us direct, logical utterances of the Divine mind. They merely contain materials fitted to exercise a wholesome influence, by awakening into more intense and lively action our own intuitional powers, through the contagion of sympathy—the force of example—and whatever Divine impulse may lead us to kindle our torch at the Divine fire we see burning there so brightly.

For that a Divine fire does burn in the Bible is not denied. It burns in the wondrous history of the Church as there unfolded, from its first germ in the homes of the pilgrim Patriarchs—through all the stirring vicissitudes in the Jewish annals of captivity, deliverance, wilderness wanderings, wars, and victories, gorgeous pomps, and temple services—

down to the full development of faith and fellowship ushered in at Pentecost. It burns, also, in the heroic lives and deaths—the words and deeds—of all the holy men of whom the world was not worthy—the martyrs, prophets, apostles, raised up in succession to receive the gift of a Divine intuition, and spread the savour of a Divine unction all around. Especially it burns in the person of the Divine Man who lived in Galilee and died on Calvary.

§ Thus, throughout the Bible, a Divine fire burns,—whose flame the sympathising student may catch. And in this way, imbibing the spirit of the Scriptural narratives and the Scriptural personages, so manifestly spiritually moved—and spiritually moved himself—he may gain an insight into things Divine, otherwise beyond his reach; and in a sense come to see Him who is invisible.

Now this vague and perhaps sublime recognition of a certain sort of divinity in the Bible, is manifestly inconsistent with the idea of its being, in any fair meaning of the term, a revelation of the mind of God. It becomes, in this view, merely one of the means by which God acts upon the mind of man. The Bible is in no respect different in kind from Fox's Book of Martyrs, or the Scottish Worthies, in which also the Divine life is manifested, through the actions and sufferings of divinely gifted and divinely aided men. There may be a difference in degree between God's teaching us thus in the Bible, and his teaching us in the same way in these other works. But there is no difference in kind.

To call this a revelation is an abuse of language. And it is fitted to impose upon the unwary. Let

me take the liberty of warning you against the imposition. The distinction between a real revelation and this spurious counterfeit adroitly substituted for it, is as broad as it is vital.

It is one thing for a king to leave his subjects to gather his mind from what they may see of the conduct of his officers and captains, whom he admits nearest to his person, and who may be presumed, therefore, to have the best opportunities of knowing him, and to be most strongly attached to him by the ties of loyalty and love:—it is quite another thing for him to make an express communication of his mind to his subjects, and to use the agency of his officers and captains in making it. That nothing is to be learned of his mind in the first of these two ways, we are far from saying; nay, we admit that the teaching of the Bible is, in many parts, of that indirect nature, in so far, at least, as the use we are to make of its inspired narrative is concerned. Still Revelation, properly so called, is something different. It is not merely a depository or receptacle of sundry influences fitted to act upon my mind. It is God himself making known to me, and to all men, his own. It is God speaking to man.

§ 2. Inspiration, as connected with Revelation, has respect, not to the receiving of divinely communicated truth, but to the communication of it to others. This again might seem so self-evident, as scarcely to need its being stated. But in certain quarters, there is great confusion of ideas upon this very point.

It is admitted by all deep thinkers—it is a great doctrine of Scripture, that spiritual things can only be spiritually discerned. Let these spiritual things be

set forth ever so clearly, in the plainest forms of speech, so that an intelligent man can have no difficulty in ascertaining what is meant, and in laying down correct propositions upon the subject, still the things themselves cannot be fully grasped by the mere logical faculty or understanding; the higher reason or intuition, which alone is conversant with the infinite and the absolute, must be called into exercise; and even it cannot take in the things of the Spirit of God, to the effect of their becoming practically and powerfully influential, without an operation of that same Spirit upon the mind itself, purging, quickening, elevating the mental eye, so as to make it capable of the divine, the beatific vision.

All this is true; or, in other words, it is true that no communication of the mind of God to me from without, even if it were made to me directly and immediately, in express terms, by God himself, could give me a real spiritual, satisfying, and saving knowledge of God, if he did not also, by his Holy Spirit, touch and move me within, in my inner man, giving me a spiritual tact and spiritual taste to discern spiritual things.

Now, such an action of the Spirit of God, in and upon my spirit, with a view to my spiritually apprehending spiritual truth, may be called in a certain sense inspiration. And if there be due warning given of the unusual sense in which the word is to be employed, no great harm is done.

But it becomes a snare, or a juggle, when it is the occasion of confounding the Spirit's action upon me, for my own enlightenment and edification, with the use the Spirit may make of me, for conveying his

mind to others. The inspiration of a disciple is one thing ; the inspiration of an apostle is another.

A little child in the kingdom of God is inspired :— he is breathed upon—he is breathed into by the Holy Spirit—he has imparted to him a capacity for knowing God and apprehending things Divine, higher far than man's proudest intellect can boast. He has a God-given eye to see, and a God-given heart to feel, the very eye and heart of the Eternal Father, as he looks down from heaven in love, to embrace all that believe in his Son. Tender as he may be in age, and but ill-instructed in the schools of human learning, that little child has in him the Spirit who searcheth all things, even the deep things of God ; and in respect of all that pertains to his saving acquaintance with the Most High, he may be greater than the greatest of the prophets.

Nevertheless there is an inspiration proper to the prophet, as a revealer of God's will, which the little child, as a learner of it, does not need, and does not possess. This last sort of inspiration may be less intuitional and spiritual, so far as the immediate recipient of it is concerned, than the other ;—and therefore to him far less valuable. It had been better for Balaam personally, had he been taught as a little child by the Spirit to know the will of God, for his own salvation, rather than used as a prophet by the Spirit, almost as involuntarily as his own dumb beast, for making known the will of God to others. The question here, however, is not as to the comparative advantages of these two operations of the Spirit, but as to the essential distinction between them. Our sole concern at present is not with what the Spirit does when

he works faith in the heart, but with what he does when he employs human instrumentality for communicating those truths which are the objects of faith.

§ 3. One other remark, under this head, must be allowed. The fact of inspiration is a different thing altogether from the manner of it. The fact of inspiration may be proved by Divine testimony, and accepted as an ascertained article of belief, while the manner of it may be neither revealed from heaven, nor within the range of discovery or conjecture upon earth.

But it may be asked, What are we to understand by the fact of inspiration which is to be proved? And especially, What are we to understand by the inspiration of the Bible?

To this we answer generally, that we hold it to be an infallible divine guidance exercised over those who are commissioned to declare the mind of God, so as to secure that in declaring it, they do not err. What they say, or write, under this guidance, is as truly said and written by God, through them, as if their instrumentality were not used at all. God is in the fullest sense responsible for every word of it.

Now we do not much care about the definition of the term being more precise than this. It is of very little consequence whether you call this verbal dictation or not. It is equivalent to verbal dictation, as regards the reliance we may place on the discourse, or the document, that is the result of it. Only to speak of it under that name, is to raise a question as to the manner of inspiration—the very subject into which we refuse to be dragged. For the same reason, we refuse to discuss a topic which used to be too much a favourite among religious writers—that of

the different kinds and degrees of inspiration necessary for different sorts of composition. The mode of Divine action upon the mind of the speaker, or writer, is not the point at issue. It is enough to maintain such an action as makes the word spoken, and the word written, truly and all throughout, the very word of God.

Oh! but this is a mechanical theory of inspiration, cry some. We, for our part, prefer the dynamical! The prophets and apostles were dynamically inspired, not mechanically!

Formidable words! which it would puzzle many who use them most familiarly, to translate into plain English, and plainly distinguish from one another.

But if what they mean is this—that God, by his Spirit cannot so superintend and guide a man speaking, or writing, on his behalf, as to secure that every word of what the man speaks or writes is precisely what God would have it to be,—and that not merely the whole treatise, but every sentence and syllable of it, is as much to be ascribed to God as its author as if he had himself written it with his own hand—if they mean that God cannot do this, without turning the man into a mere machine—if this be what they mean—then we have to tell them that the *onus probandi*, the burden of proof, lies with them. They must give some reason for the limitation they would impose upon the Divine omnipotence. They must show cause why God may not employ all or any of his creatures infallibly to do his will and declare his pleasure, according to their several natures, and in entire consistency with the natural exercise of all their faculties.

God may speak and write articulately, in human

language, without the intervention of any created being, as he did on Sinai. He may cause articulate human speech to issue from the lips of a brazen trumpet, or a dumb ass. He may constrain a reluctant prophet to utter the words he puts in his mouth, against his will, as in the case of Balaam : or so order the spontaneous utterance of a persecuting high priest, as to make it an unconscious prediction, as in the case of Caiaphas. But is he restricted to these ways of employing intelligent agents infallibly to declare his mind and will ?

Let us see how this matter really stands. Let us eliminate and adjust the conditions of the problem.

It is an important part of the Divine purpose that, for the most part, men should be employed in declaring his mind and will to their fellow-men ; men rather than, for example, angels. Several good reasons may be assigned for this. Two, in particular, may be named here.

(1.) For the purposes of evidence, this is an important arrangement. A Divine Revelation needs not only to be communicated, but to be authenticated ; and the authentication of it must largely depend upon human testimony. Take, for example, the Four Gospels. These are not merely the records of our Lord's ministry, but the proofs of it. It is upon the historical authority of these documents that we believe Christ to have been a historical personage, and to have said, and done, and suffered the things ascribed to him. But the historical authority of the Gospels rests very much, not only on the external evidence in their behalf afforded by the writers of the first and second centuries, but also on the internal

evidence arising out of a comparison of them among themselves. And here, great stress is justly laid upon their essential agreement, amid minute and incidental differences. There are enough of variations between the accounts they give of Christ, to preclude the idea of a concerted plan, or of design; while there is so entire a harmony throughout as to make it manifest that they are all speaking of a real person, and that person the same in all. In short, we have four independent witnesses to the facts of our Lord's history;—proved to be independent, by the very differences that are found in their depositions;—differences not sufficient to invalidate the testimony of any of them, but only fitted to enhance the value of the whole, by making it clear that they did not conspire together to deceive.

Such is the actual result of a fair collation and comparison of the Four Gospels, as they stand.

Now to secure that result, it is manifest that the Spirit, in inspiring each Evangelist, must act according to that Evangelist's own turn of thought and memory, and must direct him to the use of expressions such as shall at once convey the mind of the Spirit in a way for which he can make himself thoroughly responsible, and shall also record the *bonâ fide* deposition of the Evangelist, as a witness to the transactions he narrates.

Nor is there any incompatibility between these two things. Take an illustration. Let it be supposed that any one—say such an one as Socrates—has spent three years in teaching, of which he wishes an authentic, and self-authenticating, record to go down to posterity. Four of his favourite pupils,—or

two, perhaps, of these, and two other students writing upon the immediate and personal information of men who had been pupils,—prepare four separate and independent narratives, all availing themselves more or less of the reminiscences current in the school. The four narratives are submitted to the revision of Socrates. He is to correct and verify them, so as to make each of them a record for which he can become himself out and out responsible. And yet he is not to prune and pare them into an artificial sameness. Would he have any difficulty in the task? Could he not easily revise each narrative, with such attention to the minutest turn of phraseology as to imply that he sets his seal to every word of it, and owns it to be what he is prepared to stand to as an exact record of his sayings and doings? And would he ever dream of reducing all the four to one flat level of literal uniformity, obliterating all the nice and delicate traces of truth and character that are to be observed in different varieties of men, honestly and correctly testifying, each according to his own genius, to the same fact, or to the substance of the same discourse? What, then, in the case supposed, would be the result? Socrates would have four *memorabilia*, or records of his memorable deeds, for each of which, in virtue of his revisal of them all, he would be as thoroughly responsible, down to the very sentences and syllables, as if he had himself written it with his own proper hand; while each, again, would preserve the freshness and naturalness of its own separate authorship; and the whole together would carry the full force of four independent testimonies to the credit of the life which

Socrates actually led, and the doctrines which Socrates taught.

The case is really the same, so far as this consideration is concerned, whether it be verbal revisal afterwards, or verbal inspiration beforehand. The Spirit is as much at liberty to dictate and direct the writing of four different accounts of Christ's ministry, according to the different minds and memories of the compilers he employs, as Socrates would be to sanction four different reports of his teaching, taken down by four of his followers of very various capacities and tastes, and submitted for his *imprimatur* to himself. An exact agreement in accounts given by different persons of things done or said, is not essential to the integrity of the narrators; it would often be a proof of preconcerted fraud. Neither is it essential to the integrity of one revising their several accounts under the responsibility of becoming himself virtually accountable, as the author, for every one of them. It cannot, therefore, be fairly regarded as inconsistent with the integrity of the Holy Spirit, that, in inspiring the four evangelical narratives, he should give to each the impression of its own characteristic authorship; so as to make them severally tell as distinct attestations, upon the faith of independent witnesses, to the things that were said and done by the Lord in Galilee and in Judæa.

(2.) For the purposes of life, and interest, and spirit, as well as for the purposes of evidence, the arrangement in question is important. The Bible would have been comparatively tame and dull, if it had come to us as the utterance of an angelic voice, or as all at once engraven on a table of stone. Its power

over us largely depends upon its being the voice of humanity, as well as the voice of Deity; and upon its being the voice, moreover, of our common humanity, as expressing itself in various ages, languages, situations, and modes of thought. A stiff thing, indeed, would the Revelation of God have been if it had been proclaimed once, or twice, or ever so often, by an oracular response from a Sybil's cave, or by a heavenly trumpet pealing articulate words in the startled ear. God has wisely and graciously ordered it otherwise. He inspires men to speak to men—men to write for men. And he inspires men of all sorts; living in various times and countries; occupying various positions; accustomed to various styles. He inspires them, moreover, as they are,—as he finds them. He does not put them all into one Procrustes-bed of forced uniformity. He uses them freely, according to their several peculiarities. They are his instruments; but they are his instruments according to their several natures, and the circumstances in which they are severally placed. Every word they write is his; but he makes it his by guiding them to the use of it as their own.

Doubtless there is some difficulty in our thus conceiving of this Divine work. But it is not a difficulty that need affect either our understanding of the Spirit's meaning, or our recognition of his one agency throughout, amid all the diversities of composition he may employ.

Thus, as to the first, with reference to our understanding the Spirit's meaning when he thus variously inspires the various writers of the Bible, we must apply the same sagacity that we would bring to

bear upon the miscellaneous writings of a human author. A mass of papers, written or dictated by a friend, or a father, comes into my hands. They are of a very miscellaneous character, with a great variety of dates, ranging over many years of time, and almost every clime and country of the globe. They consist of all manner of compositions, in prose and poetry,—historical pieces,—letters on all sorts of subjects, and to all sorts of people,—antiquarian researches,—tales of fiction,—with verses in abundance, lyric, dramatic, didactic, and devotional. I receive the precious legacy, and I apply my reason to estimate and arrange so welcome an “*embarras des richesses.*” And here there are two distinct questions; the first, What can I legitimately gather, out of the materials before me as to the real mind of the author on any given point? and the second, What weight is due to his opinion or authority? Assuming this last to be settled,—and it is the fair assumption,—what remains as to the first? There may be very considerable difficulty in dealing with it, and much room for the exercise, and, let it be added emphatically, for the trial of my candour, patience, and good faith. There is not a little confusion, let us say, in the mass of materials to be disposed of; it needs to be examined, assorted, and classified. There may be room for inquiry, in particular instances, as to how far, and in what manner, the author means to express his own views in the narratives and stories, or in the poetical productions, or even in his abrupt, off hand, and occasionally rhetorical reasoning. There may be need of a certain large-minded and large-hearted shrewdness, far removed from mere word-catching, and able

to enter into the genuine earnestness with which the writer throws himself always into the scenes and the circumstances before him,—and even, when he employs an amanuensis, into the habits of thought, and the very manner of expression, of his scribe. The papers of any really great man might furnish an example of what we mean.

Now, in a sense quite analogous to this, the Bible may be said to consist of the papers of God himself. They are very miscellaneous papers: every sort of character is personated, as it were, in the preparation of them; every different style of writing is employed; every age is represented, and every calling. There are treatises of all sorts, which must be interpreted according to their respective rules of composition. And yet an intelligent reader can discriminate between the discoveries God makes of himself respectively in the inspired history of the Pentateuch, or in the inspired drama of Job, or in the inspired reports of Christ's own teaching, or in the inspired reasoning of Paul's epistles,—just as accurately as he can gather a human author's real sentiments upon any point from a comparison of his different writings—the plays, and poems, and tales, and histories, and treatises, and sermons he may have composed. His mind is not indicated in the same way in each and all of these various kinds of writing. It is discovered more directly in some, and more inferentially in others. Still, they are all his writings; he is responsible for every word of each; and, taken freely and fairly together, they authentically declare his views.

Nor, again, on the other hand, need we have any serious difficulty in recognising the one Divine

agency that pervades the various compositions which the Bible comprehends within itself.

Let it be assumed that God meant to compose a book, such as should at once bear the stamp of his own infallible authority, and have enough of human interest to carry our sympathies along with it. He may accomplish this by a miracle in a moment; the book may drop suddenly complete from heaven; and sufficient proofs and signs may attest the fact. Even in that case, unless the miracle be perpetual, the book once launched has the usual hazards of time and chance to run in the world; in the process of endless copying and printing it is liable to the usual literary accidents; and in the course of centuries, sundry points of criticism emerge regarding it. But instead of thus issuing the volume at once and entire from above, its Divine Author chooses to compile it more gradually on the earth, and he chooses also to avail himself of the command he has of the mind and tongue and pen of every man that lives. He selects, accordingly, chosen men from age to age. These he does not turn into machines; they continue to be men. They speak and write according to their individual tastes and temperaments, in all the various departments of literary composition: the prince, the peasant, the publican, the learned scribe, the unlettered child of toil, one skilled in all the wisdom of Egypt, another bred among the herdmen of Tekoa,—men, too, of all variety of natural endowments, the rapt poet, the ripe scholar, the keen reasoner, the rude annalist and bare chronicler of events, the dry and tedious compiler, if you will,—all are enlisted in the

service, and the Divine Spirit undertakes so to penetrate their minds and hearts, and so to guide them in the very utterance and recording of their sentiments, as to make what they say and write, when under his inspiration, the word of God, in a sense not less exact than if, with his own finger, he had graven it on the sides of the everlasting hills.

Many questions, doubtless, will arise to exercise the skill and tact of readers, and put their intelligence and good faith to the test; for it is to intelligence and good faith that this volume of miscellanies is committed. In the case of any author writing in various kinds of composition, it often becomes a nice point of criticism how far and in what way he is to be held as giving any opinion of his own; as, for example, when he narrates the speeches and actions of others, or when in an abrupt play of argumentative wit he mixes up the adversary's pleas with his own, or when he uses parables and figures, or when he adapts himself to the state of information and measure of aptitude to learn among those for whom he writes, or when he writes in different characters and for different ends. On the principle of plenary inspiration, it is of course assumed that the same sagacity and good sense will be applied to those various works of which God is thus the author, as we do not grudge in a case of voluminous and versatile human authorship; and it is confessed that the whole inquiry regarding the books to be included in the collected edition of the works, the purity and accuracy of the text, and the rules of sound literal interpretation, falls within the province of the uninspired understanding of man.

kind, and must be disposed of according to the light which the testimony of the Church, the literary history of the canon, and other sources of information may be found to afford.

But what then? Does this detract from the value of our having an infallible communication from the Divine mind, somewhat fragmentary, if you will, and manifold, as having been made "at sundry times and in divers manners," *πολυμερως και πολυτροπως*, but still conveying to us, on Divine authority, and with a Divine guarantee for its perfect accuracy, the knowledge of the character and ways of God, the history of redemption, the plan of salvation, the message of grace, and the hope of glory? Or does it hinder the assurance which, under the teaching of the Holy Ghost, a plain man may have, as the Scriptures enter into his mind, carrying their own light and evidence along with them, that he has God speaking to him as unequivocally as one friend speaks to another,—but with an authority all his own?

We have dwelt so long upon our first topic—which is the preliminary work of clearing the way—that we must hasten rapidly over the remainder of the ground. In particular we must dismiss, almost without remark, the second and third branches of our subject, which we do the more willingly, because they are found admirably discussed in many excellent and easily accessible treatises, and because the principles upon which they are discussed in these treatises are really not substantially affected by those transcendental speculations, which threaten to involve the whole question of a Divine test or

standard of truth in hopeless and inextricable confusion.

The method of proof, and the sources of difficulty, are the two points next to be considered.

II. In regard to the first—the method of proof—we may briefly indicate the line of evidence that seems most simple and satisfactory; only premising again that we must assume an acquiescence in the truth of Christianity, and the genuineness of its books as historical documents, when we go on to ask what character they assume.

§ 1. First, then, we start with the undoubted fact, that Jesus and his apostles recognised the Old Testament Scriptures as of Divine authority, and divinely inspired. This is clear from the use they made of them in all their discourses, and in all their writings.

It must be remembered that, in our Lord's day, the sacred books of the Jews existed, not as miscellaneous works of different authors, having different claims upon men's attention and belief, but as one volume, of which God throughout was held to be the author. The contents of the volume were well defined. It had its well-known division into three parts. But it was always freely quoted and referred to as one complete whole; and the words contained in it anywhere, in any of its parts, were always cited as Divine. We do not here inquire into the formation of the Jewish canon. That is a matter of history involved in much obscurity. When, how, and by whom, the writings of Moses and the Prophets were collected, revised, and published as one book—by what authority and under what guidance—we may be unable to ascertain. But that does not affect the

notorious fact that the book did exist, as one book, in our Lord's day; and that it was so well known as having the character of a peculiar, a sacred book, that any allusion made to it by him and his apostles could admit of no misapprehension.

Now, whenever either he, or they, do allude to that book, or any portion of it, it is in language implying in the strongest manner its Divine authority and inspiration. Such phrases as "It is written"—"Well spake the Holy Ghost by the mouth of" such a one—"The Scripture saith"—"David in the Spirit calleth him Lord"—these and similar forms of expression will readily occur to all of you; together with such exhortations and testimonies, as "Search the Scriptures"—"Then began he to open up to them the Scriptures and to show that Christ must needs have suffered and have risen from the dead"—"These were more noble than the men of Thessalonica, in that they searched the Scriptures daily whether these things were so." The whole manner of speaking of the Old Testament, which we trace in the sayings and writings of Christ and his apostles in the New—is such as to be wholly incompatible with any other idea than that of its full and verbal inspiration: and cannot but convey to a simple reader the impression that they, at least, regarded every word of that Testament as Divine.

§ 2. There are manifest traces, in the teaching of Christ and his apostles, of the design to have a volume, and of the actual forming of a volume, under the New Dispensation, corresponding in respect of authority and inspiration to that existing under the Old, and equally entitled to the name of the Scrip-

tures, or the Word of God. Not to speak of the presumption that this really would be the case—since surely God could not be expected to provide less security for the gospel being infallibly transmitted among the families of men, than for the law being so transmitted—and not to dwell on the plain intimations Christ gave of his design to have his own words perpetuated upon earth, and to endow his apostles with the gift of the Holy Spirit, for the utterance, as well as for the understanding, of all truth,—it is impossible to read the epistles generally, without perceiving that we have in them the gradual compiling of books that are to lay just claim to a place in the New Testament volume. And in particular, it is impossible to evade the force of Peter's testimony, classing the writings of his brother Paul among the well-known Scriptures—as to whose Divine character there could be no doubt.*

Here, again, we may be at a loss to explain, historically, the settlement of the Christian canon. This much, however, seems plain enough. The early Christians had every reason to believe and be sure that inspired narratives of gospel history, and treatises on gospel truth, would be forthcoming. They were assured by the apostles themselves that such narratives and treatises were actually forthcoming. And when called to discriminate between these and other publications, they were in the best possible circumstances for knowing and judging what were Divine and what not. That they were, in point of fact, guided to a correct discrimination in the main, must be evident to every one who considers the cautious

* 2 Pet. iii. 15, 16

pains they took, and the scrupulous jealousy they exercised, in admitting books into the canon, as well as to any one who compares the books actually admitted with those of the like kind discarded or rejected. The contrast is so striking between the most doubtful of the canonical books and the very best of the apocryphal, or the patristic, in point of doctrine, sentiment, taste, sense, and judgment—that scarcely any one can hesitate to admit that the early Christians were, indeed, guided to a sound conclusion when they recognised the present set of works as composing the New Testament scriptures—which they had already been led beforehand to expect, and which they had been taught to place upon the same level, in point of inspiration and authority, with the Old Testament scriptures themselves.

§ 3. And now, at this stage, we are fully warranted in applying to the Books, both of the Old and New Testaments, viewed as a whole, whatever testimonies we find anywhere in the Bible to the plenary character of the inspiration of Scripture. Among others, including the familiar formulæ of quotation already noticed—two in particular stand out; the first, that of Paul (2 Tim. iii. 16)—“All scripture is given by inspiration of God;” and the second, that of Peter (2 Pet. i. 20, 21)—“No prophecy of the scripture is of any private interpretation. For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.”

In the first of these passages, inspiration is plainly ascribed to Scripture, or to the written word;—not to the conception of Divine things in the mind. but to the writing down of Divine things with the pen.

In so far as inspiration can be predicated of any scripture or writing at all, it must, according to this testimony, be inspiration reaching to the very words, or language, written down.

The other passage, again, giving the reason why no prophecy, or no revelation, of Scripture is of any private interpretation, uses phraseology singularly explicit and strong: "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." And the argument implied is a striking confirmation of this view. It is briefly this. No human author should have his meaning judged of by any single, isolated observation or expression, in some one portion of his works. You are not at liberty to fasten upon a single sentence, as if it must needs be exclusively its own interpreter, and as if out of it alone you were to gather the author's mind on any point at issue. He is entitled to the benefit of being allowed to explain himself; and you are bound to ascertain his views, not by forcing one solitary passage to interpret itself, but by comparing it with other passages, and from a fair survey of the scope and tenor of his whole writings, collecting what he really means to teach.

The Author of the Bible, argues the apostle, has a right to the same mode of treatment. If, indeed, each holy man of God had spoken simply by his own will, then the Bible would have many authors, and each author must speak for himself; his teaching, apart from that of others, must be self-interpreting. But if holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, then the Bible has really but one author, the Holy Ghost. And in dealing with it, you are to deal with it as one whole,—the product of one

mind—the collection of the miscellaneous works of one Divine Author.

§ 4. Finally, to a mind rightly exercised upon them, and above all, to a heart influenced by the same Holy Spirit who breathes in them, the Scriptures evidence themselves to be of Divine authority and Divine inspiration. This is a great and glorious theme, into which we would fain launch forth. But we must forbear.

One remark only we have time to make, in reference to a somewhat unfair objection that has been raised against this branch of the proof of inspiration. It is admitted that some books and passages of the Bible do commend themselves to the honest mind and pious heart as Divine. But what impress of Divinity does any one feel or own in the genealogies of Matthew and Luke, or in the dry catalogue of names in the tenth chapter of Nehemiah? The question is almost too absurd to deserve a reply; and yet very spiritual and transcendental philosophers have condescended to put it. Of course, it is a mere trick of argument, a poor and paltry hit. My child feels the letter I write to him to be from me. He feels my spirit breathing in it all throughout the words of simple fatherly fondness that I address to him. It is my father's letter, all through, he cries. I trace his loving heart in every syllable of it. My own actual handwriting may not be on the page: sickness, or some casualty, may have made an amanuensis necessary. But my boy knows my letter nevertheless—knows it as all my own—knows it by the instinct, the intuition of affection, and needs no other proof. And what would

he say to any cold, cynical, hypercritical school mates, who would ask, But what of your father do you discern in that barren itinerary with which the letter begins—the dry list of places he tells you he has gone through; or in that matter-of-course message about a cloak and some books with which it ends? How would he resent the foolish impertinence! How would he grasp the precious document all the more tightly, and clasp it all the closer to his bosom! You may be too knowing to sympathise with me, he will cry. But there is enough in every line here to make me know my father's voice; and if he has been at the pains to write down for my satisfaction the names of towns and cities and men—if he does give me simple notices about common things, I see nothing strange in that. I love him all the better for his kindness and condescension; and whatever you may insinuate, I will believe that this is all throughout his very letter, and that he has a gracious meaning in all he writes to me.

III. The sources of difficulty, in connexion with this subject, are many; nor is it wonderful that it should be so, and that the lapse of time, and the loss of nearly all cotemporary information, should render the solution of some perplexing questions impossible. There is much that is incomprehensible in the doctrine, or fact, of inspiration itself, and not a few things in the inspired Scriptures confessedly hard to be understood. Objectors are fond of multiplying and magnifying these difficulties,—drawing them out in long and formidable array, and giving them all the pomp and circumstance of successive numerical enumeration. In point of

fact, there are two classes to which they may all be reduced.

§ 1. There are critical difficulties connected with the canon, the original text, the translations, and the interpretation, of the Scriptures. Several elements of uncertainty are thus introduced which, it is alleged, go far to neutralise the benefit of an infallible, plenary inspiration.

Now it is admitted, of course, (1) that the question of the canon, or what books are to be received as of Divine authority, or what books do the Scriptures contain,—is a question of human learning—(2) that the original text of the sacred books has suffered from successive copyings, and must be adjusted by a comparison of manuscripts—(3) that all translations, ancient and modern, are imperfect—and, (4) that the ordinary rules of criticism must be applied to the interpretation of the Bible. No doubt, these things imply a measure of uncertainty attaching to the Scriptures as we now have them; though far less than in the case of any other ancient book, as facts prove, and as there are obvious reasons to explain. But what of that? Because we, at this distance of time and place, can have but an approximation now to the inspired volume as it originally, in its several parts, came directly from God,—does it therefore follow that there was no inspiration of the original books at all? Or that we would have been as well off if there had been none?

The strangest perversion of mind appears among our opponents upon this point. One learned Theban, for instance, head of a public School, a profound An-

glican divine,* objects against our view of inspiration, as precluding the application of criticism to the settlement of the text, or the interpretation of the meaning of the Bible. We would have imagined it to have an exactly opposite tendency. If the Scriptures have God as their author, it surely concerns us all the more on that account, to have them submitted to the most searching critical scrutiny. What pains do critics take with the remains of a favourite classic! With what zeal will a Bentley apply himself to the works of Horace; first, to see to it that no spurious production is allowed to pass under that honoured name; secondly, to make the text, by a comparison of manuscripts, and the exercise of a sound, critical acumen, if possible immaculately accurate; thirdly, to guard against mistakes in translation; and, fourthly, to lay down the rules, and catch the spirit, that may enable him most thoroughly to enter into and draw out his loved author's meaning! In all these particulars, the pains spent upon the works of Horace may with tenfold more reason be spent upon the word of God. And the more thoroughly and completely the Scriptures are held to be God's word, so much the more need will there be for the vocation of the sound biblical critic: so that our worthy pedagogue and theologian may calm his alarmed soul, and rest assured that we will give him no cause to cry "Othello's occupation is gone!"

* See "Vindication of Protestant Principles," by "Phileleutherus Anglicanus." The said "Anglican lover of freedom" being, as is well understood, the author of the *New Cratylus*, Head Master of Bury St. Edmund's School.

§ 2. The other class of difficulties are of a historical, physical, and moral, rather than of a critical, kind; consisting of alleged inconsistencies and contradictions, whether between different passages of the Bible themselves, or between the Bible and the facts of history, or the laws of nature. These would require to be dealt with in detail; and this cannot be attempted at the end of so long a lecture. But one general observation may be suggested. No intelligent defender of plenary inspiration need be ashamed to own that, in many instances, he cannot reconcile apparent disagreements. For, after all, the Scriptures are fragmentary writings: and we would require to have far fuller information on all the matters of which they treat, to enable us to say which of several possible explanations may be the right one, or whether there may not be an explanation in reserve, such as our limited knowledge fails to suggest to us.

IV. But we must now close with a brief reference to our fourth and last topic. We must vindicate, in a few words, this sacred doctrine of the authority and inspiration of the Bible, against the charge of Bibliolatry, rashly vented, in an evil hour, by a man too great for the use of such a nickname; and eagerly bandied abroad by a whole tribe of lesser followers, to the exposure of their own conceit, as much as to the scandal of pious minds.

Bibliolatry! Mechanical Inspiration! As of a drawer receiving what is put in it! Cabalistic ventriloquism! So the nickname takes! And the ingenuity of successive lovers of freedom is taxed, as they go on improving on one another!*

* The latest improvement is due to Professor Sherer, of Geneva,

What profanity! And yet, need we wonder? It is not meant for profanity by them. Nay, they think they are doing God service. And they do well to get a by-word that may make short work with Christ's word,—as certain men of old contrived by a by-word,—or by two,—to make short work with Christ's person.

But we wrong them. They are the champions of liberty. They are to emancipate the soul from the protestant yoke of subjection to the Bible, as well as from the popish yoke of submission to the Church. Authority,—especially authority claiming to be infallible,—must be set aside; and man must be absolutely free! The papist has his Church. The protestant has his Bible. Both are almost alike bad. For me, I have as the object of my faith, the person of Jesus Christ! And ask me not to define who, or what, Jesus Christ is. Far less ask me to define what his work was upon the earth. All the ills of Christianity come from definition. Let me have the person of Jesus Christ, as my intuitional consciousness, quickened by Divine aid, apprehends him; let me lose myself in him: let me plunge into the infinite Divine love of which he is the impersonation.

But we cannot pretend to make intelligible the rhapsodies of this new anti-biblical mysticism. Nor need we dwell on the approaches to it that are but too discernible in the whole school that would substitute what is called "the Christian consciousness" for the direct authority of Scripture. Let it suffice to contrast man's position before God, upon the true to whom belongs the credit of that happy hit, "Cabalistic Ventriloquism."

protestant footing of his owning the Scriptures as authoritative and inspired, with either of the other two positions he may be regarded as occupying, as he rejects, more or less, their inspired authority on the one hand, or as he substitutes for them, on the other hand, the authority of an earthly Church, or of a Pope.

§ 1. Some would have it that Christianity is purely a subjective influence on the minds of men—that the Gospel operates by assimilating the soul to itself—that Christ is not a revealer but a revelation—and that as the central revelation of God, he becomes the occasion, or the means, through the working of the Spirit, of our intuitively apprehending God, and being renewed into his likeness. According to this view, God brings to bear upon you a series and succession of influences, partly external and partly internal, fitted to emancipate you from corruption, and elevate you to a participation in the Divine nature. It is a subjective process,—a working in and upon you,—so that like the plastic clay, you take the impress and character into which you are moulded; and the Scriptures, as an exhibition of God in Christ, have an important part in the process. But in all this, there is nothing like God addressing himself directly to you and dealing with you, as it were, face to face. There is no real, objective, transaction or negotiation of peace between you and Him. This, however, is the very peculiarity of the Gospel, as we conceive of it; that God not, merely influences man, but speaks to man. He treats man, not as a creature merely, but as a subject; not merely as a creature needing to be renovated, but as a subject to be called to account.

The two systems are directly conflicting here. And which, think you, best consults in the long run for the true dignity and liberty of man?

Tell me that I am brought within the range of influences and impulses, inward revelations and spiritual operations of various kinds, to be grasped by my intuitional consciousness, and to be available, through the exercise of my soul upon them, and their hold over me,—for' my regeneration. In one view, my pride may be gratified. These Divine communications are all subject to me: I am their master: I receive them only in so far as they commend themselves to my acceptance: and I use and wield them for my own good. But after all, in the whole of this process, am I not passive, rather than active? It is God acting upon me; according to my free and self-conscious nature, no doubt; but still very much as if it were upon some sort of substance that is to be sublimated into an ethereal essence, and is to lose itself ultimately in the surrounding air.

But tell me that God has something objectively to say to me,—that he summons me as a responsible, and in a sense, an independent being before him,—that he treats with me upon terms that recognise my standing at his bar,—that he calls me to account,—that he reckons with me for my sin,—that he directs me to a surety,—that he makes proposals of mercy,—that he puts it into my heart to comply with these proposals,—that I, personally, and face to face, come to an understanding with him personally, and that he, judicially acquitting me, receives me as a loyal subject, a son, an heir,—tell me all this, and tell me farther, that the charter of this real and

actual negotiation of peace is in his word, as the Scriptures infallibly record it. And then judge ye, if I am not really made to occupy a far loftier, nobler, freer position in the presence of my God, than the highest possible refinement of subjective illumination and transformation could ever of itself reach?

It is true here, as in every thing, that whosoever humbleth himself shall be exalted. Refusing to submit yourself to the Divine word, you may affect a superiority over the slaves of mere authority: and you may work yourself into a state of ideal absorption into Christ, little different in reality from the pantheistic dream of a rapturous absorption into the great mundane intelligence. But yield an implicit deference to the word. Let it absolutely and unreservedly rule you, as a real objective communication of his mind, by God, to you. Then you have real sin, and a real sentence of death;—a real atonement, a real justification, a real adoption;—a real portion in the favour of God now, and a real inheritance in heaven at last.

§ 2. Nor let us be greatly moved, even if it shall be alleged against us that our reverence for the Bible is to be placed on the same level with the Romanist's blind obedience to the Church and the Church's head upon earth. In point of fact, no tendency towards the recognition of an infallible human authority can be more direct and strong than that which the denial of an infallible objective standard of Divine truth implies. Set aside the Scriptures as not furnishing such a standard. You are thrown back either on the individual intuition of each believer, or on the Christian consciousness of the general community of be

lievers. But neither of these refuges will long satisfy or soothe an earnest soul. Soon there will come to be felt a sad want of some surer prop. And whether as relieving the individual from his undefined responsibility, or as giving shape and power to the indefinite notion of a general Christian consciousness,—an ecclesiastical voice will be allowed to speak as the interpreter of the dumb mind of Christendom; and the weary spirit will sink to rest and find its home again in the maternal embrace of Rome.

But apart from this consideration, an emphatic protest must be uttered against the attempt to represent the Scriptures in Protestantism as occupying a parallel position to that of the Church, or the Pope, in Romanism. In point of fact, the Pope does not take the place of the Bible. He usurps the throne of Him whom the Bible elevates as the only High Priest and King in Zion, Christ Jesus the Lord. He assumes the office of Him who alone interprets authoritatively the Scriptures he has inspired, the Holy Ghost, the Great Teacher of the Church. And the glory of Protestantism is not that it puts the Bible instead of the Pope, but that it puts Christ, instead of the Pope, as the great object of the Bible's testimony, and the Spirit, instead of the Pope, as the Bible's only interpreter. The Bible—the Bible alone—is the religion of Protestants; the Bible, not sealed under the papal key, and doled out by the papal ministers, but the Bible left freely in the hands of its Divine Author, the Holy Ghost, to be by Him freely opened up to every devout and serious child of man.

Let not go, then, your hold of the Bible; shake

not off any hold that it has got of you. But be sure that "the words of the Lord are pure words, as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times:"—and all "the testimonies" of God are "righteous and very faithful."







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