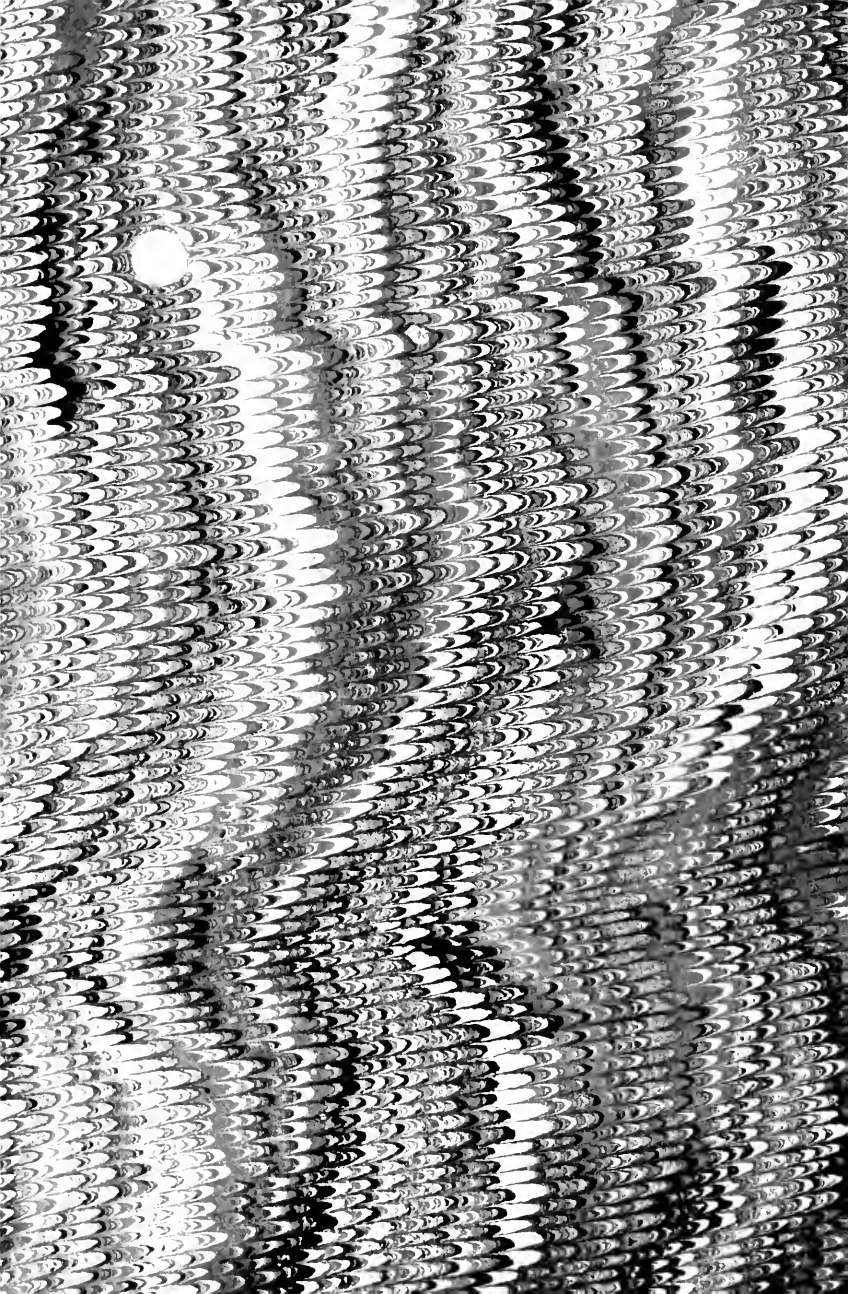
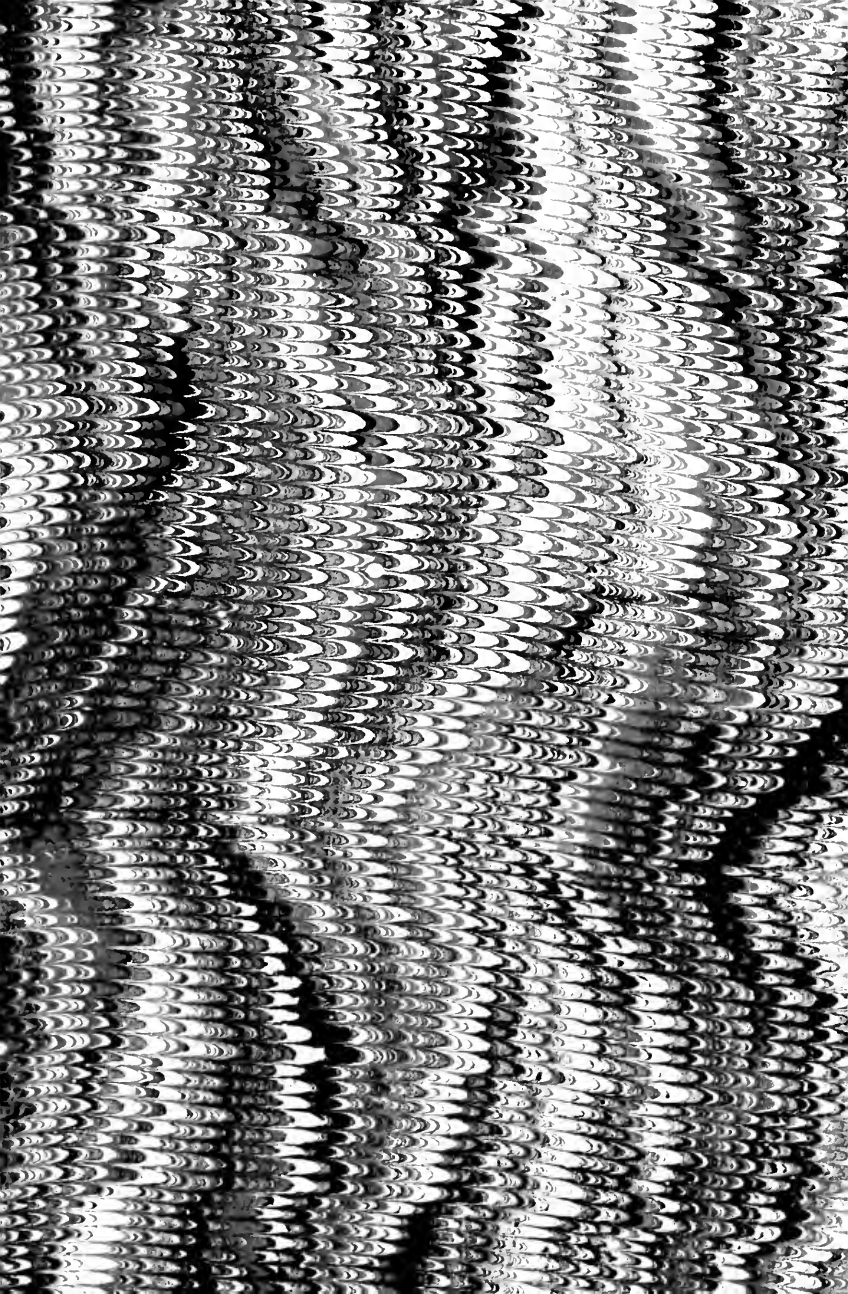
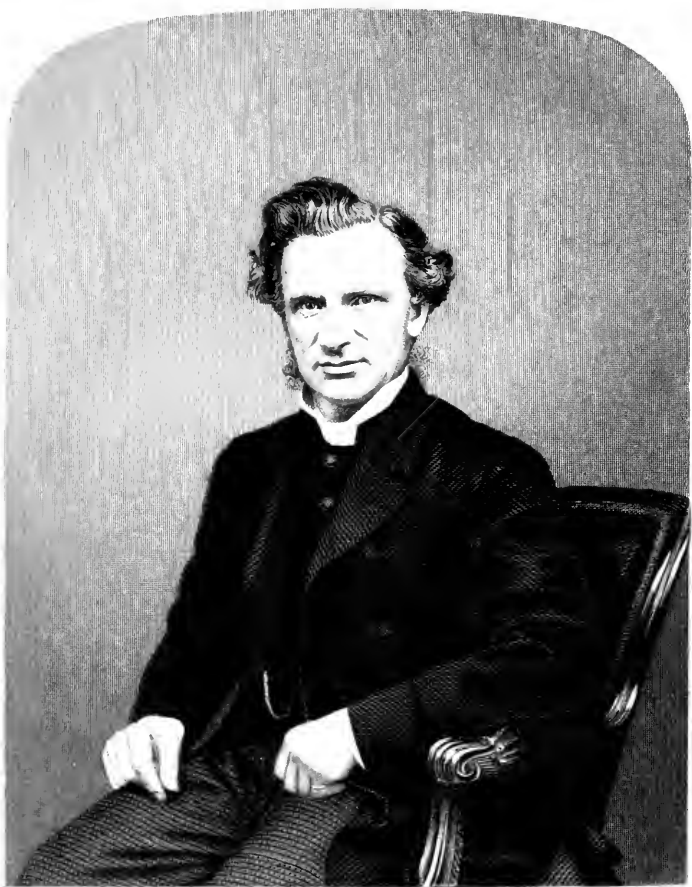




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Wm. H. Burton

LECTURES

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

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PREFACE.

THE Lectures contained in this volume have been published separately, and have met with such general acceptance as to make a Recommendatory Preface needless.

The Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association commend this Twelfth Series of Lectures to the continued support of those by whose exertions the former volumes have been so widely circulated, and have become so generally useful.

They also renew their grateful acknowledgments to the Lecturers who have delivered this Course—some of them under circumstances which have placed the Committee under special obligation: and to the Noblemen and Gentlemen who presided at the delivery of the Lectures.

The promotion of the Rev. Robert Bickersteth to the See of Ripon deprived the Association (they trust only for a season) of his promised Lecture on Christian Missions. But the Committee feel it to be due to the Bishop to state that the reasons which led his Lordship to relinquish his engagement were in perfect accordancy with the kind and earnest

solicitude he has at all times manifested for the best interests of the Society

It has been the privilege of the Association to illustrate in various forms the practical unity of the Churches of Christ, but in none more happily than in its Annual Series of Lectures, delivered by men of all shades of ecclesiastical opinion, and of nearly every variety of public function, who have cordially joined in an effort to bring the labours and the recreations of every-day life into subjection to the authority of God and to the teaching of His Word. The Committee send forth this volume in the earnest hope that it may combine with those which have preceded it in leading Young Men to the realization of the power and privileges of that Godliness which is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.

W. EDWYN SHIPTON,
Secretary.

OFFICES OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,
165, ALDERSGATE STREET, LONDON,
31st March, 1857.

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APPENDIX.

SINCE the foregoing Lecture was written, I have received, through the post, a Sermon on the Lord's-day, preached by the Rev. Dr. Hook. The perusal of it has not weakened in the least degree my conviction that we have distinct authority in God's word, and especially in the Fourth Commandment, for the entire sanctification of the first day of the week; neither has it increased, in any measure, my respect for human authority, or the teaching of tradition, in this matter—rather the reverse. I allude to it only because I find in it a very distinct recognition of the correctness of many of the positions I have pleaded for in my lecture. Dr. Hook's words are these, page 18 :—" Before the delivery of the Mosaic law, we find traces of the observance of one day in seven to be a day of worship and of rest. When the manna fell in the wilderness, as described in Exodus xvi., a Sabbath was known to the Israelites; and, as we gather from the context, it was most probably not observed on the precise day afterwards appointed. The manna fell on the second month of their coming out of Egypt, while the Law was not given till the third month. When we add to this the fact, that the Patriarchs measured their time by weeks, and that when Noah was in the ark, he sent forth the dove three times at intervals of seven days, we must come to the conclusion that the mention of a Sabbath in the second chapter of the Book of Genesis, must have reference not primarily to the Levitical Sabbath, but to the Patriarchal."



Truth and its Counterfeits.



A LECTURE

BY

THE HON. THE VICE-CHANCELLOR

SIR WILLIAM PAGE WOOD, K_T.

TRUTH AND ITS COUNTERFEITS.

MY YOUNG CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—

I am permitted this evening to bear a part with you in the great work for which you are associated, viz., the encouragement of each other, by converse and by example, in your Christian course, each helping the other to lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset him, and to run with patience the race that is set before him.

I will not waste any portion of the time that ought to be so occupied by deprecatory remarks on my own insufficiency, but at once gird myself to the discharge of my duty, and humbly hope that by God's blessing on us this evening I may be enabled to speak, and you to reflect, upon the subject before us, in such a spirit as to strengthen us for the conflict with evil and the Evil One, that can cease only with our earthly existence.

The subject before us, "Truth and its Counterfeits," is in itself inexhaustible; for as truth embraces all existence, so her counterfeits everywhere and at all times obtrude upon us their unreal mockery of her beauty. Hypocrisy has been characterised as the homage paid by vice to virtue, and the thought may be generalised. Virtue is but one modification of truth. The will of the Almighty Creator is the essence of all truth, and the Evil One, who was a liar from the beginning, believes and trembles, sees the loveliness of truth, but

hates it, and assumes its garb in order more effectually to destroy it.

In the short compass of a single lecture my endeavour must be rather to stimulate your powers of thought and reflection, and to encourage you to pursue for yourselves this most momentous of all subjects, than to solve all the difficulties which will necessarily beset you in the inquiry. But I hope to be able, first, to indicate the fundamental distinction between truth and falsehood, by tracing each to its true author; secondly, to furnish you with some rules, of a ready practical application, for detecting the counterfeits of the true; and thirdly, to illustrate those rules by applying them to several familiar instances.

The first of the essays of Lord Bacon, in which more condensed ore may be found than would suffice for the gilded truisms of whole volumes of modern philosophy, is devoted to the subject of truth, and commences thus:—

“What is truth? said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer—

“—But it is not only the difficulty and labour which men take in finding out of truth, nor again that when it is found it imposeth upon men’s thoughts, that doth bring lies into favour, but the corrupt love of the lie itself.

“Doth any man doubt that if there were taken out of men’s minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and displeasing to themselves?”

The answer to Pilate’s flippant question was at hand. Had he asked in the reverent spirit of one seeking the truth, the reply would have been, as to the apostle, “I am the way, the truth, and the life.” In those words the Author of all truth is revealed to us—of *all* truth I say, not only moral but physical. He who spake them was God—self-existing,

irresistible, eternal. All then that He wills must spring into being, and so long as He continues to will its being, and no longer, must continue to exist. Reality, or truth, then, resolves itself into the will of God. He said, "Let there be light, and there was light." Without that mighty word nothing either corporeal or incorporeal ever existed or can exist as a reality. The universe is but the evolving of laws which emanate from the sovereign will of the Creator. I cannot deny myself the gratification of expressing this thought in the words of Hooker. After citing the words of Scripture to which I have referred, viz., "God said, Let there be light, and there was light," he proceeds in this magnificent strain:—

"His commanding those things to be which are, and to be in such sort as they are, to keep that tenure and course which they do, importeth the establishment of nature's law. The world's first creation, and the preservation since of things created, what is it but only so far forth a manifestation, by execution, what the eternal law of God is concerning things natural? And as it cometh to pass in a kingdom rightly ordered, that after a law is once published it presently takes effect far and wide, all states framing themselves thereunto, even so let us think it fareth in the natural course of the world. Since the time that God did first proclaim the edict of His law upon it, heaven and earth have hearkened unto His voice, and their labour hath been to do His will. He made a law for the rain, He gave His decree unto the sea, that the waters should not pass His commandment. Now, if nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were but for a while, the observation of her own laws; if those principal and master elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by

irregular volubility turn themselves any way as it might happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now as a giant doth run his unwearied course, should, as it were through a languishing faintness, begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way, the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture, the winds breathe out their last gasp, the clouds yield no rain, the earth be defeated of heavenly influence, the fruits of the earth pine away as children at the breast of their mother no longer able to yield them relief—what would become of man himself, whom these things do now all serve? See we not plainly that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world?”

The citation I have made is long, but I make no apology, for its beauty must please anew even those who have frequently perused it. I have purposely cited thus early two great authors of the Elizabethan age. Bacon has very recently been publicly styled “an over-rated man.” I wonder what intellectual giant has measured his capacity. Never was there in the world’s history an epoch in which the highest powers of the understanding and those of the imagination were so marvellously and simultaneously developed as in the reign of our Elizabeth. Can any three names in all time be mentioned of men who have combined poetical inspiration with reasoning power in such degree as Hooker, Bacon, Shakespeare? I attribute this prodigious and sudden development of the mind of man to the Reformation. The reasoning power had been set free, and, like the fabled infant Hercules, strangled the twin monsters of superstition and dogmatism in its very cradle; whilst the poetical element of man’s nature was refreshed by a free and deep draught from those living waters which are the true source of the ideal, from that Book which contains the sublimest of all poetry in its purest form.

But I digress. I proceed to show you that the one source

of all truth, namely, the will of God, has been recognised even by the natural reason of man, independently of revelation. The observation of man from the earliest ages led him to conclude that the natural objects around him were not self-existing: He felt, from his personal experience, that there was within himself an originating power of thought, of will, of motion; and at the same time, from the like experience, he perceived that there were objects independent of his will, which if he opened his eyes he must see, if he extended his hand he must touch. Some of these objects would appear to him to be endued with organs and with powers, at least of motion and action, similar to those he was conscious of in himself; but the greater part would be found to be destitute of any such organs, and, unless moved or acted upon by some other power independent of themselves, would be motionless and inert. Now the earliest deductions which, independently of revelation, mankind were wont to make from such observations as these, were not those of the materialist or atheist, nor those of a pantheistic philosophy. They did not, that is to say, fall into the error of imagining that they and all around them were a series of material objects self-developed from all eternity, nor into the apparently (but only apparently) opposite extreme of supposing that this great series was itself the Deity under various forms—a mere difference, after all, of words. They believed that spirit could alone act, alone had vitality; and, in their ignorance of the one true God, they attributed to distinct spiritual sources, to the various deities of their Pantheon, the motions of the heavenly bodies, the phenomena of the air and ocean, and the powerful energy of other material inorganized objects which they could not otherwise explain. They were unable to reduce all the wonderful variety of sights and sounds that surrounded them into one harmonious system, so as to assign to it one sole author; but they did not commit the absurdity of supposing that a tree,

any more than a ship, was a self-developed object, independent of any contrivance or forethought. Their ignorance rendered them humble, but left them superstitious.

After a while, however, man, in the progress of civilization, became better acquainted with what we term the various properties of material objects, and more and more absorbed in the investigation of the manifold problems offered to his consideration by the external world, the solution of which is of the utmost importance to his physical comfort and advancement. A few of the more elevated minds soon began to taste the pleasure of increasing knowledge, and, being enabled to comprehend the operation of certain general laws of continual recurrence, they perceived that numerous phenomena might be removed from the sphere of a supposed capricious agency on the part of independent spiritual beings. They observed certain phenomena always to follow certain other phenomena, which they soon learned to regard as their necessary causes. The self-sufficiency and conceit, however, of those who were thus able to emancipate themselves from the superstitious terrors which peopled earth, air, and ocean with contending deities, led them to an opposite and certainly no less grievous error, that of an atheistic eternization of matter. Lord Bacon has beautifully said, and it is a favourite thought of his, repeated in various parts of his works: "It is an assured truth and a conclusion of experience, that a little or superficial knowledge of philosophy may incline the mind of man to atheism; but a further proceeding therein doth bring the mind back again to religion: for in the entrance of philosophy, when the several causes, which are next unto the senses, do offer themselves to the mind of man, if it dwell and stay there it may induce some oblivion of the Highest Cause; but when a man passeth on further, and seeth the dependence of causes and the works of Providence, then, according to the allegory of the poets, he will easily believe that the highest link of

nature's chain must needs be tied to the foot of Jupiter's chair."

Even David Hume, notwithstanding the hazy web of scepticism with which, from a speculative rather than a practical habit of thought, he has overcast his better judgment, was enabled to see and to assert that "a purpose or design is evident in everything, and when our comprehension is so far enlarged as to contemplate the first rise of this visible system, we must adopt with the strongest conviction the idea of an intelligent Cause or Author." In fact, a moment's reflection, after a habit of thinking on such subjects has been formed, suffices to show that no inorganized object can produce any other inorganized object, any more than such latter object can produce itself; for the multiplication of objects is but repeating the difficulty, and cannot help us to its solution. The only source of active power we intuitively recognise as being something akin to the only source of power our experience observes in ourselves, namely, spirit.

I have spoken of atheistic materialism; but another system, though apparently opposite, yet in reality identical, was also at an early period in man's history in favour with many inquiring minds. They saw apparently the absurdity of attributing to inorganized matter motive powers and agencies, whilst experience showed them that their own wills acted and moved with an energy entirely different in its essence from the action of a weight or a spring, of fire, acids, or other apparently active material substances; and instead of asserting an atheistic eternity of the phenomena of the world in which they found themselves, that is, an eternity independent of all spiritual agency, they deified matter itself, and held that all that exists is God—a doctrine usually called Pantheism, and not without its adherents in the present day. The doctrine is contained in one line of the Latin poet:—

"Deus est quodcumque vides, quocumque moveris."

It is expanded by Pope in those lines of his "Essay on Man," beautiful in their versification, but most questionable as regards their philosophy, which Warburton found the most difficult to deal with when defending that celebrated work from the charge of pantheism:—

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul.
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart—
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns;
To Him no high, no low, no great, no small,
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all."*

In a poetical point of view the passage is beautiful and perfectly allowable, but it is as unphilosophical to say that the Deity warms in the sun, as being a part of the sun, as it would be to say that man's soul is a part of the words he utters.

The error of this system and its correction are pointed out with his usual precision by Newton, when he says:—

"Deus non est æternitas sed æternus."
"God is not eternity but eternal."

The personality of God, as distinct from all His works, is that alone which separates theism from atheism. The pantheistic system extends to and includes man as well as matter, and logically ends in the oriental doctrine of the ultimate absorption of all living souls into the Deity—in other words, the simple annihilation of our distinctive existence.

* "Essay on Man," book i.

I have said that atheistic materialism and pantheism are one; and what conceivable difference can there be between holding that every material thing exists as it does by continual self-development from all eternity, and holding that Deity develops itself from all eternity in those particular shapes in which we find every material thing? It is a change of words, not of thought. One says, Matter is always developing itself; the other says, What you term matter I will dignify with the name of the Deity. The real question is, whether a Divine mind did not pre-exist before any material object, in the same sense in which the existence of man must be pre-supposed if we speak of any work of man.

But enough of this stumbling on the dark mountains of pagan philosophy, whether ancient or modern—this walking “in the light of the sparks that we have kindled.” To the people that sit in darkness hath arisen a great light, and the Christian reads joyfully, by the clear day of the Word of God, that creation is God’s work, and the result of His word, without which nothing was made that is made. It is true that “in Him we live, and move, and have our being,” because He has willed that we should exist not as parts of Him and His eternal being, nor to be re-absorbed into His essence, but as individual creatures, whose existence began in time, who are ever to be under His rule and governance, and alas!—fearful as is the thought—who may, by the exercise of our own independent will, be for ever separated from any participation of His glorious nature.

We hold, then, that every true and real thing is the creature of God, and that He is the sole source of truth.

Let me pause for a moment to warn you against an objection that you will be sure to hear urged against this doctrine, namely, that we thus make God the author of evil as well as good. The pantheistic system is indeed necessarily exposed to this difficulty, for it says that everything is God. But not

so the Christian scheme, which is indeed alone consistent with any sound philosophy—alone affords any clue to the solution of the one great mystery of our world, the existence of evil under the government of One who is all-wise, all-loving, and all-powerful. We may well indeed conceive that even with the light of revelation our finite intelligence will ever be unable to comprehend the infinite perfections of God's moral government. Doubtless much of that which we call evil is not really such. That which is external to our own soul (or, to speak more accurately, independent of it, for there is no inside or outside of a spirit), pain and sorrow, for instance, however severe, may be but wholesome discipline, which, like the ploughing and harrowing of the soil, is not intended for its destruction, but to fit it to bring forth abundant fruit. The real difficulty, the mystery of iniquity, that which tries our faith, is the unutterable anguish and misery of sin within ourselves, its torment to an awakened conscience, and oh! what if that awakening be not in this world!

Notwithstanding this difficulty, the notion of God's being the *direct* author of sin is at once and, as it were, intuitively rejected. Indeed, the only conceivable definition of sin is that it is a breach of God's law. Whatever be the apparent incongruity, we rest assured that one Being, and that a Being of pure benevolence, has made all things. Who that has been enabled, by God's mercy, to contemplate the glories of the creation—the beauty of the heavenly bodies, their wonderful harmony and order, the regularity of the solar system, and the consequent distribution of light and heat, and alternation of the seasons on our globe; the incessant uplifting of fresh vapour from the salt waters of the ocean, the suspension of it in the clouds, until they are commanded to drop fatness on the earth, or to feed the lofty mountain-reservoirs whence spring the rivers that run among the hills; the treasures of mineral wealth stored up in the bosom of the earth for the use

of man ; the growth of forests ; the rich increase of the cultivated soil ; nay, even the joyous and exuberant variety of flowers, surpassing in their beauty Solomon in all his glory, as though framed to melt our hearts in love when hardened by this world's care and toil ; the animal creation, no less rich in its varied types of strength, usefulness, and comeliness ; and above all, the wonderful adaptation of each and all of these works of the Creator to the purposes of their own existence, and, at the same time, to all that co-exists around them, and the subordination of the whole to man—who, I say, can contemplate such things without acknowledging that there is one only Designer of this wondrous universe, whose love, and power, and wisdom are co-equal—without hearing, as it were, that choral harmony in which the inanimate creation is invited by the Psalmist to join “with the angels of heaven, with young men and maidens, old men and children, praising the name of the Lord ; for His name is excellent, and His praise above heaven and earth” ?

Still, the deeper and more thoughtful minds, on contemplating this heavenly harmony, are yet the more struck with the harsh, jarring discord of sin ; its awful power on their own souls ; its deep malignity, which rendered necessary for its expiation and its cure the descent of God on earth, and the assumption by Him of man's nature before that nature could be brought back to His own law. Far be it from me to profess to fathom all the depths of this mystery. Yet we are enabled to form some faint guesses at the truth, to understand that obedience, worship, and praise, must then approach nearest to perfection when they are offered as the free-will offerings of a reasonable service. Who would exchange the affectionate and watchful love of a wife or child, a brother or friend, for the attachment of a dog or any other unreasoning creature ? But if there be a *will* to obey there **must** also be a capacity to disobey. The perfection of the creature is thus

advanced by a sense of its own originating power. And whilst those who are blessed with the spirit of love may say with St. Paul, "The love of Christ constraineth me," yet they at the same time know by happy experience that "such service is perfect freedom," for every desire which harmonises with the will of the All-powerful must be effectually and certainly fulfilled. But the joy which results from the conformity of our will to that of the Deity is something very different in kind from the gratification of the mere instincts implanted in animals, a motive to action so low as to have led a great philosopher,* somewhat whimsically, to class the brute creation with mechanical automata. The knowledge and conviction of the action of our will, and of the power to resist, yet loving willingness to yield, is that which forms the happiness of a reasonable being. There arises, then, as it would seem (for one must speak on such subjects with humble reverence), a necessary *possibility* of the will determining itself to a course opposed to the will of God. And here is the origin of evil, and evil is falsehood. The devil is a liar from the beginning. That which is opposed to the will of God must be opposed to the true. The miserable will that chooses anything opposed to its Creator's will is tormented with the impotent desire of that which can never be. It may be permitted to work its own woe, whilst it supposes that it is thwarting its Maker's design, but there is no reality or permanence in any of its operations. The Evil Angel or the evil man can hurt none but himself. True it is that another created spirit, endowed with free-will, may choose to subject himself to the power of evil (if so it can be called) exerted by the first; that is to say, free-will being once granted, there may be an infinite number of spirits reproducing evil to themselves and to those who voluntarily subject themselves to like depraved conditions. But no evil spirit, angelic or human, can violently

* Descartes.

pluck Christ's sheep out of His hand; they can in no way thwart the counsels of everlasting truth, but are ever thwarted by them; their every wish is frustrated, because they desire the impossible; if seemingly accomplished, it is ever controlled and ultimately overruled; and the final result is the chafing of impotent passion, the writhing of the trampled serpent. Coleridge used to illustrate this by imagining the massive hammers of a fulling-mill to be endued with rancorous hate towards the cloth, and to fall on it with deadly malice, the only result being to bring forth good cloth at last. No, my friends, if your own will turn not traitor and betray you to the enemy, if you be true to yourselves and to your God, you will soon experience the nothingness of falsehood and of sin. As Milton has nobly said:—

“Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt;
 Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled;
 Nay, even that which mischief meant most harm,
 Shall, in the happy trial, prove most glory.
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness, till at last,
 Gathered like scum and settled to itself,
 It shall be, in eternal, restless change,
 Self-fed and self-consuméd. If this fail,
 The pillared firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble.”*

As regards the external world, which sprang into existence from the Creator's fiat, and is made known to us by our senses, we may conclude that any conceptions of our own which will not bear the test of a reference to the observation of objects around us—to the “book of God's works,” as Bacon has termed it—any hasty law laid down by the intellect, and contradicted by the phenomena, is false, because it contradicts His will. So, in the moral world, all that contradicts the law of sympathy, our conceptions of benevolence, justice, and the

* Comus.

like, which are as plainly written in the heart of man by the finger of God as the natural appetites are by the same power implanted in his bodily frame, is a contradiction of the will of God, and false. The corruption of man at the fall does not consist in the obliteration of the knowledge of good and evil, but in the depravation of the will and choice. A heathen poet has said :—

“——Video meliora proboque
Deteriora sequor.”

“The best I see, but still the worst pursue.”

The heathen were, in fact, a law unto themselves, “their consciences accusing or excusing one another.” The misery of our fallen state consists in our *choosing* evil when we know it to be such, loving that which is falsehood and nothingness in preference to that which is true and eternal. The faculties of our understanding have no doubt been impaired by the corruption of the will, for our judgment readily lends itself to our inclinations; but the great doctrine of the necessity of the atonement, and of our need of spiritual help or grace, the very keystone of our faith, is founded on the irrecoverable depravity of the will, and not on the infirmity of the judgment.

Well may we say of our boasted reason at present :—

“Ah! if she lend not arms as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend;
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend;
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made.”*

But besides the inherent corruption of our will, we recognise, as Christians, the revealed truth—and fearful it indeed is—that there exist among the first created intelligences, the first beings who were capable of offering a willing and rational

* “Essay on Man,” book ii.

obedience, some who fell from that high estate, and one at least pre-eminent in the depravation of the will from the true to the false—who was a liar from the beginning, in that, being but a creature, he asserted his independence of his Creator—finite power against omnipotence, cunning against wisdom, the isolated self against harmonious love. We know further, that this lost and miserable being is desirous of working the perpetual woe of all creation, seeking, among the sons of men more especially, those whom he may devour, and incessantly to that end setting up the false as opposed to the true, confounding the knowledge of good and evil, by which he tempted man to his fall, and ever repeating in the ear of his victims, “Thou shalt not surely die.” I cannot too strongly impress on you a faith in the personality of the Evil One, as I have endeavoured to impress on you the personality of God. Your whole life depends on an assured conviction of the essential reality of spirit. To embrace, however, the truth, we must not only know it by the understanding, but love it with all the energy of our affections; and indeed it is wonderfully fair and lovely, being no less than the reflection of God’s countenance and the echo of His voice, the voice of Him who spake as never man spake. But lest we should be won to gaze upon it, and listen to that voice, Satan has in his malice surrounded us with counterfeits, in order to dazzle, mislead, and confound our judgment.

I have thus—at too much length, perhaps, for the occasion—pointed out the sources of truth and falsehood: God and Satan. I shall next, more briefly, indicate some practical rules for distinguishing the counterfeit from the true.

II.—1. First, then: As truth is the Divine law, by which and according to which all things that can be said to have any subsistence have their being, it is obvious that such law must be independent of our own finite minds, and must be

sought and can be ascertained by observation alone. Thus Bacon's first aphorism in the "Novum Organum" is this:—

"Man, as the minister and interpreter of nature, performs and understands just so much as his observations on the order of nature, either with regard to things or the mind, permit him, and neither knows nor is capable of more."

There is indeed a law of our mind by which it is natural to us to arrange and group in systematic form the impressions we receive from without; and thus even in dreams the various fragments of objects presented to the senses during the day will commonly group themselves in some more or less connected series, as beads and other trifling objects, when seen in the kaleidoscope, appear to be arranged according to a pattern. The object of this mental provision would seem to be to facilitate our apprehension and memory of what we observe, and its value cannot be overrated as a *means* whereby the inventive faculty may be stimulated and aided. But our indolence, or impatience of labour, and our self-conceit, pervert this instinctive faculty of reducing all observations to order, into a habit of hasty generalization and fantastic theory. This evil habit is a source of frequent counterfeits of truth. There is no harm in theorising; the mischief arises when we love our theory better than truth—when the creatures of our imagination are idolized in lieu of a heart-worship of the Creator, shown by reverential investigation of his works. The only cure of this diseased state of mind is a frequent recurrence to observation of the outer world, as you let in light and air into a confined and ill-ventilated apartment. The first test of the *true*, then, that I would impress upon you, is—whether that which is asserted accords with external reality, or observation.

2. But secondly, our observation will show us that the Divine laws are constant in their operation, and, indeed, we might almost have assumed that they would not be fluctuating and capricious. From the moment that we begin to

reflect upon our active powers, and the will that sets them in motion, we perceive that to determine choice there must be a confidence in the result. This confidence would cease were we to find our choice continually thwarted by external agency, as thwarted it must be if the Divine law were against us; and a confidence in the permanence of that law seems accordingly to be instinctively implanted in us. The babe that has once received its nourishment recurs unhesitatingly to the same source, and uses the same mechanical means for availing itself of it. No person hesitates to act from any doubt as to the sun's rising to-morrow; and this species of instinct rises beyond the similar instinctive impulses in the brute creation, in that it appears to leave in the reflecting mind of man the firm conviction of constancy in the laws of the universe, and in the regular succession of events, which regular succession, and its assumed constancy, together lead to the notion of cause and effect. Indeed, as I have observed, the cause is at first, in man's ignorance, transferred to the antecedent phenomenon itself, till an enlarged philosophy rejects all vital efficiency or power in the material second causes, as they are usually called, and treats their succession as a law, acknowledging in God only the sole cause and originator of all things. A second test, then, of truth, is the *permanency* and *constancy* of the true as contrasted with the counterfeit.

3. As all Divine laws proceed from one mind they must be *consistent*. Nothing, therefore, which is true can be opposed to any other truth; and if one supposed truth appear to be inconsistent with any other, we are in error as to one or both. The mistake is with us; no two truths can jar. Gassendi, when young, wished to convince his companions that the rapid apparent motion of the moon as the clouds drifted across her was the motion of the clouds and not that of the moon, and he bade them look at her through the branches of a tree, where she would change her position only with the slow

motion due to the earth's rotation on its axis. So you will do well to master certain fixed truths, to an agreement with which you may refer more doubtful propositions as a test.

4. The Divine law proceeds from perfect wisdom, and we might expect, as the event shows, that every existing reality has an *appointed end or purpose*, or rather, perhaps I should say, almost infinite ends and purposes, to which it serves. "My word shall not return unto me void," is as true in things natural as in things spiritual. If, then, any supposed truth has no apparent end or purpose, or fails to produce its expected result, then be assured it is a mere negation, a falsehood. As Bacon has quaintly expressed it, "Truth is fruitful, but falsehood is barren." Never forget that truth is eminently practical. We are framed, and the world is framed, in such a manner that almost incessant action is essential to our existence.

5. The Divine law proceeds from One not only all-wise but all-benevolent. The end, therefore, to which all creation must tend as regards sentient beings is their happiness; and as regards rational beings, endued with the high but awful prerogative of a rational will, the end of the Divine law must be the determination of that will to its proper choice, the choice of happiness. The happiness of all sentient creatures consists in the correspondence of every external object and event with the creature's own desires. The cycle of creative wisdom, power, and love, is complete when every created thing is in perfect harmony with every other. No doubt the happiness is great which is secured to the brute creation by the adaptation of their instinctive desires to the circumstances which surround them, but that of rational beings mounts far higher, for in them is implanted a yearning, both of the understanding and the affections, after that which is beautiful, and this yearning, meeting with no adequate object in the visible world, is led to concentrate itself in the great Author

of all. All, then, that militates against the happiness of any of God's creatures, and especially against that of man, violates the Divine law, and is false.

6. I have given you but a rapid sketch of what I believe to be true philosophy, of universal application. But sixthly, in all that regards *moral* truth we have a surer test than any I have named, viz., the book of God's Word, the Word of Life. I believe from my inmost soul that the Christian revelation, and nothing but the Christian revelation, is consistent with perfect truth. It is not merely in marvellous harmony with type and prophecy, but yet more in harmony with our every thought and aspiration. The origin of those fearful contradictions of our nature by which we *desire* what is good and holy, and *follow* that which is evil, is explained; and the holiness and purity of our Maker, and His fearful justice, which can never brook or pass over sin, are yet reconciled with His love, not by His overlooking the guilty, but by God the Son assuming our nature in order to restore and purify it, thus knitting us, by His grace, to that glorified and all-holy manhood which bore the full weight of our sinfulness, and was made perfect by suffering. Nor will He leave His own until He shall have effectually restored them, by working in them with that power by which He is enabled to "subdue all things unto Himself."

Let me warn you, however, against supposing that you will ever be able to find in the principles I have laid down a solution of every difficulty. But in all philosophy, if a long and careful induction has satisfied you of a great truth or law, you are not startled, far less induced to let go your grasp, by your incapacity to reconcile every observed fact with it. Newton did not abandon his discovery of the law of gravitation because in a particular case it did not correspond with his observations of the moon's motion. He recorded honestly the fact and left it to be explained by others, as it has been, in

perfect consistency with his great discovery. The true question in such cases is, Does the apparent inconsistency suggest any other theory which will explain both itself and the other well-known and observed fact? and is it of such a character as to authorise me at once to determine it to be necessarily incapable, by any increased knowledge on my part, of harmonising with what I have hitherto considered to be truth?

III.—I will now, in the last place, bring before your consideration some examples of the counterfeits of truth, that you may yourselves apply to them the several tests I have mentioned, viz. :—

1. The agreement of them with external observation.
2. Their constancy and permanence.
3. Their consistency with other known truths.
4. Their fruitfulness or barrenness.
5. Their consistency with happiness.
6. Their agreement with the Word of God.

I will give some examples from—

Physical science, or natural philosophy ;

From political philosophy ;

From religion ;

From ethical or moral philosophy ;

though many of these run each into the province of the other.

The indolent impatience of man, and his self-conceit, which is unwilling to confess ignorance, have led constantly to hasty generalization and erroneous theory on the first dawning of science ; but I will not dwell on errors of this description. The earth, for instance, was placed in the centre of the universe, and the celestial globe, with “ cycle and epicycle scribbled o’er,” in order to explain the planetary motions ; when cosmogonies of every variety were invented by the fertile brain of man, without any due investigation of the external phenomena by observation. I will rather speak of the

pseudo sciences, which combine fraud with ignorance and presumption.

Thus astrology from an early period was the counterfeit of astronomy, and alchemy of chemistry. In our own time, clairvoyance, spirit-rapping, table-turning, and table-talking, have been the counterfeits of the science of the imponderable forces, magnetism and electricity, as we term them—a science which rests upon the discoveries of Volta, Franklin, and Ampere, of Davy and Faraday. By patient research, by wonderfully varied but not less wonderfully exact experiments, and surprising anticipations of the future, resting on the solid basis of an accurate knowledge of the past, these great men have been able largely to advance our knowledge of the operations of those powerful but invisible agents; and therefore numerous pretenders, some with fraudulent intent, others, let us charitably hope, in mere presumptuous ignorance, have claimed our belief in tricks of legerdemain as being philosophical experiments, and have thought it enough to say that electricity or magnetism may produce such and such a result, without the slightest evidence of such agency, or indeed the slightest knowledge of the tests of its presence. Happily the honest conjuror, for whom I always entertain great respect, has come to our aid in this as in other instances to dispel such illusions; and some Wizard, either of the North or South, has, I believe, repeated all the so-called philosophical experiments of table-turning with success, whilst invisible and second-sighted boys and girls have admirably repeated all the tricks of clairvoyance.

Now, apply some of the tests I have named to such counterfeits as these.

Have the predictions of astrology so tallied with external events as to warrant us in believing their truth? Have they not rather so notoriously failed that the volumes of this pseudo science have shrunk into a solitary page of Moore's or Zadkiel's Almanac; and its professors, in lieu of occupying the

palaces of sovereigns, are fain to shroud themselves in obscure alleys from the visitations of the police. The science of astronomy, on the other hand, has been found to be in exact accordance with the book of God's works. The patient observations of Kepler were rewarded by the discovery of the laws of motion of the planetary bodies. This again led to the apprehension of the yet more general law of gravitation by Newton. And again, resting on the solid basis of a law or truth so established, the astronomer has been enabled in our days to predict and direct the discovery of a fresh world in the planetary sphere, and has shown not only that his science is in perfect harmony with all known external phenomena, but has, if I may say it with reverence, called forth from the depths of space a hitherto unknown witness to its truth.

Or apply the test of fruitfulness: "Truth is fruitful and falsehood barren." Whilst the discoveries of the science of the imponderable forces have produced the mariner's compass, the lightning-conductor, and the electric telegraph, what fruits have we of clairvoyance, or table-turning, or spirit-rapping? Had there been any truth in such fabled powers, should we have had to wait till now for the discovery of the gold regions of Australia? Would not the many thousands of hearts that beat in the agony of suspense during the time that separated the meagre telegraphic despatch from the more copious details of the struggles of Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman, have been at once consoled by the revelations of the pretended seer? I cannot, however, dwell on minute applications, however tempting, of the principles I have laid down. Time forbids it. Alas! that a country which has produced a Bacon and a Newton, an age which has known a Davy and a Faraday, should boast of its enlightenment, when such miserable trifling as I have referred to has found a ready acceptance! You can all readily make the applications for yourselves. This test of fruitfulness, especially, I will leave you to apply to some other

alleged sciences, as to which there exists more controversy and doubt than can now remain in any sane mind as to the pretensions of clairvoyance and the like. Perhaps you may ask yourselves what have been the practical results of phrenology during the thirty or forty years of its prevalence, or whether it is probable that a servant or a member of Parliament will be selected by inspection of their phrenological development, or the skull of the accused be submitted to the inspection of the jury before they retire to consider their verdict. I would invite you also to compare the rapid development, in point of utility, of chloroform, as contrasted with the far older alleged discovery of mesmerism. But to approach the pseudo sciences of the healing art is delicate ground, and I forbear.

It is, however, necessary to caution the young lover of truth to be peculiarly on his guard, to apply carefully every test, and to avoid any hasty conclusion on supposed results, wherever the forces in operation are complicated and many of them very obscure. He will do well, in medicine especially, to recollect that the cure of the same disease has repeatedly, to his own knowledge, been attributed on most respectable testimony to a vast variety of remedies, so different, if not opposed, that it is difficult to discover any common point in the inductive process except that of the patient's confidence in the favourable result, which gives colour to the somewhat quaint description of the physician's duty, "that he is to amuse the patient whilst nature performs the cure." I have always, when pressed with some prevailing favourite system of the day, homœopathy, hydropathy, or the like, been fain to escape by at once admitting that, according to my experience, "everything cures everybody of every disease." To the young I may venture to add, that early rising, cleanliness, temperance in food no less than drink, industrious habits, virtuous conduct, and a good conscience towards God and man, may save them many a hazardous and expensive expe-

riment in medical philosophy. Adam says to Orlando, in "As You Like It"—

"For never in my youth did I apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor ever with unbashful forehead wooed
The means of weakness and debility ;
Therefore my age is like a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly."

There are many quackeries, however, and counterfeits, in other departments than that of medicine. In literature you have the flippant as the counterfeit of wit. The shallow pretender, too, knowing that you cannot see the bottom of a muddy stream, will be obscure, in the hope that you will mistake nonsense for profundity. The amateur, with a smattering of all things, will dogmatise, presuming, as has been happily said, on the ignorance of nine of his hearers and the modesty of the tenth. The superficial will criticise the mighty dead, and thus tacitly claim the superiority which authorises him to decide upon their demerits. Thus Raphael has been found to have been contemptible when he painted the "Madonna del Sisto;" Bacon, as I have said, has been termed "an over-rated man;" and no doubt some special wiseacre will soon tell us that Shakspeare is a fool; a more modest pretender has recently demonstrated his non-existence. I exhort you to study the great models of our literature—the all but inspired divines, philosophers, and poets of the Elizabethan age; the works that bear the stamp of the yet glowing though more cultivated genius of the succeeding period of trouble; the sharp, clear, well-defined thought, wit, and humour of the writers who flourished shortly before and in the reign of Anne. Read Hooker, Bacon, Shakspeare; Jeremy Taylor, Cudworth, Milton; Barrow and South, Berkeley and Addison, Dryden and Pope; but above all, in the later period, for unexampled clearness of style, Swift—and you will turn,

as I have done, with loathing from the flippancy, cant, presumption, and affectation of many a modern writer of approved reputation.

Let us now turn to some of the more interesting subjects of the moral world.

Take the science of politics, the great problem of which is so to regulate the government of a state or society of men as to allow the fullest development of the best and highest powers of the members composing it. The force of the state itself is the resultant of the energies of all its component parts.

We hear sometimes of the *paternal* system of government. The name is good and well-chosen, but it is a counterfeit. As regards *material* wealth, we have happily, in this country at least, got rid of the delusion that a paternal superintendence on the part of the government—dictating the course of industry, restraining exports at one time for fear of starvation, and imports from dread of competition—is necessary for the state's well-being. Such a doctrine assumed in our governors an omniscience and a far-reaching foresight denied to man. The all-wise and all-merciful Creator has implanted in every individual an instinct of self-assertion and self-preservation, which needs no encouragement or protection, and should be subjected to no restriction, save that which will prevent it from developing itself in violence or fraud towards others. The law that regulates supply and demand, and their beautiful self-adjustment, is no less above and independent of human control than those which determine the seasons, with which, happily, no legislature can interfere. The paternal principle will soon, I trust, be equally exploded with reference to other matters, and it will be acknowledged that freedom of action on the part of every individual is that which most conduces to the development of the nation's energy. The proper function of government in the administration of

the internal affairs of the state, is to secure this liberty to every one alike, and so far only to restrain the actions of individuals as may be necessary for the very purpose of securing equal liberty to all. For this object, the restraint of just and equal laws, the establishment of a police, and the administration of justice, will afford ample occupation to a wise government; whilst both these necessities and that of external defence will require the careful consideration of finance, or the imposition and adjustment of taxes, to which, happily, in this country the concurrence of the majority of those who pay them has, in theory at least, been always required.

The so-called paternal system is not exactly the same as the despotic, because paternal intermeddling may exist in comparatively free states. The despotic system is a yet more hideous counterfeit, based on the monstrous notion that any one man can be found fit to be the vicegerent of his Maker. It has no correspondence with external truth. Algernon Sidney said he would recognise the principle when a child should be born booted and spurred, and the rest of mankind with saddles on their backs. It has been suggested that the patriarchal system is its model; but the patriarchal system has never had and never could have any existence beyond the sphere of a few families. It is the order of nature that grown-up children should leave their parents and establish their own independent homes, and though they should always owe dutiful respect to a parent, yet the grown-up man has a conscience of his own, and cannot be absolved from the duty of determining his actions according to its dictates, by implicit obedience to the mere will of any other, be that other his father or not. The notion is an absurdity in *fact*. The supposed original patriarch, and his eldest male descendant in succession, ought, on this theory, to govern the whole world; then there should be subordinate kingdoms under his second son and his eldest male descendant, and so of the third

and fourth ; and we should expect to find mankind divided into innumerable patriarchates, subordinate the one to the other—a result that never has, in fact, existed. Shall we again try despotism by its fruits, or its accordance with God's law of happiness? No, I leave you to make the application. The instances, alas ! are trite, and it is to be feared may yet long be held out to warn us in this happy land not only from that rock, but from the other opposite political shoals to which it is my duty now to direct a passing glance.

Liberty, Equality—what fearful counterfeits have borne these stirring names, and Satan has for ages passed them current to the destruction of the happiness of millions ! Fraternity is of more modern date—the last invention of the Evil One, as he beheld, in Christian brotherhood, how good and joyful a thing it was for brethren to dwell in unity

No doubt many and grievous have been the provocations in misgoverned countries which have lashed men into fury and blinded them in their resistance to tyranny and oppression, till even the wise and good have been misled for a season, and their eyes have been veiled to excesses, which have appeared scarcely to exceed the just measure of retribution.

But in every revolution there are to be found men whom Milton describes in those noble lines—

“Licence they mean when they cry liberty—
He who loves that must first be wise and good.”

The age of reason and rights of man are talked of, and it is asserted that absolute and universal equality is the birth-right of man. The constitution of nature, as such reasoners would call the Divine law that orders all the external world to be as we behold it, is a flat contradiction to their principle. No generation of men ever yet existed in which there were not simultaneously in being the strong and the weak, the man

and the woman, the parent and the infant child, the healthy and the sick; no generation ever yet existed all of whose members were endowed with equal beauty, equal organs, equal sensitiveness, or equal mental powers: nay, if all were assumed to be born with equal powers, they must be born into a world where their powers are only slowly developed. Some are infants whilst others are full-grown. But again, on what principle of natural justice is the idle to be, or indeed how can he in the nature of things be, equal to the industrious in wealth, or the power that wealth confers? How can the intemperate be equal to the sober? Is it, I do not say right, but possible, that the malevolent and mischievous should possess equal influence over others to that enjoyed by the courteous and benevolent? You detect then this counterfeit liberty and equality at once by its inconsistency with everything external. It is a brainsick phantom at best, a demoniacal suggestion at its worst. The genuine liberty and equality we have spoken of, is the enjoyment by all, without respect of persons, of every power conferred on them by Providence, and its fullest and freest use, so far as it hinders not the like use on the part of our neighbour. Your nursery will teach you this theory of government. When two children cry for the same toy, you will not tell them they are both born with an equal right to it, but you take care that each child shall have full enjoyment of its own, and for that very reason interfere with the so-called liberty of either of them taking his brother's.

But *fraternity*—are we not all brethren? True indeed, and a wonderful thing it is that our blessed Master has Himself condescended to call us His brethren. But in this brotherhood He is the head and we are the members, and among the members there are the active hand—the far-seeing eye—the eloquent tongue: fraternity is not equality. But something more subtle has been devised: it is said fraternity rests on

love. All society, therefore, has been wrong for ages in its very frame-work. Every trade and business of life is carried on in a spirit of selfishness and in opposition to the spirit of fraternal love—in a spirit of competition and not of co-operation. This shocks the theory of socialism.

The best cure for all fantastic theory, be assured, is a careful observation of facts. Let the light of experience in upon the dark chambers of imagery which the brain of man is apt to dwell in. What is the historical development of society from savage life to the various polities now existing in civilized Europe? The savage tribe at first has all things in common—a happy state of social fraternity: first, perhaps, hunting and fishing-grounds and lakes, then pasture for sheep and cattle, then patches of cultivated land. It soon begins to require a leader or leaders, who from courage and capacity are allowed to withdraw themselves from the ordinary labour of tending herds or tilling the soil, and to have a portion of the produce of the labour of others allotted to them. Soon it appears that it is more profitable to employ the skilful hands in the manufacture of clothing than in keeping the sheep—in the forging of weapons, whilst others wield them—and the division of labour takes place. Thus each manufactured article represents a certain amount of labour, and is rewarded by a certain quantity (which soon becomes fixed) of raw produce, be it wool, or corn, or oxen. Then if one man, either by superior skill or superior industry, makes two articles whilst another is making one, he will receive twice the quantity of wool or corn, or twice the quantity of oxen. But here, says the modern philanthropist, all the mischief begins. Social fraternity requires that no man should compete with his brother—no one should try to obtain two oxen whilst his neighbour only gets one. What does this reduce itself to? No man should be more industrious than his neighbour—no man should be more skilful. If he be more skilful, he ought either to sit still till his

duller brother has got up to him, or to divide the produce of his greater exertion with him. Suppose his brother be not duller, but more idle; what then? Is the idle man to receive half the product of his industrious brother's exertions? If not, who is to determine whether it was dulness or idleness that occasioned the one to produce one article whilst his brother produced two? This social fraternity would speedily reduce us to the savage state. Let me ask again on what principle ought I to co-operate with either an idle or dull man? Why should I not make the best use of the abilities which God has given me? Suppose I have great ability as a mason, and another man who knows nothing of it sets up in the same trade, am I at once to stop till he has been taught the business? Suppose he cannot be taught, or he drinks, or he idles away his time, am I committing the sin of competition if I go on working just as I did before? No, my friends, be assured your catechism is more worth listening to than all this fanciful theory. You are there told to learn and labour truly to get your own living, and to do your duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call you. Help a brother with true Christian sympathy when he is in need, but don't fancy that you can regulate the whole course of society by these visionary schemes, which have never been able to last, not being founded on the external world, which have invariably failed when tried on any large scale. Another absurdity of the scheme is, that Co-operation Society A. of Tailors must infallibly compete with Co-operation Society B. of the like trade, unless you attempt a grand partnership, not in the nation only, but over the world, of every separate trade, establishing barter with like societies for every other trade. But then you fall into a worse evil—monopoly; for who would make our clothes if the only tailors' shop were to strike? These theories assume an arriving at perfection in this world, or rather that we have arrived at it, for they could

not survive the frauds of the depraved for a week. I have not time to speak to you of that counterfeit doctrine of man's perfection on earth, or to do more than refer you to our Lord's question, whether at His coming He shall find faith on the earth, and to the parable of the tares and wheat, and to inquire how far the system of the "good time coming" will bear the test of God's word.

It is not true, after all, that competition is in itself a sin. Dishonest competition is so no doubt; but so far from mere competition itself interfering with Christian benevolence, all experience shows that we choose our friends and acquaintances chiefly amongst those with whom we compete. I have had ample experience of this in my own profession, as competitive a one, probably, as any that can be mentioned. And has not every trade and profession also its own peculiar charities and associations, indicating anything rather than the mischievous tendency of the competition principle? Christian love, depend upon it, is shown far more by the example of a truly industrious Christian doing his best to earn a livelihood for himself and his family than by encouraging his neighbour in idleness, or by allowing him to share in what he has not earned. It is the old fallacy of equality in another form: co-operation cannot be without equal operation, and equal operation there cannot and never will be in the nature of things—*i.e.*, according to God's law whereby He constitutes us as we are. The mean attempt of one tradesman to ruin another by misrepresentation, the wretched falsehoods resorted to by disreputable tradesmen to sell their wares, the selling at a loss for a time in order to drive a fellow-tradesman out of the field—all these are no necessary parts of competitive trade, any more than false coin is a necessary consequence of the use of money.

When, however, the counterfeit liberty, equality, and fraternity were combined in one portentous phantom—"universal philanthropy,"—the earth grew pale with ter-

ror. It was a Moloch that required hecatombs of slaughtered men and women, nay, even children, to inaugurate its reign. St. Just said that 30,000 heads must fall to secure the philanthropic republic. All were cut down who rose above the level of the brutal virtues of an infuriated mob; whilst abroad the champions of freedom insisted on imposing their counterfeit liberty on a nation, which for 400 years had rested in peace, and in the enjoyment of the true freedom purchased by her illustrious peasant forefathers. And what have been the fruits of this counterfeit liberty and equality? In what have its victims been compelled to seek their deliverance? In the apathy of absolute submission to any one who will secure to them the tranquil equality of servitude. I fear I have dwelt too long on these political illustrations, but I feel their deep importance to the young in this our age. Let me add this caution. Adhere strongly to the old English custom of looking at *things* rather than *words*. Be assured it is true philosophy. We are set in this world to act, we are surrounded by circumstances which compel us to act; the rough joltings of reality will not allow our indolent souls to sleep and dream away life. *Do your duty instead of talking about it.* This is the lesson of every-day life, no less than the teaching of our Bible—"He that doeth My Father's will shall know of the doctrine." Knowledge must always succeed, and not precede experience.

You have indeed a glorious political inheritance to hand down untarnished to your children. No difference of birth or colour, or (with one exception) of creed, excludes one Englishman from entering on any career open to any other Englishman. This is true liberty. The first spiritual peer—the first lay peer—may be the child of the humblest tradesman or peasant. Let each Englishman do his best in his station, be it vestryman, churchwarden, or overseer, or in the higher sphere of magistrate, or member of parliament; let him be a

good husband and father, and above all a good Christian, and I will venture to affirm that the liberty and equality and fraternity with which we are now blessed, will remain unrivalled on the face of the globe.

I approach a more solemn subject, and will say a few words on counterfeits in religion.

I have already referred to the blessing we enjoy in this country of religious liberty. A true Liberality of sentiment has prevailed with us, founded on the soundest principles; but of this, as of every virtue, there is a counterfeit, and that counterfeit is Indifference.

In Gibbon's "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," the author veils his hostility to Christianity by repeatedly parading before the eye of the reader the so-called *liberality* of the heathen rulers, Julian for instance, and contrasting it with the apparent bigotry and intolerance of the Christians. The heathens permitted the worship of our Lord as of a new divinity, whilst the Christians refused to worship the heathen deities, and denounced that worship. This heathen liberality was obviously simple indifference; they cared not how many gods were added to their pantheon, for the multiplicity of gods was perfectly consistent with their system, whilst the fundamental creed of the Christian was, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one Lord." True liberality consists in allowing every man to hold and to assert his own opinion, so that it be done without offensive violence, which is a civil injury to his neighbour. But what liberality was there in the heathen governors who delivered over to the most cruel torments their Christian subjects, not for refusing to serve in the Roman armies or to perform any other function of good citizens, but because they refused to offer incense to Jupiter, or to worship idolatrous images on the standards? Yet there were no more bitter persecutors in those respects than some of the Roman emperors most cele-

brated for their heathen philosophy. True liberality is founded on that deep conviction and love of truth which fears not discussion, from a conviction that no arguments can be adduced which will not, by a ready refutation, afford fresh triumph to the true. Indifference cares nothing for truth. You may assert either that or falsehood without stirring her indolence, but the moment any point is touched that jars against the apathy of the pseudo-liberal, he becomes the bitterest of persecutors. There are many who care little about controversies of faith, and pride themselves therefore for their liberality. They are fond of quoting Pope's ecuplet:—

“For modes of faith let senseless zealots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.”

As if any one's life can be in the right who has not fixed religious principles to guide him, and an earnest faith in those principles. Yet if any one venture to exhort to godliness of living as part of Christian doctrine, and thus but indirectly censure the selfish indulgence and hardness of heart of such pseudo-liberals—nay, if he but venture to affirm the beauty of holiness, and the certainty of a heaven and a hell, instead of being met by argument, he will find himself not unfrequently exposed to all the persecution which in this country is possible, reviling language, hard names, imputation of base motives, and the like.

It is quite true that the disputes among men professing religion are a stumbling-block to the ungodly, for he, too, has a right to say, “By their fruits ye shall know them.” We'll would it be, as Montaigne has observed, if men could always say, “Ils sont si doux, si bons, si charitables, ils sont *donec* Chrétiens.” “Hereby shall men know that ye are My disciples if ye have love one to another.” But let not any false notion of liberality ever seduce you into indifference. No,

my young friends, be stout Christian soldiers, and war, not with fleshly weapons, but with the shield of faith and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Have a faith, and be earnest in it. Let your liberality consist, not in sinking your own opinions to the dead level of the indifference of others, not in saying or thinking that probably every one may be as right as yourself (for directly opposite assertions cannot be both true), but in giving, most sincerely, credit to all who differ from you for intentions as honest as your own. Respect the convictions of such—nay, love them better for their earnestness, for they thereby show that you each at least agree in loving the truth. Do not merely tolerate (the word is scarcely permissible), but I say respect their opinions, and if you have a steady faith in your own principles you will never be offended by the calm expression of contrary views. If you are irritated by their arguments, it is a sign that you are shaken in your own convictions. Remember the sermon on the Mount, and watch the first principles of evil. The hasty word may lead to murder; the hasty impatience of contradiction may lead to persecution.

There is one point, however, which all disputants will do well to bear in mind. Though opposite positions cannot be true, yet truth may bear several aspects, all of which are true, as light is light when separated by the prism into various colours. Happy indeed are they who can combine the rays of truth vouchsafed us by its Author into one bright and uniform light; but happy, too, are they who partake but in measure of its beneficent emanations.

This pseudo-liberalism of indifference in our own time has prompted many to deprecate all religious instruction in our schools. They have asserted that a desire to impart religious instruction is the main obstacle to education. Now, I ask, what facts warrant this assertion? I will venture to assert the direct reverse, and to say that all the education of our

poorer brethren has been attained solely (for some recent exceptions are too insignificant for notice) through the beneficent impulse of religion. Look at the poor schools in every town and village—who have established them? The ministers of the Gospel. Who have chiefly supported them? The National Society, the British and Foreign School Society, and the societies of various religious denominations. What have the advocates of mere secular education done, that they should boast of their principle? What prevents those who maintain it from setting up their own model schools, and teaching, as religion does, their millions? No, let every one honestly teach what he thinks right, the love of Christ constraining him, and I will venture to say we shall find our schools increasing, as they have increased, in exact proportion to awakened religious zeal. It is the want of religion in parents, not their careful anxiety as to the form of religious truth taught in the school, that prevents our schools from being filled, as any one with any experience in the matter will tell you.

Before quitting the subject of religion let me notice the fearful counterfeits of religion itself, Satan's masterpiece. The horrors of the Inquisition; the massacre of St. Bartholomew; the burning of Servetus by Calvin; the extravagant excesses of the Anabaptists of Munster; the atrocious persecution of the Scottish Covenanters—have all been veiled (sometimes even to their perpetrators) under the holy name of Religion. When even the beloved disciple could ask whether fire should not be commanded to come down from heaven on the Samaritan village that received not our Lord, how deeply seated in our hearts must be that depraved and deluding bigotry, which cloaks pride and self-love with the specious garb of zeal. Truly, he then knew not what spirit he was of: "The Holy Ghost was not yet, because that Jesus was not glorified." The same apostle, after the day of

Pentecost, proclaimed the great truth in his epistle, that "God is love," and "He who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen cannot love God whom he hath not seen." We are indeed bound, in a deep love of men's souls, to endeavour to persuade them of the truth of that which can alone rescue us from our lost condition; but remember our Master claims a willing service: "My son, give me thy heart." He wills that all men should be saved, but He effects that blessed will, not by invoking twelve legions of angels to compel us to obey, but by breathing out His dying prayer upon the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

This hellish scheme of saving men's souls by torturing their bodies is inconsistent in every way with God's mode of action, for in all His works, even in the brute creation, He wins, but does not compel, every sentient being to follow that which is for its own good. It is contrary to His written word—it is barren of all fruit, for heresies, no less than truths, have ever been promoted instead of being destroyed by the martyrdom of those who professed them. Thus, tried by every test, it is a base counterfeit; the more detestable for its pollution of the most blessed of all truths.

The time warns me to hasten to my conclusion. But to young men I would say one word at parting of that counterfeit which has destroyed thousands from the commencement of the world, and has borne the name of *Pleasure* or *Happiness*. The true happiness of a created being is found in the fulfilment of the object for which it was created; in other words, in its obedience to the Divine will. For to resist Omnipotence is to become subject to perpetual frustration of purpose and consequent misery. The instincts of the brute creation were intended by the benevolence of their Creator to prevent any such attempt on their part. But the reasoning being—the being endowed with the high power of rendering a willing obedience, and, by necessary consequence, capable of disobey-

ing, is not compelled by instinct, but must be moved by his capacity of appreciating the wisdom and love of his Creator, to adore Him, and to love Him, to desire to know Him better. He finds in obeying Him the delight of having every wish fulfilled, because it is in accordance with the great external laws that surround him. How deep, then, the degradation of such a being, and his consequent misery, if he turn from these joys to listen to the voice of the tempter—the liar, who tells him that he can disobey his Maker and live: “Thou shalt not surely die.” Nay, most deeply miserable is he, if he at last lose the very sense of his degradation. Finely has Milton said:—

“And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement.”

The rule of right and wrong has not been obliterated by the fall. All have some standard, however low it may be, by which they measure their conduct. All have a sensation of dissatisfaction when they fall short of that standard, and of satisfaction when they come up to it—the same in kind, though very different in degree from that which they experience on missing or attaining any other object which they desire. This instinct is sometimes called an internal, because it is an invisible monitor, but it is external, *i.e.*, independent of our nature, a law beyond and above our will. We must experience its effects whether we will or no. The heathen were in this sense a law unto themselves, their consciences accusing or excusing one another.

Any self-devised scheme of pleasure or happiness, which contravenes the rule of right, or, in other words, transgresses the law of conscience, is a counterfeit. It will contradict also other known laws of God, and is essentially false.

Take, for instance, the so-called pleasure of indolence or self-chosen ease. Everything around us indicates the will of

our Creator, that our life should be one of activity and exertion. Our food is abundantly supplied to us, but only on the terms of labouring for it. The proper function of our appetites is to countervail that sluggish tendency which is incompatible with our very existence. The parental and social instincts show that we are formed to live, not only in the enjoyment of our own indolent ease, but for the benefit of others also. Sloth can never be happiness, even in its most refined and perilous shape, that of literary or scientific self-cultivation to the exclusion of all thought of the active duties of life: it is a counterfeit. Slothful men may delude themselves even into a fancied tenderness of heart for others—

“ The sluggard pity’s vision-weaving tribe
 Who sigh for wretchedness, but shun the wretched,
 Nursing in some delicious solitude
 Their tender loves and dainty sympathies ;”*

but a time will surely come when the want of any to love or care for him who has never really loved or cared for others, will be felt as an aching void in the heart and a rankling sting in the conscience.

There is, however, an active pursuit of counterfeit pleasure worse even than slothful ease. How many thousands of our youth sacrifice health and all the holy joys of home to the indulgence of vicious and intemperate habits! How plainly contrary is their conduct to the law of their being, destroying the very flesh by which they are enslaved, and utterly incapacitating the soul for the enjoyment of aught for which its higher faculties were given.

With what solemn warning has Milton said—

“ But when lust,
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,

* Coleridge.

The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Embodies and embrutes till she quite lose
 The divine property of her first being.
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,
 Oft seen in charnel-vaults and sepulchres,
 Lingered and sitting by a new-made grave,
 As loth to leave the body that it loved,
 And link itself by carnal sensuality
 To a degenerate and degraded sister.*

This fine idea is one which even a heathen was enabled to attain. It is nearly in the very words used by Plato in his *Phædo*, or *Dialogue on the Immortality of the Soul*.

I have hitherto spoken of the contrariety of all such counterfeit pleasures to the nature of things, or God's law in His works; but listen to His Word. The "worm that dieth not, and fire that is not quenched," whatever be the full meaning of those awful denunciations, are assuredly but faint types of a soul awakened from its carnal dreams, consumed with a gnawing craving after pleasure, and a fierce burning desire of happiness, yet conscious of the impossibility of their fulfilment; writhing in endless agony, and in vain striving to break the bonds it willingly subjected itself to on earth. Slave of Satan, it would none of that liberty whereby Christ would have made it free. I dare not dwell on this fearful theme. But be not deceived; the love of God has warned us to flee from the wrath to come. The misery of the wicked is always spoken of in language intimating that its duration is equal to that of the blessedness of the good.

"And with the sinner's fear our hope departs."†

The threat and promise proceed from the same infinite love, and from One who is all-true and all-just no less than He is all-merciful. Finely has Danté imagined the inscription on the fearful abode of the evil:—

* *Comus*,

† "Christian Year."

“ I was created by Eternal Power,
By highest Wisdom and primæval Love.”

Oh! what are the fruits of these counterfeit pleasures even in this life? Well may we say to their victims, “ What fruit had you *then* (even during their miserable enjoyment) in those things whereof ye are now ashamed?” Young Christian friends, be wise in time. You have assumed a high name for your Association—walk worthy of the vocation wherewith you are called.

Finally, I have spoken to you of tests of truth, which I believe not even they who deny or doubt the revealed Word of God can gainsay or disprove; tests derived from laws external to us, plain and manifest to us, and so clearly the result of design, and of uniform design, that they prove the being of a God from the book of His works. But we have a more sure and certain light whereby to walk—an unerring guide, not, indeed, to physical, but to all moral truth. Wisely are we warned by Bacon not to confuse these two great Books of God—His Works and Word. They cannot, indeed, be contradictory, but that Holy Word which reveals things spiritual, yea the deep things of God, was never intended to impart any knowledge of His temporal works beyond the fact that they owe their existence to His will alone.

To this written Word appeal as your final resort on all doubts affecting your conduct in life, and you will find, as every one has found that has made the trial, that therein is truth itself in its essential glory and beauty. I have read and thought of many schemes of philosophy attempted to be formed without its guidance. Even the best of those which were devised before our Christian era, wonderful as some of the aspirations after the beautiful and good of the Greek philosophers were, wanted the one saving truth without which the knowledge they imparted was vain—namely, how the bright vision was to be realized—how power was to be

attained to do that which they knew ought to be done. There is a surprising passage in Plato's "Republic," in which, representing men as being like to people who should be brought up in a cave, with their backs ever towards the light, and seeing on a wall before them shadows only, of which the substance was without and beyond their reach, he asks, if there were one who should be permitted to behold those substances and see the very essence of things, whether he could ever be persuaded to forsake their beauty, and return and communicate such knowledge to those who yet remained in darkness, and turn them to the light. Have we not found such an One?—One who, being in the image of God, made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant—One who, conversant from all eternity with all essential truth, has come to turn our eyes from the darkness of this world to the light of everlasting life.

The Word of God, and that alone, answers every condition necessary for our happiness. There were schemes for destroying our affections for fear of being subjugated by them; there were others that taught you to doubt of everything, because you cannot arrive at the knowledge of the absolute and unconditional; there were some who placed happiness in self-complacency; others who conceived all to be vain, except passive resignation to inevitable fate; none that did not recognise the existence and misery of sin, or a contravention of their rule of philosophy, whatever it were; but none could assuage this misery, or give the power to overcome the depravity by which, with a full knowledge of the consequences, we yet choose the evil and forsake the good. The law was recognised, the sentence was just. Even thus said St. Paul—"I find then a law, that when I would do good, evil is present with me. O wretched man, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Brethren, let us say with him, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Gambling.



A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. SAMUEL MARTIN.

GAMBLING.

Two persons, a lady and a clergyman, were looking through a telescope at the moon. Luna had not yet filled her horns. The lady said she thought the moon's horns were like the ends of Cupid's bow. The clergyman replied that he thought them like the spires of a cathedral. The fair lady's mind was occupied with an engagement matrimonial, and the good minister's thoughts were directed to preferment ecclesiastical: and hence the difference of the objects to which the moon was likened. An absolutely single eye is very rare—it exists, it may be, only in God. Things appear to us according to the state of our organs of vision. We seldom if ever see the objective as it really is; we clothe it with the subjective. Things are to us what we are to them. In considering and discussing any familiar topic, we bring to it states of mind and associations which affect greatly our views and judgment, so that before we can be sure that we have judged rightly we must examine our own selves.

We lecture this evening upon the subject of *gambling*. Now, we have no doubt that the associations of different men with gaming are as wide asunder as a cathedral and the bow of Cupid when both, according to our story, were seen in the new moon. One man sees lawful amusement in gambling; another, justifiable excitement; a third, defensible means of gain; while the lecturer beholds in it imminent danger and

positive transgression of God's law. Instead of being, in his judgment, like a green field upon which a man may safely lie down, it is a path by the side of a precipice, threatening death at every step. If any have seen gaming improve the health, quiet the mind, cheer the heart, render the character more fair, advance the social position, and really benefit the gambler, they will look at our topic from these stand-points. But as we find its victims in the courts of insolvency and of bankruptcy, in the cellars and garrets of poverty, in the dark dens of crime and infamy, in the cells of our gaols, in our penal settlements, and at the gallows itself, we see in gambling nothing but sin, danger, and ruin.

Do any think our subject ill chosen because not of general interest? It is not possible to find a topic which meets the views and expectations of all parties. But we must claim common interest for the theme of to-night. Women of England! it must interest you, because connected with the well-being and well-doing of the men. I know, moreover, that gambling is practised by your sex. But what if it be unknown to you?—it will interest you because it concerns the men. Sisters! it concerns your brothers. Wives! it concerns your husbands. Mothers! it concerns your sons. Woman! it concerns man—with whose hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, pursuits and prospects, prosperity and adversity, sins and sufferings, you have been identified since the dark day he was driven from Paradise—identified, we say, with a spirit of self-sacrifice and generous devotion, the expressions of which have expounded and confirmed the text: "And Adam said, this is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman, because she was taken out of man."

I am sure of the attention of the women. I will respectfully express my hope to be favoured with that of the men—especially of the young men, to whom our subject is of peculiar interest and importance.

Gaming, or gambling, is playing any game of hazard for property; or the risking of property, as in the case of betting, upon a die or chance. Two conditions appear to be essential to gaming—*hazard*, and *the absence of an equivalent for that which may be gained*. That kind of play which renders an equivalent of skill or of labour for what may be gained is not gaming. I am aware that, upon the point of hazard, it may be said, that there is risk in commerce and in trade, and that the chances of a gambling transaction may be made a matter of mathematical consideration. I am also aware that, on the point of an equivalent, it may be said that the results of lawful trade and honest labour are unequal—sometimes rendering more than an equivalent and sometimes less. But we reply that, while the characteristic of gaming is hazard, the feature of labour for wages and of all mercantile transactions, is not hazard, but gain for gain.

And here let me remark that the principles of gaming are sometimes acted upon where there is neither betting nor play. Men may gamble with capital instead of cards; with other people's money, in reckless speculation, instead of with their own cash and dice; in the board-room of some joint-stock company instead of the saloons of a gaming-house. I am told—and I believe it—that at least one-fourth of the business of this metropolis is carried on, so far as capital is concerned, dishonestly. Men who are too saintly to touch a pack of cards are sinners enough to trade with false capital; men who raise their hands in indignation at the throwing of dice will justify their use of worthless accommodation-bills; and masters who will dismiss a servant for betting upon horses will risk the property of the fatherless and of the widow in vain and mad attempts to do an amount or a kind of business to which themselves and their resources are utterly unequal. The principles and spirit of gambling are by no means confined to betting or to games of hazard, and wherever the

principles and spirit exist there of course will be found both the mischief and the sin of gaming. How often has an insolvent tradesman or a merchant staked the property of others upon some desperate speculation full of risk, by which, if he did not recover himself, he would sink in the depths of ruin, and spread poverty and misery all around him! The history of the Stock Exchange, of many joint-stock companies, and of private mercantile concerns, will exhibit gaming of the worst and most dangerous kind. The tulipo-mania in the seventeenth century, and the traffic in railroad shares a few years since, are illustrations of gaming without play.

Gambling appears to be of ancient origin, and to have been practised not only by civilized nations, but by people in a barbarous state. The Greeks played games of chance, and so did the Romans. "The Germans," says Tacitus, "stake their own persons, and the loser will go into voluntary slavery, and suffer himself to be bound and sold, though stronger than his antagonist." The legends of the North American Indians show that gambling is an ancient recreation of that people. The fact that savage nations have been notoriously addicted to gambling would go to prove that hazardous games arise not so much out of any particular condition of human nature as out of humanity itself. It is begotten neither of civilization nor of barbarism, but of that which is common to man.

We have made some inquiry concerning the practice of gaming in different countries. We are informed that gambling is not now general in *France*. Until 1838 the French government derived a considerable revenue from games of chance. But since 1838 the French law has strictly prohibited gambling-houses. Those which now exist are private, frequented only by the initiated, and closed by the police whenever discovered. Even a lottery cannot be organized without special authority from the government, and this licence is given only in a very few cases. *Belgium* occupies the same

position as France did in 1838. The Belgian government derives revenue from the gambling-tables at Spa.

The national feeling of *Switzerland* is against gaming. The laws of some of the cantons forbid it. Until last year no gambling-house existed in Switzerland. Within the last few months, however, a gaming-house has been established at Bains de Saxon, in the Canton de Valais, which the Swiss say is for strangers. And at Geneva, which is ruled by the Code Français, and which prohibits every kind of game of hazard, gaming has been introduced to the club known as "Le Cercle des Etrangers." It appears, therefore, that in Switzerland gaming is everywhere prohibited by public opinion, and in some of the cantons by law; that there are only two gaming-houses in the land, and that these are in cantons where the law forbids them; and that even these places are not frequented by the Swiss themselves. We are, however, informed that the Swiss are large subscribers to the Bavarian lotteries.

In *Sardinia* and *Savoy* gaming was allowed until last year, when a law was published against it, and some celebrated houses for play were closed.

In *Germany*—as is well known—especially at Wiesbaden, Homberg, and at Baden Baden, gaming is carried on to a fearful extent. The German Church Assembly took special action upon this subject in 1854. In *Italy* gaming is common among all classes, especially among the poor. In *Spain* gambling occupies a similar position as in Italy. The *American* law forbids games of hazard, but gambling is one of the blights of New York, and is a deadly curse in the southern states. In *Mexico* card-playing is a chief national recreation. As, however, the practice of England concerns ourselves more than the law and practice of any other country, let us look to our own land.

Gaming had a very early existence in this country, and has continued through centuries with increasing vigour, in spite

of prohibitory laws made under different reigns from Henry VIII. to our own Victoria. "In England," writes Beckmann, "the *first lottery* was proposed in the years 1567 and 1568, and, as the historian says, held at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral, and was drawn day and night from the 11th of January, 1659, to the 6th of May the same year. It contained 400,000 tickets at 10s. each. The prizes consisted partly of money, and partly of silver plate and other articles. The net profit was to be employed in improving the English harbours." This writer, having mentioned several lotteries organized by the English government, proceeds to state: "In 1746 a loan of £3,000,000 was raised on 4 per cent. annuities and a lottery of 50,000 tickets at £10 each; and in 1747, £1,000,000 was raised by the sale of 100,000 tickets, the prizes in which were founded in perpetual annuities at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum. During the same century government constantly availed itself of this means to raise money for various public works, of which the British Museum and Westminster Bridge are well-known examples."

By an act in 1823, lotteries were rendered illegal, and the only lottery now sanctioned by our government is "The Art Union," which, however it may promote the fine arts, tends, we fear, to perpetuate the principles and spirit of gaming.

Gaming-houses had long been prohibited by the English law when the duty of suppressing all such establishments was entrusted to the metropolitan police by the act regulating the duties of that body, and which was subsequently defined by another act to amend the law concerning games and wagers. These acts were, however, found insufficient, and an "Act for the Suppression of Gaming Houses," was passed in July, 1854. Hereby the commissioners of police were empowered to authorize the superintendents of police to enter suspected houses. A writer in 1838 asserts that at that time "there were more gambling hells in London

than in any other city in Europe." In 1842 there were about thirty of these establishments at the west end of London known to the police, who made forcible entry into sixteen in one night. These establishments are to a large extent, if not entirely, suppressed.

Not so with *betting-houses*. An act for their suppression was passed in August 1853, but it has not, we fear, equally checked their extension and influence. Nor can we say that gaming in this country is at all on the decrease. So far as betting upon horses is concerned, we believe that the evil is extending. Gaming in private parties, in railway-carriages, and in steam-boats, and especially in betting-houses and on the race-course, is becoming as much a characteristic of our nation as hard drinking was a few years ago.

We feel, therefore, that we have not chosen a subject devoid of interest or irrelevant to the object of the Christian Young Men's Association in selecting GAMBLING as the topic of our lecture.

Our subject is very barren of literary interest. But if it were possible to bring to it much history or philosophy, we should still wish to give special prominence to the moral and religious aspects of this subject.

We will therefore suggest a few thoughts chiefly upon the moral character of gaming.

1. Gaming denies, or at least ignores the government and the providence of the one true God. The gambler may or may not be an atheist, a deist, or a sceptic in opinion. But certainly, so far as his gaming is concerned, he saith either that there is no God, or that with the world God has nothing to do. The god of the gambler is chance. Compare with him the lawful worker. Take the agriculturalist for an example. He breaks up the fallow ground, pulverizes the hard clods, manures the soil according to the treatment which its qualities demand, casts in seed, and then expects that darkness

and light, dew and drought, heat and cold, rain and sunshine, will effect that which he cannot do, and will crown with efficiency that which he has done. Say that the farmer is an ungodly man. Take him to be an atheist in opinion, and irreligious in spirit and in life. Whatever may be his sentiments and character, there is in his agricultural operations a practical recognition of the laws and of the power of God. He works his own work according to the laws of nature, and he looks to nature to work with him and for him. Not so with the gambler. He works by no natural law; nor are there any natural ordinances or elements to whose cooperation he may look. Whatever may be his opinions or creed, the gambler in his gaming denies God, and exalts blind powerless chance to the Divine throne. All this appears harmless to the men in whose thoughts God is not; but to those of us who believe in God—who love, trust and serve Him—it appears a fearful mischief and a monstrous iniquity.

To deny Him who is the first and the last—the only wise, the only good, the thrice holy—whose existence is of all truths most true, whose providence is of all facts most actual, whose government is of all realities most real—is to give currency to the most mischievous falsehood, to utter the foulest and most hellish lie, and to expose ourselves to being made to retract that lie by experiencing the power of the Divine anger.

2. Gaming, so far as *gain* is the object, and so far as all its gains are concerned, is contrary to two Divine arrangements which have existed from the beginning, and which are not likely to be revoked, viz., gain by labour—and gain from our fellow-men, with mutual advantage.

God's ordinance is, that in the sweat of our brow we shall eat bread. We are to work in order to eat. Profit must be acquired by labour. This arrangement was made for man in his unfallen state, but it is of greater importance to us in our moral and spiritual degradation. It tends to keep us out of

the horrible pit of indolence—to extricate us from the miry clay of low animal indulgence—and to save us from some of the worst forms of selfishness. Now, gaming is not work. It involves excitement, and that most intense; but gambling is not labour. How far skill may fairly be employed in gaming I cannot tell. But beyond a certain point, if cleverness and dexterity be thrown into the game, you have foul play. The gains of gaming cannot be placed in the same category as gifts, seeing that the advantage is not spontaneously and voluntarily yielded by the losing party, but wrung from him by the gainer.

Commerce and trade are established upon a mutual principle—the principle of exchange. When you buy and sell, if the transaction be fair, you give and receive an equivalent. When you labour for another, if your hire be fair and your service be equal to the demand, you give and receive an equivalent. In each of these cases you have parted with something, and you have gained something equal in value, nominally if not really. On both sides there has been gain—on the side of the employer and of the employed—of the buyer and of the seller. And even where traffic is unfair and labour is ill paid, the principle of an equivalent is distinctly recognised. But in gaming there is no mutual benefit. Surely it will not be pleaded that both parties have the *chance* of gain! Gain to one party is loss to the other. There cannot be gain on both sides.

Because then the gains of gaming are irrespective of mutual benefit, and because, as we have previously shown, they are made without labour, they are contrary to God's rule and ordinance, and must be condemned as unholy and dangerous. To such acquisitions the following words of God are applicable:—Job xx. 5, 15, "The triumphing of the wicked is short. . . . He hath swallowed down riches, and he shall vomit them again." Prov. xiii. 7, "There is that maketh himself

rich, yet hath nothing." ver. 11, "Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished, but he that gathereth by labour shall increase." xxi. 20, "He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that evil shall come upon him. . . He shall not be innocent." Jer. xvii. 11, "He that getteth riches and not by right shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool." 1 Tim. vi. 9, "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil, which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

It may be, that by the multitude, gaming is practised rather for excitement than for gain. We remark therefore further—

3. That the kind of excitement which gambling produces is most dangerous and injurious; but that, if it were healthful, the end does not justify the means. There is in most constitutions a craving for excitement, and in some this craving is most intense. Hereby, moreover, men are variously led, rather driven. Some travel for excitement; others engage in the sports of the field; others run imminent bodily risks; others gossip and quarrel, and some gamble. In Dr. Kitto's letters, published in his *Memoirs*, there are some remarks pertinent to this point. Kitto says—"People never leave home (the true place of comfort) to visit any place whatever in order to be more comfortable, but in order to be excited—to have the still waters of comfort troubled; in short, people take journeys for the same reason that a certain young man married, because 'he wanted a wife to make him *un-asy*.' And here, since I have referred to this verse, I may say," observes the doctor, "that notwithstanding its mighty comical effect, it does, I think, offer as true and deep a bit of philosophy as I ever met with in my life. It goes to the very marrow of things. A man marries because he is tired of the

will comfort, the perfect repose of bachelorhood; he wants to be excited and stimulated; he wants to be flurried and worried; he wants new experiences and turnabouts—all which the song loudly and clearly distinguishes as a want to be '*unasy*.' The motive for a journey is in the main the same as this; but there is a trifling difference in the result, that when both the traveller and the married man have allayed their appetite for uneasiness, the former is enabled to realise the final benefit of his enterprise by returning with a healthy glow of body and mind to his old pursuits, which have become all the more endeared to him for the interruption they have sustained; but the other cannot do this, knowing well that the state he has forsaken is one to which 'no traveller returns.' More seriously, I think that the real benefit of such excursions as that which I have enjoyed (really enjoyed) must needs be proportioned to the disturbing power which is exercised, since on that depends the ultimate reward which is found in the highly wholesome reaction on behalf of our quiet comforts and settled habits." We wish it to be distinctly understood that we differ from the learned Doctor on the subject of motive for marriage and travel, but we agree in his remarks about our need of excitement. There can be no doubt that most men thirst for excitement, and that many seek it in the practice of gaming. The hope of success, the fear of failure—the pleasure of gain, the pain of loss—and the sudden changes from one emotion to another, involve intense excitement. And the man who finds leisure dull, and business or professional labour very prosaic—whose necessity for excitement is not met by the risks and competitions of business, or by the pleasure of ordinary recreation—seeks the kind and degree of stimulus he thinks he needs in the risks and uncertainties of gaming.

Now if there be a good side to gambling it is here—in gaming meeting our want of excitement. We admit the ne-

cessity, and allow that it is very great in some temperaments. We will go further, and say that multitudes of men, women, and youth in this country are suffering through lack of sufficient healthful excitement. But these facts do not justify resort to gaming. Who is there among us prepared to say that, because men need food, they may take poisoned victuals; that, because men need drink, they are warranted in imbibing deadly or deleterious beverages; or that, because men require rest, they may sleep where pestilence walks in darkness? If wholesome food and drink be not at hand, it is better that men remain hungry and thirsty. If sleep cannot be taken in safety, it is better to watch, however wearily, until the morning. But if there be a place of healthful repose—if there be wholesome food and drink accessible—that man is very wicked or very weak, who, by eating or drinking that which is injurious, or by sleeping in pestilential air, endangers health and life.

We repeat, men do need excitement and some much more than others. But may it not be found in some lawful recreation or in some legitimate enterprise? Are there no holy wells to which the thirsty may resort, and from which they may drink? And if there be no pure fountain opened, what does wisdom in this case cry? Does not wisdom say, “Thirst yet longer”? If gaming be wrong in itself, all resort to it even for necessary excitement is evil. And what if the excitement be injurious both in kind and in degree? In this case it is better to sink into utter dulness. Now we assert upon the foundation of the acknowledged experience of the gambler, and upon observation of the life of those given to gaming, that the excitement of gambling, instead of being recreative, is most destructive. Its intensity consumes. The sudden alternations of feeling exhaust like ague. The *hope* of the gambler is never an anchor, but an unmanageable sail carrying him onward to the rocks of destruction. The *fear* of the gambler is

never a salutary restraint, but always a dangerous frenzy. His *pleasure* fevers him, and his *pain* maddens him. It is better, we repeat, to sink into utter dulness than be thus excited.

“There is nothing,” writes Steele, “that wears out a fine face, like the vigils of the card-table and those cutting passions which naturally attend them. Hollow eyes, haggard looks, and pale complexions are the natural indications of a female gamester. Her morning sleeps are not able to repay her midnight watchings.” “An assembly of the states,” remarks La Bruyère, “a court of justice, shows nothing so serious and grave as a table of gamesters playing very high; a melancholy solicitude clouds their looks, envy and rancour agitate their minds while the meeting lasts, without regard to friendship, alliances, birth, or distinctions.”

4. Under the risks and losses of gaming there is neither compensation nor consolation. Of those who play for money the ultimate gainers are very few. Certainly this is the case at every public gaming-table. We are unable entirely to account for this fact, but our statement may fully be proved. It may be that the gains are caught by sharpers, and quickly gravitate to the owners of the gaming hells. Similar remarks may be made upon gains by betting on horses. Whether, however, the gainers be many or few, *some* must lose, and all run more risk in this than in any other pursuit. And we affirm that those who lose by gambling are without compensation or consolation. Facts in proof of this are abundant. We shall refer to this part of our subject again. For the present, in illustration of losses by gaming I may mention two cases. A young man with a fortune of £30,000 married a wife, whose price was far above rubies. Instead of giving her his society and devoting his means to the comfort of his home, he soon forsook the wife of his youth and entered the *vortex* of the gambling world. He bet largely upon horses,

and in two short years lost every penny of his patrimony and was imprisoned for debt. Another young man upon coming of age took possession of a fortune of £120,000. He was a frequenter of the race-course, staked large sums at races, and in less than three years from the time of his coming of age he was brought down to utter destitution, and cast himself upon the resources of a widowed mother. Let us take an example from another class of society. It is in print—that a tradesman of high respectability in Chester found a betting-book in the possession of one of his apprentices, from which it appeared that he had rendered himself responsible to the amount of £100. Such a debt to many an apprentice is equal to thousands of pounds in the case of the man of large income or fortune, and would inevitably lead to dishonesty and to all its attendant and consequent evils. Now suppose that these young men had lost their money in fair trade, by honourable business, or through some other unprofitable yet legitimate investment—they would have suffered regret, but they would have been strangers to remorse; they would still have lost their money, but would have saved their character; they might have been charged with folly, but none would have dared to charge them with crime.

As an example of the *remorse* which succeeds to losses by gaming, I may mention a case of comparatively recent occurrence. A young merchant, a partner in a wealthy firm, had an income of some thousands a-year; he bet largely and lost so extensively that ruin stared him in the face. Unable to meet his friends after they became acquainted with his position, and impotent to bear the reproaches of his own conscience, he twice in one day attempted his life, and ultimately succeeded in severing the vital thread. For another illustration I may point to you the *Times* of the 10th of September last, in which there appeared the following letter:—

“THE GAMING TABLES ON THE RHINE.

“*To the Editor of the Times.*”

“Sir,—A terrible scene occurred here last Monday. A young man, said to be an officer in the Dutch service, who has for some time past been a yearly frequenter of the ‘Kur-saal,’ and had just lost everything he possessed at play, blew out his brains while sitting at the gaming-table. A momentary pause took place, but very shortly, even before the poor man’s blood had been washed from the floor, gambling was resumed as madly as before. A week only previous to this event an English officer destroyed himself under like circumstances at Homberg. I venture to mention these circumstances, because they are carefully suppressed by the wretches who profit by the vices of their fellow-creatures, and I earnestly hope that, by giving publicity to the by no means unfrequent results of gambling, some young men may be deterred from that evil practice. It is said—and I trust there is truth in the report—that the Duke of Nassau will shortly expel the hell-keepers from his dominions, and that he will exert his influence with other German princes to induce them to do the same.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

“Wiesbaden, Sept. 5.”

“C. S.”

There is consolation for the widow and widower; for the motherless and fatherless; for parents made childless by death; for those of the poor whose poverty is their affliction and not their fault; for sufferers of almost every kind and degree; but for the gambler in his losses, although loss of money is often in his case loss of all things, there is no consolation. The ruined gambler is even beyond the sphere of the laws of compensation. The void which his losses create, aches and aches, without relief or remedy. The blood which cleanseth from all sin can take away the gambler’s guilt; and the Saviour who to every penitent sinner saith “Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee,” can restore peace to the ruined gambler’s heart; but apart from the Gospel of Christ there is no consolation at all; and while special provision is made by the Saviour for many sufferers, the ruined gambler is left without one word of special Divine invitation or promise.

5. The spirit which gaming evokes and the character it forms

are both essentially evil. Gaming destroys all lawful dependence upon manly labour—upon industry, prudence, perseverance, and honest endeavour; it annihilates reliance upon Divine Providence as crowning right exertion, and begets a spirit of fearful recklessness. This recklessness, first awakened with respect to money, is soon extended to health, life, honour, reputation, character, and morality, and presently spreads beyond the things which ought to be most precious to the gambler *himself*, until it reaches that which is of most importance to *others*—so that, allured by the enticements of success or goaded by the disappointment of failure, fevered by gain and maddened by loss, he becomes in a most evil sense “careful for nothing,” and is prepared to lie, to bear false witness, to cheat, to steal, or even to murder. He stakes his money, and learns to hazard that which is infinitely more precious than millions of gold and silver.

“Don’t care” is the spirit and character of the gambler. “Don’t care,” many of us were told in our childhood, came to the gallows; and “Don’t care” is often laughed at in this connection. “I said of laughter, it is mad;” there is here no cause for laughter. The majority of those who have come to the gallows have been “Don’t care” men; and “Don’t care,” whosoever he may be and wheresoever he may be, is on his way to the gallows. “Don’t care,” when all *I do* either fulfils or transgresses the Divine law! “Don’t care,” when that which *I am* invites the Divine blessing or attracts the Divine wrath! “Don’t care,” when that which *I am becoming* is preparing me for heaven or for hell! “Don’t care,” when I must give account of myself to God! “Don’t care,” and God cares for all I am, and do, and say, and think! “Don’t care” in a world of sorrow and sin, of temptation and trial! “Don’t care” for myself, when God so cared for me as to send His Son to seek and to save me! “Don’t care,” when voices louder than the roar of many falling waters, and more numerous than

the insects whose hum fills some sunny grove, cry, "Take care—take care—take care!" "Don't care," when the bones of some who have made this their watchword lie bleaching before us, and the life-blood of others flows at our feet! "Don't care!"—I *must* care: God will make me care—all that is within me and around me will unite to constrain me to care! "Don't care!"—the tone in which this is said shows I *do* care, but that I try to put care away—to turn my heart of flesh into stone, my forehead into flint, and my face to adamant. And I may do this partially until the day of punishment and the hour of reckoning, but in that day and hour I *must* care—then there will be enough of flesh in my heart to produce weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. The men who die hardened at the gallows, are not past feeling when the soul leaves the body: they then pass from indifference to unutterable agony!

The fact that gambling begets the "Don't care" spirit and creates recklessness of character, is a sufficient basis for its condemnation.

It may be, however, that in all cases gaming does not produce recklessness; but, where this is not the effect, it will be found that there exists a low superstitiousness, dealing largely in omens and prognostics, or a blind fatalism which bends to necessity with a prostrate moral weakness; so that if the character of the gambler is not represented by "I don't care," it is indicated by "I must do it and I cannot help it." The gamester is either like a straw carried along by a strong current, or like a madman setting fire to his clothes and to his dwelling or cutting himself with sharp knives.

6. The associations and circumstances into which gaming often leads are full of danger. Say that a particular gambler is at the present what is termed a moral man. He is sober, truthful, honest, chaste—free from what men in general call immorality. He now games only in private; but is he sure

GAMBLING.

with whom he may meet even at a *private* card or dice party? May he not even there become associated with some of the most efficient rogues and swindlers? Upon what principle are many people invited to parties—invited not by intelligent and moral heads of families only, but even by professing Christians? Is it not upon equality or superiority of rank or of wealth? If a filthy libertine be but a lord, you will find him admitted to families whose virtue is unquestioned, simply because of his social rank. If a complete reprobate have but a commission in the army, you will see him sit at the tables of households whose morality is most high, merely because of the stupid homage which is paid in this country to military rank. Nor is the Church of Christ free from worshipping the golden calf and the images which any Nebuchadnezzar may set up. We express a solemn conviction, and one most deliberately formed, when we say that the respect paid by Christians to rich men, *on the ground of their wealth*, is the most deadly blight with which the Churches of Christ are in the present day cursed. Our conflict is not as of old with priestcraft, but with wealthcraft. This is somewhat of a digression; but we want to show that the gambler at private parties may soon fall into the hands of those to whom play is more than life. The simple fact of cards being introduced at a party shows a laxity in the rule of amusements in that home, and suggests the more than probability that men may be met there whose acquaintance involves danger and disgrace. Is it said that conversation or music at a social gathering involves equal danger? We reply that we think not. The lovers of discourse and converse, of musical instruments and of song, cannot be so dangerous as the confirmed gambler; nor is there anything in conversation or music likely to originate the same close and mischievous connection as *play*.

The distance from the private card-party to the gaming-house or to the tavern, for gaming purposes, is very short. And

what can we say to the atmosphere of the tavern and of the house of gaming, where revelling, cursing, swearing, lying, and immorality of almost every form and shape abound? Can anything that is holy thrive in such an atmosphere? Must it not destroy whatsoever things are honest, lovely, and of good report? Must it not develop with unparalleled rapidity almost every vice? And the race-course is worse than the gaming-house! Thither flows without restraint a full tide of the worst of men and the most debased of women. It may be that there is not a spot above the depths of hell which exhibits such a concentration of all that is sensual and devilish as the race-course. And shall our House of Commons continue to suspend the business of the country on the Derby-day, thereby giving a far worse than legislative sanction to horse-racing and to betting? Shall members of our nobility who have occupied or do occupy seats on our Treasury bench—who have held the responsible position of Prime Minister—be known out of Parliament chiefly as sporting-men? Shall our honoured and beloved Queen and her right-royal consort so yield to a corrupt aristocratic taste as to sanction Ascot with their presence? Our own Victoria is too noble a woman, and too good a wife and a mother, to continue her sanction to the race-course, when she knows that many a virtuous woman is ruined *there*; that the worst of the female sex are gathered *there*; that many a wife is made a widow and many a parent rendered heart-broken *there*; and that the most painful duty which her Majesty has to perform—the signing of the warrant for the execution of one of her subjects—is often occasioned by the evils which are concentrated *there*. Are there no means of representing this to our honoured Sovereign? Shall the people crowd to see her as she passes to address her Parliament, and shall the nation employ the swift lightning to convey her words from one end of the country to the other, and shall a multitude of her most loyal subjects

find it impossible to gain access to the royal ear upon matters which concern the stability of the nation itself? Have constituencies no influence with their representatives upon the subject of Parliamentary sanction to races? What! shall Parliament have power to shut up the betting-house, and shall the people represented by Parliament be unable to prevent the worst kind of Parliamentary sanction to that which causes these betting-houses to exist? We ask for no Puritanical restraint upon the pleasures of the people—we advocate *more* holidays and *more* extended recreation—but we do ask that if restraint be imposed on gaming, that it be generally and effectively administered; and we demand that the rulers of the nation shall not build again by their personal practice what they profess to destroy by their legislation.

7. In many instances gaming drives men to dishonesty. This remark is logically included in the preceding, but we wish to give it special prominence. Tom Brown says, "Gaming finds a man a cully, and leaves him a knave." We will mention one case in illustration, and which may be taken as the type of thousands of cases. A commercial traveller was invited by the keeper of a country hotel, where he tarried for a night, to play at cards. He had often been cautioned against gambling, and he refused. He was, however, plied with wine, and at length consented. At that first sitting he lost all his own money and eight pounds of his employers'. He continued to play in hope of recovering himself, but he sank deeper and deeper into the mire. He had at length used so much of his employers' property, that he was obliged to keep double books, and make out two sets of accounts. This he did for two years. The embezzlement was discovered—and where is he now? A wretched convict, in one of our prisons. This case is an example of a class, fearful alike in extent and in character.

"Which of the Ten Commandments does gambling break?"

said a youth on one occasion to his father, who replied—
 “None in letter, but the whole law in principle and in spirit.”

We remark, therefore, further, that, 8. *Gambling is a transgression of the Divine law.* The sum of the Ten Commandments is: “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself.” Gaming excludes all regard to God. It denies God utterly. It even sets up a false God. It deifies chance. It develops and exalts that which is, and ever must be, in opposition to God. Here are transactions about which, be a man ever so anxious, he cannot pray, and in connection with which, be he ever so successful, he cannot give God thanks. Here are acts and cares in connection with which there can be no love towards God—no trust in God—no obedience to God—no endeavour to glorify God. Yet the law which supreme love to God fulfils, requires that in all our ways we should acknowledge God, and that whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do, we should do all to the glory of God.

Nor is the art which aims to take from our fellow-man that which we have not earned from him—that for which we yield no equivalent—that the loss of which will inflict injury of the most serious nature—consistent with love to man. The trader may in trading love his neighbour as himself, but to the gambler this is impossible. We therefore hold gaming to be a positive transgression of the Divine law.

Let me, however, assume for a moment that gaming is no sin. It will be admitted by the gambler himself, that it *has* inflicted and *now* inflicts mischief of the most serious kind. Nor can it be said that it secures any advantage which may not be secured by other means. Some defend their use of intoxicating drinks upon the ground that their health can be sustained only by such means. None can defend gaming upon this ground. “All things are lawful to me, but all

things are not expedient." If then there be a practice which squanders property and often encumbers with fearful pecuniary liability, which creates poverty and embarrassment, renders children a sorrow and burden to their parents, converts loving husbands into heartless brutes, diverts men from lawful occupations, creates the strongest temptations to theft, forgery, and sometimes to murder—a practice which makes the sober a drunkard, the chaste licentious, the upright dishonest, the sane lunatic;—a practice to which many a broken-hearted relative can point, saying, That ruined my son, my brother, my husband;—a practice which has given a patient to many sick-beds, a maniac to many a madhouse, a tenant to many a grave;—a practice which is *never* a duty, *never* a necessity; whose pleasure is but a spark; whose excitement often becomes delirium; whose gains are ill-gotten and cankerous;—a pursuit which must be a personal trap and a social snare: what does mere humanity say concerning its continuance? Now such a pursuit is gaming. And when to its mischievousness we add the charge of positive sinfulness, we ask, can our condemnation of gambling be too decided or too strong. We condemn all gaming as denying the Divine Providence and government—as contrary to God's arrangement for getting gain—as awakening most injurious excitement—involving risk and loss without compensation or consolation—possessing men with an evil spirit, and forming the lowest style of character—transgressing the Divine law and inflicting most serious mischief not only upon the gambler himself, but upon society at large.

We have thus far condemned gaming chiefly upon moral grounds. We may, however, appeal to the *ledger* and find cause for condemnation there. The *profit* and *loss* side of gaming is anything but favourable to games of hazard. He who desires either to accumulate or to hoard money will not succeed by gambling; and, as this may be the motive in some

cases, it may be well to show that even this object cannot be realized. We observe, therefore, 9. That losses by gaming are the rule, and that gain is the exception, and that the losses are often most ruinous in extent. This remark applies not so much to private gambling as to gaming-houses and to betting-houses, where the proprietors and their accomplices manage sooner or later to win from those who frequent such places all they have to lose. Before the gaming-houses at the west-end of London were closed, it was known to the police that, between the first and second visit of a gaming-house *guest*, the proprietors generally managed to estimate his resources. *Reversions* were estimated as money, and there is paper now out, and which will probably be negotiable for years to come, on account of gaming losses incurred ten years since. An action is now said to be pending upon paper issued by a merchant in a large commercial city, whose losses by gaming amounted a short time since to £20,000, of which he has paid £2,000 in hard cash. Often in one night men were known to lose as much as £1,700 and £2,000. One young man, in a public office, lost £2,000 in the play of a few hours. He offered £1,000 as a compromise. The gaming-house-keeper wrought upon this young man's fear of exposure, and refused the compromise; and the unhappy youth raised the whole sum, and paid it, lest he should suffer exposure and the loss of his situation. These are some of numerous facts and cases which were known to the police authorities when the last onslaught was made upon our west-end gaming-houses. And, in order to show that these cases are not singular, let me relate a story concerning a Mr. Porter, a gentleman who, in the reign of Queen Anne, possessed one of the best estates in the county of Northumberland, and lost it in twelve months. According to the story told of this gamester—when he had just completed the loss of his last acre at a gambling-house in London, and was proceeding

down the stairs to throw himself into a carriage to convey him home to his house in town, he resolved upon having one more throw to try to retrieve his losses, and immediately returned to the room where the play was going on. Nerved for the worst that might happen, he insisted that the person he had been playing with should give him one more chance of recovery, or fight with him. His proposition was this, that his carriage and horses, the trinkets and loose money in his pockets, his town house, plate, and furniture—in short, all he had left in the world—should be valued in a lump at a certain sum, and be thrown in a single cast. No persuasion could prevail on him to depart from his purpose. He threw and lost, then, conducting the winner to the door, he told the coachman there was his master, and marched forth into the dark and dismal streets without house or home or any creditable means of living. Thus beggared, he retired to an obscure lodging in a cheap part of the town, subsisting partly on charity, sometimes acting as marker at a billiard-table, and occasionally as a helper in a livery-stable. In this miserable condition, with nakedness and famine staring him in the face, exposed to the taunts and insults of those whom he once supported, he was recognised by an old friend, who gave him ten guineas to purchase necessaries. He expended five in procuring decent apparel, with the remaining five he repaired to a common gaming-house, and increased them to fifty; he then adjourned to one of the higher order of houses, sat down with former associates, and won £20,000. Returning the next night, he lost it all, and was once more penniless, and, after subsisting many years in abject penury, died a beggar in St. Giles's.

The betting-house and the race-course are as fertile in cases of destructive pecuniary loss as the gaming-house. A gentleman prominent and active in the commercial life of this great city writes—

“In the course of my commercial life I have met with many petty gamblers, but, with three exceptions, their history has not been remarkable except for general looseness of character. The first of the exceptions was a man holding a first-rate position in one of our largest city houses—in fact, a partner; but, by betting on horses, he became involved to so great an extent that he was not only compelled to throw up his position in that house, but has never (in consequence of some other transactions coming to light) been able to obtain a situation of trust since.

“The second was a well-educated and intelligent youth in our own house. He was induced to enter the gambling lists at first on a small scale, but eventually lost his situation, and when last I heard of him he was a ‘black-leg’ in the neighbourhood of Manchester.

“The other is the son of a most respectable tradesman in the suburbs of London, whose tale is soon told. His first bet realised forty pounds, and this success proved his ruin, for he is now an outcast from his home, and a companion of vagabonds.”

From a similar source we receive information of “an inn-keeper who returned home from Nottingham races, sat down and expired immediately, having lost a very considerable sum of money which he could not strictly call his own.”

The most conclusive evidence upon the destructive losses occasioned by gaming is, however, supplied by a document presented to the Kirchentag—the German Church Assembly—at its meeting in Frankfort in 1854. In the tenth section of that paper we find the following statement upon the destructiveness of gaming by the great loss of money:—

“Even the loss of money which gambling entails is great enough to offer a chief reason against gambling. Already before has mention been made of the sum which individual bathing-places asked of the National Assembly as an indem-

nification for the abolition of gambling. The fact that those at Homberg asked more than four millions, and at Baden more than six, gives one an idea of the sums the gaming-houses received. And as to the ten authorised gambling-houses which were abolished in Paris in 1838, the calculation has been made that, yearly, 325,000,000 francs passed over their banks. It is known that the German gambling banks annually pay very great sums to the government—to Baden-Baden, 120,000 florins; at Homberg, 40,000 florins to the state, and 10,000 to the town; and that enormous sums are expended for the embellishment of the passages leading to all these ‘hells’ and of the saloons—for music, for the numerous staff of servants, of the extent of which one can form an idea when one hears that from forty to fifty croupiers stand in the service of one bank, and each of these has a yearly income of 2000 francs and upwards. In Homberg the total cost for each day amounts to 900 florins. And, in spite of such an immense sum, the farmers of these houses make a profit of many hundreds of thousands of guilders. From Homberg, the ‘Cologne News’ reported last month (August, 1854) that the shareholders of the Homberg Bank make not less than 40 per cent. per annum on the 500 florins stock (in the year before it was 75 per cent.); and that, within seven years, the capital of the first subscriptions had increased more than two-and-a-half times through the dividends alone.” The article concludes with this just remark: “Any one whom these figures do not advise and convert cannot be helped by any rational reasoning. Indeed, these figures are really terrifying; and the thought is fearful, how many families, by these unheard-of losses, have been dashed to the ground; how many savings, which might have founded a fortune for life, have been drawn down into this whirlpool; how many young men have sacrificed on this Golgotha the hard-earned

gains of their fathers, the means for their mental improvement, the hopes of their future, and all true happiness."

If, then, the gambler make gain of money his plea for gaming, we say, there is no prospect of ultimate gain. Loss of money, not increase, will be the result. But if he persist that money may be gathered by gambling, we can only answer him in the words of our Saviour: "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

It is a significant fact, that several national governments prohibit gaming-houses, and lay sundry and severe restraints upon gambling; and it is further instructive to notice that gaming was thus restrained many centuries ago. Thus it was forbidden by the Roman laws both in the time of the Republic and under the Emperors. It was tolerated only at the Saturnalia in December, and none but old men were allowed to use it as a recreation. The most ancient ecclesiastical law deprives a bishop, presbyter, or deacon, for indulging in dice. By laws made in the reign of Henry VIII., the keeper of a gaming-house may be indicted for a nuisance. By acts in the reign of Anne, bonds for money lost in play are declared void, and losses amounting to £10 may be recovered. The ancient law of Scotland limits "play" to private houses, and requires the sanction of the master of the house. Acts in the reign of the II., III., and IV. of the Georges enforce and enlarge previous laws. The whole law in this matter has been further defined and strengthened by three distinct acts in the present reign. France has closed her public gaming-houses, thereby sacrificing an immense revenue. The majority of the German States now forbid gaming. Several of the Swiss cantons prohibit all gaming. Sardinia and Savoy have closed the gaming-house. The laws of several of the American States and the municipal laws of New York pro-

hibit gaming. And what do these facts say? A practice must be grossly evil before a government would sacrifice a large revenue to put it down, as in the case of France, or before, as in the case of our own rulers, it is meddled with at all. Surely the fact that ancient Rome and a large portion of modern Europe have forbidden gaming will go to indicate that it endangers alike the welfare of the individual and the wellbeing of society.

My young brothers, do hear me! Some among you are strangers to gaming. You have never thrown dice, taken a share in a lottery, laid a bet, or played a card. I beseech you still keep your hands off every instrument of gaming. I caution you against cards, and dice, and wagers, in *private houses*. I care not what may be the character of the persons who may ask you to play—whether they be eminent saints or notable sinners—to all their invitations to take a hand of cards or a throw of dice, say “No.” Listen to the confession of one who learned gaming in a private house. I give it in his own words:—

“F——, when not yet twenty years of age, was situated in a highly respectable and even professedly Christian family, who had occasionally a social gathering of friends and an evening party. Cards were almost invariably introduced, and a quiet friendly rubber was much enjoyed. No harm was thought to be in it. The stakes were small; indeed, considering the position and circumstances of the individuals, the stakes were but trifling. F—— before this had but little knowledge of cards, but now they seemed pleasing to him. His taste was gradually excited. A few games with those in the house, and with one or two friends, for mere trifling stakes, or even for nothing, served to whet his appetite, and he began to enjoy and relish the games with which he now became acquainted. F—— had now become known to residents in the village, and many invitations to Christmas parties

were willingly accepted. In almost every instance cards were introduced, and F—— of course joined with the others. Money was always played for, except in peculiar cases; the amounts, usually small, became now and then considerable. The excitement gradually increased. When a loser, he became anxious to win back, and when a winner he was prepared to stake the more. In the same place was held a weekly card-meeting at the principal inn, and some who met F—— at occasional private parties invited him to attend this. After some delay, occasioned by his fear lest it should become known to the gentleman with whom he lived, he consented and went. The majority of those present were almost totally unknown to him, and he was at first exceedingly cautious about playing with strangers, and even with those whom he knew, except for very small sums. He was also very careful not to remain beyond a certain time, in order that he might retire to rest with the family. His success in being able to keep within the limits which he had prescribed for himself, smoothed the way, and he was easily induced to repeat his visit again and again. His former caution gradually wore off. The stakes became larger and the game more exciting. The time he had fixed for retiring passed imperceptibly by, and the family with whom he lived had retired to rest, supposing he had done the same. He, however, found means to obtain an entrance unobserved. This once done, the meetings, and others of a similar character, were regularly attended—that is, as often as the cash in his pocket permitted—and the hour of retiring was sometimes near daybreak. Fortunately for F——, he had no love for drinking, or the consequences might have been fearful to contemplate. As it was, however, his circumstances began to alter considerably. His haggard countenance and frequently anxious look would have told the tale of the sad course he was pursuing had his friends or his employer not been completely disarmed of sus-

picion by his general conduct. His playing now became almost desperate. Not contented with losing that which he had in his pocket, he borrowed of those with whom he played, and, occasionally winning large sums, his desire for playing kept on increasing. His salary, which was liberal, was not sufficient to carry him through this; he was becoming shabby in clothes as well as weak in body. He had always been in the habit of kneeling by his bedside before retiring to rest, and asking forgiveness and blessing, but now he had become unable to do so. The company with whom he mixed almost imperceptibly, but gradually and powerfully, worked upon him. The genteel forms of obscene and filthy conversation, lewd jests, and even blasphemous ejaculations, were but too insinuating and vile, and his heart was becoming miserably hard, and his soul wretchedly diseased. Had this continued for twelve months longer, a premature grave or some open crime might have been the result; but it pleased God, who is rich in mercy, so to order circumstances that he was about this time removed to London, where he had no friends or acquaintance save one, a godly young man, a member of the Christian Young Men's Association, by whom he was introduced to religious assemblies and brought under the influence of the Gospel. The truth as it is in Jesus came with power to his heart; and although some years have now elapsed since his conversion to God, yet the iniquities of his former life have left portions of their roots, which are as thorns in his side, and sorely hinder his growth in grace and the evenness of his Christian walk."

This case illustrates what Lavater says: "It is possible that a wise and good man may be prevailed on to game, but it is impossible that a professed gamester should be a wise and good man." And this accords with the sentiment of the old Roman, Publius Syrus, who centuries before had written—"Aleator quanto in arte est melior tanto nequior."

Again I entreat those of my young brothers who have not commenced gaming, to maintain the utmost distance from all play. Is it difficult, in some company, and in some circumstances, to abstain entirely? It may be difficult—no doubt it is—but it will be far harder to leave off when you have commenced, even though disgrace and ruin may be staring you in the face. So difficult is the habit to break, that Saurin says, in his discourse on the Lives of Courtiers—“We sometimes see men whose relaxed and trembling hands are too feeble to hold a box of dice or a hand of cards, supported by others, and gaming with a part of themselves, as they cannot do so with the whole.”

It may be that in my audience are those *who are familiar* with cards and dice, and in whose pocket at this moment is a book of bets. May I urge you to ponder the thoughts suggested by this lecture, and to meditate upon the facts we have narrated? May I entreat you to read honestly your own experience, and to digest the lesson which your own observation will supply? What are you gaining by gaming? Is not the excitement consuming you as fire? Does not the pursuit absorb you even to the present loss of your soul? Is gambling recreation? Does it not waste rather than repair, exhaust rather than renew? What are you profited? Can you point to pecuniary gain? Tell me what security have you of continuing to gain or of holding past gains? Tell me rather, how much have you lost? And who are those with whom you associate in the betting-house, on the race-course, or in the foreign gaming-house? Would you introduce these men to your mothers and to your sisters? Would you name them in the presence of your fathers? Are you willing that your employers should see you in their company? Do not some of you shudder at the scenes you witness, and do you not shrink from the hand of some who call you friend? For the sake of your body, soul, and spirit, give up gaming.

For the sake of kindred and friends, give up gaming. For the sake of society and of your country, give up gaming; and renounce it *immediately*. Burn that betting-book to-night. Destroy every card you have and cast away all your dice so soon as you reach home. Annul your acceptance of invitations to parties where cards are played, and to fresh invitations send an honest refusal. Never again cross the threshold of a betting-house, or of any house of play. Avoid this as carefully at Baden-Baden as in London. Gaming is as evil in Germany as in England, and as dangerous when travelling as when at home.

Keep far from the race-course. Sacrifice your love of horses to this measure for your safety. If you do not cease gaming soon, it may be impossible to leave off. And then, where may we soon hear of you? Where? In the felon's dock—in the convict's cell—in the penal settlement—in the grave of the *felo-de-se*—on the drop of the gallows—as having died in sight of hell as your eternal portion. Oh! be not deceived! Call me not fanatic or enthusiast! But you may call me madman or fool, if you will but listen to my ravings, and be warned by what you call my folly. Are there no signs at present of the on-coming ruin of which we warn you? We see it in those hollow eyes—in those haggard looks—in that pale complexion—in that irritable speech. We see it in your unpaid bills—in your long-untouched private account-book—in your late hours—in your loose associates—and in your reckless habits. God sees it in the thought which has entered your wicked heart of falsifying your employer's account—of embezzling your master's property—of forging your friend's or your father's name. Devils see it in the false entry already made—in the appropriation and forgery already effected. Ruin is at your heels; it is before your face; it is above you as a storm-cloud; beneath you as an earthquake; around you as the sinoom. Get up! Escape! Flee! Do you cry Where?—To whom?

To whom? There is a Friend, whom I have found a friend above all others. He was my mother's friend, and she taught me to trust in His name. I have looked to Him from my childhood, and, although most unworthy of His love, He has never failed me. He has hid me in a pavilion from many of the evils to which others are exposed; but I know that from sin, in all its forms and consequences, He is mighty to save. I cannot look for one to befriend you among your own gay and gaming acquaintance—for the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. Those who now play with you would go to a court of justice to see you tried for theft or murder, and would sit as unmoved to pity as a statue. They would go to Newgate to see you hung, and would watch your last agonies with an opera-glass, as coolly as they would look upon the writhings of a worm. The law of the wicked is—"Take care of yourself, and sacrifice others." We have sometimes found cruelty in the Church of God, and among professing Christians. Even the disciples of Incarnate Kindness are sometimes cruel to each other. What must we then expect among the ungodly? I look for a friend among those *willing* to help you, but I find no sufficient friend there. Your mother's soft hand cannot break the chain of your sinful habits, nor could your sister's gentle fingers even loosen one link from another. Even your father's strong arm cannot save you. I know but of one Friend—His name is Jesus. God calls Him—His Christ. He is the Son of God and the Son of Man. He *was* on earth—He is now enthroned in heaven. Still His connection with earth is most intimate and real. *He knows you!* Yes—He knows *you!* He has *always* known you. He knows *that you gamble.* He knows when and where. Would you be saved? Tell Him so—call upon Him—believe in the Lord Jesus Christ—and you shall be saved.

Men and brethren! mothers! fathers! sisters! what can we

do to check gaming in our country? Let us put away all games of chance from our children and from our houses. Let us avoid every complacent or indifferent reference to play of every kind. Let us try to find *pure and healthful* recreation for our young men. Let us do our utmost to make home the sweetest place in the wide world. Let us open our doors to young men far from home. And shall we petition our Parliament not to suspend their sitting for the Derby-day? Shall we entreat our honoured Queen and her truly illustrious consort to withhold their sanction from Ascot? Shall we keep out of our houses every book and newspaper by which gaming may be made familiar and attractive to our children and servants? And shall we add to our common intercession the petition, that from the gaming-house, the betting-house, and the race-course, the good Lord would deliver this great city and our whole fatherland?—this great city, of which it has been said :—

“ O mighty mystery, *London*, there be children still who hold,
 Her palaces are silver-roof'd, her pavements are of gold :
 And blindly in that dark of fate they grope for the golden prize,
 For somewhere hidden in her heart the charm'd treasure lies.
 Such glory burning in the skies, she lifts her crown of light
 Above the dark, we see not what we trample in the night.
 O merry world of *London* ! O aching world of moan,
 How many a soul hath stooped to thee, and lost its starry throne !
 There Circe brims her sparkling ruby, dancing welcome—laughs
 All scruples down with wicked eye, and the crazed lover quaffs
 Until the fires of heaven have left white ashes on his lips.
 And there they pass whose tortured hearts the worm that dies not grips.
 The stricken crawl apart to die. There many a bosom heaves
 With merry laughters, mournful as the dancing of dead leaves.
 There griping greed rich heaps of yellow wealth of bank and shop,
 As autumn leaves grow goldenest when rotten ripe to drop :
 And many melt the marrow of their manhood, burn its bloom
 In passion's serpent arms, and with her kiss of fire consume.

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GAMBLING.

And day by day on each highway, from many a sunny shire,
The country life comes green to wither 'fore the hungry fire.
All into London leaping, leaping flows the human sea,
Where a wreck at heart, or a prize in arms, the waves flash merrily.

* * * * *

While ever and for ever goeth up to God for doom
The city's breath of life and death, in glory or in gloom.
And there it rings each spirit round, of light or darkness woven,
And they shall wake and walk their self-unfolded hell or heaven.
Nightly a merry harvest-home the devil in London drives,
And gathers on the shores of hell the wreck of human lives."

This poetry describes awful realities. London at this day is what these words portray. But as Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego walked through fire unhurt, because they walked with the Son of God, so our young men may pass through London life uninjured, if they will take care that Jesus Christ is everywhere holding their hand.

Young Brothers! the question is this: Will you allow yourselves to be driven by Satan through a course of transgression to ruin and to hell? or, Will you suffer Jesus Christ to lead you through faith and obedience to salvation and to Heaven?

Gambling.

EVIDENCE

IN SUPPORT OF STATEMENTS MADE IN THE

LECTURE ON GAMBLING,

BY THE

REV. SAMUEL MARTIN,

OF WESTMINSTER CHAPEL.

EVIDENCE, &c.

In the preparation of my Lecture on Gambling, I gathered more material than I could then employ. The unemployed matter appears to me, however, so important, that I think it my duty to publish it as a supplement to the Lecture. It will be found to consist of:—

- 1st. Testimony from the German Church Assembly;
 - 2nd. Evidence from our own Law Courts;
 - 3rd. A Letter on Gambling, in Germany and America;
 - 4th. The testimony of a distinguished Traveller,
- to all which I ask the reader's candid and serious attention.
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I.

A Translation of Twelve Sections of a Paper on Gambling, read in St. Paul's Church, Frankfort-on-Maine, September 26, 1854, at the Session of the German Church Assembly, by Bishop Rapff of Stuttgard, showing the extent of Gambling in Germany—the mischief which it inflicts, and the efforts—successful and otherwise—which are made for its suppression.

FIRST SECTION.

The Atmosphere of Gambling.

In the spring of this year all the hills and vales of my fatherland were adorned with trees, bearing the most luxuriant blossoms, and the starving people rejoiced in the ex-

pected fruit. But two cold nights destroyed all these hopes—the blossoms fell to the ground, and even the trees which had not put forth their blossoms were so blasted that the caterpillars devoured the slowly developing buds. Such frosty nights, and such caterpillars came also over the blossoms of the spiritual life, of which, thank God, we at present see many in our German fatherland. These glorious Church assemblies—the gathering together of so many German men around the one fountain of salvation, whose living streams they desire to lead out over dry fields, in order that beautiful oases, yea, gardens of God may bloom there—the numerous Church unions, Christianly renewed universities, Church governments and clergy, and all sorts of institutions and activities for the production of better times through better men,—all that is like the long wished for bursting forth of the blossoms in spring. But *nights of frost and caterpillars*—oh, what fearful desolations they make among our dear people! Thus the tavern with its streams of beer, wine, and even brandy, which carry away the fragrance and soon even the blossom itself of all the beautiful and good from plants of God; the therewith closely connected Sabbath desecration—the rude cursing and swearing—the poisonous unchastity—the Baal and Mammon service, through unbridled sensuality and avarice; and as the simoom which whirls up all this desolating dust, the general unbelief and half-belief, which science, as with a besom, has swept from most of her halls, but which only the more tenaciously fixes itself upon the unlearned and yet cultivated, upon the uncultivated and yet of age, to them who know nothing and yet know everything. These dark regions of infidelity, of estrangement from God, of thoughtlessness and of coarse or refined sensuality, choke all spiritual life, as at the dog's cave, at Puteoli, the sulphurous vapours lie a foot in depth, into which, for the surprise of travellers, dogs are thrown,

which immediately appear to fall down dead, but which come to life again, if they are instantly taken out. In such a dark, cold, poisonous atmosphere especially an apparition takes its abode, which, by several governments is not combated as the other enemies to morality and the welfare of the people, but is suffered, and by some, even fostered; while all the well-disposed of the people sigh on account of it, and the slaves of this tyrant curse him, when he has reduced them to misery. This tyrant, before whom even princes bow themselves, this gangrene which has eaten out many blossoms, even of the inner mission, is *gambling*, partly in gaming-houses, partly in private and government lottos and lotteries. The German name is *gaming-hell*, and this single word, by which our people commonly designate the enemy, which from Italy and France has come and nestled down amongst us, should be sufficient refutation and protest. But as levity does not regard the eternal hell, it likewise plays with the name of gaming-hell, and this fundamentally destructive wickedness is carried on more shamelessly than ever in the light of day.

THIRD SECTION.

Gambling opposed by the Confederation.

LET me first bring before your notice how these weighty voices have expressed themselves, and what has hitherto been done in the *way of law* against gambling, which is equally hurtful in a political as in a moral point of view. By this consideration we obtain a firmer footing, and more right in the eyes of the German people, and especially of its government.

In the Assembly of the Confederation in the year 1844, the Würtemberg ambassador, commissioned by his King, delivered the following declaration: "As the destructive influence of gambling is not limited to the immediate neigh-

bourhood of the place where it exists, but extends over a much wider sphere, it is consequently not enough that single German Governments prohibit it in their respective countries, therefore his Majesty addresses the following proposition to the sovereign and noble members of the German Confederacy. That all the gambling banks, lotteries and lottos existing within the territory of the Confederacy, or at least the public gaming-banks, should be forthwith abolished. Whereupon the President remarked that some time ago, prompted by the Prussian Government, the Courts of Austria and Prussia had entered upon confidential deliberations for the removal of this evil. By unanimous consent to a proposal of the President, a Committee was immediately chosen, which should take into consideration the proposition made by the Württemberg Government, and prepare a report. The report was brought forward on the 6th of February, 1845. It represented, first of all, that in the present time, the enjoyment of gradual acquisition by effort and labour, was less than formerly sought after, and much more, a sudden profit sought to be acquired without trouble; it took notice of the appropriate observation taken from a report of the "Staatsrath" Rebenius, in the Baden Chamber, that the abolition of the gaming-banks is a step demanded by the laws of religion and of morals, as well as by the temporal welfare of the German nation. Then showed that the limitations by which the governments had sought to obviate the damage of the gambling-licenses issued by them, had been proved impracticable, and they were justly accused of reaching the hand to this corrupting business, and by that means were in danger of losing the respect of their subjects; further, that the permission of public gambling does not support the prohibition of private gambling, but much rather, as it is only given for the sake of the revenue to be drawn from gambling, is it calculated to produce envy and hatred towards the rulers,

and cannot be carried out by them, as they are justly reproached for favouring, on the one hand, an immorality which, on the other hand, they prohibit. The various grounds, such as the mere profit to the exchequer, the prosperity of the bathing establishments said to be secured in this way, the predominant participation of the higher classes and of foreigners in the game, are taken up and refuted, it shows also how that by the railways many are brought to gamble who before knew nothing of it, that it therefore becomes increasingly necessary that the measures enforced against gambling should be adopted simultaneously, and in the same manner in all the portions of the Confederacy, and the more so, that the revenue drawn from gambling to an exchequer is counter-balanced by the additional expenditure demanded from the governments and communes on account of the increase of crime, of poverty, of sickness, and of madness.

On these grounds the Committee of the Assembly of the Confederation declared most decidedly against the further licence of public gaming-banks, and against every other form of public gambling allowed for the benefit of the public authorities, and is of opinion, that in regard to an evil which is so plainly and so universally acknowledged, the German Governments dare no longer remain tardily behind public opinion, but must step forward by taking quick and decisive measures, therefore he should have unhesitatingly laid before all the Confederate Governments a proposition for the immediate abolition of all the public gaming-banks, had not a regard to the contracts with the gambling contractors necessitated some mitigation of the decision, so that the proposition should now be: that all the German Confederate Governments bind themselves for the present:

1. From this time, and in every possible way to effect the diminution and removal of the misfortunes and dangers inseparably connected with public gambling-banks, as

well as the other forms of gambling, viz., the lottery and the lotto.

2. Entirely to interdict all participation by their subjects in such, on pain of punishment.

3. Neither to allow the establishment of new gaming-banks, nor to enter upon fresh agreements with gaming contractors, nor to continue existing contracts beyond the time originally agreed upon ; but much more to bring about the speediest dissolution of the contracts, and to proceed without delay to the abolition of gaming-banks and all other gambling where stipulations do not interfere.

If even these propositions had only been brought to a decision, and from a decision to vigorous execution, how much misery might in the past nine years have been avoided ? how many human lives, how many fortunate positions of family and property might have been maintained ?

But unfortunately it went no farther than that upon a proposition of the President it was resolved that the instructions of the governments upon the proposition of the Committee, should be requested within three months. It appears that a regard to the exchequer of some governments, and to the immense compensation-claims of certain places and persons has gained the victory over the public opinion of Germany.

FOURTH SECTION.

Opposition to Gambling by the German National Assembly.

No less deplorable is the fact, that even where the abolition of gambling was actually *decided* upon, this decision had no other fate than that which was the case with the Lernæan Hydra, upon which two heads appeared in the place of the one cut off by Hercules, while Hercules was wounded in the foot by an enormous crab sent by Juno to assist the Hydra.

The decision was formed by an assembly which was not only wounded but carried to its grave. In their 147th sitting, in January 1849, the German National Assembly adopted the resolution proposed by the Imperial Minister of Justice (Reichsjustizminister), *Mohl*, and the Committee for Political Economy: that all the public gaming-banks in Germany should be closed from May 1st, 1849, and the contracts abolished. Almost the entire Assembly rose at this resolution, and a general "bravo" expressed the joy of the friends of the German fatherland over an imperial law, in which all the opposite political shades, the right, the left, and the centre, were united. Almost all expressed the opinion that these gambling-hells were an infamy and a disgrace to Germany, a fountain of moral and economical destruction, a poisonous sublimate of sensuality, a birth-place of suicide, and a spring of nameless misfortunes. Even a professor of æsthetics, who belongs to the extreme left of the Hegel school, closed his speech against gambling-banks with the words:

"We are in so many things disunited, let us for once unite in a question of political morals, and with one blow overthrow and tread down these disgraceful banks."

Against this vigorous decision of the National Assembly there naturally arose numerous objections, complaints, difficulties, and claims for compensation from those to whom this game had been more than a Californian mine. The town of Wiesbaden demanded a compensation of 4,272,728 florins. Homburg several millions, and Baden-Baden upwards of six millions. These figures give an idea of the sums of which the infatuated players are defrauded. The National Assembly simply passed over these demands to the order of the day, in the sitting of 13th April, 1849, and referred the complainants to the expected imperial court of justice. The same minister declared on the 8th of May, 1849, that the gaming-banks were really abolished in the whole of

Germany, with the exception of Homburg, but troops were sent there which effected the closing of the banks there also.

FIFTH SECTION.

UNFORTUNATELY the closing of the banks was but of short duration. The sad end of the National Assembly called the banks out of their graves again, and now there are more than ever, as some small German countries, especially in the neighbourhood of this town, believe that they must allow a regard to their finances, and to the prosperity of their principal bathing-places to counterbalance the public opinion of all the true friends of their fatherland.

SIXTH SECTION.

Prohibition of the Gaming Banks in most of the States.

THE gaming-banks are prohibited in Austria, which just this summer newly enforced its laws against them; in Prussia, which left to Aix-la-Chapelle alone its old gaming privileges, because it demanded an exorbitant compensation, but now (as this report is being printed) has determined to abolish this right also; in Bavaria, Würtemberg, Hanover, Saxony, and in almost all the German countries. In the free town, Frankfort, also, an old law prohibits any inhabitant, within two leagues of the town, to play at any game of hazard. As the railways at present render this law ineffectual, the principal commercial houses have concluded an agreement to dismiss any of their servants who shall be found playing in any of the neighbouring gaming-houses. In England the great Canning pronounced the so-called royal prerogative of gambling, and the revenue which it yielded to the government, whether by engaging in it itself, or by farming, to be an ill-earned gain, of which a civilized state ought to be ashamed. He, therefore, in 1826, abolished

the lottery in England, and other gaming-banks are prohibited besides. With us, also, the *English* play least, while the French, on the contrary, play most, and in all the gaming-houses it is French that is spoken. And it was French gaming-farmers who naturalized this nuisance among us. For France itself, whose principal town is generally looked upon as the tender nurse of every pleasure, prohibited gaming-banks in the year 1838, although they yielded an annual revenue to the state of 4,540,000 frs. Free America, also, which certainly allows the greatest possible play to individual freedom, suffers no games of hazard, without doubt in the conviction, that men who cannot withstand the most hurtful temptations, must be kept in guardianship by the laws of the State. Even a barbarous ruler, the Chinese conqueror, Hung-sin-chin, has forbidden, among his million of soldiers the use of opium, and all gambling, and has obtained perfect obedience from his uncultivated subjects. But Germany with all its education, science, morals, and religion, cannot overcome this most insulting enemy. And yet even those of its States which tolerate this enemy must be convinced of its destructiveness. For they prohibit the play to their own subjects; but foreigners, (and as such they do not include merely French, English and Russians, but also those belonging to other allied German States)—to such German foreigners they allow what they refuse as ruinous to their own people. No one belonging to Homburg dare play in Homburg, no one to Baden, in Baden, no one to Nassau, in Nassau; Kurhesse is in this respect liberal; but Prussians, Bavarians, Swabians, have only to go to Homburg, Baden, or Wiesbaden, there they may securely ruin themselves, if only the gaming-chest is thereby enriched—the Kur place thereby made to flourish. Oh! Germany, Germany! how long will thy sons forget that they are brothers; when will thy most gaping wounds be healed!

SEVENTH SECTION.

Permission of Lotteries, and opposition to the same in the Bavarian Chamber.

THERE are States in Germany that do not suffer any gaming-banks, and yet grant permission to other games of hazard, and thus do much harm. With these may be reckoned the class-lottery, from which the Prussian exchequer draws annually above a million dollars, and the angling-letters of which are sent from this town in great numbers.

I need not inform the honoured members of this Church-assembly of the nature of these lotteries, seeing that with other friendly invitations they have here received also lottery-letters containing the splendid promise of 87,500 fl. Inconceivable sums are directly lost by these manipulations, while in the State lottery-loans the capital and even a small interest remain. But still more destructive are the number-lotteries or lotto-establishments, which, like syrens, entice the poor people in Bavaria and Austria and throw them into manifold misfortunes. Denmark abolished its long-existing lotto a year ago, but Germany has not got so far. In Bavaria there are annually thirty-six drawings undertaken. Of the ninety numbers drawn, there are only five prizes: Whoever stakes upon one of these numbers, that is to say, whoever buys a lottery-ticket with these numbers, for any amount he pleases, receives fifteen times the amount of his stakes. If he has staked upon two numbers, and both are among the five prizes, which is called an ambo, he then receives the amount of his stakes 270 times; three fortunate numbers are a terne, four a quaterne. But even ambos very seldom occur, and the poor people suffer in this way immense losses; the *poor* people especially, because in this lotto the smallest stakes, even as low as a penny (three kreutzers), are taken, while in the class-lotteries a ticket costs 56 fl., and though

the eighth part of this may sometimes be taken—7 fl., that is still too high for the generality of the lower classes, if the preference is given to the class-lottery. In the German Quarterly (*Viertel-jahrschrift*), it is disputed in the *Görres'-historisch-politischen-Blättern* of 1844, in an article in which the class-lottery is compared to the rattle-snake, and the number-lottery to the boa-constrictor. It is pleasing to see that the above-named Bavarian paper does not hesitate most decidedly to reprobate the Bavarian loto, and openly to acknowledge its pernicious effects. Here is at least one point on which we may agree with the very strictest Catholics, as well as with the strict followers of Hegel.

Both the Assembly of the Confederation and the National Assembly have declared themselves most decidedly against both kinds of lotteries, and have represented their hurtfulness in most impressive language.

The *Bavarian* Chamber itself went still further. In the sitting of 28th February, 1850, the deputy Thimmes said— I believe judgment has been passed upon the loto, for at least ten Assemblies, since 1819, have agreed that it should be given up.

The Chamber resolved, with only one dissentient vote, that the loto should be abolished from the 30th September, 1851, and expressed the wish that the Government of the States would not suffer any gaming-banks, neither in the watering-places nor elsewhere, and would exert its influence to effect the same in all Germany.

In the Chamber of the Bavarian Senate, the most influential members expressed themselves equally warmly, in the sitting of 13th May, 1850.

Freiherr von Lotzbeck said—“ It is well known that all the State Assemblies of Bavaria have, in a succession of propositions, desired the abolition of the loto, and these propositions were received at times unanimously, and at

others by a great majority. It becomes, therefore, difficult, from the stand-point of morality, still to break a lance for the *loto*. The President of the High Consistory, Arnold, called the *loto* a disgraceful impost, by which the State deceived the credulous. As criminal judge it had frequently been brought under his notice what fearful consequences for individuals and for families were produced by the *loto*; it is contributed to, chiefly by the poorer class, and many get the money for their stakes by fraud or theft. A curse rests upon gain acquired by this play; under the blessing of God the exchequer would doubtless be able to subsist without such a disgraceful impost." Graf von Reigersberg said— "The abolition of the *loto* has been called a restriction of the freedom of the poor, to try their fortune and to bring their pence as an offering to the State. But a restriction of freedom, which has for its object the prevention of evil, is surely welcome to the greatest lover of liberty."

In spite of all such opinions, and notwithstanding all the formally adopted resolutions, as well as that even in a Bavarian speech from the throne, the discontinuance of the *loto* was promised, and the receipt of the revenue from it by the exchequer prohibited, it has remained—the Government considering that, after all the exchequer could not give up the million and a half florins, which flow from this poisonous gold-fountain.

EIGHTH SECTION.

Description of the Gaming-Banks and of their Spirit-killing waste of time.

WHAT has hitherto been communicated of the position of the German Legislature with regard to gambling, demonstrates to us the necessity of continually combating this enemy of the national wellbeing. Therefore we must examine him more closely and look under his visor. Let us

step into the gaming-hell. Truly it appears like an earthly heaven ; a splendid saloon, brilliant with marble, gold, and crimson ; on a polished inlaid floor, a party-coloured throng of people move about in the most elegant costumes, beautiful music breathes delight, and one imagines himself to be surrounded entirely by happy people. They press most closely round a table, upon which long rolls of bright silver dollars and gold pieces are piled up. The golden wheel of fortune turns merrily round, and almost with every minute the white ball springs to one of the thirty-six red and black numbers, and decides the gain or loss of those who have staked their silver or gold pieces upon any of the numbers on the table, placing their money upon it like a decoy-bird. Round the table sit six croupiers with staves, with the broad ends of which they greedily gather together the pieces of money which, as lost, fall to the bank, as a whirlpool draws down everything into its depths. And the male and female players all around, as if considerately reckoning upon probabilities, sighing to the god of fate or chance, lay or throw dollar after dollar, gold piece after gold piece into the mouth of this insatiable abyss, which only once in ten or twenty times gives out a prize, and seizes upon all the rest as its booty. That so many ladies are to be found among the gamblers must especially excite astonishment and abhorrence. It is contrary to all that delicate womanliness, from which one expects a purer sense of the beautiful and good.

The extraordinary *insipidity* of this game is particularly striking. One usually demands of a game that it should at least pass away the time agreeably, and afford, if not an improving and instructing amusement, still, one which should slightly occupy the mind, and be a recreation after more earnest work.

But this Faro-play offers nothing at all for anything like sensible thinking, nothing to find out, nothing for per-

sonal activity, but merely the momentary fall of the ball or the cards, and the therewith connected prize—unworked-for, and therefore blessingless ; but oftener grievous loss. Thus it is for the most part, only one interest round which everything turns, the low passion of covetousness, and this passion is the opposite of what one often intends in a game ; there is not healthful relaxation, but hurtful exertion ; not rest, but feverish unrest and excitement, which can only have a prejudicial effect upon the bodily health and spiritual life. To be sure, there are many players who one might think were without passion ; yes, it is as a law at the green table, to play with gold pieces as with beans, and neither to exhibit hope nor fear, joy nor sorrow. But under the apparently cool surface, burns all the more consumingly the hidden fire of thirst of gold, of envy of more fortunate players, of vexation on account of loss. There are contrasts connected with it which are only to be got over by a certain insensibility. Here, heaps of gold and silver which are here fooled away, and only won to be sinfully lavished ; and out there, in many thousand dwellings of poverty, the bitterest want, to which a single one of these gold pieces would appear like a delivering angel.

TENTH SECTION.

The Destructiveness of Gaming by the Great Loss of Money.

EVEN the *loss in sums of money*, swallowed up by gambling, is of itself sufficient to present a chief argument against gaming. We have already spoken of the sums which individual bathing-places demanded from the National Assembly, as compensation on account of the abolition of gaming. The more than four millions of florins which Homburg, and upwards of six millions which Baden demanded, give us an idea of the sums drawn in by the gaming-houses. It has been calculated that the ten licensed gaming-houses

in Paris, which were abolished in 1848, drew in yearly 325,000,000 francs. It is known of the German banks, that they pay yearly large sums to the Government: for instance, Baden 120,000 florins; Homburg to the state 40,000 florins, and to the town 10,000 florins; and that enormous sums are expended on the embellishing of all the passages and saloons of the gaming-hells, for music, for the numerous servants, of which one can form an idea when one hears, that from forty to fifty croupiers stand in service of one bank, and each of these has an income of 2000 francs and upwards. And notwithstanding these enormous sums, the farmers make a gain of many hundred thousand florins.

With regard to Homburg, the "Cölner Zeitung" last month reports, that the shareholders of the Homburg bank make on the average a yearly profit of 40 per cent. (last year they made 75 per cent.), and that within seven years, the dividends had more than doubled the capital of the original shareholders. The article closes with the correct remark:—the man whom these figures do not convince and convert, is beyond the reach of arguments from reason.

Yes, truly fearful are these figures, fearful is the thought, how many families have been brought to ruin by these immense gambling losses, how many savings which might have laid the foundation of a life-long happiness, have been swallowed up in this gulf; how many youths have sacrificed on this Golgotha the gained hard-earnings of their fathers, the means of their mental cultivation, the hopes of their future, and all true happiness.

The same may be said of the sums which the *lottery* and the *lotto* take from people. The revenue of the State from the Bavarian lotto, amounts to yearly one and a half million of florins; to which may be added the wages of the numerous servants, in whose hands it is said, very much is retained

fraudulently. According to the official accounts for the three years, 1829-32, the stakes deposited in the Bavarian lotto amounted to 13,374,187 florins, of which 8,845,273 florins, fell as winnings to the players, so that their loss amounted to 4,528,914 florins. But these official reports are not accurate. The deputy Schätzler, reckoned the yearly deposits in the lotto as early as 1819, to be between eight and nine millions of florins, the deputy Ruthardt, five millions.

The lotto stamp even brings in yearly 200,000 florins. Who pays these fearfully enormous sums? Mostly the poor peasants, who with their want of understanding, do not perceive that they must in most cases lose by the lotto, in a similar manner as by the gaming bank.

In Prussia, the public exchequer draws from the lottery, a yearly indirect tax of 1,750,000 florins, and 3000 families live by the sale of tickets, as was stated in a report of the lottery receiver, from October 1848 to the then existing Prussian National Assembly, as a reason for the continuance of the lottery.

Of the manner in which the secret lotteries work, the newspapers in 1851, give an example in the account of the extensive swindling of the gold-bar lottery in Paris, where seven millions were received, and scarcely one million fell to the lot of the depositors.

The state counsellor Hungerbühler, in St. Gall, made a speech in the "St. Gall Appenzel Society for the promotion of the General Good," in which he pointed out in a forcible manner, the immense losses by the lottery and the lotto, and among others mentioned, that in the neighbouring town of Lindau alone, the Bavarian lotto collector, drew on many a week day from Switzerland, 25,000 francs; 25,000 francs in *one* day!

From individual communities in the canton of St. Gall,

are sent yearly from 1000 to 60,000 francs to foreign lottories. He reckoned that from merely the two cantons of St. Gall and Appenzel, the population of which amounts to rather more than 220,000 souls, between 4 and 500,000 francs, after deducting one-tenth on yearly gain, was drawn away from the common product.

From Wurtemberg also, extraordinary sums are paid away from stupidity and avarice to the Bavarian lotto, for instance, from the single town of Ulm, in one week 2,400 florins, and that in spite of all the prohibitions of the Würtemberg Government.

ELEVENTH SECTION.

The very great improbability of gain from Gambling.

WHOEVER is not convinced by the aforesaid sums, how little hope of gain there is in this play, and how in the highest degree unwise it is to give one's-self up to such an evident loss, for them I make the following calculation that may be gained for example from the Bavarian lotto, how extremely small is the probability of a prize.

Among ninety drawn numbers there are only five prizes, eighty-five consequently are blanks. But commonly the player stakes upon two numbers, in the hope that in the drawing both will be successful, and the stake for this "Ambe" be paid 270 times; but should only one appear, they draw nothing. In honourable play the stakes must be made good 400 times, consequently with 6 florins 40 kreutzers. Therefore, even the fortunate player, who has only staked one kreutzer, receives about 2 florins 10 kreutzers, that is to say, about 32 per cent. too little.

Many stake upon three numbers, and hope for a "terne," the prize of which is still much greater, as the stake is paid 5,400 times. But this happy chance occurs only once in about 11,748 times. Therefore, it is with this "terne-play,"

exactly as if one put into a tray 11,748 white beans and one black one, and then asked people to stake a kreutzer, and with bandaged eyes to grope about for the black bean. He who finds it gets 90 florins. Could any one be so foolish as to indulge in such deceitful play? But thousands commit this folly, for thousands stake upon three lotto numbers in the hope of a "terne," which still only occurs once in 11,748 times. In "quaternen," the probability of a successful issue is as if one with bandaged eyes had to choose out the black bean among 102,207 white ones. If one has really this good fortune, he ought in justice to receive for a kreutzer deposit 8,517 florins, but the lotto-chest pays him only 1,000 florins, and scores off consequently for itself 7,517 florins, or 88 per cent. Here I would say also, he whom these figures do not teach and convert is beyond all help from reasoning.

Rightly said the deputy Reinhart in the Bavarian court in 1851: Look at that emaciated, famished, rag-clothed multitude of our brothers, with what anxiety and trembling they wait for the drawing. Behold that father who has placed his entire confidence, his dream, which according to Herru von Lassaulx's opinion makes him so happy, upon a prize, and sees himself deceived in his hopes! See the convulsive movement of his fists, his eyes rolling with rage; and hear his curses, which he pours out upon all who have voted for the continuance of such an immoral game; then I am convinced that every one who has yet in his breast one spark of sympathy for his poor suffering brothers, will unite with me in condemning the lotto.

TWELFTH SECTION.

Frightful Superstition promoted by Gambling.

THIS folly presents itself to us as really a mockery of reason, when we learn fully into what depths of superstition it debases the human mind. In scarcely any other course

is it so plainly shown as in gaming, how infidelity turns to superstition. Men who do not believe in a God or eternity, or at least live as though there were no God and no eternity, receive, in connection with gaming, all sorts of unfathomable and incomprehensible laws of fate, which they attempt to discover and draw into their service by various secret means. When one looks at the elegantly dressed people round the gaming table, who perhaps laugh at everything which impresses other people with awe, who scoff at the Church and the Bible, one could scarcely think it possible that these enlightened, pleasure-loving, luxurious men of the world, carry on in secret, cabalistic nonsense, turning over cards, fortune telling, studying the significance of signs and dreams, in order to discover the number from which they may hope for the greatest success at the gaming table. The exquisite of the day contemplates at night the astrological signs of the heavens, which he imagines to be regulated by demons; the highly accomplished lady puzzles herself to group numbers with magic art, according to the proportion of the Abracadabra-triangle. A hundred times deceived, they still return a hundred times to these absurd secret arts; and dreams which all sensible people, who are not exorcised into the demoniacal circle of gaming, would disregard as mere passing shadows, obtain the greatest attention from these cultivated people, to ascertain whether this or that thing does not signify this or that number. And many penetrate even deeper into the dark works of the night, and shrink not from forming an alliance with the secret powers of darkness, and with them practise arts which belong directly to the province of magic.

The lower people, who are less ashamed of their superstition, exercise it more openly, and in the light of day purchase their little dream-books and practise their arts. Dream-books are a branch of the celebrated German literature with

which most of you are probably unacquainted, and have not credited their existence. Let me tell you something of this literature. One of these little books bears the title "E. L. M. of an old Hermit, Dream-book designed for the use of those who intend to be fortunate in the lotto, together with a key to the lotto and a very old manuscript of a Genoese astrologer. Tyrol and Venice. Printed in the monastery of W." In this little book a multitude of dreams of all sorts are given, and the numbers specified which they are said to signify. In it the same number is indicated by the most various dreams; for example, to dream of fox-hunting, of eating goose, of taking snuff, of drawing on trowsers, &c., signifies the number 2; of eating roast, of setting on a wig, of quarrelling with a neighbour, signifies 5; of reading the Bible, of drawing in a lottery, of frogs croaking, of canaries singing, of being or seeing wonders in heaven, of being in a palace, or of being fetched away by the devil, signifies number 90.

In order to secure belief in this and similar nonsense, the author affirms that "his intention is honest, as it is well known that a poor hermit is placed far above the desire or use of money."

Another production of this kind is entitled: "A Complete, quite newly revised Dream-book, wherein every lover of lotto gaming may seek out his dreams, and find the numbers which they signify, and thereby become fortunate in the Lottery. Tenth Edition. Venice, 1848." In this stands quite at the commencement; "What one dreams between 9 o'clock in the evening and midnight, will have a signification extending over from 15-20 days; from 12-3 o'clock, extending over 8-10 days; from 4-6 o'clock in the morning over 3-4 days; and what one dreams in the day-time will be fulfilled in the seventh hour."

Then follows an alphabetical list of all imaginable names

and things, with a number attached to each, and the rule is, if any one of these things is dreamed of, the number attached to each should be staked for. Just listen to the ten first words of this inconceivable catalogue : Ecl, 41 ; catching eels, 77 : to copy, 78 ; to borrow, 29 ; break off, 10, 41, 89 ; supper, 10 ; driving from his house, 34, 69 ; falling away from the faith, 33 ; hear firing, 29, 40 ; to see ambassadors, 71 ; talk with them, 59. At the end there is a table on the secret art of dice-throwing, and a cabalistic figure in which the 90 numbers of the lotto are arranged so as to run cross ways into each other.

Such things are printed in Germany in the 19th century ; prohibited, to be sure, by the Government, but nevertheless printed, and sold, and bought. If the German printers are ashamed to put their name and address to these dream-books, yet the name of a German bookseller stands upon a pocket-book for lotto players, in which are numerous tables, giving all the numbers which have won in the Bavarian lotto from the year 1826 to the year 1852, designed to point out the numbers from which the greatest success may be expected.

The great garden spider is considered a great oracle in pointing out the lucky number. It is shut up in a small box, in which are placed, on very small pieces of paper, all the numbers up to 90, and whatever number the spider draws up into its web is the one thought worthy of staking upon. Others make use of the magic wand, or go at night to the graves of the dead, and conjure the departed souls to arise and confide to them the secret of the next lotto-drawing ; or they shove the lotto-ticket under the folded hands of a corpse, and imagine that that number must be successful. Even the holy *sacrament* is desecrated for this purpose, and prayer of course much more so.

Many lay themselves in bed in the bright noonday, in

order to sleep and have a dream which may indicate to them the fortunate number.

What abysses of folly and superstition in the upper and lower classes of our people do these facts reveal to our view! What a horrid influence must this superstition, to which gaming gives continual occasion, have upon the people; how much wickedness is promoted, and the approach to everything whereby the people might be enlightened and improved closed up! Truly, though gambling had no other fault than that of encouraging such superstition, that were enough to bring upon it a decided sentence of condemnation, as a stupifying and deteriorating institution.

THIRTEENTH SECTION.

Great Misfortune and great destruction of Morals through the Gaming Banks.

BUT we come now to what may be considered more detailed, as the effect of gaming upon the entire social and moral life of the people. The figures already quoted make sufficiently evident what enormous sums are drawn away from the produce of the national industry; how, by the diminishing of labour, and even in part the entire laying aside of the noblest working powers, the national economy suffers the most perceptible, and certainly an incalculable loss; and how many individuals are thrown into the most pitiable poverty.

The ruin of property which has been the result of gaming houses is too well known to make it necessary that much should be said of it here. If all the names of those who have sunk from comfortable circumstances, or even from splendid wealth, into the poverty of beggars, could only be stuck upon the walls of the gaming rooms, every one would look with terror upon the yawning abyss which the gaming

room must then appear ; and if the promenades and shrubberies of the gaming places could echo the sighs and despairing cries which have been uttered by those who have thrown themselves there in the fearful night of death,—oh ! what a horrible winding-sheet would the eye see spread over the most smiling spots !

And can there be anything more painful than to see a father by the coffin of his son, who, after having lost every thing by gambling, has shot himself through a heart which had no hope in God, and thus abandoned those nearest to him to inexpressible grief. Or how was it with those children whose father lost 85,000 florins and then in his despair committed suicide ; whereupon his wife besought the proprietor for God's sake to allow her 5000 florins, that she and her four children might not be obliged to beg, but he only thrust her away, and she went *mad* ; so that, within a few days, the children were deprived of both father and mother !

The Nassau "General News," No. 215, about a month ago, reported a most frightful story in the following words :—

"NASSAU.—The revived German gaming-hells have demanded a most horrible sacrifice. One writes from Höchst on the 23rd of July : 'The other day our town was disturbed by one of the most dreadful scenes. A blood-stained man ran through the streets and cast himself into the river (Maine), as if he wished to bury himself there. Several boatmen who were standing on the bank sprang instantly into a boat, and succeeded in rescuing him before life was extinct. They found him bleeding from the throat as well as from the arm, and dangerously wounded, and though he strove against it, they carefully bound up his wounds, and so saved him. One then hastened to the house of the unfortunate man to prepare for his comfort, but beheld there a still more frightful sight : the wife of him they had saved

lay on the floor with her head severed from her body. A number of bloody knives lay about, with which the wretched husband had committed the horrid deed. At first they concluded that he must have been seized with sudden madness, seeing that he had always lived with his wife in a quiet exemplary manner. And though we must still allow some degree of mental derangement to have been present, yet a nearer view of the circumstances discovers to us the cause which provoked this peaceable man to the commission of such a fearful crime. He had allowed himself to be led away to the gaming-house at Wiesbaden, and there had not only lost all his property, but also a considerable sum of money which he had borrowed upon his landed property, in order to pay for his son's education ; and thus he fell into the hands of the powers of darkness.'"

From Wilhelmsbad, Nauheim, and Homburg, we hear of similar occurrences. At the latter place a young man, who had played away all the money entrusted to him was discovered to have hanged himself in a neighbouring wood.

Last summer the following case occurred not far from here :

A Frenchman came over from his country and played. He was unsuccessful, lost his money, was beside himself, left the gaming saloon, drew out his razor, and cut his throat in the passage. People hastened to him, raised him up, tried to hush up the matter, and carried him to the hospital. The physician found the wound not absolutely mortal, bound it up, and healed the man. After a few weeks he was so far recovered as to be able to travel. The proprietors then paid his medical expenses, and offered him 100*l.* to pay for his journey ; but he declared that if they did not give him 500*l.* he would go to the gaming-house and cut his throat a second time, in order to terrify and disgrace them. The man was so determined that the proprietors thought it best to

pay him the 500f. They did so, and were freed from this man of terrors.

An official from Nassau was a short time ago sent to the neighbourhood of Homburg to collect money. He came, collected the money, and determined to take the opportunity of visiting the Homburg baths. He approached the gaming-table, and the gold exercised its power. He played and won ; but soon first lost all he had gained, and then all the money he possessed. In the hope of recovering his money, he fetched that which he had just collected, and played on. Soon all was lost, and in despair he hastened home. There he could not replace the money, was turned off, and only escaped being put in irons by becoming a fugitive beggar on board a ship bound for America.

Among the three suicides of gamblers, that took place at Homburg last year, was the servant of an ambassador, who not only played away all his savings, but also cheated and stole from his master. Another servant who had saved up something considerable, married a respectable girl who had also saved up 500 fl. For a time they lived very happily ; but last summer the man went to the gaming-table at Homburg, and in a short time lost all that he and his wife had saved. He became a drunkard, became careless in his service, gave himself up to fraud of every kind, lost his situation and his bread, and was banished from the town.

These are only a few examples out of many that have come to light, all of which demonstrate that the gaming-banks precipitate their victims into poverty, to crimes of all kinds, to the relaxing of all moral and religious restraint, to unfitness for all the higher duties of life, and at last to despair, madness, and suicide. It has often been said that this destructive influence of gaming-banks is confined chiefly to the higher classes, and particularly to wealthy foreigners, who in their licentiousness leave their money

with us, which were, indeed, not much to be lamented. But in later times it has become more and more evident that the lower classes also are being destroyed by this gangrenous passion for gaming, and how sins, which follow in its train, occasion real desolations, even among the peasantry. A multitude of examples show that opulent farmers have gambled away their entire property in Homburg, Nauheim, &c.; that sons have deceived and stolen away from their parents, in order to spend the Sunday in the Homburg gaming-house.

Another abomination which accompanies gambling into the bathing places, is the fearful demoralization of the *female sex*. There are places existing among them which are despised by the whole neighbourhood, as places of the greatest unchastity, and in which the half of the young women of the middle and lower classes become the victims of vice.

Many of the gamblers are the moral refuse of the population of France, and to this refuse we open our land that it may establish its dens of robbers, suck out the marrow of our people, and poison our youth.

Oh! Germany, Germany; how long wilt thou endure such disgrace!

It is undeniable, that gambling gives everywhere occasion to the unfettering of all possible passions, as well in the case of those who are pursuing good fortune in gambling, as of those who have attained to it.

To no other tendency of the spirit of the age, as to the gambling mania, can the words of Livy be so easily applied—"Wealth begets the lust for gain, and immoderate enjoyments tend through voluptuous excess to destruction." The two main diseases of our time especially, love of gain and pleasure have their wildest rioting place in the gaming-halls. Everything, which even the pagan Romans demanded as being virtues, without which a healthy national life was

impossible, is trodden under foot by these gaming passions; to wit, honour, self-control, contentment, a simple style of living, industry, and frugality. If one has learnt at the gaming-table to play with gold pieces as with farthings, one carries with them into everyday life an utterly erroneous standard of money and money's worth, of expenditure and receipts. One lavishes dollars, where one formerly was sparing of pence, and even the lucky player easily alters his whole mode of life; so that out of a short appearance of opulence, he speedily sinks back into poverty, even when he has not lost in play all his winnings. Thus, not only the gaming-table, but the gambler's whole mode of life brings about the fulfilment of the well known proverb—"lightly come, lightly gone."

Along with great extravagance, however, there is united an avarice and hardheartedness, peculiar to gamblers, which reveal the whole curse of the service of Mammon. A well known field-marshal won in Homburg in a short time 80,000 fl.; while he counted up his heaps of gold, there came some men who were founding an hospital for poor children, and requested a contribution, but he rudely dismissed them, so entangled was he in the fetters of Mammon.

The injurious influence of a sudden gain in money, was shewn in another passion in the case of a peasant, who won in Ems, in one evening, 150 fl., and was so transported with joy thereby, that he was seized with hemorrhage and died. The man who related this to me, was informed by the physician that this hemorrhage was produced solely by excessive mental excitement.

FOURTEENTH SECTION.

Great Misfortune and great Corruption of Morals arising from the Lotto.

WHAT has been said of the moral and economic corruption of gaming-houses applies in an equal degree, and to a

much wider extent, to the Lotto. In the former the lowest amount staked is a florin ; in the latter it is as low as three kreutzers (one penny). So that the poor people also crowd into the gaming-office, and they in great part bring all that they earn and throw it into this whirlpool, in the mad hope of quickly raising themselves from comparative poverty and misery to splendid wealth. The collectors and agents do all in their power to excite the imaginations of the people by stories of certain great winnings, and by representing to them the facility of reaching similar good fortune. And they even send round emissaries to the villages to talk over the people in their own houses, and with the most enticing promises to prevail upon them to stake in the lotto. Consequently, on the closing-day of the lottery, one sees a multitude of people pressing round the doors and dwellings of the collectors, and police and gendarmes are necessary to maintain order, lest the crowding and pushing should turn to blows and fighting.

And what do the people bring, in order to get the much-desired lotto-ticket? Either what they have laboured for in the sweat of their brow, and upon which their families depend for support, or what has been gathered together by all sorts of dishonest ways. There is a servant who has stolen fruit from his master, and designs the proceeds for the lotto : here is a son who has abstracted money from his father, in the hope perhaps of being able to pay it all again out of the great prize : there is a daughter who has sold articles of dress, or of the house-linen, and hastens to the lotto : here a wife who brings part of the little savings of her husband without his knowledge—a frequent cause of matrimonial discord. A clergyman writes to me :—“I have lately received the painful intelligence that a quite recent and happy marriage, of very respectable people, has been brought to an unhappy termination, because the young man, led away by bad companions, began secretly to take the

earnings of his wife's sewing and pay them away in the lotto. It will certainly end in a divorce."

Not long ago a man died in S—, who had formerly been wealthy, but latterly was very much reduced. No one could account for the loss of his property. After his death, however, a great many lottery-tickets were discovered, stowed away in a hidden place. These were the riches that he left to his poor children!

Parents leave their children to run about hungry and half-naked, and offer up the last groschen (penny) to these idols, while others send them out to beg, and beat them terribly if they come home without bringing some kreutzers for them to put into the lotto. It has been officially noticed that even public alms find their way into Bavaria, and that poor people have been known even to sell their tickets for soup out of the soup-kitchens, and with the proceeds go to the lotto to try their fortune. From a very poor community, composed chiefly of weavers, several hundred florins have been sent in one week to the lotto. The worthy inspector of a district, bordering on Bavaria, writes:—"If here and there a prize is really obtained, it is usually expended in luxury and folly, by the women in dainties, by the men in the tavern, and by the young girls in ornament. In my visitations I converse with both clerical and civil authorities on the lotto, but I can easily perceive that even among those who ought to check this mischief are to be found some who indulge in it."

Another clergyman writes:—"To the unhappy Bavarian lotto the poor people bring offerings, compared with which all the public and local taxes are quite a bagatelle. Is it, then, to be wondered that such infatuated people should come to a terrible end? The cases of suicide which occur in connection with this horrid propensity are not few. At Easter, last year, the janitor of the public school here shot

himself during the morning divine service, because he had lost his all in the lotto.

“A few weeks ago a woman belonging to this place, who had also staked her fortune in the lottery, hanged herself. Yesterday I heard of a merchant who had committed suicide on account of gaming losses.

“A well-to-do countryman gave himself up to lotto gambling, and then to drink; to the first in the hope of winning, and to the last in order to forget his losses. Soon he became quite impoverished, and wished to escape the disgrace by hanging himself. His good wife came opportunely to the place and cut the rope; but now he continues to live only as the plague of his wife and children. The lotto often leads to law-suits; as many enter into a sort of association for joint deposits, and afterwards division of winnings. Some gentlemen joined with an advocate, and agreed to stake 100 florins, to be put in in his name. When a prize was drawn he did not make it known, and a lawsuit ensued. In short,” continues the clergyman, “the lotto is a truly diabolical institution, of which it is very difficult to say, whether it is more ruinous for the winners or the losers.”

And this institution scorns all laws and regulations which our (the Würtemberg) Government have formed against it. Many have been fined as much as twenty florins on account of lotto-playing, but they only play the more carefully. I have received similar letters from various places on the confines of Bavaria, and my heart is ready to break for the misery of the higher and lower classes of our people, the strength of the passion, and the multitudes reduced to slavery and thrown into bodily and spiritual, temporal, and eternal ruin.

What a responsibility for a State which allows such institutions! And what an excuse was that, when the proposition of abolishing the lotto was opposed in the Bavarian

Council, "that it drew the most of its money from foreign—that is to say, from the neighbouring German countries!"

FIFTEENTH SECTION.

Refutation of Excuses for Gambling.

GAMBLING, like everything else that is bad, has its *defenders*; and, indeed, on ideal, historical, and material grounds. The afore-mentioned financial and ministerial defenders of gaming—say, in short, the material necessities of the administration of public finance could not be relieved without the revenue derived from the lotto and from gaming-houses—the State must have the money. And if the tax from gambling fell away, it would have to be raised in some other way; that a voluntary tax is better than a compulsory one, and the offerings are voluntary which the people bring to the gaming-house. But is that voluntary which a slave does? and is the slave of an evil passion not as much, or more, a slave, than he who wears the chains only outwardly? And when your lotto-collectors delude the people, so that in their ignorance they so certainly expect prizes from the blank-lottery as they do from their fields—is that a free people? And a tax for which they waste flesh and blood—is that a voluntary tax? And is it right, before God and before men, that the State should speculate upon the stupidity, or the folly, or the passion of the people? Is it, then, still the bearer and promoter of law and morality, these powers, without which a State soon approaches dissolution? There are certainly financiers who do not ask whence the money comes, if they only have it; so that they but rejoice over the increase of the revenue, consequently rejoice over increased licentiousness and extravagance of the people. But is that a wise calculation? You know what your prisons cost, and, how new ones have ever to be built,

and how soon they are filled? What fills them? Chiefly the taverns and gaming-houses. And when your communities have to maintain an ever-increasing number of spend-thrifts, idlers, and illegitimate children, and the burden of supporting the poor, almost crushes them—will your imposts then not flow in more scantily from those upon whom you reckon now? and will not those who still have something rather forsake the poor fatherland, in which they fear being entirely impoverished by taxes and beggary? See, how badly you reckon!

Others say, the gaming-houses are the means of raising watering-places, by embellishments, pleasure-grounds, buildings, and agreeablenesses of all kinds. Are then, all these means by which a watering-place can be brought to the highest perfection, really necessary or desirable? Is that a place for a cure, in which the sick lose all they have gained of health, by manifold temptations and excitements? And is the extraordinary luxuriousness of your conversation-saloons, and all their accompaniments, such a great felicity for Germany? Has not many a family by means of them imbibed a taste for luxury, for which the man with all his labour fails to provide the necessary sums? Were people not much happier in Germany, when simpler customs and greater contentment and frugality prevailed than now, when these luxurious establishments introduce a fundamentally wrong standard into our towns, and even our villages, and accustom officials and commoners to live like princes? Are not the blessings which God has given you in your healing-springs thus turned into curses? These healing waters would attract enough people to secure an honest and abundant profit! To that God would give his blessing. But there, where houses are built and embellished at the expense of morality and all domestic virtues, He cannot give it. Therefore, see to it, that it may not be said also of your

soaring bathing-places and state-gambling sums, "lightly come, lightly gone!"

But you know something still which must silence the strictest judge of morals and manners. The gaming-houses pay large subscriptions for the support of the poor; they assist benevolent institutions; do great service to many people; they have even given large subscriptions, or at least promised them, for the erection of churches. What shall we say to this? For your support of the poor, no thanks to you; for your gambling makes so many poor, that all that you give is far outweighed by the damage you occasion. But, at all events, we reject all money acquired in the service of sin.

Even more earnest men bring forward the ground, that the permission of open gambling diminishes the much greater harm of secret games of hazard. One of the few who, in the National Assembly, defended gaming, did so especially on this ground, and pointed out that when the games take place within bolts and locks, the cheating is systematically carried on. In France gambling is as common since the prohibition of it as before, only the fraud is greater.

If this ground were correct, if the evil of gambling were really diminished by the public permission, which I question, yet this must be firmly maintained, that the magistrates dare not allow and thus sanction what is bad, because by that means they remove the fundamental basis of all authority; the moral respect, and the sanctity of the law.

However much may take place in secret, that can never be so hurtful as when vice is allowed to step forth freely and boldly, and shield itself with the protection of the magistrate. Thereby are also the secret sins, which are, no doubt, frequently enough committed beside the public ones, ex-

cused, and all prohibitions and commands of the state disregarded.

Another deputy of the National Assembly, a celebrated lawyer, defended gambling on the ground that it had so grown into the manners of the *German life*, and so far back as the middle ages was considered lawful : fashion does not acknowledge the disgrace of gambling. No one is afraid to say, even in the best society, "I have gambled ;" *therefore*, no one need say that the gaming contracts are null and void. But, I ask, w^here^to would that lead, if everything were to be allowed that was allowed in the middle ages ; or, to go still further, that was done by the old Germans, at whose passion for gambling even Tacitus expresses his painful surprise ? And because one is not ashamed of gambling, in this or that company, does that prove that it is lawful ? Fortunately, the learned man was at last obliged to confess that gambling roused passions which led to the most frightful results.

Still more ideal is the ground taken by those defenders of gaming, who designate it as a sacred right of personal freedom, as if there could be a right to sin ;—yet more, who see in it a recreative pleasure of ease ; therefore, in the polite world, fashion requires that one should present himself at the gaming-table every evening and lose some money in gambling, because otherwise they would be considered miserly. Still more ideal, and even touching on the sphere of philosophy, is the ground, that in gambling there appears a superiority to money ; one throws off the common fetters of money, and, without any consideration of gain or loss, gives himself up entirely to the mysterious pleasure of observing the singular combinations of chance in constant change, and looking upon the Government of the higher powers, which stimulates our mind to move its wings and attempt to soar away into the dark kingdom, into the fateful workshop of

these powers, and look upon their work. Listen to this elevated philosophy which, with genuine German profoundness, shows us that we perform an act of homage to philosophy when we travel to Homburg, and set ourselves down at the green table!

But all these theories must appear to us to float entirely in the air when we observe the mass of gamblers, and especially the lotto-gaming people, who, from the receipt of the ticket till the decision of the drawing, have no other recreation than the hoping for gain and the fear of losing. On this account the "Gorres' schen Blätter" speak of the tertian fever of the number-lotteries, and the quartan-fever of the class-lotteries.

II.

Under the head of Police, Marlborough-street, in *The Times* of February 12, 1850; June 5, October 18, November 2, 3 and 12; December 20 and 23, 1853; and January 1, 3, 19 and 29; February 13, 21 and 24; also March 4, 10 and 19, 1854; will be found the names of parties apprehended and of the mode adopted by the police to effect an entrance to gaming houses, under the authority of the Act for their suppression. The case which follows is, however, sufficient for our present purpose, and we make the foregoing references, for the sake of those who seek further information.

Court of Queen's Bench, Westminster, November 26, 1856.
Sittings at Nisi Prius before Lord Campbell and Special Juries.

CULVERWELL V. SIDEBOTTOM.

Mr. Serjeant Shee and Mr. Barnard appeared for the plaintiff; and Mr. Edwin James, Q.C., Mr. Overend, Q.C., and Mr. Hawkins, for the defendant.

The issue being on the defendant,

Mr. JAMES stated to the jury that the plaintiff in the action, Richard Culverwell, was a retired tailor, who had formerly been in business in Marylebone-street, but who now resided in the North-road, Clapham. The defendant, John Sidebottom, was a young man of respectable family and position, a partner in the firm of Sidebottom and Co., cotton manufacturers, at Manchester, and residing at Harewood Lodge, Mottram, in the county of Chester. The action was brought to recover the sum of 2000*l.*, which the plaintiff alleged was due to him upon a bill of exchange, accepted by the defendant on the 15th of June, 1852, at four years. The bill was drawn by a person named James Atkins, the keeper of a gambling house called the "Berkeley," in Albemarle-street, and by him endorsed to the plaintiff in the action. The defence was that the bill in question was given to Atkins for money lost at the game of hazard, at Atkins's gambling house, the "Berkeley," and that it was by him endorsed to the plaintiff without consideration, and with notice of the illegality. That defence would be clearly established to the satisfaction of the jury. The defendant, who was at the time a very young man, came up to London on a visit in the year 1847, and, unfortunately for him, he was induced to visit Atkins's house from time to time, and to play at hazard. He had thus lost as much as 25,000*l.*, of which the sum of 8000*l.* was lost in one night. It was no wonder that he lost, for it would be proved by the evidence of a man named Davis, who had been partner with Atkins, that the latter was in the habit of playing with loaded dice and what were termed "despatches," and that it was impossible but that the defendant should lose. The bill now in question, along with many others, had been given to Atkins in respect of these losses; but the defendant, after having paid Atkins many thousands of pounds, was induced to resist any further

demands upon him, and the consequence was the present action was brought. The defendant himself would be called, and he would prove beyond all doubt that the bill had been given for a gaming transaction, as alleged in the defendant's pleas, and abundant evidence would be given to show that the plaintiff, from his intimacy with Atkins and the other parties who frequented the house, to say nothing of the rate of discount and other circumstances, must have known that the bill was tainted with illegality.

The following witnesses were then called :—

John Sidebottom, examined by Mr. OVEREND.—I am a partner in the firm of Sidebottom and Co., cotton manufacturers at Manchester. I reside at Harwood Lodge, Mottram, Cheshire. In 1846 or 1847 I came to London. At that time I had an allowance from my father. I was 27 or 28 years of age. I assisted my father in his business near Manchester as general manager, and had an allowance of 300*l.* a-year. I came to London on a visit, and after a few weeks I made the acquaintance of James Atkins. I was taken to his house by, I believe, a person named Hammond. Atkins kept a gaming house in Albemarle-street, called the "Berkeley." I went there in the evening. The game of hazard was going on. Atkins was acting as the manager, and was sitting at the table near the bank. There were two bankers, called croupiers. Atkins was sitting at a small table in a corner of the room. He was taking the general management of the place. They almost always played with counters. The croupiers gave out the counters. They gave money for them. The croupiers asked Atkins if they were to give the counters; and, if he consented, they gave counters in exchange for I O U's. On the first occasion I lost 8000*l.* (Sensation.) I think it was in 1847. I think that was the first night, but I might have been there once or twice before. I went there two or three times

a-year. I think it was in 1847. I made a visit to London in the following year, and on these visits I went to the "Berkeley." Atkins was manager on almost every occasion. I went there down to 1852 or 1853. In all I played twelve or fourteen times. I lost from 25,000*l.* to 26,000*l.* I fancy I have paid 15,000*l.* or 16,000*l.* to Atkins. These are checks I gave to him for gaming transactions. This I O U for 1000*l.* was given to Atkins on the 9th of June, 1847, at the play table for counters. All these checks were given for counters to play with. Atkins holds my bond for 4000*l.*, a warrant of attorney for 3,300*l.* and some other paper—I believe a bill. Sometimes there were others beside me playing, and sometimes not. This check for 1000*l.* was for money lost at play down to May 1855. The warrant of attorney was given in May 1856. I had been pressed for payment of bills. The bills were given up in consideration of the warrant of attorney. I was playing alone against the bank. I played all night till next day. There was champagne provided at the expense of the house. The waiter went round to ask if you would have anything. There was no consideration for any of these bills except the money lost at play. I gave this bill (for 2000*l.*) I suppose on the 15th of June, 1852. I have no doubt this is my genuine signature. I don't know where it was given. It is accepted, payable at a banker's. I had no account there. Atkins drew out the bill. I wrote, "Accepted; payable at the London and Westminster Bank." I told Atkins I did not like to make a bill of this kind payable at my own banker's. I don't know whether Atkins banked there. The bill was given either in exchange for an I O U, given for counters, or for counters themselves. It was given for money lost at play at hazard at the "Berkeley." Mr. Atkins promised me it should not be negotiated, but that it should be renewed, if I couldn't meet it.

Cross examined by Mr. Serjeant SHEE.—I did not go to any other gambling-houses in London. I have been to gambling-houses at Doncaster and Newmarket, and once at Manchester, but not at Liverpool. At Chester I have, but not at Paris. I had only an allowance of 300*l.* when I went to the “Berkeley.” My father died in 1849. He gave up the business to me in 1848. It is still carried on by me. I have not made an assignment of all my property to my mother, only the machinery, for 45,000*l.* I had only this action and another for 1000*l.* bill of exchange. I never won much at gambling. (Laughter.) I don’t recollect ever winning 100*l.* during my life. I did not play roulette. I play whist and billiards. I went into Leicestershire in 1850. I kept ten hunters, sometimes more, and sometimes less. I had no race-horses then. I have not lost much on the turf. I don’t recollect ever paying any bill to Mr. Culverwell. I paid a bill of 1000*l.* on the 18th of May, 1850. It was drawn by Atkins. I can’t recollect that on the 18th of February, 1851, I gave another acceptance to Atkins for 1000*l.* A bill was renewed in 1851. I don’t recollect that Mr. Culverwell applied to me for the money. I knew a person named Roberts. I did not play with him at billiards, and divide the profits. I never borrowed money from Atkins unconnected with hazard. I suppose I received this check for 1,160*l.* from him.

Re-examined.—I suppose this was money he received for me at Tattersall’s, not loans by him. I am quite certain he never lent me money, except counters. My father was a man of very large fortune. I am his only son. I think Atkins was part proprietor of the tables, both at Doncaster and Newmarket. During the races they have tables there. I never heard of Culverwell’s name till this action was brought. This is Atkins’s writing, and this of June 9, 1856.

By a Juror. — Atkins has paid and received money for me at Tattersall's. He tried to get me a loan last year in the city, in order that I might pay off my debts to him. The assignment to my mother was as security for money of which I was trustee.

John Gray examined by Mr. HAWKINS. I now live in Hermitage-street, Wapping. I was formerly a sergeant in the C division of the Metropolitan Police. I have left the service on a pension. I knew the "Berkeley" in Albemarle-street for several years. I know Mr. James Atkins. I have seen him go in and out of the house on a great number of occasions, at various hours, from 10 at night to 4 or 5 in the morning. There was a policeman stationed there. I have gone into the house two or three times for the purpose of taking anybody into custody whom I found in it for frequenting a common gaming-house. There were two doors of unusual strength, one in the passage, and the other at the foot of the stairs. I have passed up stairs into the upper rooms. The outer door was always open. The other doors were opened for the police. There was a doorkeeper, I believe. When upstairs I observed the window-shutters were closed. There was a large table, or a billiard table. It was covered with baize. I have seen gentlemen in the room. By the time I got up they were all idle and smoking. There was no gaming then. I know a person named Pitcher. I have seen him frequently at the "Berkeley" go in and out between 10 o'clock at night and 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning. I have seen him go in and come out with Atkins.

James Hollick Davis, examined by Mr. JAMES.—I am now a publican at Stoke Newington. I have carried on business there for ten months. I have known James Atkins, the drawer of this bill, for nearly thirty years. I was once in partnership with him, keeping a gaming house. I have

left that trade about fourteen years. Atkins was at first the porter at the door of the house, No. 160, Piccadilly, kept by me. It was a gaming-house. I took him into partnership in the house at the corner of Albemarle-street. It was called the "Stick Shop," where they sold sticks and umbrellas. I also kept No. 31, St. James's-street. That was a gaming-house. It was over Dod's, the tailor's. I know Richard Culverwell, the plaintiff. He was a tailor. He has left business, and lives in North-street, next door to the Nag's Head, Wandsworth-road. He was on intimate terms with Atkins. I have seen him at gaming-houses with Atkins on several occasions. Have several times heard Atkins apply to him for money. That was where his money came from. I have known him lend Atkins money. Atkins would say to Culverwell the bank had got broke the night before. Culverwell has advanced money for the bank, and asked me if I thought he was safe in so doing. This was for Albemarle-street. It began twenty years ago. Culverwell and Atkins were intimate twenty years ago. I left 160, Piccadilly, about fourteen years ago. Atkins did not want to borrow money at that time; he had enough of his own. Culverwell has lent Atkins about 200*l.* at a time for the bank. This is my deed of dissolution of partnership. [Read. Dated the 4th of December, 1841. The parties described themselves as "cigar merchants."] (Laughter.) I have seen Culverwell act as "bonnet" at the house No. 160. A "bonnet" is a gentleman who sits at the table and appears to be playing against the table when a gentleman comes in. I have seen him do that three or four times. Charles Pitcher was concerned with me as a "bonnet" when Atkins was there. Pitcher was the "bonnet." The "bonnet" generally wins. (Laughter.) The money is generally put into the bank book. I have never taken securities to Culverwell to sue

upon. I know what loaded dice are. [A die was here handed to witness.] I think this die is loaded. There are dice called "despatches." This die is loaded to throw up a smaller number. A "despatch" has two sides, double fours, double fives, and double sixes. It is in favour of the table, I should say 50 to 1. Some of the "bonnets" are provided with those sort of things, and when there is an opportunity they are changed sometimes by the "bonnet" and sometimes by the groom porter. I have known them used, but it was never done with my knowledge. I have known them used at Atkins's table. I have heard Atkins apply to Culverwell for money for the bank. Culverwell said, "What, is it all gone again?"

Cross-examined by Mr. Serjeant SHEE.—I was partner with Atkins nearly ten years. He hardly ever used the loaded dice in my presence. I would not allow it. I knew the consequences. I never returned any money lost to me by loaded dice. I was never asked. I kept the Wheat-sheaf at Hammersmith for nine years. I have very seldom been at gaming-houses since I left Piccadilly. I was never "bonnet." I have not been in a gaming-house in London for ten years. I have at Newmarket. I had had some difference with Atkins. I am the father of Mrs. Atkins. I know nothing about Atkins, where he is. I have never spoken to the defendant. I heard of an advertisement in the paper which led me to the defendant's attorney. I have not seen Culverwell in a gambling-house for sixteen years. I have seen Culverwell at the house when gaming was going on, I should think twelve times. He made clothes for me and Atkins.

This being the defendant's case,

Mr. Serjeant SHEE addressed the jury for the plaintiff. He was ready to admit that, after the evidence which had been given, he could not contend that the bill in question

had not been given for a gaming consideration. But he should call the plaintiff himself to show that, however that might be, the plaintiff was quite ignorant of the transaction, and that he had given *bonâ fide* consideration for the bill. Under the circumstances the learned serjeant admitted that he was bound to give that evidence, and he thought that when the jury came to contrast the evidence of the plaintiff with that given by the defendant and his witnesses, the jury would know which side to believe. This was not a case where a young and inexperienced young gentleman was drawn by his associates into a gaming transaction, but it was the case where a man of business, a Manchester man, who knew all about bills from his birth, had indulged in these practices for years, and only now set up this defence in order that he might get rid of his liabilities. The jury could not consider him deserving of much credit. Still less would they be inclined to put any confidence in the evidence of Davis, the man who admitted that he had for years kept a gambling-house, and had been privy to his partner's playing with loaded dice, and who, having confessed himself guilty of this robbery, now sat smiling at the jury as if he thought he had been doing some honourable act. The plaintiff would clearly prove that he had given *bonâ fide* consideration for the bill, and that he knew nothing of any gaming transactions in connection with Atkins and the defendant, and it would be for the jury to say whether that evidence was not to be believed rather than that given by the defendant and his witnesses.

The following witnesses were then called :—

Richard Culverwell, examined by Mr. BARNARD.—I was a tailor in Marylebone-street, Portland-place, for nearly thirty years. I retired in 1848. I was successful, and made sufficient fortune to retire upon. I went to reside at Ports-down-terrace, Kilburn, and continued there till the year

1852, when I went to live with David Deacon at Kilburn. I have lived at Clapham since March last. I have been in the habit of discounting bills, both while in business and since, to a small amount—viz., above 6000*l.* a-year. I became acquainted with James Atkins in 1844 or 1846. I made his clothes. He paid me very well, and I considered him a man on the turf. I did not know that he was connected with any gaming-house. I had seen Davis who has been examined to-day. He (Davis) has never seen me with Atkins at any gaming-house. I have called on Atkins in St. James's-street to try on clothes. The house was kept by Dod, the tailor, and Atkins lodged there. I did not at that time know it was a gaming-house. I never saw any gaming going on there. I never went with Atkins to a house at the corner of Albemarle-street, called the "Stick Shop." I never acted as a "bonnet" at either of those houses or elsewhere. Atkins never applied to me, saying that the bank was broken. I have discounted bills for Atkins. I never, in the presence of Davis, lent money to Atkins for gaming purposes. I do not know where Atkins is now. He promised me he would attend as a witness in this cause. That was on my application. I instructed my attorney to procure his attendance. He told me yesterday he could not find him. In 1849 Atkins applied to me to discount a bill accepted by the defendant. The amount was 1000*l.*, at three months. I discounted the bill on the 9th of November, 1849. Before I discounted the bill I made inquiries. I was satisfied that he was a responsible man, and I discounted the bill. I gave 900*l.* for the bill. The bill was about eight days old. I made no calculation, but I took 100*l.* premium. This is my check for 900*l.* The check was paid. The bill was presented by my bankers to the London and Westminster Bank, where the bill was made payable, and the bill came back to me noted. I wrote and sent a

letter to the defendant, requesting his attention to the matter. Shortly after I received a call from a gentleman, begging me to hold the bill for three months. I did so. At the end of the three months I got the 1000*l.*, and 25*l.* for the accommodation. In June, 1851, Atkins brought me another bill, accepted by the defendant. The amount was 1000*l.*, at 12 months, but two months had run. I discounted this bill. I gave 830*l.*, by two checks. These are the checks. They were paid. The day before the bill became due a gentleman called and paid it in full. In December, 1851, Atkins applied to me to discount this bill (the one on which the action was brought—viz., for 4000*l.*, drawn on the 15th of June, 1852, payable in four years). I consented, and gave Atkins one check for 880*l.*, another for 675*l.*—total 1,555*l.* The one check was given on the 11th of December, and the other on the 15th of December. The checks were duly paid. The bill had 18 months to run. I took 15 per cent. as discount. I know nothing about the consideration of the bill to the defendant.

Cross-examined by Mr. JAMES.—I did not ask any questions. I was three or four times at Dod's. I might have been in the first floor. There was no table there with green cloth, to my knowledge. The first time I was there was at the Coronation. I took no heed of the strong door with the green baize. It was tailoring called me to the "Berkeley." I was in the first floor. It was a splendid drawing-room. Atkins lived at Brompton, but it was more convenient to me to see him there. He lived in Pelham-crescent. I don't know what he did in Albemarle-street. He kept his brougham, &c. I never saw a table with green baize—I cannot swear—some fancy crimson and some green cloth. Atkins occupied the first floor. I was principally there by appointment to try on clothes. I will not swear I was never there by candle-light. I think I have seen Charles

Pitcher there. Pitcher also was a man on the turf. I have discounted bills for Charles Pitcher. He had an account with me. They were his own bills, not drawn on gentlemen. I don't know a man named John Bennett. I never noticed the doors in Albemarle-street. I know Goodman Levi. I have unfortunately got his bill due from 1843. I did not then know he was a gaming-house keeper, and indicted or convicted. I never heard of it. I never heard that Atkins had been had up at Marlborough-street for keeping a gaming-house. I was never bail for Atkins. I have seen a man named Gray with Atkins in the street, not in any house. When I took the first bill of the defendant I made inquiry, but can't say of whom. The negotiation for taking up the bill was not carried on by Atkins. I don't know who it was. I have lent money to Atkins while he was in St. James's-street. It was never under 100*l*. I never gave him money in St. James's-street. I saw Atkins at the "Berkeley" about six times in two or three years. I saw Davis at the Coronation. He was the proprietor of the balcony. Pitcher's bills were his own, not gentlemen's. They were promissory notes. I made clothes on Atkins's account. I made liveries. I made no military dresses for Atkins. I saw no livery servants at the "Berkeley." Atkins is now living in Brompton. I asked him to pay the bill. I met him twenty days back in the city, and he promised to come.

Re-examined by Mr. Serjeant SHEE.—I had no reason to suppose that play was carried on at the "Berkeley." I thought Atkins was keeping a club for sporting men. The servants were respectably dressed. I was never there when play was going on.

By Lord CAMPBELL.—I never was in a gaming-house.

Mr. Taylor, a clerk from Scott and Co.'s bank, proved that the checks were paid.

Cross-examined.—Atkins banks with us. He has a large account.

Mr. Lovell, the plaintiff's attorney, said,—I had applied to the defendant. He came to me several times. He asked me to see the plaintiff to renew the bill. I wished to have part payment. The plaintiff was examined on interrogatories. I made an application to Atkins in October to come and see me. I saw him in the city. I told him of the defence. I applied to him to attend at the trial. I wrote several letters. I looked after him several times. I was promised by his brother-in-law that he would come. I was told last night he was ill and could not come. I made no application to him as the drawer of the bill. He is said to be ill in the country. He lives at Winsboro'-house, Brompton.

Mr. JAMES then having replied,

Lord CAMPBELL summed up the evidence, and left it to the jury to say whether, when the bill was endorsed to the plaintiff, he had notice that it was given for money lost at play.

The jury, without a moment's hesitation, found for the defendant.

"The Times" of November 27 had in error reported that the verdict was for the *plaintiff*. The next day the following letter appeared, addressed to the editor.

CULVERWELL V. SIDEBOTTOM.

To the Editor of "The Times."

Sir,—In a case like this, where a good deal occurred to affect character, the finding of the jury would necessarily determine the minds of your readers favourably or otherwise towards the proceedings of the respective parties; and, where the impression even of a single day may act with great force, it is to be regretted that so material a mistake should

have occurred on the part of some one connected with your establishment as to announce in your paper of to-day that the verdict was for the plaintiff; the fact being that the jury, evidently in accordance with the feeling of Lord Campbell, unhesitatingly gave their verdict for the defendant.

The defendant has undergone much in passing through the ordeal of a public examination and the exposure of circumstances which it is obvious he would rather have avoided, and, as was explained on the trial, he would have avoided and discharged all the claims made upon him but for being advised by his private friends that it was a duty to himself and others to lay bare before the public, if need be, the base tricks resorted to by the "Hellites" to plunder their victims. I say, Sir, that after performing this duty in the spirited way he did, it is a pity that even for a brief period any misconception should have occurred. I trust, Sir, you will think so too, and that no time will be lost in correcting it.—I am, Sir, yours very obediently,

S. ABRAHAMS, *Defendant's Solicitor.*

4, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, Nov. 27.

III.

Letter on Gambling in Germany and America.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—On the subject of Gambling, as practised in Germany and in America, I should be very glad if it were in my power to furnish you, as you suggest, with any evidence from personal observation that might be of service to you.

With reference to Germany, I feel that the report of Prelate Kapff, presented to the *Kirchentag* in 1854, is so complete, as to leave nothing to be desired, except the extinction of the gigantic evil it exposes. Since the presentation of that report, the King of Prussia has brought the subject prominently before the German Confederation, and has sought to revive the action

of that body, as initiated in 1844 by the King of Wurtemberg. The gaming-bank at Aix-la-Chapelle has also been suppressed.

Nevertheless, the evil continues without appreciable diminution. During the past year several cases of suicide have occurred, and the present and prospective gains of the table-keepers and bankers—or let us say the losses of those who play—may be estimated by the enormous prices at which the gambling privileges have exchanged hands. One company has purchased the tables at Ems, Wiesbaden, Simons, and Chabert, until the year 1872, for £120,000. This company, according to the agreement entered into last year, has to pay to the government (Nassau) £8,800 per annum, as well as a bonus of £20,000 at the commencement of the term. £1,000 a year is to be expended for the stage, and £4,000 for music. Here is a vast aggregate of loss in prospect for those who shall visit the gaming-tables of Ems and Wiesbaden.

Passing to the American continent, I scarcely know how to treat of a subject so widely extending in its ramifications of evil. Throughout the south-western portion of the Union, and even yet more amongst the Mexicans, the Creoles, and Spanish-speaking population in the West Indies, and on the southern border of the States, gambling in its various forms may be said to be nationalised—it is the daily business rather than the relaxation, it is the meat and drink of the people.

In Cuba, the evil reaches gigantic dimensions. Its principal forms are the public lottery, the private drawing, which goes on at every hour in the *cafés*, gaming with cards in all its varieties, and betting on cock-fights. The government sanctions the lottery, and makes it a source of revenue. The rich planter risks his thousands on it; the Havannah shop-keeper stakes the profits of his trade; the poor slave ventures his single *peseta*, which may, by a possible fortune, purchase his freedom, but which, otherwise expended, cannot much alleviate his condition. Spaniard, Creole, American, Negro, Mulatto, Chinaman, haughty official, lazy ecclesiastic, cheat-

ing shopkeeper, noisy *volante*-driver, good-for-nothing lounge on the Paseo, wealthy sugar-grower, oppressed bondsman, every class and colour is represented, all are interested in the turn of the wheel—a wheel of fortune to the few, of bitter vexation and oft-renewed disappointment to the mass.

Would we turn to the south-western portion of the United States, we find the same open gambling the principal recreation of the people—with many their sole occupation. In New Orleans every third or fourth house in many streets is a “bar-room,” devoted to drinking, billiard-playing, and gambling. On the ground-floor of the best hotels the noise of the billiard-balls never ceases from morning till night. Gambling-tables in like manner abound, and are the occasion of frequent misery and many crimes.

Ascending the Mississippi and its various tributaries, the traveller has only too frequent occasion to lament the fearful prevalence of this vice. Natchez, Vicksburg, Little Rock, are reached—places which are literally infested with gambling-sharpers, who, under the name of “sportsmen,” seek to entrap the unwary and rob them of their means. In such places it is dangerous to walk after dark; and in two or three I remember observing a kind of lower town by the water-side, in which every house was devoted to some purpose of vice, and became the nightly scene of riot and revelry. One cannot stay in a hotel, or visit a news-room, or travel by coach, or enter a steam-boat, without the invitation to drink and to take a hand at cards, the refusal of which is often met by bullying and insult. Such a nest of hornets had gathered about Vicksburg a few years ago, that the principal inhabitants of the town, failing other means of effecting their expulsion, seized five of them suddenly, and having erected a gibbet, hung them without judge or jury. In spite of this public example, however, the “sportsmen” continue to infest the place, and the public sentiment is not yet won over to the cause of their suppression.

I have travelled a thousand miles at a time upon the Western waters, and seen gambling at every waking moment, from the commencement to the termination of the journey. In Kentucky I have travelled for three days with a company who played at cards throughout the time, with the sole intermission of the hours of sleeping and meals. In the latter instance, being friends, the stakes were not high, and they played fairly. In other instances which I have seen, fair play has been ensured by placing the pistol or the knife upon the table before commencing the game.

The best boats and the most select society do not secure the traveller from the annoyance of the "sportsmen." Upon leaving New Orleans, I made choice of the best steamboat upon the river, in which the price demanded and the regulations enforced rendered the company the most select possible. We sailed at about 5 P.M. As evening commenced, cards were produced on many hands, and poker, euchre, faro, and the other games were in full operation. By about 10 o'clock, a gentlemanly-looking man, under strong protests against any desire to gamble, placed three cards upon the table, and commenced a trick which bystanders were soon anxious to bet upon. He refused the stakes of money, but freely accepted those of champagne. Lost or won, bottle after bottle passed round. For the rest of the night, by a general order, the coloured servants stood at each player's elbow, proffering champagne *ad libitum*. Soon a hundred dollar note was placed upon the table—as quickly lost, as quickly again won. No stake was accepted under that amount; smaller sums, the principal said, would be of no advantage either to his friends or himself. As night advanced, the champagne flowed more freely, the play became more rapid, the stakes rose to higher sums, pulses beat quicker, the passion for the game grew more ungovernable. Each hour the gentlemen who pressed around the table—men of name and almost without exception of high social position—fell more completely into the sports-

man's power. By 4 A.M. he landed, accompanied by about half a-dozen of the players, who, when the disguise was no longer needed, thus discovered themselves to be his confederates. What the results of the night's operation amounted to it was of course impossible to ascertain; but one gentleman—whose name, were it mentioned, would be very well known—admitted the next morning having lost seven hundred dollars, although his acuteness and experience made him the first to discover that the play was that of a professional gambling-party.

So effectually was the money taken out of the passengers on this occasion, that during the five or six days that followed little high gambling could take place. "Monté" was proposed as a more equitable game; but as "monté" requires a banker, the difficulty was constantly experienced of no passenger having money enough to keep the bank longer than for a single game or two. They continued, however, to play without intermission; and when Sunday came, only varied their place from the centre of the cabin to the concealment of the barber's shop.

Far worse scenes than these I have witnessed on the Missouri and upon the distant frontier, where gambling and drinking, carried on by men with pistols in their hands, were the only relaxation from political excitement and deeds of strife and bloodshed. But of these I must forbear to speak. Enough has been said to show the deep degradation to which men will descend who have yielded themselves to the all-conquering tyranny of this passion, and to lead to a painful inference as to the extent to which this moral pestilence spreads through the social system, to the destruction of all that is pure and honest and of good report in man.

Faithfully yours,

THOMAS H. GLADSTONE.

IV.

The following account of Gambling in America, prefaced by statements concerning Gaming in England, is from the pen of the distinguished traveller, Capt. Mayne Reid.

“THE passion of gaming is universal amongst men. Every nation indulges in it to a greater or less extent. Every nation, civilized or savage, has its game, from whist and cribbage, at Almack’s, to “chuka-luck,” and “poke-stick,” upon the prairies.

Moral England fancies herself clear of the stain. Her gossiping traveller rarely fails to fling a stone at the foreigner on this head. French, German, Spaniard, and Mexican, are in turn accused of an undue propensity for this vice. Cant—all cant! *There is more gambling in moral England than in any country of my knowing.* I do not speak of card-playing about the purlieus of Piccadilly. Go to Epsom races on a “Derby day,” and there you may form an idea of the scale upon which English gaming is carried on—for gaming it is in the very lowest sense of the word. Talk of “noble sport,” of an admiration for that fine animal—the horse. Bah! noble, indeed! Fancy those seedy scamps, who in thousands and tens of thousands flock upon every race-course,—fancy them and their harlotic companions possessed with the idea of anything fine or noble! Of all who crowd there, the horse alone is noble—nought could be more ignoble than his *entourage*.

No! moral England! You are no pattern for the nations in this respect. You are not free from the stain as you imagine yourself. You have a larger population of gamblers—horse-gamblers if you will, than any other people: and however noble may be your game, I make bold to affirm that your gamesters are the seediest, snobbiest, and most revolting of the tribe.

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A word about the "games of America." The true national game of the United States is the "election." The local or state elections afford so many opportunities of betting, just as the minor horse-races do in England; while the great quadrennial, the Presidential election, is the "Derby day" of America. The enormous sums that change hands upon such occasions, and the enormous number of them, would be incredible. A statistic of these bets, could such be given, and their amount, would surprise even the most "enlightened citizen" of the States themselves. Foreigners cannot understand the intense excitement which is felt during an election time throughout the United States. It would be difficult to explain it in a country where men generally know that the fate of the particular candidate has, after all, but a slight influence on their material interests. True, party spirit and the great stake of all, the "spoils" of office—will account for some of the interest taken in the result, but not for all. I am of opinion that the "balance" of the excitement may be set down to the credit of the gaming passion. Nearly every second man you meet has a bet, or rather a "book" upon the Presidential election!

Election, therefore, is the true national game, indulged in by high, low, rich and poor.

To bet upon an election, however, is not considered *infra dig.* It is not professional gambling.

The games for that purpose are of various kinds, in most of which cards are relied upon to furnish the chances. Dice and billiards are also in vogue: billiards to a considerable extent! It is a very mean village in the United States, particularly in the South and West, that does not furnish one or more public billiard-tables; and among Americans may be found some of the most expert (crack) players in the world. The "Creoles" of Louisiana are distinguished at this game.

"Ten pins" is also a very general game, and every town has

its "ten-pin alley." But "billiards" and "ten-pins" are not true "gambling games." The first is patronized rather as an elegant amusement, and the latter as an excellent exercise. Cards and dice are the real weapons of the "sportsman;" but particularly the former. Besidethe English games of "whist" and "cribbage," and the French games of "vingt-un," "rouge et-noir," &c., the American gambler plays "poker," "luchre," "seven-up," and a variety of others. In New Orleans there is a favourite of the Creoles, called "craps," a dice game, and "keno," and "loto," and "roulette," played with balls and a revolving wheel. Farther to the South, among the Spano-Mexicans, you meet the game of "monté"—a card game, distinct from all the others. *Monté* is the national game of Mexico.

To all other modes of getting at your money, the South-Western sportsman prefers "faro." It is a game of Spanish origin, as its name imports; indeed, it differs but little from *monté*, and was no doubt obtained from the Spaniards of New Orleans. Whether native or exotic to the towns of Mississippi Valley, in all of them it has become perfectly naturalized; and there is no sportsman of the West who does not understand and practise it."

We would close this supplement by repeating the emphatic words quoted above:—

"There is more gambling in moral England than in any country of my knowing."

"No! moral England! You are no pattern for the nations in this respect. You are not free from the stain as you imagine yourself. You have a larger population of gamblers—horse-gamblers if you will, than any other people."

The Sabbath:

PATRIARCHAL, MOSAIC, AND CHRISTIAN.

A LECTURE

BY

JAMES JOHN CUMMINS, Esq.



THE SABBATH:

PATRIARCHAL, MOSAIC, AND CHRISTIAN.

I HAVE undertaken to bring before you this evening the subject of the "Weekly Sabbath," under its threefold aspect, namely, the Patriarchal, the Jewish, and the Christian Sabbath. I do this because I believe that, by a careful investigation and comparison of the Scriptures which bear upon this subject, we may be able to satisfy our own minds on some disputed points, and to clear up, perhaps, some difficulties felt by others as to the binding obligation of the Lord's-day as observed in the Christian Church.

It is not improbable that there are some now present who may think such a subject more suited for the exhortations of the pulpit than for one of your lectures from this place. I confess that I have myself felt that I am open to this objection. I trust, however, that a sufficient apology will be found for the attempt I am about to make, when it is considered that the Sabbath question has already outstepped the pulpit; that it occupies the public mind in no ordinary degree; that it has been made the subject of debate in Parliament, and holds a prominent position in the pages of our periodical literature; while in reality it lies at the very basis of our social happiness and of our national Christianity.

The authority—the only authority to which I shall make my appeal on this question is the written Word of God; being fully convinced of a truth put forward in a fine old English hymn, commonly prefixed to Bibles published in the early period of the Reformation :—

“ Here is the Judge that stints the strife,
When men’s devices fail; ·
And here the bread that feeds the life,
Which death cannot assail.”

I have applied the term “ Sabbath ” to the Lord’s-day, as well as to the other weekly Sabbaths of which I shall treat. Need I say that my reason for so doing is that the word Sabbath means “ rest,” and nothing more? The Christian Sabbath is a day withdrawn from worldly occupations, set apart for religious privileges, and specially dedicated to the honour of Christ. To adopt the beautiful language of the prophet Isaiah—“ The Sabbath a delight, holy of the Lord, honourable.”

We find this term “ Sabbath ” used in Scripture with a remarkable variety of application :—The seventh-day Sabbath—the eighth-day Sabbaths—the Sabbath of weeks, of months, of years—the Sabbath of rest for the land—the Sabbath, the rest which remaineth for the people of God.

Our subject, however, is the “ Weekly Sabbath,” the dedication of one day in seven to the Lord, an ordinance which seems to have pervaded the three great dispensations noted in the Bible.

Of the other Sabbaths which I have named, those found in the Old Testament were evidently of a typical and figurative character, parts of the ceremonial law enjoined upon the Jews, and from which we as Christians are altogether free. To these the apostle seems to me to refer, when, in his Epistle to the Colossians, he says “ Let no man therefore judge you

in meat, or in drink, or in respect of an holy day, or of the new moons, or of the Sabbaths, which are a shadow of good things to come, but the body is of Christ."

Before we enter further into the investigation of the "Weekly Sabbath," as regards the particular day to be observed, I think it will be well for us to examine, at this point, the bearing of the Fourth Commandment on the general question of the Sabbath; for if that commandment was only a part of the Jewish ceremonial law, it cannot, with any fairness, be brought to bear on the duty of Christians in regard to the observance of the Lord's-day. But if, on the other hand, we can satisfy ourselves that it never belonged exclusively to the ceremonial law, which was special to the Jews, but that, in point of fact, it was a portion of God's universal moral law, binding on man as God's creature, then it will apply with equal force to the observance of whatever day God has appointed, whether it be to the Jew, or to the Christian.

Let us then consider the terms of the Fourth Commandment, freed from the language of technicality, and, as I believe, rendered in strict conformity with the original text, "Remember the day of rest to set it apart; six days thou shalt serve, and do all thy works, and the seventh day, the rest of the Lord thy God, thou shalt not do any work, thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, thy man-servant and thy maid, thy cattle, and the stranger which is within thy gates, for in six days the Lord made the heavens and the earth, the sea, and all that is in them, and rested on the seventh day; whereupon the Lord blessed the day—the rest, and set it apart."

This commandment, as recorded in the 20th chapter of Exodus, distinctly connects the weekly Sabbath with the creation rest, and grounds the observance of it upon the great fact of the Lord's resting mentioned in the 2nd chapter of Genesis.

You will see more clearly the bearing of this remark when we come to speak of the Sabbath as given to the Jews.

The record of the world's creation, with all its attendant circumstances, belongs undoubtedly to the whole posterity of Adam. The distinction between Jew and Gentile, and the purposes which in God's providence that distinction was intended to subserve, find no place in the narrative. Whatever indications therefore we have of a division of time into periods of seven days, or of the observance of one day in seven as a day dedicated specially to the worship of God amongst the nations of antiquity, must be regarded as proofs that the setting apart a day founded upon the creation rest belonged to the general law as originally given to Adam, and was handed down to his posterity as such, altogether irrespective of the distinction which afterwards arose between Jew and Gentile. Now, as the Fourth Commandment assigns the Lord's rest upon the seventh day of creation as the only ground for the sanctification of that day, we have herein one proof that the commandment itself belongs to the law given to the whole family of man.

But we have stronger evidence than this ; it will be found on the strictest examination that every part of the ceremonial law of the Jews is connected with the temple worship, the offering of sacrifice, and the priesthood, especially the office of the high-priest, which the apostle terms, with respect to its great antitype, the "sum," or highest point. The law of the Ten Commandments however, written by the finger of God upon two tables of stone, and of which it is emphatically stated that "He added no more," was proclaimed upon Mount Sinai, in all its completeness, before the appointment of the Levitical priesthood, or of the office of the Jewish high-priest, and not one word is to be found in any part of these Commandments having exclusive reference to the ordinances peculiar to the ceremonial law ; and I am bold to affirm that,

if these Commandments had not been so proclaimed on Sinai, the ceremonial dispensation given to the Jews would not have been left, on that account, incomplete. It would have had the same reference to God's mode of pardoning sin through the blood-shedding and death of the great atoning Sacrifice, and would equally have served to be "the shadow of good things to come."

Here, then, we have another proof, that the law, so "added" as the apostle says, belonged to a "greater and more perfect dispensation."

Looking at the two tables of this great law we find only the embodiment of that principle of love which must ever constitute the law of that God who himself is "Love." This is clearly established by the emphatic declaration of our Lord Jesus Christ himself, when, in reply to the inquiry "Master, which is the first commandment of the law?" He states, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind: this is the first and great commandment; and the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." And I may here remark that the reply of the inquiring scribe is not a little confirmatory of this distinction between the decalogue and the ceremonial law—"Well, Master, thou hast said the truth; for there is one God, and there is none other but He, and to love him with all the heart, and with all the soul, and with all the strength, and to love his neighbour as himself, is more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices."—(Mark xii. 32, 33.)

Touching the connection of the Ten Commandments with the covenant of grace, an eminent Scotch writer, Dr. Colquhoun, thus remarks: "The covenant of grace is the principal part of the Sinai transaction, as appears from these words standing in the preface—"I am the Lord thy God." Instead of

saying, Keep my commandments, that I may become your God, He on the contrary says, I am the Lord thy God, therefore keep my commandments. This is not the form of the law, as it is a covenant of works, but of it only as the law of Christ, and as standing in the covenant of grace."

The covenant of grace, as I trust you well know, is that great engagement entered into in the councils of eternity, which, like the bow in the clouds, over-arches the whole span of the Divine revelation—a covenant established in and with Christ, as its surety and Mediator, on behalf of all His believing people, both Jew and Gentile; and in virtue of this covenant the law of the Ten Commandments is engaged to be written on the hearts of the people of God, as we read (Heb. x. 15—17): "This is the covenant that I will make with them after those days," saith the Lord; "I will put my laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." How boldly does the apostle apply these words to the Christians at Corinth!—"Ye are our epistle, known and read of all men, for ye are the epistle of Christ, ministered by us, written not with ink, but with the spirit of the living God—not in tables of stone, but in fleshy tables of the heart;"—and, touching the law itself, in the Epistle to the Romans he says, "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." Hence we are warranted in affirming that the Ten Commandments are, in their fulness, embraced in the covenant of grace, not indeed to be meritoriously fulfilled by those who are the heirs of its better promises, but to stand as their righteousness in the obedience of the Mediator, and as their sanctification as written upon their hearts by the power of the Holy Ghost.

I have stated that I do not consider the law of the Ten Commandments, as given on Mount Sinai, to form any part of the ceremonial law of the Jews, or to have any necessary

connection therewith. I may, however, be reasonably asked whether the Fourth Commandment itself, that with which I am now more particularly concerned, is not in some degree at least ceremonial? In answer to this question, I would reply that the ceremonial, if any, implied in the observance of a weekly Sabbath, being altogether based upon the sanctification of the day on which God rested from the work of creation, is thereby cut off and severed from the ceremonial law of the Jews; it belongs to the entire family of man. But I am far from admitting the observance of the Sabbath to be ceremonial. The term is too cold, too formal; it may indeed belong to the hours and forms of the appointed worship, respecting which the law says nothing, but it can never apply to the real sanctification of the day, nor touch that which is its highest glory—communion with God.

Let us now glance, for a few moments, at the peculiar characteristics of the Fourth Commandment, and the express terms with which it is introduced. I think you will see that it is in itself a reminiscence of a previous grant: "Remember the Sabbath day to sanctify it; six days thou shalt serve and do all thy works, and the seventh day, the rest of the Lord thy God, thou shalt not do any work." Is not this intended to recall to their minds a gracious boon bestowed upon man in his uprightness; that whereas he might have been commanded to toil without ceasing, even in dressing the garden and keeping it, one day in seven was appointed for a sanctified rest, a day of uninterrupted communion with his God, that his higher interests, those of his living soul, might be cared for and cultivated? And when the same announcement is again made to man, in his fallen and outcast condition, with the ground so cursed for his sake that it should bring forth thorns and thistles unto him, and that only by the sweat of his brow he should eat bread until he returned to the ground, for out of it was he taken—oh! how cheering and calculated to

soothe the intensity of his anguish must it have been to have heard these merciful words from the mouth of his Judge: Remember, there is a day of rest to be set apart; six days thou shalt serve and do all thy works, but the seventh day, the rest of the Lord thy God, thou shalt not do any work. How beautifully do these gracious words harmonise with the striking declaration of our blessed Saviour: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

I cannot refer to such a respite without being reminded of the language of the pious George Herbert:—

" Sweet day! most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this the next world's bud,
Th' indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with his blood:
The couch of time, earth's balm and bay,
The week were dark but for thy light—
Thy torch doth show the way.

" The other days and thou
Make up one man, whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow.
The worky days are the back part,
The burden of the week lies there,
Making us stoop and bow
Till thy release appear."

Having thus considered the Fourth Commandment, I shall proceed to investigate the particular day of the week which was appointed to be observed as the weekly Sabbath in each of the three dispensations named, the Patriarchal, the Mosaic, and the Christian. But, as this will lead me into that part of the lecture most likely to give rise to a difference of opinion, I must crave your indulgence while I make a few preliminary remarks. First, allow me to assure you that I am no advocate for either fancies or novelties in religion: I believe that both are fraught with danger. I take the Bible for my guide,

and I do not feel at liberty, in the smallest degree, to put a forced meaning on any passage with the view of supporting a peculiar theory. I go to the Word of God, not that I may attempt to master it, but that I may be altogether mastered by it. I compare Scripture with Scripture, in the hope that, by God's teaching, I may be led into the full apprehension of its meaning, and wherever God leads, there I trust I am prepared to follow.

In addressing the Young Men's Christian Association I feel that I am dealing with minds accustomed to inquiry and investigation; indeed, the scope and variety of the subjects upon which your lectures have been delivered afford an abundant proof of this, and I consider it to be one of the peculiar advantages of such lectures that they give opportunity for the calm and dispassionate investigation of interesting subjects, free from the excitement of controversy or the indulgence of a dogmatical spirit.

On the particular question into which I am about to enter, I admit at once that there is ample room for a great diversity of opinion amongst those who love the Christian Sabbath as a sanctified rest; and, further, even amongst those who, with me, consider its obligation to be grounded on the authority of the Fourth Commandment.

The field for inquiry which now opens before me extends to almost every part of the Divine revelation. I have long been convinced that there are precious gems of truth scattered over the pages of Inspiration which often remain unobserved even during years of scriptural study, but which, when discovered, appear so full of light and beauty, that the Christian feels amazed that he has never noticed them before. This, I have no doubt, arises from our habit of looking at subjects generally, and in a great degree correctly, according to the estimate we have formed of their relative importance. This will be found true in various departments of science; and

lectures of this kind admit of the selection and production of those specimens, as it were, which each investigator has discovered for himself, and with which he has been delighted and interested. Believe me, there is no lack of such interesting specimens in the Bible, and if the texts which I shall bring before you on this question—some of them, it may be, hitherto unnoticed—only prove the means of attracting your minds to a closer investigation of God's Word, our labour will not be without its reward.

The record of the Patriarchal Sabbath is given to us in the 2nd chapter of Genesis, verses 1, 2, 3 : "Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made, and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it, because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made." Now, if this narrative stood alone it could scarcely be alleged to have had in any respect the force of a positive command. I am quite ready to admit that there is enough in the term "sanctified it" to cut off and reserve "the seventh day" as God's day, not to be devoted to common uses; and there can be no doubt that Adam was made fully aware of the nature and intent of that reservation. Indeed we cannot in any other way account for the universal division of time into periods of seven days, strong indications of which are to be found even in the brief Scripture narrative of the antediluvian period and of the patriarchal ages; and there are evidences of the wide-spread adoption of such a division of time amongst the nations of primitive antiquity. The Rev. Mr. Biddulph, in his valuable work entitled "The Theology of the Early Patriarchs," observes : "A division of time into weeks, or periods of seven days, has been found to exist in almost every age and country in the world, and can only be accounted for on the sup-

position of a remote tradition of the grand week of the creation."

Mr. Faber, in his "*Horæ Mosaicæ*," remarks: "The number of the days employed in the work of creation, and the Divine rest of the seventh day, produced that peculiar measure of time which is purely arbitrary, and which does not spring from the natural motions of the heavenly bodies as do the days, months, and years. Hence the general adoption of the weekly period is in itself a proof how widely a knowledge of the true creation history was diffused among the posterity of Noah. Nor is this to be wondered at, for as Noah undoubtedly reckoned his time by weeks, and as it is highly improbable that he was the first that did so, the obvious inference is that he only adhered to a practice which had been received in regular succession from Adam; and we may naturally conclude that he in like manner would hand down the same practice to his descendants." He further states, with respect to the sanctity of the Sabbath, that "Eusebius quotes several of the elder poets, who speak of the seventh day as being peculiarly holy. Thus Hesiod and Homer both unite in ascribing to it a superior sanctity." He adds, "As for the division of time into weeks, it extends from the Christian states of Europe to the remote shores of Hindostan, and has equally prevailed among the Jews, Greeks, Romans, and the Goths; nor will it be easy to account for their unanimity upon any other ground than that we have adopted."

The learned Dr. John Edwards quotes Suetonius as saying that "Diogenes the grammarian used to hold disputations at Rhodes on the Sabbath;" and, after mentioning other instances from the writings of Clemens Alexandrinus and Eusebius, he remarks, that "the original of this might be traced from the very creation, from the beginning of all things, from whence, without doubt, the custom of observing the seventh day, had its first rise."

I have already mentioned that whatever testimony we have of the general division of time into weekly periods of seven days, or of the religious observance of one day in seven, becomes evidence that the Fourth Commandment, which grounds the obligation of the Sabbath upon the fact of the creation rest, is in its very essence a portion of the universal moral law revealed to Adam, and pertaining to all the family of man; and I think that the argument of the apostle in the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews must be taken as conclusive evidence that the idea of a Sabbath, as pointing to that great eternal "rest which remaineth for the people of God," is interwoven with the whole texture (if I may use the expression) of the Divine revelation. The argument stands thus: "God on the seventh day rested from all his works;" and "although the works were finished from the foundation of the world," it was nevertheless afterwards said, conditionally, "*if* they shall enter into my rest." They to whom it was first proclaimed entered not in, because of unbelief; they died in the wilderness—where, however, they had observed the Jewish Sabbath. The rest of Canaan, into which their posterity were led by Joshua did not fulfil that rest, for afterwards another day is spoken of, and a certain day limited, saying in David, "To-day"—after so long a time as it is said—to-day, "if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts;" and from hence the inference is drawn that "a rest remaineth for the people of God," and that the nature of that rest is analogous to the creation rest, for "he that is entered into his rest hath ceased from his own works, as God did from His."

With respect to the particular day, as agreeing with our week days, on which the creation rest took place and the patriarchal Sabbath was observed, the general opinion no doubt is that it answered to our Saturday, and was identical with the Jewish Sabbath. I confess that I have formed a different opinion. I believe it to be identical with our Lord's-day,

and that it answers to the first day of man's week. The grounds upon which I have formed this opinion I shall briefly lay before you. I think it is evident from the Scripture narrative that at the time when the work of creation ended God's sanctified rest began. The evening and morning of the sixth day completed the works, the last of which was the creation of man. At the going down of the sun on the sixth day the Sabbath commenced; the evening and morning which then began were the seventh day which day God blessed and sanctified because that in it He had rested from all His work which God created and made. This seventh day of the creation week was therefore the first day of man's week—the first evening and morning which he ever saw—so that he must have commenced the reckoning of his weeks, as he did of his time, with the first day—a Sabbath; and to him and to all his posterity the first day of the week would ever after have been the Sabbath; its periodical return in a series of sevens, reckoning the first day one, would have been on the eighth day, and not the seventh; and we find that the eighth day of man's time was marked throughout the Old Testament, both in the Patriarchal and Jewish periods, by a peculiar sanctity not otherwise, that I know of, to be accounted for; this will, I hope, become abundantly evident as we proceed. I will here only mention that by God's appointment the rite of circumcision, given to Abraham as a seal of the righteousness of the faith which he had being yet uncircumcised, was to be administered to all his posterity (extending beyond the limits of the future Jewish Church) when the child was eight days old.

If the opinion I have thus expressed be correct, and the original and universal Sabbath was indeed appointed by God's authority to be the first day of man's week, whereas the Jewish Sabbath, also ordained by God, was undoubtedly the seventh day of the week and not the first, then I am

under the necessity of proving from the Scriptures that the day was ceremonially changed to the Jews in their generations, that it was special to that people, and was to give place to another day, returning back again by the same authority to the first day of the week in the Christian dispensation. These points will come to be considered in the two remaining divisions of my subject—namely, the Jewish and the Christian Sabbaths.

The first express mention we have of the appointment of the Jewish Sabbath occurs in the 16th chapter of Exodus, where a special miracle is recorded to have been wrought to mark the peculiarity of God's solemn command for its observance. You will doubtless bear in mind that this occurred before the giving of the Ten Commandments upon Mount Sinai. We read that the children of Israel "took their journey from Elim, and came into the wilderness of Sin, which is between Elim and Sinai, and the whole congregation murmured against Moses and Aaron, fearing that they should die in the wilderness for want of bread. Then the Lord said unto Moses, I will rain bread from heaven for you, and the people shall go out and gather a certain rate every day, that I may prove them, whether they will walk in my law or no; and it shall come to pass that on the sixth day they shall prepare that which they shall bring in, and it shall be twice as much as they gather daily." We are then told that "on the sixth day they gathered twice as much bread, two omers for one man; and that all the rulers of the congregation came and told Moses, and he said unto them, This is that which the Lord hath said, *To-morrow is the rest of the Holy Sabbath unto the Lord*; and they laid it up until the morning, as Moses bade, and it did not stink, neither was there any worm therein." We subsequently read that "there went out some of the people on the seventh day for to gather, and they found none; and the Lord came unto Moses, and said, How long refuse ye to keep my commandments and my laws?"

See, for that the Lord hath given you the Sabbath, therefore He giveth you on the sixth day the bread of two days.—So the people rested, on the seventh day.”

This narrative raises, I think, the probability that they had not been long accustomed to the observance of the seventh day as the Sabbath; and yet it is evident that a command had been previously given to them so to do. You will remark, that there is no mention made here of the creation rest as being the ground for the observance of the Sabbath. Indeed, the whole transaction belongs specially to them, in their journey through the wilderness.

Now on looking to an earlier portion of the narrative we shall find another remarkable mention made of a first day and a seventh day, but with this diversity, that on that occasion the first day was to be holy; whereas the first day here named was to be occupied, as the following five were, in gathering the manna, but both seventh days were to be kept holy. I refer to the 12th chapter of Exodus, to which I must solicit your particular attention. We there read (speaking of the day on which the Lord was about to execute his last plague on Egypt, and work their great deliverance)—“And this day shall be unto you for a memorial, and ye shall keep it a feast to the Lord, throughout your generations—ye shall keep it a feast by an ordinance for ever.—Seven days shall ye eat unleavened bread; even the first day ye shall put away leaven out of your houses, for whosoever eateth leavened bread, from the first day until the seventh day, that soul shall be cut off from Israel. And in the first day there shall be an holy convocation, and in the seventh day there shall be an holy convocation **TO YOU**; no manner of work shall be done in them, save that which every man must eat—that only shall be done of you. And ye shall observe the feast of unleavened bread, for in this self-same day I brought your armies out of the land of Egypt; therefore ye shall observe **THIS DAY**, in your generations, for an ordinance for ever.” We read again, in the last verse of

the chapter, "And it came to pass, the selfsame day, that the Lord did bring the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt by their armies."

I have quoted the chapter thus fully, because of the reason so emphatically and repeatedly assigned for their keeping the seventh day holy in their generations; and we shall find that reason repeated elsewhere with equal peculiarity and emphasis and in more strict connection with the observance of the Jewish weekly Sabbath. I must now beg of you to remark that, between the first day which was to be holy and the seventh day, which was also to be holy, only five days intervened, leaving the week short by one day; and, that the day on which the Lord brought them out was ever after to be observed by them in their generations. If we may consider this injunction in regard to the seventh day to be the first appointment of that day as the Jewish Sabbath—as I confess I do—then the difference between the first day mentioned here which was to be holy, and the first day soon after mentioned in the 16th chapter which was to form part of the ordinary week and to be a day of labour, (while the seventh days on both occasions were to be holy to the Lord, and that mentioned in the 16th chapter was declared to be the Sabbath given by the Lord to them) becomes more remarkable and significant.

You will bear in mind that both these events took place before the giving of the law on Mount Sinai, and in neither of them is there the slightest reference to the creation rest as that upon which the sanctification of the Sabbath was grounded or its observance enjoined. It is scarcely to be supposed that if they had been accustomed to the previous observance of the seventh day as a universal Sabbath, or if it was intended that their Sabbath was to be a perpetuation of the creation Sabbath, the great fact of the Lord's resting should not have been so much as mentioned at this time. If, on the other hand, the intention was to keep the Jewish people

distinct from the idolatrous nations round about them by the institution of a special Sabbath to them in their generations, we can well account for this omission.

That there was such a specialty, and one bearing on the events we have just been considering, will very plainly appear if we examine the terms in which the Fourth Commandment is repeated by Moses, in the 5th chapter of Deuteronomy and 15th verse, with peculiar reference to the Jewish people. We find in that repetition all mention of the creation rest omitted, and these words taking the place thereof—"And remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and that the Lord thy God brought thee out thence with a mighty hand and with a stretched out arm; therefore the Lord hath commanded THEE to keep the Sabbath-day." A similar specialty is mentioned in the prophet Ezekiel, 20th chapter, 12th verse—"Moreover I gave them my Sabbaths to be a sign between me and them." And again in the 20th verse—"Hallow my Sabbaths, and they shall be a sign between me and you." The terms used in these cases would not be applicable if spoken of a generally observed or universal Sabbath. But, as if to mark that this peculiarity did not free the Jewish Sabbath from the solemnity and sanctions of the moral law, we read both combined in the 31st chapter of Exodus, 16th and 17th verses—"Wherefore the children of Israel shall keep the Sabbath, for it is a sign between me and the children of Israel for ever; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and on the seventh day he rested and was refreshed."

I conclude, therefore, that while the Jewish Sabbath was a distinct and peculiar ordinance to them in their generations, yet that both they and we and all the posterity of Adam are equally bound to observe and keep the Fourth Commandment, as well as every other precept of the moral law of God.

The consideration of the Lord's-day, or Christian Sabbath, next claims our attention. In treating of this deeply interest-

ing subject I shall first advert to those portions of the New Testament in which distinct mention is made of the first day of the week and the attendant circumstances which stamp peculiar sacredness upon it. I shall then bring before you those types in the Old Testament which appear to me to find their antitypes in the events which took place on that day, and afterwards allude to those prophetic Scriptures, which, as I believe, point to the religious observance of the first day of the week, as being the Lord's-day.

There can be no doubt of the fact that the day of our Lord's resurrection was the first day of the week, the morrow after the Sabbath of the Passover feast. It is distinctly stated by St. Mark that He rose early on the first day of the week; and in the 23rd chapter of Luke, 53rd and following verses, we read, "And he took it down (*i.e.* the body of Jesus) and wrapped it in linen, and laid it in a sepulchre, that was hewn in stone, wherein never man before was laid. And on that day was the preparation, and the Sabbath drew on, and they returned and prepared the spices, and rested the Sabbath-day according to the Scriptures." It then follows: "Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, and they entered in, and found not the body of Jesus. And as they were much perplexed thereabout, two men stood by them in shining garments; and as they were afraid, and bowed down their heads to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen."

It is impossible to read the narratives in which each of the evangelists records the deeply interesting events of this first day of the week, from its dawn to its very close, without being struck with the solemn importance of the whole. I shall not now detain you by attempting to give even a brief outline of their narratives: they are well known, I am convinced, to most of you; and if you will but follow in mind each step of the sacred story, you cannot fail to realise some-

what of the ardent love, and the thrilling, heartfelt joy, which mark the words which were uttered and the events which took place. You will be ready to exclaim with the devoted Mary, "Raboni—my master!" to say with the two sorrowing disciples whom Jesus instructed and comforted, "Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us by the way and opened unto us the Scriptures?" and to join the exulting shout of the eleven who met them on their return, the same day, to Jerusalem with the triumphant salutation, "The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared unto Simon." Surely such a Sabbath may well be called ever after, "the Lord's-day" And no doubt the weekly return of it would be hailed by the followers of Jesus with delightful recollections of the dying love and the rising glory of their beloved Master, and with all the precious memorials which consecrated its sacred hours.

But there were some among them who doubted, and Thomas boldly stipulated the only terms upon which conviction could be brought home to his mind: "Except I see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." How thankful should we feel for the fidelity of this narrative! If this unbelief of Thomas had not been placed before us we could scarcely have been prepared to estimate the simple and beautiful record of what took place on the next Lord's-day. "After eight days again the disciples were within, and Thomas with them. Then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you. Then said he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands, and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side, and be not faithless, but believing. And Thomas answered and said, My Lord and my God! Jesus said unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me thou hast believed; blessed are they which see not, and yet have believed."

This is the last positive mention made of the actual ap-

pearing of the Lord Jesus to his disciples on the first day of the week, unless indeed we can so consider, as I fully believe we may, his remarkable appearing to the beloved John in Patmos when he was "in the Spirit on the Lord's-day." But as we read that he was seen by five hundred brethren at once, and that he was seen of the disciples alive after his passion forty days, "speaking to them of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God, until the day that he was taken up," I think we may regard it as more than probable that he who is ever spiritually present with his people, where two or three are met together in his name, was then bodily present with them when so met on the first day of the week; and that it was their custom to meet on the first day of the week "for breaking of bread and for prayer" is abundantly proved by many subsequent passages in the New Testament.

I turn now to the significant types of the Old Testament evidently pointing to the peculiar sanctity of the first day of the week. You will remember that it was on the morrow after the Sabbath of the Passover feast that our Lord rose from the dead. The Passover was to be killed on the fourteenth day at even, that is, between the hours of three and six, at the going down of the sun, within which space it was that our Lord was crucified. The next day, the fifteenth, was the Jewish Sabbath, on which he lay in the grave. The day following, being the first day of the week, he rose from the dead. On this day, the sixteenth day of the month Abib (Nisan), was offered the sheaf of the first-fruits of the barley harvest, which was usually ripening at this season of the year. This ordinance is thus appointed in the 23rd chapter of Leviticus, 10th verse, "Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, When ye be come into the land which I give unto you, and shall reap the harvest thereof, then ye shall bring a sheaf of the first-fruits of your harvest unto the priest; and he shall wave the sheaf before the Lord, to be accepted for you: on the morrow after the Sabbath the priest shall wave it."

Can there be any doubt that this finds its antitype in the resurrection of "Christ, the first-fruits"? "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept." How clearly does this type point to the very day on which Jesus rose from the dead, and was accepted for the justification of His people!

Now, in a most remarkable connection with this typical foreshadowing of the resurrection on the first day of the week, we read in the 15th verse of the same chapter the appointment of another typical ordinance, in these words: "And ye shall count unto you, from the morrow after the Sabbath, from the day that ye brought the sheaf of the wave-offering, seven Sabbaths shall be complete; even unto the morrow after the seventh Sabbath, shall ye number fifty days, and ye shall offer a new meat-offering unto the Lord. Ye shall bring out of your habitations two wave loaves of two tenth deals; they shall be of fine flour, they shall be baken with leaven; they are the first-fruits unto the Lord." Thus we are brought to the feast of Pentecost, the morrow after the seventh Sabbath from the Passover feast, the first day of the week. I say again, Can there be any doubt that the type of the first-fruits here mentioned finds its antitype in the gathering of the first-fruits of the spiritual harvest—in the conversion of about three thousand souls by the preaching of St. Peter on the day of Pentecost—"begotten," as St. James says, "by the word of truth, to be A KIND of first-fruits of his creatures"—predicted, as the Israel of God, to "be holiness to the Lord, the first-fruits of His increase"—and called in Revelation, "the first-fruits unto God and the Lamb"?

These are the only first-fruits to be waved and presented unto the Lord which I find in the Bible, and I think that on a close examination it will be found that there is so marked a distinction between them, that the one can only refer to Christ's resurrection, and the other to the first gathering of his spiritual increase. "The first of the first-fruits,"

as it is emphatically termed in the Bible, consisted of the first ears and sheaves, presented as they sprang out of the earth, at a time when no leaven was to be used by the Jews or even found in their houses—typifying the sinless and perfect humanity of the Saviour, rising triumphant over the grave, and about to ascend to “His Father and our Father, to His God and our God:” the other of loaves made with flour, brought out of their houses, baked with leaven—typifying the redeemed from amongst men, brought out of sin and darkness, leavened with the corruption of the fall, but washed in the blood of the Lamb, and “accepted only in the Beloved.”

You will perhaps have noticed that I have thus been incidentally led to an examination, so far as they bear upon the first day of the week, of two of the three great feasts which were specially to be observed in the Jewish ceremonial or ecclesiastical year, which commenced in the month Abib. The time appointed for the Passover was to govern the feast of Pentecost, which was to commence on the morrow after the completion of seven Sabbaths, to be numbered from the morrow after the Sabbath of the Passover. I shall now refer to the other remaining feast—I mean the feast of Tabernacles, on the seventh month of that year. This feast is also called the feast of the in-gathering at the completion of the harvest; and although, as I believe, it prefigures the final in-gathering of the redeemed from amongst men in that day when “The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise,” and the whole number of the elect “shall meet the Lord in the air,” and “be ever with the Lord;” and therefore, its full antitype has not yet come:—still, we are not left without mention of it in the New Testament both in relation to our blessed Lord and to the first day of the week: I allude to the 7th chapter of St. John’s Gospel, especially the 37th verse, where we read—“In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying,

If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." In observing on this feast, Mr. Hartwell Horne says, "One of the most remarkable ceremonies performed was the pouring of water, drawn from the fountain or pool of Siloam, upon the altar, as, according to the Jews themselves, this water was an emblem of the Holy Spirit. Jesus Christ manifestly alluded to it, when he cried, saying, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.'" He elsewhere states that from this pool, on the last day of the feast which was a day of great festivity among the Jews, it was the custom to fetch water, some of which they drank with joy and thanksgiving, and some was poured out on the evening sacrifice. During this solemn offering, the people sang the 12th chapter of Isaiah, particularly the 3rd verse: "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." Looking to the command by which this feast was appointed, we read in 23rd Leviticus, 39th verse—"And in the fifteenth day of the seventh month, when ye have gathered in the fruit of the land, ye shall keep a feast unto the Lord seven days, and on the first day shall be a Sabbath, and on the eighth day shall be a Sabbath." Turning to Numbers, 29th chapter, 12th and following verses, we find distinct directions given for every day of these eight days, with this very remarkable peculiarity, that on the fifteenth of the month, the first day of the feast, there was to be a holy convocation, no servile work was to be done thereon; and, again, on the eighth day, was to be a solemn assembly, no servile work was to be done thereon. And I must ask you particularly to remark, that these "first and eighth day Sabbaths" are distinctly stated, in the 37th verse of the same chapter of Leviticus, to be "beside the Sabbaths of the Lord," and beside all their gifts and vows and free-will offerings; these eighth-day Sabbaths must not therefore be confounded with the Jewish weekly Sabbath. Now this eighth-day Sabbath, was "the last day, that great day of the feast," on which Jesus stood and cried, saying, "If any man

thirst, let him come unto me and drink,"—the first day of the week. At the dedication of the temple by Solomon, we have a similar mention of the eighth day: "And they kept the feast seven days, and on the eighth day they had a solemn assembly;" and again at the renewal of the temple services by Nehemiah, we have nearly the same words: "And they kept the feast seven days, and on the eighth day was a solemn assembly according unto the manner."

In the same way we find the Sabbath of years indicative of an eighth period of joyful rest. I refer to Leviticus, 25th chapter, 8th and 10th verses—"And thou shalt number seven Sabbaths of years unto thee; seven times seven years, and the space of seven Sabbaths of years shall be unto thee forty and nine years; and ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof: it shall be a jubilee unto you." It is here to be noted, that each seventh year was Sabbatical, and that the morrow (as it were) after the completion of these seven Sabbaths of years was the jubilee—the fiftieth year—in exact conformity with the numbering of the weeks between the Passover Sabbath and the Pentecost—the fiftieth day. Thus we find that in every period of sevens, whether of days, of weeks, of months, or of years, the sanctification of an eighth period is clearly indicated. It can scarcely be supposed that nothing was intended by this remarkable coincidence in periods evidently in themselves typical of Gospel blessings, and yet there is nothing that answers thereto except we find it in the completion of the work of redemption by the resurrection of the Lord Jesus, and its memorial in the sanctification of the first day of the week, pointing as that does to another Sabbath—the dawning of a new day—the first day of a perfect and eternal rest.

I confess I envy not the feelings of those, who (learned and pious though they may be) have reasoned themselves down into a cold, or at best a philanthropic, opinion that the decent and

moderately religious observance of Sunday is beneficial morally and physically to mankind and wisely ordained by the Church, but without any certain warranty of Holy Scripture. While I possess my Bible with a mind to understand and a heart to love it, they shall never (God helping me) rob me of the delight of a Divinely appointed Sabbath-day.

But I must not leave the question without observing that the language of prophecy (not altogether silent on this subject as some have been bold enough to assert) points with no degree of uncertainty to the first day of the week as that on which the Christian Sabbath was to be observed.

Let me ask you to consider the force of the latter part of the 118th Psalm where we read, "The Lord hath chastened me sore, but he hath not given me over unto death. Open to me the gates of righteousness; I will go into them, and I will praise the Lord: this gate of the Lord, into which the righteous shall enter. I will praise Thee, for Thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation."—"The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner: this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." Need I remind you how distinctly this prophecy is applied to the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ in many parts of the New Testament? Now mark what follows:—"THIS IS THE DAY which the Lord hath made: we shall rejoice and be glad IN IT." What day can this be? Let the hearts, and the songs, and the praises of every believer in Jesus answer the question.—"Save now, I beseech Thee, O Lord; O Lord, I beseech Thee, send now prosperity. Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord: we have blessed you out of the house of the Lord."—Long as these triumphant words are re-echoed by the walls and roofs of the houses of God in the land, so long will the Lord's-day be a day of holy joy—a sanctified rest, in all the assemblies of the saints.

One other Scripture claims our attention; it is found in the 43rd chapter of Ezekiel, 26th and 27th verses:—"Seven days

they shall purge the altar, and purify it; and they shall consecrate themselves, and when those days are expired, it shall be that upon the eighth day, and so forward, the priests shall make your burnt offerings upon the altar." The learned commentator Dr. Gill remarks, with respect to the part of Scripture from which this passage is selected, that the prophet speaks here of Messiah's day in Levitical language; and of this particular portion he mentions that the Jewish rabbies themselves acknowledge that it cannot be made to harmonise with the Mosaic law and must therefore be considered as pointing to a change of the dispensation.

I have now, as the Lord has enabled me, completed the task which I undertook. I have laid before you the scriptural grounds upon which I myself am thoroughly convinced that the sanctified rest of one day in seven is an ordinance of God universally binding upon the whole family of mankind: rather, perhaps, I should say, a boon of infinite love to man as a creature even in his uprightness, and of infinite mercy to the fallen and outcast sinner, arresting the penalty of labour, and inviting him, by all the appointed means of grace, to return as a penitent to his offended God; that the Fourth Commandment is an integral part of God's immutable and moral law; that the Jewish Sabbath, was peculiar to that people and temporary—one of those shadows which were to wax old and vanish away; that the original Sabbath was the first day of man's week; and that the very same day, the first day of the week, was, in perfect accordance of type and prophecy, pointed out as the Lord's-day, the Christian Sabbath—the joyful memorial of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus, and the delightful foretaste of that "rest which remaineth for the people of God"—thus mingling, as it were, with the prayers and praises of the servants of God under every dispensation, and harmonizing with the sweet songs of the Royal Psalmist, of which an old writer beautifully remarks that "they begin with the blessedness of the godly, and terminate with the Hallelujahs of the saints."

“The Triple Plea:”

BODY, SOUL, SPIRIT.



A LECTURE

BY THE

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“THE TRIPLE PLEA :”

BODY, SOUL, SPIRIT.

THE subject of which we treat this evening, is to adapt itself to the practical purposes of a Christian Association. We are not about to discuss the *mode* of man's existence, nor shall we concern ourselves to inquire *how* mind is influenced by matter, the spiritual by the material, the immortal by the physical part of man's nature. We deal not with abstractions, nor will we risk ourselves in the haze and mist of metaphysical speculation. We have to do with realities, and to walk in the broad sunlight of action and fact.

As members of a Christian Association, we recognise the existence of spirit, and soul, and body. In ordinary language, we follow the example of early days, and speak of man as consisting of body and soul. And the word “soul” is generally understood to denote that part of his being which distinguishes him from the rest of the animated creation; to refer to the highest part of his nature, and thus, to apply itself to the immortal portion, as distinguished from the body, which is made subject to death. But “when the fulness of the times had come,” the ordinary use of the word “soul” was found to be inadequate to express the exalted views of a Christian, with respect to the best employment and the most perfect condition of his highest faculties. It was necessary,

therefore, that another term should be used. It was to express something superior to the soul in its common sense, as the soul is superior to the body. It was to denote that perfection of human nature which it was the object of the Christian religion to accomplish. It was to *imply* the faculties of the understanding—but those faculties employed in the knowledge of God. It was to *include* the emotions and affections of man—but those affections fixed on the highest object. It was to express that part of man's being which enjoys communion with the Father of spirits, and to denote the immortal portion of his existence. The term which is employed for these purposes, in several passages of the New Testament, is the word "spirit."

Apart, then, from reference to any of the systems which have professed to explain the nature of man's being, we are content to take the three terms, as they are given by inspiration, BODY, SOUL, and SPIRIT. The first of these terms refers, as a matter of course, to our physical frame. We may understand the "soul" as denoting our moral and intellectual faculties, directed towards visible objects, and not exalted by the hope of immortality. And the "spirit" will imply these same faculties when directed towards the things which are "not seen and eternal." You will observe that we apply both terms, soul and spirit, to our moral and intellectual nature; but we say of the first, that mind or reason is the leading thought. And of the second, we allege that, though knowledge not only is not excluded, but when it may be had it forms a most important attribute—yet that its prominent idea is of affection and love.

We believe, and are fully persuaded, that there is work to be done by each member of an association like ours, and by the Association collectively, regarding human nature, not only as a whole, but with reference to each of its parts.

We have to do with the body. View it separately you can-

not. So identified is it with the other portions of our being—so intimately connected, we say, not with the manifestations of the reasonable soul merely, but with the exercise of the spiritual faculties—that a neglect of the body and of the requirements of the body, cannot habitually be practised without deep and lasting injury to the faculties of the soul, without serious risk to the interests of the spirit.

We have to do with the soul. View it separately you cannot. Disregard its dictates, and omit to adopt its suggestions, danger, disease, and death await the body; whilst the spirit will have a tendency to number itself with those “that err and are deceived.”

We have to do with the spirit. View it separately you cannot. Remove from man the incentives and the restraints which the spirit supplies, and the strongest inducement duly to regard “this body of our humiliation” disappears; the most powerful motive to earnest thought, and the greatest check to an abuse of the faculties of the soul, is withdrawn.

And therefore it is, that we affirm, that in consulting for the interests of man’s whole being, we are not justified in paying such exclusive attention to one part as shall deprive another of its due regard.

The welfare of the spirit is not promoted by a neglect of the body, and may be enhanced by the vigour of the soul. The interests of the body are best consulted by motives which the spirit suggests, and by their influence upon the faculties of the mind. The energies of the soul are most correctly developed in the *sound* body, subordinate to the higher rules of action which the spirit supplies.

There are some stars in the firmament which, when viewed by the unassisted eye of the observer, present the appearance of one brilliant point, but when the optic tube is brought to bear upon them, closer inspection shows, that what seemed one star, is, in reality, two, or even three. And then, a more

attentive observation still, proves that these stars are systems of two or more suns, some revolving about a common centre. They are mutually attracting, and attracted. They are reciprocally influencing, and influenced. They are, at once, active and passive. They constitute, what men of science have termed, a binary or a multiple system; *i.e.*, a system *one* in itself, involving the operations and the influences of its several members. And this entire system presents, to the eye of the mere cursory observer, the appearance of but one star. To him who examines it not, the influence of one portion upon another is unknown and disregarded. And yet there are laws, fixed and sure, by which the every movement of each is regulated; by which the every effect of the first upon the second, of the first and second, combined, upon the third, and so conversely, is caused and determined. They exist not the less because they are not observed. They *may* be "ever unperceived," and then they *will* be "never understood." But they will still revolve in their orbits, and still will their mutual influence continue.

The constitution of man is no less complex as a system. And it is impossible for him, who has never examined the subject, to estimate duly the influence exerted by each one part upon each of the others—ever revolving the one around the other; ever producing effects and determining results; ever *en rapport*, the one with the other. He who would rightly understand the conditions of his existence, and the laws of his being—we say not the mode of operation of those laws—will do well to observe the action and reaction of the body, the soul, and the spirit, how the position and well-being of one, is dependent on the proper development and right use of the others.

It has sometimes occurred to us, that man's highest interests have been too often identified with the excitement of mere emotion and impulse; that some extraordinary turbu-

lence of the moral system, which we can only characterise as a species of spiritual spasm, has been confounded with that change which a rightly informed judgment, itself strengthened by a well-regulated body, when influenced by the spirit of Him "without Whom nothing is holy," produces upon man's moral life.

We have thought, on the other hand, that the well-practised mind has not seldom stopped short of the application of its powers to their highest and noblest employ; and that, equipped as it may have been, for the apprehension of a theory of religion, adapted to the purposes of discussing and defending moral truth, it may yet have "seen" only "afar off;" neither "embracing," nor personally "persuaded of," subjects of the highest individual moment.

And yet again, we have not unfrequently observed, that an inability to exercise the powers of the mind has been urged as an excuse, and as a complaint, for a want of clear perception of the realities of religious truth, an insight into that which is said to be "spiritually discerned." Yet here the excuse is insufficient; the complaint does not effectually probe the wound; the *venue* should be changed. He who "formed man out of the dust of the earth, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul," has ever acted upon the principle that what is rightly termed spiritual life, shall not, as a general rule, be dissociated from the right regulation of the life of the body. Himself hath joined them together. Yet how often has man put them asunder! Unless we are greatly mistaken, that which is sometimes called, and which, perhaps, *likes* to be called—if, indeed, it does not commonly speak of itself as—"the religious world," has not sufficiently valued the care of that which its Maker pronounced to be "very good;" has too much depreciated that part of man's being upon which *He* has set a price, and conferred an honour, beyond

compare. It has thought right to characterise as merely *social* measures, those which might have been intrinsically religious. It has "stood afar off," and taken very little, if any, share in improvements really calculated to advance the true spiritual life, because they have been regarded as only *secular*. It has arrogated to the exercise of one series of faculties, that name—the name of religion—which involves the right use of the every part of man's being. Suffice that we remind those who are conscious of having acted thus, before we advance, as at once we must, to a more particular consideration of each branch of the subject, of the Apostle's prayer for those of Thessalonica, and for all Christians to the end of time; that their "*spirit*, and their *soul*, and their *body*" might be preserved "blameless."

We have said that the maintenance and preservation of the health of the body, when this is within our power, may not, as a general rule, be dissociated from the maintenance and preservation of the life of the spirit. The nature of these terms excludes reference to the failing health and the decreasing strength of old age. Our words cannot apply to that physical suffering which no human prudence could avert; nor do those cases come within our province, in which, by an inscrutable decree, the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. But, as members of the Young Men's Christian Association, addressing ourselves, immediately, to its constituents, we would impress upon you, that due regard to the promotion of your physical health, is, as far as it is in your power, a religious duty; that they who, like the ruthless savage, cut down the tree, in order to reach the unripe fruit, are guilty of a transgression of the Divine law; and a transgression of that law is sin. And we may not omit to suggest to others who highly value religious truth, and whom we will believe to be as open to conviction as they are tenaci-

ous of holding what they think to be true, that it were well to consider every measure which tends to the preservation of health, every plan which assists in the maintenance of our physical welfare, every well-directed sanitary movement—as not only calculated to promote social good and to concern our present existence; but as recognising and according with those Divine laws by which our mental and moral happiness may be increased; as promoting results which may rightly be termed religious; as possibly involving the tone and standard of the spiritual life of those who are physically and socially concerned; as an inducement to that “reasonable service” which is declared by an inspired apostle to be involved in the presentation of the body “a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God.” We are told under what circumstances the Old Testament sacrifices were unacceptable;—“If there be any blemish therein, thou shalt not sacrifice it unto the Lord thy God.” “Whatsoever hath a blemish, that shall ye not offer; for it shall not be acceptable for you.” And the principle which the apostle lays down for our consideration is, that the “body” should be presented as a “living, acceptable sacrifice to God.” Can we be wrong in striving to enlist your sympathies and your coöperation in measures which concern the maintenance of bodily health, and the due development of physical energy, as questions not merely social, or political, or expedient, but as viewed in the aspect of religious duties?

For, in what consists that condition which we are in the habit of describing by the general term “health”? In what but the due adjustment of the forces, and the correct movement of the machinery, by which the immaterial soul and spirit are associated with the material body? The human body is a living machine, constructed expressly for the use of a conscious and a spiritual being. In itself wonderfully

made, it is stupendous on account of its adaptation to mental purposes; the exercise of the faculties of the more marvellous soul. And as its framework is constituted more especially in relation to the soul's requirements, no part of the body can be much disturbed without interfering with our happiness and wellbeing. The perceiving and controlling agent will be interfered with, just in proportion as the part of the body disordered may be more or less immediately subservient to sensation and will. And if, when we assert that the object of this material framework is to furnish a fit medium through which the intelligent spirit may become acquainted with the things beyond itself, and thus supply its innate faculties with appropriate impressions;—if the question is suggested, How does this take place?—in what manner does the soul make this acquaintance?—the obvious answer is, By means of the bodily senses. Through these, it perceives objects; and the images of these objects are ideas. And so incessant are the action and reaction between the mind and the body, that there is not a moment, either in our waking or sleeping experience, when the nerves are not agitated by ideas, or ideas modified by the state of the nerves.

You can have no difficulty in understanding that the faculties of the mind and spirit depend upon attention and memory. Our ability to compare, and therefore to judge, is influenced by the fitness of the senses and their instruments, to enable the soul to attend to impressions. And this fitness is not only due to the mechanism of the organs, but also very mainly to the condition of the blood. For it is important to remember that the blood is the vehicle of life to every particle of our bodies. No vital action can be maintained without it. If it cease to flow through the brain, those influences are suspended by which the body, the soul, and the spirit are held in due relation to each other; and the suspension of those influences we term "death." The senses are

shut up; every function is suspended; the machinery which subserves the will is no longer fit for use, and can no longer obey it; the consciousness of the body ceases; and the spirit commences its separate existence. And as this is the result when the circulation ceases, so everything that interferes with the circulation, does, so far, interfere with health.

Whatever, again, hinders the blood from undergoing its proper changes, so far impedes the processes of life, and introduces causes which tend to death. It is the medium, then, through which the soul is kept in proper relation to the body. It preserves the machinery of life in such a state as may best conduce to the happiness of its tenant. On its quantity, its quality, and its regular distribution, depend man's health and enjoyment. As its ingredients and the force of circulation deviate from what is right, with the health the faculties of the soul will also deteriorate.

Now, that the blood may be maintained in its healthy state, it requires to be recruited with constant supplies of that which excites vital action; it demands to be supplied with oxygen; and for this purpose the breathing-apparatus has been instituted. By its means, with oxygen, heat, and light, and electricity are directly introduced to the circulating fluid, and are combined with its elements. If air be breathed which is deprived of oxygen, or which contains it only in such combinations as will not allow its proper action on the blood, or which contains anything that prevents the healthy changes of the vital fluid, the object of the breathing-apparatus is not fulfilled; the necessity which required its construction is not satisfied; the due relation between the body, the soul, and the spirit ceases to be maintained, because the machine constructed for the maintenance of that relation ceases to act; and death ensues.

We are required, then, to avoid every influence which may interfere with the healthy character and due circulation of the

blood. A due exercise of muscle and mind ; an abstinence from too protracted and monotonous labour, and a prevention of undue mental disturbance and anxiety, are necessary to promote its right circulation and due distribution. A supply of proper material, through daily food of the right kind, and the constant access of pure air, are necessary to its healthy character. To eat unsound food and to breathe impure air ; unduly to protract monotonous toil ; habitually to avoid that exercise which shall stimulate the circulation, and to be needlessly exposed to undue mental anxiety ; these are amongst the causes of disease. These are the agents which interfere with the due adjustment of those forces and the correct working of that machinery which is involved in health. These are among the disturbing elements that cause confusion in our system. They prevent the correct and advantageous employment of the faculties of the soul ; they injure and, if not arrested, they destroy its powers. And having gradually diminished the ability to compare and to judge, to reflect, to remember, to attend—and the exercise of these faculties upon the highest subjects, it must not be forgotten, is the province of the spirit, and constitutes more or less, that "service" which is required by God,—these influences, and such as these, dissolve—prematurely, and unnaturally, and unnecessarily dissolve—the connexion between the material and the immaterial man—they result in death.

Do we say too much in affirming that the mitigation of these evils is a *religious* act? Rather, let us suggest to you that there is much force in the literal application of a passage which is almost never supposed to have more than an ideal and figurative meaning ; and that the promotion of measures tending to the removal of that which may weaken the body, deprave the mind, and injure the spirit ; that the advancement of means, which may be taken to obviate the defilement of the blood and the poisoning at its very source, the fount of life ;

may be, neither doubtfully nor unreasonably, affirmed to constitute a portion of that "religion," which is itself declared to be "pure and undefiled."

We have marked in your crowded city the courts, the lanes, the alleys, and the yards, where, packed-in, like bale upon bale of inanimate goods, have crushed and crouched whole bevvies of creatures bearing the semblance of human form. Dark and dismal, doleful and dreary, were the dens in which these human creatures dwelt. We mounted the crazy stairs, and floor upon floor was alive with them. From the low-browed attic, whose shivering shelter was so meagre that even the winds themselves, night after night, could sigh and moan as if with articulate sorrow, when through the yawning roof they visited its inmates; down through the length and breadth of many a tottering tenement; ay, far below the level of the outside thoroughfare, in cellars, damp, and dank, and deadly, there were heaps of flesh and blood, creeping and crawling; cozening and cursing; sorrowing and sinning; raving and rotting; despairing and dying! Many and many, hundreds upon hundreds, of such degraded habitations, luring to crime, fostering vice, encouraging every mystery of iniquity, and too effectually preventing the diffusion of good, notoriously may be found in the purlieus of your city. Their region is a region "of darkness, as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the *light* is as darkness." Gradually, year after year, have we noted the commodious and spacious lodging-house, as it has taken its place amongst the surrounding tenements. Not more expensive for weekly hire than the wretched holes of which we have spoken; capable of every comfort that may reasonably be desired; supplying everything needful for health and repose; one after another, almost before they have been ready for occupation, has quickly been tenanted by those

whom thoughtlessness and neglect had left too long to fester in their guilt. And vice, in its most hideous forms, has disappeared as social comfort has been provided; and the external garb of decency and decorum has displaced the shamelessness of former times; and hope dispels despair; and life begins to be an enjoyment. We claim for a movement such as this, "making straight the crooked" places, "and the rough places plain;" "preparing" in the most dismal of "deserts, a highway for our God"—we claim for it that it is emphatically a *religious* movement; and we rest not satisfied that the friends of the Young Men's Christian Association shall approve of it as a mark of social progress, shall commend it as a proof of regard for the temporal interests of their fellow-men, and shall speak of it as "expedient" for the general welfare. We affirm it to be an eminently Christian scheme, to act as a pioneer of Gospel truth; to facilitate the progress of the highest good; to be one mode of assisting our fellow-creatures that they "let not sin reign in their mortal body, that they should obey it in the lusts thereof;" to give fair play to the correct movements of that machine which has been expressly constructed to promote the best interests of the soul and the spirit of man.

It has been our lot to know that, heretofore, whole districts have been depopulated by the visitations of dire disease which nothing might avert, it was said, but the "special interference of Providence." "The pestilence that walketh in darkness" stalked horribly there; "the arrow that wasteth at noon-day" ever winged thither its lethal flight; and

—"lingering pains and pangs intense,
Red fever, spotted pestilence,"

had claimed as their own, the tracts of which we speak. Disease, with its constant recurrence of malignant results, combined with the ills of poverty and improvidence, produced

wretchedness in the extreme; and bodily misery caused prostration of soul, and laid low the powers of the spirit. For our wily and mighty foe takes every advantage of disease as of breaches in the citadel; and though he may not succeed in conquering the leaguered fortress, he yet avails himself of every favourable incident, constantly to harass and distress. So it was that in the cases we indicate—

“ Each mortal passion’s fierce career—
Affection, hatred, joy, and fear—
Was goaded into sin.”

But there came into play an influence which checked the undisturbed course of disease. Those causes which had effectually opposed the Divine laws were removed. His air, overloaded with poisonous compounds, was cleansed. The water, formed by Him so pure and tasteless, which had become contaminated and defiled, assumed once more a condition comparatively wholesome. The influences which had neutralized the gracious provisions of the Upholder of the Universe and the Fountain of Life, were one by one withdrawn, and others were substituted in fuller accordance and harmony with those laws by which health is sustained, happiness promoted, and the normal development of the human system encouraged. And the result has been, that where pain and suffering once prevailed, enjoyment and happiness may now be found. The causes of discontent have been removed, and the difficulties have been smoothed which prevented a ready access to those higher sources of enjoyment which the right cultivation of the faculties of the soul and the spirit cannot fail, by God’s help, to ensure. And, for measures such as these, filling up as they do “the horrible pits” of despond, rendering firm “the miry clay” in which the feet of many of our fellow-men were “almost gone,” their “steps had well-nigh slipped;” setting their “feet upon

a rock," and establishing "their goings;" we ask that they be invested with a Christian character, and that they be regarded as promoting the advancement of the religion taught by Him who "went about doing good" to the souls and the spirits, by strengthening, restoring, and healing the BODIES of men.

Go for an instant with us through the building which we enter now. It is a hospital. Traverse its wards; tread gently as you pass; for many a suffering frame is here, and many a quivering limb tells tales of agony no lips could utter. And who are these that tend so patiently, and with such gentleness, their suffering fellow-men? who, gliding up and down all-noiselessly, are ever bent on mercy's errands, and strive to mitigate the ills which everywhere surround them? These are educated Christian gentlewomen. Nurtured in comfort—some, perhaps, in luxury—they have foregone the ease and *idlesse* of a carpet life, and given themselves to good, and act as nurses to that hospital. No hirelings, they; but, in the simple love of goodness, they devote themselves to tend their suffering kinsmen, and alleviate their pain. In speaking of what is, and in affirming, on the best authority, that the system works with very eminent success, we do but indicate what might be generally done. And we ask that you will not condemn imaginary faults in others, without at least attempting to supply their place. Let not the suffering still more deeply suffer by a want of sympathy. Of these whom we have pictured, all we know is this: "When the ear heard them, then it blessed them; and when the eye saw them, it gave witness to them. Because they delivered the poor that cried, and him that had none to help him, the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon them." And we ask you, in the name of Him who declares that "inasmuch as they have done it unto one of the least of these little ones, they have done it unto" Him, to believe that "He favourably regardeth

this charitable work of" theirs; and that a measure such as this, the provision of a staff of educated Christian gentlewomen as gratuitous nurses for the hospitals of your metropolis, is one in the strictest accordance with the express sanctions of the great Physician of Souls.

Did we say to you, just now, that the breathing-apparatus of the physical frame has been instituted for the purpose of bringing into intimate relation with the blood, the oxygen of God's air, with heat, and light, and electricity? What, then, may dissuade us from asserting that the appropriation of certain spots in the suburbs of this great city, to the free circulation of that air, harmonizes with the principles of Divine action? That the artisan, jaded with his daily toil; that the young man, longing for the buoyancy which his years should bring; that the child, too long doomed to defile its delicate tissues with the dank and poisonous mildew—may recruit that energy, and renew that vigour, which a beneficent Creator intended to pervade the system, and to career through the veins of His creatures. Deem us not too material, of the earth too "earthy," if, upon the physiological principles laid down this evening, we hazard the belief that not a few of the children of God may thus be energised—breathing His own pure air in spots that have been wrested from Mammon, and dedicated to a service well-pleasing to Him who is at once "the Healer of the Nations," and their Life—to "glorify Him in their bodies," and in their "spirits which are His."

You will not be surprised to hear us speak of that movement, which is known as the Early-Closing Movement, as a measure truly Christian in its object. We do most cordially urge those employers who have not yet been convinced of the desirableness of adopting this course, to hesitate no longer in their determination. Protracted, monotonous labour, must produce injurious effects. May we suggest that the concentrated and vigorous energies of those who are employed will

be far more serviceable during a shorter period daily, than their collapsing powers, their flaccid energies, can be, if the daily period of that service be protracted? And we appeal again to the influence of matter upon mind, of body upon soul and spirit; and we say that, if the power of attention and reflection depend upon the state of bodily vigour—and we know full well they do; if the right exercise of the judgment and the will correspond with the right regulation of the body; and if the exercise of the powers of the soul and the spirit upon the highest subjects constitute religion; then he who does what he can, upon right principle, to reduce within reasonable limits the manual, the muscular, the bodily, or the monotonous mental toil, of those in his employ, is so far acting in accordance with the Apostle's conduct on behalf of those under his control, that "Christ may be magnified in their body."

With what words shall we urge a plea for those, whose jaded frames, and sickly looks, and hectic cheeks, with silent sadness tell us that they are the sacrifices to a heartless love of adornment, to the relentless Moloch of Dress and Fashion? Would that *Christian* gentlewomen, who fix, as they should, the standard of evangelical truth very high—who are ready to contend for what they believe to be "the faith once delivered to the saints"—who strenuously disavow everything in the shape of doctrine which does not square with the school to which they belong—who fear and quake exceedingly at the semblance of anything which is whispered to be "*unsound*"—would that they might regard with thoughts of tenderness, and with acts of consideration, the fragile, spectral forms of their countrywomen, who are slaving at *their* work! Diminished in quantity, or dispersed over a longer space of time, what inestimable benefits might that work confer upon a numerous class of their own sex! Though we abstain from doing more than urge this upon the serious consideration of

those whom it concerns, we might not omit to allude to it, in an address which claims, for conduct and measures affecting the bodily health of our fellow-creatures, a religious sanction and a Christian character.

By how much we think it desirable that the daily hours of toil should be shortened, by so much is our conviction decided that the weekly half-holiday is a measure which would contribute at once to the well-being of the employed, and to the interests of the employer. Upon Christian masters, indeed, we urge these subjects, not from the motive of self-interest, but as solemn duties. And to those who enjoy these privileges, we venture to say, See that you use them aright; let that which is accorded to you for the recreation of the body, subserve the higher and more important purpose of invigoration to the soul, and advantage to the spirit. It *will* do so, if you "use not your liberty for a cloak of licentiousness." It will not only brace the nerve and strengthen the muscle, clear the eye and smooth the brow, but it will tend to enable you to fix the wandering thought, to curb the wayward mind, to reflect calmly and to think continuously, "to gird up the loins of your minds," and, by God's grace acting upon that increased vigour which it will bestow, you may apply to the very highest subjects those faculties which you have thus been enabled to improve.

To ensure the greatest amount of enjoyment which health can confer, more is required than attention to the physical laws on which our existence depends. There must be an absence of undue mental anxiety and disturbance. Now, perhaps, there is no cause so likely to introduce this disturbing element amongst the class of which our Association chiefly consists, as the reflection that health and a knowledge of business are the only available capital. The thought that on the occurrence of any of the numerous casualties to

which all are daily exposed, or on failure of health under any circumstances, there is little or nothing to depend upon for support, is one which may well distress the mind. And this anxiety will naturally increase as years increase; as the liability to sickness becomes greater; as the maintenance of health becomes of consequence to others as well as to the individual himself; to others, who have linked themselves to him for good or for ill; to others, whose destiny for weal or for woe is inextricably interwoven with his own; to others, who commence to cluster around him, and to look up to him for protection and support; the anxiety for the preservation of health and strength, the thought of what shall befall him and them if protracted sickness should be his lot, the reflection that he has no certain resources on which to depend; can scarcely fail to add to the wear and tear of that machine in which his soul and spirit act, and tend to hasten the very contingencies which he hourly dreads.

This, surely, is a subject within the scope of an address professing to consult for the interests of the human system. For the counteraction of these evils, measures may be adopted which are in strict accordance with the spirit of the injunction, that we "take no" *anxious* "thought for the body"—"what," in days of sickness and misfortune, we "*shall eat*;" or "what," in the time of failing strength and old age, we "*shall drink*;" or "wherewithal," when we are disabled from fulfilling our usual occupations, we and ours "*shall be clothed*." It will at once occur to your minds, that the principle of association may be beneficially adopted for the mitigation of these ills. The numerous societies whose professed object is to furnish assistance in sickness, and, it may be, an allowance in old age, together with a payment at death, will suggest themselves to not a few of those who are present. The main object of these organizations is to supply the insufficiency of individual effort in alleviating the calamities of sick-

ness or death, by aid from associated friends. And they combine three principles. There is, first, that of prudent forethought—the removal of present pressure and distraction, and the provision for future necessities and comforts; then there is the principle of brotherly union and assistance in misfortune; and, lastly, the very important science of mutual assurance is involved to a serious extent.

In the choice of an association from amongst the number of those which present themselves to your notice, we beg you to bear in mind a few simple considerations. No unincorporated society has any status whatever in our courts of law. The defaulting treasurer of an unenrolled association can be sued by no individual member; for all individual ownership in the funds is renounced when each contribution is paid to the common stock. The science of vital statistics is so new, that we can only arrive at conclusions which are absolutely and unmistakeably safe, after experience greater than that which has at present been supplied. It would seem reasonable, indeed, that the contributions to be made by members should depend upon other circumstances besides that of age. The probable duration of life varies, of course, with the locality: the healthiness of the trade must affect it; the character of the occupation should be considered; the strength of constitution of each individual must be taken into account. Then, again, payments should not be required in expectation of relief to the end of life. Beyond the age of sixty, the liability to sickness and infirmity is so great, that no reasonable contribution can suffice to provide for an allowance at that period of life. Many are the societies now in existence which will go on, and be said to flourish, whilst the members are young; but when their years increase, and they are more likely to become claimants on the funds, the highest authorities tell us that a very large number of these associations must fail to fulfil their contracts. The basis on which they are formed

is insecure, and their duration is in the highest degree uncertain. It is a mistake to attempt to provide assurances against too large a catalogue of contingencies. The two points to which attention should mainly be directed, are the provision of an allowance in time of sickness, and the security of a sum to be paid at death. We would urge you to be cautious where advantages of a complex character, and of an unusually large amount, are offered.

The security for the fulfilment of remote engagements, is at present not sufficiently complete to warrant you in risking your contributions for the purpose of obtaining a *deferred annuity*, in many of the existing societies, without the greatest circumspection. The safest, and by far the most eligible plan for adoption, is the investment of small sums, from time to time, in accordance with the provisions of the Act of 1853.* Let each person belong to a society which will assist him in sickness up to the age of sixty; let the medical attendance be reckoned in the amount of weekly or monthly contribution that is paid; let the allowance in sickness, in no case exceed two-thirds of the earnings or salary secured by the individual when in health; let no person be permitted to belong to more than one such society. Still, the provision for old age is incomplete. And for this purpose, it is impossible that we can urge too strongly upon your consideration, the advantages of the Act already named. Annuities may be obtained to any amount not exceeding thirty pounds. The purchase-money may be paid down in one unreturnable sum, or by annual instalments. An individual purchasing an old-age pension to commence at a fixed future period, *if he should live so long*, runs the risk of his not living to receive it; just as every member of a Provident Society takes the chance of his not being sick, and therefore not needing the

* 16 and 17 Vict. cap. xlv.

allowance in sickness, for which he pays. The contribution, once paid, is not returnable in either case. A lad of fifteen may purchase a deferred annuity of one pound a year, to commence at the age of sixty, for twenty-five shillings. A young man of twenty can secure the same advantage, by paying thirty shillings and eightpence; at thirty, he must pay two pounds eight shillings and fourpence; and at forty, three pounds fifteen shillings and ninepence. If the annuity commence at *sixty-five* instead of sixty, the lad of fifteen may secure this annual amount, for one sum of fifteen shillings and a penny; the young man of twenty, for eighteen shillings and sixpence. So that, for nine pounds and five shillings, paid down at the age of twenty, a provision of ten pounds a year for life may be secured, to commence at sixty-five. The payment, in one sum, of twenty-four pounds and one shilling, will purchase for a young man of twenty, an annuity of twenty-six pounds, or ten shillings a week, for life, after the age of sixty-five. The investment of twenty shillings yearly, between the ages of fifteen and thirty, would afford a certain independence in the decline of life. Females, of course, may secure similar advantages; and married men may provide for their wives or their children. It surely may be a source of comfort to many a father, to know that he can obtain for his son, now ten years old, an income of thirty pounds for life, to commence when that son shall have reached the age of sixty, by the payment of very little more than *one* year's purchase. We beg you to acquaint yourselves with the provisions of this Act. Whilst all who depend upon their occupations, or professions, for the income which they enjoy—an income contingent upon health and strength—may reasonably be supposed to connect themselves with a society which will furnish assistance during sickness and infirmity; those of you who have no means of accumulating capital, and no sure prospect of deriving from other sources the means of

support in old age, will find that you may now secure for yourselves advantages which no private association, however promising, can effect with any approach to the complete and unimpeachable security which the government guarantee supplies. We would indeed—if we might—suggest to our friends who devote their time and energies, their resources of all kinds, to the success of our own Association, that the institution of a provident branch in connexion with it, might be of essential service to many of its members. The principle of mutual assurance, in itself so simple, might be simplified and rendered yet more safe, by the introduction of a temporary character. A contribution paid by a number of persons to insure against sickness during the current year, might, without any apparent difficulty, be renewed from time to time; reference being had to no future period, beyond the year of actual payment. With the cautions and safeguards which would be adopted by those connected with the Young Men's Christian Association, the institution of a provident branch upon some such principles as those which have been indicated, could not fail, we think, to be of great advantage.

And with this suggestion, a portion of our subject, less attractive it may be, but not less important, because not less practical than others, must necessarily be dismissed. We anticipate with confidence your assent to the proposition that measures such as these do rightly invest themselves with a Christian character. We affirm that none can be more beneficial than those which suggest the provision of resources against the wants of the future. As a means of removing the undue anxiety and disturbance which prey upon the vitals of so many; and of leaving body, soul, and spirit erect and vigorous for their daily and hourly toil, instead of being bowed down by carking care, and prematurely worn out, and unfitted for the work which God has given them to do, we ask you to regard as measures promotive of, and largely imbued

with the spirit of, true Christianity, such institutions as those to which we have referred, and such legislative enactments as the invaluable statute we have named.

You have been detained too long with our remarks upon the aspect which we suggest to you as that in which all measures directed to the right regulation of the body should be regarded. Yet we cannot forbear to say, in advancing to the next portion of our subject, that an importance has not been assigned to our physical frame, greater than it may rightly claim. It is indeed a "body of humiliation;" but it bears about it marks of what it has been; and, though "we know not what we shall be," yet perchance even now, a trace exists of that more "glorious body" which shall be, hereafter. In its most degraded state, it presents to us features which encourage and cheer; like the sound of the wind through a broken and fallen building, as has been beautifully said, proclaiming that God's Spirit, which "bloweth where it listeth," has not left this building to be a mere possession for the birds of night. And as nature, with her old mosses and her new spring foliage, hides the ruins which man has made, and gives to the fallen tower and broken cloister, a beauty scarcely less than that which belonged to them in their prime; so it is the part of Christian virtue—of that grace which is pronounced to be greater than faith or hope—to be at work, in softening and concealing, and busy with her hand in healing, the rents which have been made in God's nobler temple, the habitation of His own Spirit; for "*your BODY is the temple of the Holy Ghost.*"

The phrase has become so familiar to our ears, that we notice nothing strange in the statement that such and such a house employs so many "hands." The business transacted by such another firm must necessarily be large in amount, because a great number of "hands" are constantly engaged. We learn by advertisement that a mercantile establishment

is in immediate want of so many additional "hands;" and we are informed that by the failure of a contractor, whose engagements were unusually extensive, a large number of "hands" have been thrown out of employ. We are by no means surprised at the language used in either of these announcements. Yourselves observe nothing unusual in the expression. Yet the phrase surely suggests to us matter for the most serious thought. How often—ah! how fearfully often!—as the "hands" only have been wanted by the employer, they have been almost only the objects of his care. Has he sufficiently thought, as a general rule, of the heads and the hearts, the minds and the dispositions, of the employed? Up to a recent period too little has been done, surely, even for the mouths and bodies which are attached to the hands required in many of our establishments. The comfort and enjoyment of the human being, as a "triple plea," consisting not only of body, but of soul and spirit also, has been comparatively disregarded, because not involved in the serviceableness of the "hands." Whatever has been required for the purpose of getting *work* out of the "hands," has long and unhesitatingly been supplied. But until a recent period, with few and honourable exceptions, it has been too much forgotten that the hands are the servants of reasonable *minds*. Now it is here that our Association assumes a feature of the greatest importance. It makes provision for the right direction of thought. It attempts to secure the welfare of the *minds*, which should regulate the *hands* that do the work in this hive of industry. It regards the moral and intellectual faculties of the human being; and by the cultivation and improvement of these faculties, it confidently hopes that the soul, whose attributes they are, will rightly direct the control of the body, and induce "a sound judgment" in subjects immediately connected with the spirit. We believe that, by how much the mind of man has its capabilities enlarged and its

powers strengthened by the search after truth, or by its acquisition in any shape—by so much is his spirit rendered more accessible to truth in its highest form, and more likely to be swayed by its influences, in abstinence from “wickedness and vice, and the maintenance of true religion and virtue.” We may not be deterred by the cry of secularism from affirming our conviction that the right direction of thought on any subject of information, the supply of a correct answer to the inquiries of the reasonable soul on any branch of knowledge, may be rendered conducive to progress in the highest concerns—to growth in that spiritual condition which it is the supreme object of every Christian to secure. Cordially, then, may we be permitted to commend to the consideration of those young men who are members of our Association, the advantages which its various classes are so well calculated to confer. And earnestly do we entreat them to bring to the consideration of every subject which is worthy of their thought, the intelligent use of the faculties of their soul. We ask them to learn “to observe,” assured that they *may* find no tree tongueless, no running brook voiceless, no stone uninformative, not one object of the visible creation unsuggestive of reflection and thought. Though that thought be engaged on subjects of the most elementary nature, it will open up new sources of pleasure, and invigorate the general tone of the mind. They who have once tasted the real delight which the soul, conscious of its own gradual development, enjoys in the acquisition of knowledge, will value and avail themselves of the means by which such enjoyment may be more fully attained. The chrysalis does not undergo a more entire change when it tries its first voyage into the liquid air, and sips the sweets of blossom and flower, than does the mind when it first feels its own powers of rightly-directed thought, and finds food for observation in everything that surrounds it. Pleasure is derived *then* from the contem-

plation of the tiny flower that gems the earth, and of the "solemn silence" of the heavenly bodies; from the study of the minutest animated point, and of the unwieldy *giants* of creation; from the consideration of the wisdom and the goodness which are emblazoned on every hill, and enamelled on every valley around. Suffer us that we remind you of the *practical* good which may be secured by a right use of the means which the Association places within your reach. A *right* use is a diligent, an unwearied, a thoughtful, and reflective use. The energies of the mind must be employed. There is no royal road to the acquisition of knowledge that is really worth having. The labour of thought and attention must be bestowed. It is this cultivation of the *attentive* power which is so valuable. The careful analysis of one individual sentence, or the clear perception of one isolated principle, or the satisfactory solution of one only difficulty, will do more real good to the mind than hours of declamation and unthoughtful talk. Are we asked—"How this should be?" The obvious reply is, that the exercise of the faculties of the soul is as conducive to *their* development, as is that of the physical energies to the development of the bodily frame—that, as the well-braced nerve or the solid muscle indicates activity of the body, so a healthy and vigorous tone of mind will result from the habit of continuous thought. He who perseveres till he succeeds in surmounting a difficulty in any branch of knowledge, is all the more likely to surmount a difficulty of practical life. He who pursues patient inquiry and unimpassioned research in the objects of his study, is all the more likely to exercise patience and self-restraint, and consequently to secure a degree of happiness by surmounting as he encounters those numerous ills to which human nature is the heir. We would have you realise the difference between understanding a subject, and *not* understanding it. You will thus be prepared to bring a thoughtful, a patient, and an

unexcited tone to your every-day occupations. If we can but be led to see our ignorance where we *are* ignorant, the vagueness of our notions where they *are* vague, we may be preserved from the hazard of presumption on points connected with our social, our intellectual, and moral well-being. Would that we could persuade you that the accurate investigation of one truth, whether it be in history or geography, in arithmetic or grammar, in physics or in morals, is of more solid practical benefit than the unthinking superficial employment which too often occupies many an hour.

He who really feels his ignorance is more likely to set to work in earnest in his search for truth. Have you ever known what it is to have an utter want of knowledge on some point which has casually suggested itself to you? The mind has seemed to be a dark, dull, leaden blank: you could not see through the matter. Then, thought supervened; patience protracted the inquiry; the dim and hazy outline of what you sought, loomed gradually within the range of your mental vision; you saw "men, as trees, walking;" and, at length, the whole truth in its integrity, palpable in form, definite in shape, beautiful in symmetry, stood before you as the reward of thought: oh! it was the gleaming of a lovely star down into the silence and gloom of some dark, dismal sepulchre!

The further you advance in candid inquiry, the more you will be convinced how many, many things there are that lie beyond your ken; and so you will be the better prepared to move contentedly and happily in the position which has been assigned to you, striving still to educe good from evil, to avoid an idolatrous leaning upon only human assistance, and to submit your judgment for instruction in knowledge of all kinds to those principles which are indicated in the treasury of Divine truth. How deeply did our great Teacher show Himself to be acquainted with those

principles which pervade human nature, as with those involved in the moral government of the world! It is "he that humbleth himself" in the consciousness of ignorance, yet in the teachableness and inquiring spirit of the child—"he that humbleth himself, shall" surely "be exalted."

In the cultivation of those faculties which are the attributes of the soul, endeavour to acquire the habit of not being swayed by mere excitement; suspend your judgment till excitement on any given subject shall have passed away, and calmer thoughts have supervened. How greatly may the comforts of social life be enhanced by the gradual inducement of a less clouded and unimpassioned judgment! Of the inestimable spiritual advantages to be derived from this course, we shall have to speak to you ere long. We may not omit to impress upon you how earnestly we desire you to think and judge calmly for yourselves; not to be agitated, much less to profess adherence to a statement, or to a system, without thinking. So long as attendance is readily given to that which appeals to impulse, and aversion manifested to that which addresses itself to the thinking faculties, our notions must be indistinct and our judgment unsound. Excitement, and irregularity, and excess tend to obscure truth. Individual conviction should be the rule of action, unless we are prepared to "dance" to every sound that any man may "pipe." It is unseemly that men, who are gifted with the moral and intellectual faculties of the soul, should be forbidden to think, and required to act as mere machines. And yet there are not a few (we grieve to say it) who, by abusing or neglecting the powers of thought, have at length only not lost those powers altogether; and these are the multitude—clamorous, unquiet, noisy mocking-birds. We shall do well to remember that, in the cultivation of the faculties of the soul, "to him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly; whilst, from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he seemeth

to have." For the men of rightly-directed thought are the men of well-directed action also; whilst they who are content to leave their minds alone—to care for none of these things, anxious neither to inform nor to discipline their faculties—will live on, others constantly rising above them; they will still be the drudges of the establishment, till, like the poor mill-horse, they have absolutely lost the power of going beyond their rounds.

In the practical adoption of the principles which we have not hesitated to recommend in the simplest language, it is of little consequence what subject you select, provided it really furnish food to the mind, and the thought be rightly directed. It is our object to enable you to *observe* thoughtfully and inquiringly—to *attend* readily and continuously—to *reflect* calmly and habitually—to *compare* correctly and carefully—to *judge* truly and soundly—to *act* in accordance with your decisions. And we are confident that the powers of perception, attention, reflection, comparison, and judgment will be strengthened by constant use, may promote success in the details of practical life, and conduce to invaluable results in matters connected with the spirit. But, we repeat, it is comparatively of little moment what subject be selected for thought and for examination; it will probably depend upon individual taste and opportunities. We should be disposed, indeed, to suggest such topics as might be pursued without voluminous reading, and require no aid from sources of information not readily accessible. By two distinguished men who have occupied the place which I have now the honour to fill, the subject of modern history was recommended to your special attention. Let me venture to say that one or two very interesting subjects for thought may be made to subserve this trunk-line, and to answer the purpose which we are attempting to effect.

The *words* of every language will contain much to in-

form us of the history of the people using that language. The *names of places*, again, will give us much historical information. Now, what can be more obvious, than to *think*, occasionally, on the ideal meaning of the names of places which are constantly occurring to us? We may recal the conditions of the localities when those names were given, and live over again the times in which our ancestors tenanted the various districts of our country. For it will be well that you remember that "no one can ever gain a clear notion of historical events, without a clear notion of the ground on which they have been enacted." If, for instance, we remind you that the introduction of the word *ford* into the name of a place, indicates that it is situated at, or near, the passage, the fordable passage, of a stream, or river, or arm of the sea, you are at once carried back to a time, at which no bridges, or few, were in existence; and when trade and commerce, as well as the familiar intercourse of friendship, depended, in no small degree, upon the state of the stream through which the ford passed. You may then *live over* that time in our country when to reside upon the opposite banks of the same stream was an effectual barrier to communication, for days and it may be for weeks together. And here it may interest you to know that as Matilda, the queen of Henry I.—a Saxon princess, niece to Edgar Atheling—was crossing, once, the river Lea at the Old Ford, "she was well washed and in danger of being drowned; whereupon she caused two stone bridges to be built, in a place one mile distant from the Old Ford; one over the Lea at the head of the town of Stratford, and the other over another stream thereof." These were the first stone bridges in England; and because they were arched like a *bow*, the town of Stratford was afterwards called "Bow." This place may serve to introduce us to another series of thought, not only useful as an exercise of the mind, but conveying interesting information. In these days of steam and of

smoke, there are still many places, whose names carry us back to the times of the Roman highways. And, come what improvements there may, in future years, to increase the facilities of locomotion, the old Roman roads will still give their names to many a town, and many a field, and many a home, and many a ford. The town which was on, or near, the *street*, will still be "*Street*"-town, *Stretton*, or *Stratton*. The valley which extended along its course, will still be "*Street*"-leigh, or *Streatley*; the field close by, will always be "*Street*"-field, *Stretfield*, or *Stratfield*. The home, the house, or the dwelling, visited long since by the travellers on the Roman street, will always be known as "*Street*"-home, *Stretham*, or *Streatham*; whilst the towns on the many streams, whose fords they crossed in their lines, can be known by no other name than this, the "*Street*"-ford, *Stretford*, or *Stratford*, as long as the English language lasts.

We may learn lessons, again, connected with the former physical aspect of our country, from the names still borne by many of its districts. The word *ey*, or *eye*, or *ea*, for instance, was the Saxon word for an island.* We retain it in *Guerns-ey*, *Jers-ey*, *Aldern-ey*, *Orkn-ey*. We still have *Bards-ey*, or the island of the Bards; *Angles-ea*, or the isle of the Angles or Britons. And these words speak to us of Druidical schools, and ancient rites, and prophetic inspiration, and mythic triads. We are reminded, by the very name of the district still known as the Isle of *Eel-ey*, or *Ely*, of its condition as described by Bede. "It is a district of land," says he, "like an island, compassed all about with fen and water, so that it has its name, *Eel-island*, from the number of eels that are caught in these same waters." How many names of places have we still, telling us of the vast quantity of undrained water which at one time covered the surface of our country! How the

* *Ig*, *Yg*, or *Æge*, an island. *Æ*, *Æa*, *Ea*, water. The *g* final of the Anglo-Saxon is changed into *y*, or dropped altogether. Thus, *Orkn-æg*, or *Orkn-eg*, becomes *Orkn-ey*; whilst from *Eel-yg*, we have *Eel-y*, or *Ely*.

rivers overflowed their banks, and rendered many and many a district unapproachable, or difficult of approach, from its insular position! We may cite, as a sample of this class, *Roms-ey*, in Hants; *Romn-ey*, in Kent; *Pevens-ey* and *Winchels-ca*, in Sussex; and, taken at random from different parts of the country, *Horns-ey*, *Shepp-ey*, *Swans-ea*, *Mers-ey*, *Whittles-ea*, *Sels-ea*, *Pews-ey*, *Witherns-ea*, *Kemps-ey*, *Blaken-ey*, with a large number of others which will occur to your recollection, show us that, not only in what are now known as the marshy or fenny districts, but that in every direction, the land was overlaid with water.

"Rudely o'erspread with shadowy forests, lay
Wide, trackless wastes that never saw the day.
Rich, fruitful plains, *now* waving with deep corn,
Frown'd rough and shaggy, *then*, with tangled thorn.
Through joyless heaths, and valleys dark with woods,
Majestic rivers roll'd their useless floods;
While, like a blasting mildew, wide were spread
Blue, thickening mists, in stagnant marshes bred."

It is our object only to suggest to you; to supply the key by which you may unlock the volumes of history which the names of places, as a cabinet, contain. Did you ever think of the aspect which the suburbs of this great city must have presented, when marshy islands, overgrown with thickets, clustered round? If not, let *Stepn-ey*, *Hackn-ey*, *Putn-ey*, *Thorn-ey*, *Marshals-ea*, *Batters-ea*, *Chels-ea*, recal to you the physical aspect of your own neighbourhood, in times long since gone by, and a condition of society widely differing from that of the present day.

The habits of our ancestors may be more readily understood, their desultory mode of warfare, and the manners of society in general, when we remember the large number of places indicating the former existence of lakes or *meres*: *Elles-mere*, *Foul-mire*, *Hasle-mere*, *Liver-mere*, *Meres-ton*, *Tres-mere*; and those districts, again, which were only uncul-

tivated fens, as *Fen-by*, *Fen-iton*, *Fenny-Compton*, *Fen-Stanton*; and those, once more, which tell us of the marshes which covered the land: *Marsh-field*, *Marsh-ton*, *Marsh-den*, *Marsh-worth*. It were no difficult matter to point you to near a hundred places in England, from each of which, a lesson in the physical geography of the country, as it then existed, might be learned.

Not only is the character of the district thus conveyed to us, but we may frequently learn the names of individuals who were connected with a given spot, and the class of people who frequented any place. Who would suppose that such words as *Chard*, *Charford*, and *Charcombe*, contain a reference to a fact in history? They do, in truth, indicate the founder of the Saxon kingdom of Wessex, or of the West Saxons. In the year 495, says the chronicler, *Cerdic*, and *Cynric* his son, came over to Britain with five ships. Having crossed the Avon, and defeated the Britons near a ford on this river, he became the founder of this important kingdom, and he has left his name enshrined in the amber of our Saxon tongue; for we have *Cerdic's* ford, and *Cerdic's* field, and *Cerdic's* valley, and *Cerdic's* town—*Charford*, *Charfield*, *Charcombe*, *Chardstock*, and *Charborough*. How forcibly, again, are we reminded of the serfdom of our Saxon forefathers, when we find no less than fifty places, scattered up and down the kingdom, still associated with the *ceorl* or churl of former times. We still have “the town of the churls”—*Ceorla-ton*, *Charl-ton*, or *Carl-ton*; *Carl-by*, *Charl-bury*, *Charl-combe*, *Charl-cote*; *Charl-wood*, *Charl-worth*, *Charl-inch*. And the constellation of *Ursa Major* is still known, in some districts, as the wain of the *ceorls*, or the churls; *Charles's Wain*.

Who of us, is in the habit of detecting a reference to the Saxon mythology, in many of the names which are still borne by places in our land? Yet, in not a few, is *Woden* or *Odin* still present. We are scarcely surprised, indeed, that this mythic deity of the Scandinavians should have left

his remains, in some form or other, amongst us. Dwelling, as they supposed, in the palace of the Valhalla, and there receiving the shades of their heroes who were slain in battle; sharing, too, in attributes which ascribed to him knowledge and goodness, as well as power, we can well understand how they should identify their god Woden with many a town and habitation. Wednesbury in Staffordshire is *Woden's-burgh*, the town or city of Woden. His station is *Woden's-stead*, or *Wan-stead*. His ford is *Wans-ford*. The manor or farm is *Woden's-worth*, or *Wands-worth*. His field is *Wednes-field*, near Wolverhampton. The dike of this god is *Woden's-dike*, or *Wans-dike*; whilst we seldom think, it may be, of the privileges which we are permitted to enjoy, as contrasted with those of our Pagan forefathers, when we refer to the valley or meadow of Woden, and to its associated dale, as *Wens-ley* and *Wens-ley-dale*.

Now we have said to you, that our object in adverting to these matters, is to point out how much information may be gained by thinking on subjects which, we might be disposed to imagine, contained but little material for useful reflection. We have but opened up one to you by way of illustration. And this it has been our province not to pursue, still less to exhaust. We have supplied you with the key for yourselves; and should your own taste prompt you to its pursuit, we may confidently aver that you will be amply repaid. Should your minds be not sufficiently interested to revert to thoughts of this class, you will yet have had a familiar illustration of the lessons in history, in geography, in social life, and in mythology, which may be learned by the consideration of a subject so simple and unadorned as that which we have introduced to your notice. And permit me to add, that it suggests also a great moral lesson. Where now the hum of industry is heard, and the results of well-directed enterprise are seen, once only the bittern boomed, or the lonely sea-mew

cried. And if the sentiment of gratitude duly influence our minds, that our lot is cast in different times, though still we tenant the self-same spots, we may resolve that each of us, as far as his means, and his station, and his influence can reach, will aid in the progressive improvements which are being made in our own day; that when we shall have passed away, as those before us have done, it may be found that the period of our incumbency has not only not been one during which things around us have become worse, but one during which they have assumed an aspect better than once they bore.

We urge you to a consideration of the principles which have been asserted in reference to the soul and its thinking faculties, by a consideration of what is taking place elsewhere. There is a class of our fellow-countrymen occupying in the scale of society a position as useful as that which ourselves are called to fill. They have hitherto been considered the type of rudeness in manner and density of mind. We speak of the class of agricultural labourers in the different districts of our land. And it is no vain fancy, no mere imagination which we bring before you, when we tell you that they are waking up from their mental sleep. They are arousing from that torpor, and casting off that lethargy, in which they have been so long involved. Much as we may be pleased at the thought of that work which our Association is carrying on, with its affiliated branches, throughout the kingdom; earnestly as we may rejoice that here, in the heart of London, thousands can be found who will meet for the purposes which the Association desires, it is a fact no less cheering, that, in the scattered villages and hamlets of the land, our rural populations are mentally stirring. Our evening classes are widely spreading; our adult schools are greatly increasing, and the general work is actively progressing. We could take you to villages and hamlets, one after the other, for many a

successive evening, whose total number of inhabitants shall be eight, or six, or five hundred each. During the day the sons of toil shall hardily be busied in the various occupations which the culture of the land entails. Hour after hour has that bodily toil lasted; and as evening comes on we will ask you to follow them to their thrifty homes, where the simplest, but most wholesome fare awaits their wants. And then, when supper is ended, we will take you to the adult school. And here you shall see, of every fifteen men in the parish, one; or of every ten, one; or in some cases, one in every seven, or even in every six, engaged at work of another kind. From the age of fifty downwards to fifteen, all are earnest and attentive in that self-same work we have urged on you: the improvement of their minds, the cultivation of the faculties of their souls. They have walked on the cold, dark, rainy nights, few of them less than two, many of them more than four miles, for the purpose in which you see them employed. Mark that man—see how the perspiration is beading his brow; no toil of muscle or limb might easily make him show such signs of fatigue. It is the unwonted labour of sustained attention; it is the difficulty of waking up, from their long, long sleep, the powers of his mind, that has compelled from his body this evidence of intense effort. *He is learning to READ!* More than fifty summers has he numbered; hard is the work which he has done, but this is the hardest of all. Courage! my friend; relax not the self-imposed toil; "in due time thou *shalt* reap, if thou faint not."

By every motive in our power, we impress upon you the importance of devoting a portion of your time to the due cultivation of the faculties of the soul. Shun no opportunity of acquiring useful knowledge of whatever kind it may be; not for its intrinsic worth only, but for the sake of the tone and vigour which the efforts used in its acquisition will confer

upon the mind. Above all, attach the highest importance to this course, from the consideration that you will thus be better fitted and prepared to undertake those religious duties, whose proper performance involves the exercise of the moral and intellectual faculties of the soul, directed towards things which "are not seen" and are "eternal."

This is the peculiar province of the *spirit* of man. And to this subject, of all others by far the most momentous, our thoughts must now be directed. The point which meets us, on its very threshold, is the necessity of the application of the faculties of the mind to the discovery of the will of God. That will is conveyed to us in the pages of Holy Scripture. And the question is, how an intelligent being, gifted with the powers with which man is endowed, may best derive instruction from that which comes to him undoubtedly accredited as a record of the mind and will of the Most High. The obvious answer is, by an intelligent examination of that record. We are distinctly charged to "be not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is." Every power of mind which we possess, every faculty with which we are gifted, every talent, natural and acquired, which is placed at our command, is invited to engage in this service. As far as human efforts are concerned, the meaning of the *sacred* books can be discovered by no other means than those which are employed upon other books. The determination of *their* sense is no more arbitrary than is that of others, but is equally restricted by certain laws, drawn from the nature of language. "Scripture cannot be understood theologically," says Melancthon, "unless it be first understood grammatically;" and Luther observes that, "the knowledge of the *sense* can be derived from nothing but the knowledge of the *words*." It is of the utmost importance to remember, that those who wilfully neglect the means placed within their reach, of thus ascertain-

ing the mind of God, have no right to expect the extraordinary assistance of the Holy Spirit. At the same time it is equally true that no book, much less the highest, yields its secrets, reveals its wonders, to any but the *reverent*, the *loving*, and the *humble*. To other than these, the door of higher understanding is ever closed.

In proposing to you, as we do, to acquaint yourselves intimately with the very structure of Scripture, we say not that this is absolutely required, before men can realise its fullest enjoyment. A man may live in a house without being an architect, so we may habitually live and move in Holy Scripture, without consciously, by any reflex act of the mind, being aware of any one of those wonders which are the secret sources of its strength and power. To know simply that it is the Word of God has sufficed for thousands and tens of thousands. But it remains no less true, that "the works of the Lord are great, sought out of all that have pleasure therein," if only the means and the opportunity permit it. In urging upon you the intelligent study of the Holy Scripture, we do so from a conviction of its entire fitness for unfolding the spiritual life of man. Let us suggest to you some of the particulars in which we may trace the wisdom with which this book is laid out to be the instructor of all men, in all ages, and in all parts of their complex being. And here we shall take as our guide, one who has trodden the ground before us, and shall adapt our very steps, as far as we may, to the foot-prints which precede, and indicate the track. The words of the writer whose plan we follow, are the best in which his own thoughts may be expressed.

How striking, then, is the unity of purpose which Holy Scripture presents!—the one great idea which runs through it all! It is not an unity produced by a language common to its parts; for it were scarcely possible for a deeper gulf to divide two languages than that which divides those of the Old

and the New Testament. Nor is it caused by likeness of form ; for they are as various as can be imagined ; song and history ; dialogue and narrative ; familiar letter and prophetic vision. It does not result from being the upgrowth of a single age, with whose spirit it is imbued, for it was well-nigh two thousand years ere this book was fully formed and completed. Nor has it but one class of men for its human authors ; kings and herdsmen, students and fishermen, wise men and simple, have alike built their material into this august temple, which God, through "so many ages," was rearing to its glorious height. What then is the unity of which we speak ? From what point shall we regard and recognize it ? Surely as the story of the knitting anew the broken relations between God and the human race ; the record of the mystery of God's will which was working from the first to the end, "that in the dispensation of the fulness of times, He might gather together in one all things in Christ." We affirm that this idea lies at its very ground. It is not the book for superficial readers. Those whose speculative tendencies are stronger than their moral needs might have wished it to be different. It is not the history of *nature*, but of *man*—of man as distinct from nature, and immeasurably above it.

Yet it is a history of only a chosen portion of our race. Huge empires rise and fall, and their multitudes pass to the grave, almost without a word. For God had willed that in the line of one family, one tribe, one little people, the restoration of humanity should be effected ; and each man who at all realised the common Restorer, each in whom that image of God, which was one day to be perfectly revealed in His Son, appeared with a more than usual distinctness, was singly a greater link in the world's history, than all the millions of whom these records have refused to take knowledge. Those mountains of Israel, which we are gradually learning to realise as actual hills, divesting them of the mist with which

they have so long been surrounded—that little strip of ground so often despised, so often wholly passed over, was yet the citadel of the world's hope, the hearth on which the sparks were kept alive which were destined to kindle the earth. And just as, were we tracing the course of a stream, not the huge morasses, not the vast stagnant pools on either side, would delay us, we should not, because of their extent, count *them* the river, but *that* we should recognise as the stream, though it were the slenderest thread, in which an onward movement and a living current might be discerned—so it is here. Egypt, Assyria, and Babylon were but the stagnant morasses on either side; *the man in whose seed the whole earth should be blessed, he and his family were the little stream in which the life and onward motion of the world were to be traced.* Scripture is most true to its idea while it lingers rather on the plains of Mamre with the man that "believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness," than by Nineveh or Babylon, where no faith existed but in the blind powers of nature, and the brute forces of the natural man. The Scripture contains the history of men under the direct and immediate education of God, that through them He might educate and bless the world. It does not tell the story of other men; it does not give a philosophy of nature. Nothing alien to its great plan and purpose has been suffered to find admission into it.

The murmurings and complaints that the Scripture does not contain what men wish it to contain, arise from a moral fault in those who make them. Men have lost the key of knowledge—the master-key, which would have opened to them every door; and then they wander, with perplexed hearts, up and down this stately palace which the Eternal Wisdom has builded, but of which every goodlier room is closed against them, till, in the end, they complain that it is no such peerless palace after all, but only as other works

which man's art has reared. Nor is this conclusion strange. For unless they bring to it a *moral* need, unless that moral need be to them the interpreter of every part, the book, in its deepest meaning and worth, will remain a riddle to them still. But this moral need, what is it? It is the sense that we are sundered and scattered each from God, each from his fellow-man, each from himself, with a belief, deep as the foundations of our life, that it is the will of God to gather all these scattered and these sundered together anew; that all which bears on this recovery is precious; that nothing is of the highest worth which does not bear upon this. Then we shall see in this Word, that it is the very history which we require—that altogether, nothing but that—the history of the restoration of the defaced image of God—the reconstitution of a ruined race, in the image of God's own Son.

Yet, let us remind you that it is *unity*, not sameness, that pervades the Scripture. It was to offer nutriment, not merely for some, but for all men. There is nothing Procrustean in its character. It was not capriciously to trim and train the minds of men, till they were all of one length; but to encourage in every man the free development of all which God had given him. The differences of Scripture are not accidental. They plainly correspond to certain fixed differences in the mental and moral constitution. There is evidently a purpose of attracting all, by the attractions most powerful to each. For this reason, doubtless, it is amongst others that we are furnished not with one Gospel, but with four; rather, we may say with Origen, one *four-sided* Gospel. The Evangelists were, themselves, men of various temperaments. They had each the special needs of some different classes of men in view when they wrote. And as these classes, under altered names, are still in existence, the Gospels have, in this respect, also, as ministering to their various needs, an everlasting value. For those who clung to the

forms of Old Testament piety, and desired to hold fast the historic connexion of all God's dealings from the first, St. Matthew wrote. For the practical Roman world—the men who, whilst others talked, had *done*—the Gospel of action, of what Christ had *wrought* rather than spoken, was admirably adapted. The loving Physician, the gracious Healer of All, the good Samaritan binding up the wounds of every stricken heart, is described by the trusted companion of St. Paul, in the third Gospel. And, for the satisfaction of those higher speculative tendencies, which were given to men, not to be crushed or crippled, for the correction of what was false, and the supply of what was deficient, the narrative of St. John was penned. Thus we are furnished with a Gospel standing four-square, with a side facing each side of the spiritual world. Provision has, in this manner, been made for the leading types of mind; whatever the intellectual condition of man may be, his wants are consulted and supplied. And not only is there different nourishment for different classes and types of men, but the same spiritual food is so mixed and tempered, that it is felt to be for all. Realise, for instance, what the book of Psalms has been, and for whom. Men of all conditions, all habits of thought, have here met, and told us how much they have owed to this precious book. Men, the most unlikely to be enthusiastic about any such matter, have confessed to us that this book has spoken the voice of their inmost heart; that the spirit of it passed into their spirits, as did that of no other book; that it found them oftener, and at greater depths of their being; lifted them to higher heights than any other. One who had derived much solace from this book of Psalms, during hours of suffering and imprisonment, tells us, that it bore him up, as a lark perched between an eagle's wings is borne up, into the everlasting sunlight, till he saw the world and all its troubles for ever underneath him!

The Scripture supplies us, then, with abundant evidences of its adaptation to the needs of all, and of each. The doors of this many-chambered palace of the Truth stand open to us evermore, that we may enter. We shall find that it was laid out by One who knew what was in man; who desired to enfold us on all sides of our moral and spiritual being; who would send none empty away; who "openeth His hand, that He may fill all things living with plenteousness."

We shall do well to observe, again, how this treasure of Divine truth has only gradually revealed itself. "Like some magnificent landscape, on which the sun is gradually rising, and ever as it rises is bringing out one headland into prominence, and then another; at one moment kindling the glory-smitten summit of some far mountain, and presently lighting up the recesses of some near valley which had hitherto abided in gloom, and so travelling on till nothing remains in shadow; no nook nor corner hid from its light and heat, but the whole prospect standing out in the clearness and splendour of the brightest noon." Like some such scene as this, has Holy Scripture progressively unfolded that which it contains. The history of the Christian church has interpreted to it its own records, and brought out their latent significance. And as other generations before us have had their especial task and work, so also must *we*; for just as each individual has some task which none other can fulfil so well as *he*, for it is *his*, so every generation has its own appointed labour. Far be it from us, under show of humility, to flatter our indolence, and say that in this matter of the treasures of the knowledge of God's Word, all is searched out. Let us not turn that into a standing pool, which might be a spring of water gushing up as freshly and newly to our lips, as to the lips of any who have gone before us. We have to labour that the Word may render up to us, *our* truth—the truth, whatever it be, which, more than any other, will deliver

us from the dangers with which we in our time are beset, and enable us most effectually to do the work which is specially required from us, in this the day of our toil.

It is, again, an important attribute of the Scriptures, as fitted to promote the spiritual life, that their treasures are inexhaustible, that they can be made his own, by the individual Christian, only little by little, as he appropriates and transmutes them into the substance of his own life. Amongst the provisions for this purpose, there is the absence of a systematic arrangement. You cannot find in one place, and under one head, all which relates to one matter. Holy Scripture is not the book for the slothful. It cannot be understood without, and apart from, that Divine Spirit by whom it came. It is a field whose surface, indeed, will sometimes yield to us, easily and without labour, the manna which the spirit requires, but many portions of it are to be cultivated with pains and toil, ere they will yield food for the use of man. The bread of life is often to be eaten in the wholesome sweat of the brow. "God has not made the Scriptures like an artificial garden, wherein the walks are plain and regular, the plants sorted and set in order, and all things fully exposed to our view; but rather like a field where we have the ground and hidden seeds of all precious things, but nothing can be brought to any great beauty, order, fulness, or maturity, without our industry—nor indeed with it, unless the dew of His grace descend upon it."

You may not fail to remark that that which is to teach us to live, is itself life; not precepts, not rules alone, but these clothing themselves in the flesh and blood of action and suffering—the history of lives. Observe the new and undreamt-of treasures that our own life brings out, in God's Word; and the provision made for exciting attention in its apparent (of course, I need not say only apparent) contradictions. It is not at pains to avoid their semblance; nor is it careful to

remove every handle of objection. There might, indeed, have been a consistency of the different parts of Scripture, lying on the outside, traced easily and at once, which none could miss; but such had been charged with no deeper instruction for us. Its glory is, that its harmonies lie so deep, that to the careless or perverse ear they may sometimes be mistaken for discords. What instruction is contained in its minutest portions! Nay, its very silence has its lessons for us; "like a dial, in which the shadow as well as the light informs us."

Yet, again, we may not fail to observe the infinite condescension of Scripture, which contracts itself to our littleness, that we in return may become able to expand ourselves to its greatness. How prominent is the teaching by parables and similitudes!

Such are a few of the aspects under which God's Word is fitted to elicit and to reward our inquiries. It has, indeed, as an eminent man speaking to you from this place some time since reminded you, its first, its second, and its third draughts. Yet there are some to whom all its wells seem dry, and its thickly-laden fields, barren. To the superficial reader, who formally fulfils an unwelcome task, having no living relation with what he reads, expecting no living answer from its lips, it may cause tedious monotony and inexpressible weariness. But the loving and earnest seeker will find it far otherwise; he will ever be making new discoveries in these spiritual heavens. Ever to him will what seemed at first but a light, nebulous cloud, upon closer examination, resolve itself into a countless cluster of stars. The further he advances the more will he be aware that what lies before him is far more than what lies behind—the reader will he be to wonder at "the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God," displayed in His Word.

It were easy, not only to show you that the Scripture is *adapted* to promote the spiritual life, but to point you to the

world's history, in evidence that it *has*, ever, unfolded the nobler and the higher, the spiritual as well as the intellectual life of men. It had, indeed, at first to penetrate through every interstice of society, leavening language, and laws, and literature, and institutions, and manners. The world at that time changed not merely its religion; in that change was implied the transformation, little by little, of everything besides. There was a need that everything else should reconstruct itself afresh; and a power resided in this Word equal to the need. A new and infinitely higher standard of real goodness has been fixed; pretended virtues have been displaced; despised graces have been put in their room. And a sense of the duties of love, which every man owes to every other, altogether strange to the heathen world, has been derived to us from this source alone.

We spoke of the intellectual life which it has developed. And surely the spectacle of any great library and of its volumes, which stand in immediate relation to this one, with the certainty that, whilst the world lasts, they will still accumulate and multiply, must to a thoughtful mind suggest many reflections of the meaning and significance of *that* ONE, and of the manner in which it has given life to the minds of men. Yet those which stand in this direct relation, are a small fraction only, of the numbers which owe to it all that is most characteristic; their impulse, their motive, their form, their spirit. Our modern European literature is there as in its germ. Even the works which seem to stand remotest from it, and disavow any allegiance, do yet unconsciously, perhaps unwillingly, pay to this volume the homage of being wholly different from what they would have been—had they even at all existed—without it. It has supplied what was lacking, healed what was sick, and revived what was ready to die; for all things have lived, whithersoever these waters which issue from the Sanctuary have come.

We may affirm, without hesitation, that that which has sufficed for the spiritual life of the past, will also suffice for the future. The wise men, and prophets, and Evangelists, who uttered this Word, meant still more than they knew. That which they spake was *central truth*. It presented a front, not merely to the errors of *their* day, not merely to the falsehood which they distinctly had in their mind to encounter, but it presents a front to every *later* error. The truth is, as Bacon said, "*An hill not to be commanded*"; and the Scriptures of the very truth shall show themselves an hill which rather shall itself command all other heights and eminences of the spiritual and intellectual world. However high these tower, the Word will always have heights which tower above them all. Judging all things, it will be judged of none; itself the measure of all, by nothing else will it be measured.*

The view which we have taken of the study of Scripture, as essential to the life of the spirit, may not be weakened by the fact that adversaries have again and again assailed it. Not seldom has it happened that the moment at which they have appeared to be flushed with success, was *that* in which their attack was about to be dispelled, and the Christian faith to go forward to new victories.

We have no assurance to offer you that attacks of this kind may not be made upon God's Word, even in this your own day. On the contrary, we believe that the worship which men pay to their own passions and prejudices, "opposing and exalting them above all that is called God, and above all that is worshipped," may precipitate a conflict, dreadful, perhaps, in itself, though its issue cannot admit of a doubt. But spiritual, as well as physical life, is maintained in its vigour by the co-operation of influences, each of which in itself is calculated and tends to produce death. We have seen, in times

* "*The Fitness of Holy Scripture for unfolding the Spiritual Life of Men.*"—The Hulsean Lectures for the year 1845.

that are past, how, when "the peoples have raged" and the enemies of the truth have "imagined vain things," the floods have at length retreated, and the temple and tower of God round whose bases those waters raged and foamed and fretted for an instant, have stood calmly and strongly as ever they did before. And if we be destined to witness a conflict, equalling, it may be, if not surpassing, in difficulty any that has preceded it, rally we readily, fight we fearlessly, around the Ark of our God. Let it ever be to us the Ark of the Covenant, and the Ark of Testimony. Suffer not that it be pillaged—no, not for an instant. Let its precepts be written "upon the fleshy tables of the heart;" let its manna, which is the very Bread of Life, sustain the energies of our spirits, till, like the dry rod of Aaron, which was made to blossom and to bud, they too are clothed with foliage, and fruits, and flowers, which are not naturally their own. And though our cry again may be, "The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice—the floods lift up their waves," yet, over the blackening waters shall come to us the words of comfort and assurance—"It is I; be not afraid!" "The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters; yea, than the mighty waves of the sea." "Thy testimonies are *very sure*." "The wrath of man shall praise Thee; the remainder of his wrath shalt Thou restrain."

The burden of what we have said is this—we leave it with you for consideration and for action:

Think not slightly of those measures which tend to advance the physical well-being of our fellows, but reckon every social improvement, if rightly directed, to have in itself a practically religious character; for the promotion of health and vigour, with its consequent enjoyment, will remove from the moral system elements of disturbance and confusion; and will pre-

pare the machine in which, and by which, the mind must do its work, for correct and well-regulated action.

Think not slightly of that exercise of the powers of the mind which may lead to their wholesome discipline and to their equipment, though not in things directly pertaining to man's everlasting welfare; for the correction of a clouded judgment, and of powers overborne by irregularity and excess, or, perhaps, rusted by very want of employ, may be of the utmost importance in subjects of the highest moment; in leading the spirit "to refuse the evil and choose the good"—in producing, as far as man's efforts may, a "sound judgment" in things connected with his happiness and peace.

Above all, think not slightly of that heavenly food which we have indicated to you as the food of the spirit. It as much destroys the Christian character if the soul be preferred to the spirit, as it does our reasonable excellence, if the body be preferred to the soul. But where the spirit is rightly cultivated, and its desires and affections are raised to their proper place in our nature, the strong and temperate pulse, the active limbs, the rich imagination, the keen and deep understanding, and the clear and true judgment, may all serve to the purposes of our immortal life, by helping our spirits to do their Master's work. All working healthfully and with pleasure, none will presume above their place; none will think that the object of man's life is the perfection of only a part of his being.

There is work, active work, for each of us to do. The Christian religion is a practical religion. Spend not all your energies in wandering among the extinguished volcanoes of controversies which have burned themselves out; or among those which, unhappily, are flaming still; but carefully tend that sacred light which the Holy Spirit, shining upon God's Word, has kindled, we trust, in many a heart; that your religion be the religion of every-day, busy, "common life;"

that that life be a life in earnest, in striving to be good by doing good to the spirits and souls and bodies of others ; and then shall He who has formed us " only a little lower than the angels, and crowned us with glory and worship," cause that we be presented to Him, in His own good time, " without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing !"

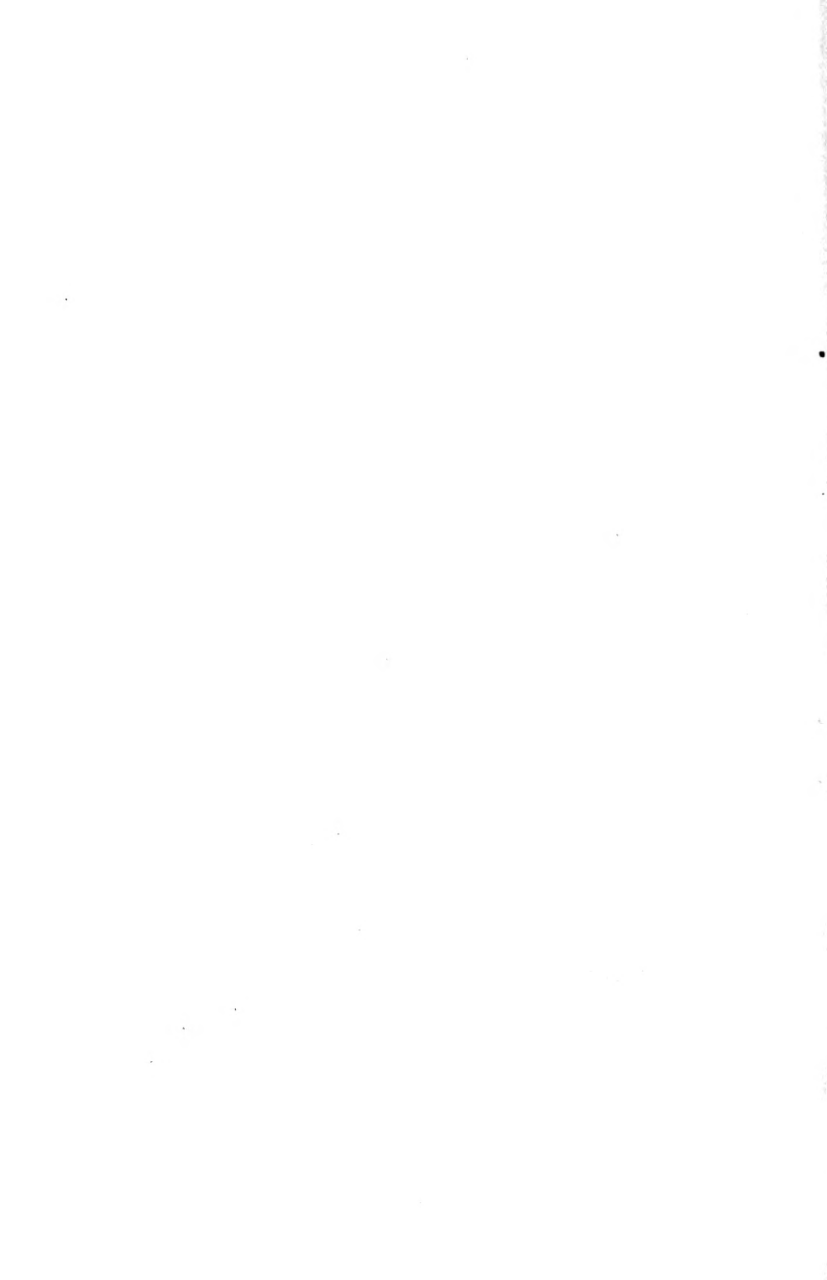
The Battle of Life.



A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. HUGH STOWELL BROWN.



THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

NUMEROUS and various are the metaphors by means of which we are in the habit of describing and illustrating life. The day, with its morning, noon, and evening, with its sunshine and its clouds, with its heat and its cold, furnishes many striking resemblances to the vicissitudes of our earthly lot. The circling seasons, too, are a fine emblem of this transitory state:—

“ Behold, fond man ;
See here thy pictured life. Pass some few years
Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding winter comes at last
And shuts the scene.”

There is not a flower that blows which has not been consecrated as a type of human life ;—“ as for man, his days are as grass, as a flower of the field so he flourisheth ; for the wind passeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more.” A voyage with its calms and its storms, its favourable and its contrary winds, the shoals, the fogs, the currents that make it perilous, the beacons erected for its guidance, the harbour in which it is designed to terminate, and the wreck in which it sometimes does terminate, —this also has been appropriated to the service of illustrating the character and the issues of life. A pilgrimage—consider

how this idea has been wrought out by him whose name stands associated with it for ever, and whose genius found in the amplification of this idea its widest scope, its happiest exercise, its noblest triumph. A drama, too, as our great dramatist reminds us, presents these striking analogies, for—

“ All the world’s a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.”

And strange indeed are the varieties of this life-drama. In many cases it is little better than a very foolish farce; in many more it is an exceedingly dull, uninteresting performance; occasionally it is a frightful tragedy, unsurpassed in horror by anything which the dramatist has ever represented on his stage. I need not remind you that the manly contests of the games of ancient Greece have been laid under tribute to furnish us with illustrations of life; for some of St. Paul’s choicest descriptions of the practical exercises of Christianity are borrowed from those venerable institutions. The spacious stadium, with its myriads of applauding spectators, suggested that spirit-stirring exhortation—“ Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.” To the gymnastic contest he referred when, speaking of his own earnestness and activity, he uttered those memorable words—“ This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of my high calling of God in Christ Jesus.”

But far more frequent in the Scriptures are martial metaphors, indicating the strong and striking analogies which a

state of warfare bears to the conditions of our terrestrial existence. Very often, indeed, the life of Christ and His mission to the world are represented by such imagery:— “Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O Most Mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty; and in thy majesty ride prosperously, because of truth and meekness and righteousness, and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.” “And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse, and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness doth he judge and make war.” The Christian minister is instructed to “fight the good fight of faith, and to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.” And, for a still better application of such tropical language, I need only refer you to a well-known passage in the Epistle to the Ephesians, in which the girdle of the warrior, his helmet, his breast-plate, his greaves, his sword, and his shield, all furnish their respective analogies, all find their antitypes in the sphere of the spiritual life. Finding our motto thus sanctioned and endorsed by the very highest authority, it is not surprising that in our literature and our common conversation life should often be described in terms borrowed from the camp and the battle-field. The “Pilgrim’s Progress” owes much of its animation and its power to the fact, that Bunyan, who lived in the stirring times of the great English Revolution, and had himself seen something of military life, represents his hero as not merely a traveller, but a soldier too. The great poem of Spenser must not be confounded with the ridiculous knight-errantry of an earlier age. He certainly employs the language of knights-errant to perfection, and in his own inimitable way sings of valorous champions and ladies fair, of giants, sorcerers, and enchantments; but he tells us, in his preface, that “the general end of all the book is to fashion a gentleman, or person of noble birth, in virtuous and gentle discipline.” The “Faëry Queen” is a splendid parable of life;

it is Spenser's poetical exposition of the life-battle which we all must fight. In our ordinary converse, too, as well as in our literature, this metaphor is very common. We speak of men as struggling with difficulties, as having a hard fight for it, as being defeated or proving victorious in the plans and enterprises of business. The most zealous member of the Peace Society or the Society of Friends does not hesitate to clothe his speech in such warlike phraseology, for there is in war so much that is exciting, so much that is difficult, so much that is critical, such great interests are staked upon it, and such extraordinary energies are called forth by it, that it furnishes the most forcible, the most suggestive, and, on many accounts, the best of all the emblems by which life is figuratively described.

Yes, it is very true. Life is a battle, or rather a succession of battles; a long, continuous warfare, for which we are drilled, or ought to be drilled, all skilfully and carefully, in our early youth, on which we enter when the school is exchanged for the house of business, and the light-hearted pastimes of boyhood for the earnest pursuits of men, and from which there is no discharge but death. Some, indeed, there are who do not find life a very hard struggle, who meet with few difficulties, and who, not having formed a true conception of the objects of existence, do not feel that our motto this evening is what we assert it to be, a faithful description of the lot of mortals; but there are others, and they are not few, to whom life is stern and stormful and grim, who are compelled to dare, to do, to suffer, to wait, to watch, to wrestle, to encounter one evil after another, and, at last, it may be in agony and death that they win their crown.

Do you ask—Why is it thus? why is life so hard? why must men strive and struggle on this fearful wise? why should we be exposed to such imminent and pressing dangers, surrounded by such devouring elements? why should our

energies be kept continually upon the stretch to secure an existence in this world and to prepare ourselves for another? Now, I do most earnestly believe that it is our glory to occupy this very position. I am so much of an optimist as to believe that it is most decidedly for our good that we are necessitated to struggle thus. What should we be without this tremendous discipline? What poor, puny, powerless, and, I fear, worthless and vicious creatures we should become if it were not for this warfare! It is the making of a man, it is the making of society, that this battle must be fought. I am sure that there are in this great assembly many honoured men who, to the difficulties with which they have had to contend, owe their present position, and, in a great measure, their mental and moral character; their knowledge, their experience, their power, their influence, are, in some degree at least, traceable to the fact that they have had a hard battle to fight; and did you ever meet with a man, worth calling a man, with whom it was very far otherwise?

What are all the inventions of art but results of this great struggle—the weapons by means of which men, obliged to exercise their wits, and driven almost, but not altogether, to their wit's end, contrived to fight the battle of life themselves, and by means of which millions are fighting that battle now? Much of our best literature, too, is the outcome of efforts made in this great struggle, for many of those who have done so much to charm and to teach the world, had they been nursed on the lap of luxury, would have lived a life of fruitless indolence and inglorious ease. Many, very many, of our noblest songs also are passionate expressions of truth, wrung from the human heart in the excitement and the agony of the battle of life. Deprive us of all that in art, in science, in literature, we owe to the stern necessity which has compelled men to exercise their physical and intellectual powers to the uttermost limits of endurance, and you will all but

beggar us. Go to the lands in which men have not to contend with an unkindly soil and an inclement climate, where nature is most lavish of her bounties, and the munificent earth yields, almost spontaneously, fruits sufficient to appease the cravings of hunger, and do you envy the inhabitants of those countries? Is their physical, mental, moral, social, political development at all promoted by the fact that the conditions of their existence are not quite so hard as those which nature dictates to us? On the contrary, man is a far nobler creature—I will not say amid the snows of Greenland and the arctic dreariness of Nova Zembla, but in those parts of the world where he is at least compelled to labour; where the wintry blast says to him, “Work, or I’ll chill thee to the bone;” where the rugged earth says to him, “Work, or thou shalt have no bread;” where all the elements of nature exclaim, with apparent harshness but with real kindness, “Work, or die”—*there* man is greatest, mightiest, and best. Do not complain, young man, that the terms of existence in this world are so hard; that life is in so many cases, and in your case, an incessant struggle against forces which, unopposed, would starve your body, enfeeble your understanding, and destroy your soul. The terms of your existence are precisely those most favourable to your culture as a man, an intelligent, emotional, and morally responsible creature. It is in mercy, not in wrath, that you are compelled to eat your bread in the sweat of your face. If man had never sinned, still he must have worked; and if he had not worked, he would very soon have sinned. Adam was placed in the garden of Eden, not to bask in its sunshine and sleep in its shade, but to dress the garden and to keep it; and one great article in the charter which made him the tenant of the earth was this—that he should subdue it; that, by the diligent exercise of his physical and intellectual powers, he should obtain the mastery over all its elements, harness them to his

chariot of progress, compel them to minister to his service, and all for the glory of his Creator. I will not go so far as Brindley, who, I think, is reported to have said that God made the rivers that they might feed canals; but perhaps there was more truth in the old engineer's remark than some of us imagine: it was only an exaggerated, a somewhat hyperbolic statement of what is most strictly true, viz., that the globe was constituted to be a working world and not an idle one. When man was created, there stood the forests all ready to his hand; in the vast storehouses of the earth God had for millions of ages been treasuring up for man's future use the granite, the limestone, the marble, the iron, the lead, the copper, and the coal. Most evidently it was the great, the eternal design that man should work. And if, when man sinned, the original charter of our tenant-right was altered, and another clause introduced making work more toilsome and less productive, that clause was rendered absolutely necessary by sin; and we are sentenced to hard labour, not so much by way of punishment, as by way of prevention and cure, for certainly, next to the Gospel, I know nothing so beneficial to the world as this imperious necessity of labour. It is our salvation from a thousand moral as well as physical evils. A sinful world set free from toil, with all its time thrown upon its hands, with plenty to eat and nothing to do—it is frightful to contemplate the results of such a state of things. Most wisely, then, and most mercifully, the law runs thus—"If any man work not, neither shall he eat." It is quite right, perfectly fair, and no one but a fool will complain of this Divine appointment.

It is very important to have a distinct perception of the objects for which we ought to strive in this battle of life. Here men often make the most egregious and deplorable mistakes. They fight, and fight bravely; wait, and wait patiently; suffer, and suffer heroically; and, after a long,

obstinate, desperate encounter—after years of self-denial, of mental and physical exertion, of great anxiety and great fatigue—find, to their bitter disappointment, that the long-coveted prize is a worthless bauble. “All is not gold that glitters.” There is much for which men fight that is not worth fighting for; there is much that men neglect, to strive for which is their highest wisdom, to obtain which is their greatest glory. Let us know, then, what we are to struggle for, that we may “run, not as uncertainly,” and fight, “not as one that beateth the air.”

Far be it from me to speak contemptuously of that which must always be to the great majority of men, if not the most important, certainly all but the most important object in fighting the battle of life. There are some, generally termed the favourites of fortune (though I am not so sure that the appellation is correct), who have been born to opulence, and who are not called upon to fight for bread. This is one of life's stern struggles which some one else fought on their behalf; want is one of the enemies—a fierce and formidable enemy—which has been mastered, not by them, but for them. But I presume that I am not now addressing an audience mainly composed of persons who were born with silver spoons in their mouths, who have all their days been sheltered from the storms of the rude world. I take it that you are not all cabin passengers in this voyage of life; I suppose that most of you are men before the mast—that most of you know, by tolerably sharp experience, that you must work. Talk of the battle of life to the people at large, and ask them what it means! Ask the merchant, as he hurries to and from the exchange—the tradesman, behind his counter—the operative, as, at the ringing of the factory bell, he goes to his daily occupation—the labourer, as, at the dawning of the day, he yokes his team to the plough—and all these men will tell you that the battle of life is the struggle for existence—the effort, the often despe-

rate effort, the not unfrequently abortive effort, to escape the wretchedness of poverty, to rise to comfort at least, if not to opulence. Yes, this is one great object of life. All day and every day, except the blessed Sunday, a battle is being fought in all our great commercial cities. It surges and it rages through all our thoroughfares, and the prize which all men have in view is money. By fair means and by foul ; by patient, plodding, persevering industry ; by shrewd, well-calculated, but strictly honourable commercial transactions ; by daring strokes of wild and reckless speculation, and, unhappily, by ingenious but frightful fraud, men push, and thrust, and fight their way onward and upward in the world. They must engage in such a combat. It is right, right by all means ; a struggle much to be commended and admired, as long as it is honourably maintained, as long as no man goes beyond or defrauds his brother, as long as the victors are not flushed with insolence, nor the vanquished driven to despair. Oh, it is a glorious and heart-thrilling sight to see the commerce of a great city, to behold myriads of men thus fighting their life-battle ; and, standing at a distance from the scene of conflict, there is something solemn and beyond expression grand in the roar that reverberates for miles around the great field on which some are conquering and others are being conquered. It is grander than the booming of the distant cannonade, it is grander than the voice of the stormy sea. Vulgar enough, in one sense, is the sound ; the confused din of hammers, and rollers, and looms, the tramp of horses, and the rattle of wheels ; but these sounds are the clashing of the weapons by means of which, it may be, 500,000 men are fighting for existence ; and when we consider all that such sounds suggest, the activity, the energy, the wisdom, the folly, the hopes, the fears, the success, the unsuccess, the triumph, the desperation of multitudes, we cannot but feel that the artillery of the thunderstorm itself is not more awful than this great battle-hurly of humanity in its terrible struggle for bread.

Yes, this battle must be fought, my brothers; go on, and fight it bravely, and may God bless you in your contest. May He "teach your hands to war, and your fingers to fight;" but do not on any account fall into the very common and very fatal error of supposing that this is your only conflict, and that, this gained, all is gained. That you came into the world to fight for bread is very true, but it is very possible to fight for this, and win it too, and have bread enough and to spare, and yet fail—most miserably fail—in the battle of life. That battle is not won because a single enemy is struck down—because one position is triumphantly stormed and carried. Here is a man who was left an orphan at a very early age. He spent his childhood in penury, ignorance, and neglect, a ragged, unwashed, bareheaded urchin, of thin, pale, melancholy visage, and quick, eager, restless eyes prowling about the streets, picking up rags and bones, ever moved on by the inexorable police. He was employed by some one as an errand-boy, and had to sweep the office, do all the drudgery of the shop, and sleep in the cellar. But he has fought his way steadily, manfully; he has overcome every competitor, risen above those who had far fairer chances of success, put them all to shame, beaten them with heavy odds against himself; and now he is master where he once was the humblest servant; his wealth is very great; he owns houses, shops, warehouses, mills, ships, estates, shares; whatever he touches is turned into gold; men say that he is made of money; and I am asked whether that man has not fought his battle right bravely and right well? Bravely he may have fought it; but before we answer he has fought it well, we must inquire a little. Has this man done nothing else during these thirty or forty years than add penny to penny while an errand-boy, sovereign to sovereign when a clerk, and £1,000 to £1,000 since he became a merchant? Is want the only enemy he has wrestled with; wealth, the only high place on

the field that he has taken? This is much, a great and far from inglorious thing to do, if he has done it fairly. But has the man grappled with his ignorance? Of course his knowledge and experience of the business world, or some portion of it, are considerable; faculties of a certain order have been sharpened and kept bright as a bayonet; but still we must ask whether he has become or tried to become a well-informed man, fit to mingle with the intelligent circles of society; whether he has in any tolerable degree furnished his mind; or is he merely the coarse, vulgar man of wealth, whose sole idea of the world is that it is a great shop, and for whom literature, science, and art, have no charms excepting in so far as they may be turned to profitable pecuniary account? Then we say to him, "No, you have not fought the battle well; we give you full credit for what you have done; it is what very few of us are likely to do, it is not *in* us to do it; but you have not proved yourself a champion worthy of all praise." Men will tell you that you have; they will envy you, flatter you, fawn upon you, fall down and worship you, as a certain people once fell down and worshipped a golden calf; they will point you out to their sons as a model for their imitation, they will proclaim you a merchant prince; but to merit this honourable appellation you must have a princely intellect and a princely heart, as well as a princely purse. One great object of life is certainly to make conquests in the domain of knowledge; to master difficulties there, to make good your footing there, to add house to house and field to field there. This you have not done—this you have never attempted to do; and, therefore, although you are doubtless a very great man, and do bstride the earth like a Colossus, and boast yourself of the multitude of your riches, we cannot congratulate you on the manner in which you have spent your time, we cannot felicitate you on the results of your life-battle, if all that you can show for it is money.

But let us suppose that our successful friend is not only wealthy, but also intelligent, and that, through his determined application and his great talents, he has triumphed over the disadvantages of early neglect, acquired a large store of information, and become as remarkable a man in the world of letters as in the world of merchandise; still I hesitate to admit that he has fought the battle right well until I have inquired further. I must ask what is the state of his heart? for it is quite possible that this man's victory, like that of Pyrrhus at the battle of Asculum, may be of a very questionable character: while he has been gaining in one sense, he may have been losing in another; while he has been acquiring gold, he may have been paying a most ruinous price for it. I have a very plain question to put to you, my successful friend—you, I mean, who are made of money—Have you become a *screw*? Now don't be angry; you will of course reply to this question with a very decided negative; for did you ever know a miser who would admit that he was anything worse than prudent, saving, and economical? This, however, is very certain, that the effect of wealth, particularly on him who becomes wealthy by scraping and hoarding, is often very disastrous in a moral point of view. The man's heart becomes cold, hard, suspicious; he thinks, poor fool, that he has mastered the world—gross mistake! the world has mastered him, and he is the slave of every sixpence in his coffers. Every commercial advancement has been a moral retrogression! No, you have not fought the battle well unless you have preserved and enlarged the generosity of your heart. And let me ask, whether, in that hot and dusty struggle, you have maintained your integrity? I do not ask whether you have stood clear of gross acts of fraud, though it is not every prosperous man who does this, and there is many a stately house in the commercial world founded on the most shameful dishonesty; but, without questioning

your innocence of such gigantic scoundrelisms as have of late come to light in divers quarters, let me ask whether you have in all fairness and honour fought your way? Will all your transactions stand the daylight, or have you had recourse to doubtful means in order to secure your ends? Have you never fallen in with that proposal which the devil is making all day long to men in business, going his rounds from office to office, and from shop to shop, and saying to every merchant and to every merchant's clerk, to every tradesman and to every tradesman's apprentice—"All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me"? I do not ask whether you have prostrated yourself before him in the dust, and abjectly worshipped him as God; but have you never as much as bent one knee to him? There are many men who would be ashamed and afraid to burn incense to Satan by the censer-full, but make no difficulty at all of offering it grain by grain: a homœopathic worship of the devil is common enough. But whatever victories men may have achieved at the cost of honour and veracity, these victories are terrible defeats, and no man fights the battle of life well who does not maintain the strictest integrity and the most unimpeachable loyalty to truth.

But even when all this is granted, and it may be said and must be said that our successful friend has overcome not penury only, but ignorance likewise, and, further, that he has made his way most honourably, and that his success has not hardened his heart, but he is still a genial, generous, and even munificent man, there is yet one inquiry more, upon the answer to which our verdict as to the character and upshot of his life-battle must depend: Has he, in the midst of all these conflicts, remembered or forgotten his highest, because his eternal interests? If you object that this is too theological a view of the battle of life, my reply is, that I have not come here to discuss a merely secular question; I

have come to speak to you, not as traders and operatives, but as men, and, in speaking of the objects of our life-battle, I should be dishonest if I made no allusion to the greatest of all victories, the crowning conquest of this mortal strife, the wrestling "not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world." Can we honestly say that any man has fought the battle well who has not fought his way to spiritual light and spiritual liberty; who, though he has gained a corruptible crown, has lost an incorruptible; who, though greeted by the plaudits of the world, will never hear the approval of his God? No; if this be your case, you have fought "as one that beateth the air." "It is but lost labour that you rise up early, and late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness." "You are walking in a vain show and disquieting yourselves in vain;" and, "though you are labouring in the very fire, yet are you wearying yourselves for very vanity."

Such, then, appear to be the principal objects for which it is our duty and privilege to strive. The first is secular, and its importance is felt by all who depend upon their own exertions for their own support and that of their families; the second is intellectual, and its value is happily now recognised very widely by all classes of the people; the third is moral (would that it were as highly prized and as diligently sought as the secular and the intellectual!); the fourth is spiritual, and, however subordinate men may consider it, it is really the main object of existence, the end of this probationary state, the victory to be achieved at any cost.

There are many who will say,—Your remarks with regard to the secular struggle are very true; this really is a battle, and how to fight it well is what we want to know. This is the main chance, the one thing needful. Tell us how we are to get on in the world, to wrestle with and to master that horrid enemy, want, which threatens to come upon us "as an armed

man ;" tell us this, and it is enough.—And yet it is worthy of remark, that this greedy world, with all its thirst for gain, does, in the most conclusive manner, testify that opulence is not "the principal thing," that money-making is not "the main chance," that there is something far more desirable than wealth. For, let us ask, who are the men whom the world most delighteth to honour? Certainly not the millionaires; the world is not at the trouble of preserving a catalogue of their names—"the rich man died and was buried;" what more has society to say about him? If, here and there, a statue or other memorial be erected in honour of some man of prodigious wealth, it is never for the purpose of commemorating the length of his purse; it is always designed to tell posterity of the goodness of his heart, the usefulness of his life, the constancy of his patriotism, the greatness of his generosity; as a man he lives in the world's esteem, as a capitalist he dies and is forgotten. And thus, all unconsciously it may be, but most plainly, does mankind confess that its great men are not the men who have amassed the largest sums of money. The names of Clarkson and Wilberforce shall be household words for ages, but the men who grew to greatest opulence by trafficking in slaves shall speedily sink into oblivion. There have been men who, rather than abandon their religious and political principles, chose to suffer the loss of all things, and submitted to poverty, imprisonment, exile, torture, death. The world would not imitate them, but the world does not call them fools, dares not call them fools; on the contrary, the world admires them, takes up its trumpet and sounds their praises to the ends of the earth, reads their memoirs, makes pilgrimages to the places of their birth and to the places of their sepulture, and declares that they were its true heroes. There is no need of argument to prove that the intellectual and spiritual triumphs are greater than the secular; it is unanimously confessed. As long as the poets,

the philosophers, the philanthropists, the patriots, the reformers, and the saints are the men whose memory is most cordially cherished, so long does the world most emphatically protest that the noblest life-battles are fought upon higher ground than the arena of commerce, and that the true champions of our race are not the men who have fought for gold, but those who have contended for freedom, for humanity, and for faith.

But you say, "Very true; yet we have to do with this vulgar and inglorious contest for mere existence. You remind us of patriots and reformers, but this is not an heroic age: at least our part in it is not by any means heroic." Nay, do not speak thus; for there is much heroism in life, however humble, in every well-conducted struggle, though it be but a struggle for bread; and in the effort to obtain knowledge, however limited our powers and gloomy our prospects, there is always something noble; and those higher conflicts of the moral and spiritual life—conflicts in which every man may be successful—are dignified and great by whomsoever entered. I would encourage you to aim at all these objects. I am not here to advise you to forego the pursuit of wealth; I am too well aware that such advice would be thrown away; and, further, I think you would act very wisely in rejecting it. You wish for secular success, you have a right to wish for secular success, you ought to wish for secular success; your mind cannot be in a healthy and well-balanced state if you have not this desire; it is necessary as a spur to our natural indolence and love of ease, as a guarantee against that poverty which is on no account, secular or sacred, to be desired. I am not here to speak of the vanity of intellectual pursuits, and to insist upon the spiritual to their disparagement. Surely the two are not incompatible; they may be simultaneously prosecuted, as is evident from the fact that not a few of the names that stand highest on the scrolls of

literature and science are among the foremost in the ranks of the good soldiers of Jesus Christ. But I am here to insist most urgently upon the supreme importance of fighting "the good fight of faith," of maintaining sound morals and pure religion in the face of all opponents. The physical struggle you *must* engage in, the intellectual you *may* engage in, the moral and the spiritual you *ought* by all means to engage in.

In order to enter upon a prosperous course of life very few extraneous helps appear to be necessary—very few indeed, if a man is made of the right sort of stuff; and, if he is not, extraneous helps cannot be of very much service, for, as the Spaniards say, "To lather an ass's head is only wasting soap." But here I shall be assailed with the cry—"How about capital? how can any man get on without capital?" Make it, as others have done before you. Capital—what is the meaning of the word? "Oh!" exclaim a thousand voices, "it is the money, the stock which a man employs in conducting his business—of course, that is capital." Yes, but let us examine the word a little. Used as an adjective, and in its original sense, it means that which pertains to the head: hence Milton, speaking of the doom of Satan, says:—

"Needs must the serpent now his *capital* bruise
Expect with mortal pain."

Capital, then, is that which pertains to the head as well as that which pertains to the purse; and if your head is right, you have capital there, and if it is not right, then I have no more to say to you: I can only express the hope that you have some rich bachelor uncle or maiden aunt: by all means go and order yourself lowly and reverently before him or her, for that is the only card that you can play. These three things are all that a young man wants to begin the world with—sound health, sound sense, and a sound character. Have you these? Then don't say that

you are poor. You may not have two half-crowns to keep each other company in your pocket, you may not possess a second pair of shoes, but still you are not poor: you have a splendid capital to start with. I do not pity you because you have no money: you must go and make it. Don't say you cannot. If you say this, then away with you to the union workhouse: you are not the man to fight the battle of life. I don't pity you because you have no friends to patronise you. Patronage! none but a fool stands in need of patronage: be your own patron! Friendless as you seem, you have three very powerful friends—your health, your intelligence, and your character; and as long as you keep on good terms with these, you are all right, you are invincible, you may—you must—succeed. You are far better off than many who have prospered. Thousands of men labouring under the disadvantage of very feeble health have contrived to make their way; numbers whose education had been utterly neglected have mastered the difficulties of their position. You are poor, you say; not poorer than Samuel Budgett, when he picked up an old horse-shoe and sold it at the nearest smithy for a penny. You are friendless, you say; not more friendless than William Hutton, when he slept on a butcher's block in the street of Lichfield, and went to Birmingham, living on the turnips which he took from the fields by the way-side. Your position cannot be more forlorn, your prospects cannot be more gloomy, than those of hundreds who have fought the battle well, and against tremendous odds. But, in fact, it signifies little what odds are against the man of physical, intellectual, and moral strength. The order and the law of the universe are in his favour, and he can beat the world. He is a perfect Samson on the battlefield of life: give him only the jaw-bone of an ass, and, heaps upon heaps, he will slay his thousand men. Do not be discouraged, my friend, by what you call the unfavourable cir-

circumstances in which you are placed. Do not imbibe that feeble and enfeebling philosophy which teaches you that you are the creature of circumstances, and entirely at their mercy. The disciples of that philosophy may be the creatures of circumstances, and very poor creatures they are; but men that are men feel that they are to a great extent masters of circumstances—yea, creators of circumstances: they can make a thousand untoward circumstances bend to their strong imperial will; they can dash through the unfavourable circumstances, knock them hither and thither, right and left, trample upon them, destroy them, and form new circumstances that shall—that must—be favourable.

Set to work, then, heartily, cheerfully. Listen not to the men who croak about the badness of the times, and tell you that in this competitive age everything is overdone. This is all a mistake: there never were better times than the present. The men who throve fifty years ago would thrive now, if they had to begin life again. It was not the times that made them: they made themselves. It is a competitive age, but what past age was not competitive? It would be difficult to show that the proportion between the number of workers and the quantity of work to be done is in any material degree altered for the worse. With the advancement of civilization now spheres of enterprise are continually being discovered. Again and again has the cry been raised that machinery was superseding labour, throwing multitudes out of employment, and rendering it impossible for them to live; again and again has that cry been proved false, and the temporary disarrangement and depression of the labour-market has been followed by a greater activity than before existed. If ever there was a man who seemed to threaten the operatives of Great Britain with destruction, that man was James Watt. Had he known all the then latent powers of his great invention, he might have stood forth and said to the British public, "I will drain

your mines, blow your furnaces, beat your anvils, grind your corn, turn your spindles, drive your looms, saw your timber, print your books, carry your merchandise by land and sea—I will even plough your fields in seed-time, and reap them in the harvest;” and the whole operative world would have lifted up its voice in one wild wail of despair and pronounced Watt its scourge—its Nemesis—its destroyer. But the fact is that there is no man, be he warrior, statesman, philosopher, or philanthropist, who has done so much to feed, to clothe, to educate this nation, as the great Scotch engineer. Instead of paralyzing the arm of industry, he infused into it a power which, from the creation, it had never owned; instead of throwing men out of work, he provided work for millions. If there be any difference between the past and the present, in an industrial point of view, it is decidedly in our favour. In all directions doors wide and effectual, which our fathers dreamt not of, have been opened to us. Let us hear no more of this canting cry, this apology for indolence, this excuse of imbecility; “say not what is the cause that the former days were better than these, for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this.” Stand forth like a man, thou querulous philosopher of dismalness, and tell us when a free-born Englishman had a better chance of success than that which the present age sets before him. Beware of these modern Jeremiahs who, without old Jeremiah’s reason, take up their parable against the times. Be hopeful, be cheerful. “There are yet as good fish in the sea as ever were caught;” and, although the world (at least our part of it) is so crowded, although every chink and cranny seems to be occupied, although, when any place is vacant, there is a multitude of eager applicants, still there are more situations than men in all respects qualified to fill them. “The right man in the right place” is almost as rare a phenomenon in some provinces of the world of business as in the world of statesmanship and

politics. Remember, for your encouragement, that fine old Persian proverb which Dean Trench, in his admirable little work on proverbs, has so well expounded—"A stone that is fit for the wall shall not be left in the way." But there are so few of these stones well hewn, hard, and without cracks, that society is fain to build up wood, hay, stubble, and mere mud. If you are fit for the wall you need not fear. "Only be fit for the wall," says the author just referred to; "square, polish, prepare thyself for it; do not limit thyself to the bare acquisition of such knowledge as is absolutely necessary for thy present position, but rather learn languages, acquire useful information, stretch thyself out on this side and on that, cherishing and making much of whatever aptitudes thou findest in thyself, and it is certain thy turn will come—thou wilt not be left in the way; sooner or later the builders will be glad of thee; the wall will need thee to fill up a place in it quite as much as thou needest a place to occupy in the wall."

In this struggle we must expect difficulties: it would not be a struggle otherwise. This is no sham fight, but one of tremendous reality. Every earnest, energetic man must feel ashamed of the unmanly complaints which he so often hears. Do you expect that life is to be all smooth and comfortable? then you must be a superlative simpleton. Whatever be our position we must make up our mind for difficulties, disappointments, drawbacks, for many things not very easy to bear. Your work is hard, you say; be very thankful if that is all. If what you have to do is merely a simple, straightforward piece of work, whether intellectual or mechanical, then, however heavy it be, you may go to it and ought to go to it with a lightsome and gladsome heart. Never say of this grievance and of that, "I won't stand it!" There is generally much more common sense and much more valour in saying, "I will stand it, and, by standing it, overcome it." Let every young

man beware of a spirit of discontent. I do not say that you are not to urge your just claims, not to endeavour to improve your position. There is a contentment which arises from mere indolence and an unenterprising disposition : in favour of this I have not one word to say. It is right—right by all means—that a man should aim at and struggle for advancement ; but do not be in a mighty hurry about it : look before you leap. If you retire from your present situation or profession because it is not sufficiently remunerative—because there is this inconvenience and that annoyance—be you well certified that you can turn to something better, lest, haply, you find that (*mutatis mutandis*) this fable relates to you—“An ass that belonged to a gardener, and had little to eat and much to do, besought Jupiter to give him another master. Jupiter, angry at his discontent, made him over to a potter. He had now heavier burdens to carry than before, and again appealed to Jupiter, who contrived that he should be sold to a tanner. The ass, having now fallen into worse hands than ever, and observing daily how his master was employed, exclaimed, with a groan, ‘Alas, wretch that I am ! it had been better for me to have remained with my former masters, for now I see that my present owner not only works me harder while living, but will not even spare my hide when I am dead !’” Now I will not ask you whether you have ever seen this ass ; of course you have. He is a representative ass, and represents by far the largest constituency in the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. There are no doubt many instances of men who have made their fortunes by leaving one business for another, but for one such case there are scores in which fickleness, irresoluteness, and discontent have caused life to be frittered away and, in a secular sense, spent to little purpose. Most men who get on, get on by sticking to it, for “a rolling stone gathers no moss,” and “a stroke at every tree fells none.”

In this conflict it is highly important to remember those now well-known words—"Learn to labour and to wait." Yes, to wait as well as to labour. One of our early besetting sins is impatience. We are not content with the sure and steady march, we must run ourselves out of breath; that is no way to win the battle. There are various species of fast men; there is your fast man of pleasure; there is also your fast man of business. He is determined to live in a certain style, and to enable himself to do so he dashes wildly into speculation, exposes himself to the most terrific dangers, and, if he has any conscience (which, however, is very seldom the case) to a most unhappy state of mind. But he must have a handsome house, furnished in the top of the fashion; he must have costly plate and costly pictures; he must give grand dinner-parties and balls, and vie with people of substantial means. Moreover, he must drive what he calls his trap; for it is such a nuisance to travel by those vulgar omnibuses with their cargoes of vulgar people, picked up promiscuously from the great unwashed. He must have horses and dogs, and a stylishly dressed tiger. His drawing-room is resplendent with sumptuous ornamentation; and he is, above all, proud of his wine-cellar. Well, if you must have these fine things, win them by patient and honourable work. "He who has not bread to spare," say the Spaniards, "should not keep a dog." The man who lives beyond his means, relying upon the problematical results of his speculations, is driving tandem to beggary, and, what is worse, he is exactly in that critical position in which he will be irresistibly tempted to act dishonestly; nay, he has already acted dishonestly; he is living on false appearances; he is a peripatetic lie; other men are tempted by the devil, but he tempts *him*. If you would fight your life-battle well, you must, if possible, owe no man anything but love; you must be able to look every man bravely in the face, conscious of your independence; you

must live within your means, and be content to creep if you cannot go, to walk, to limp, to hobble on as best you may, half a mile an hour, if you cannot defray the charge of riding. No man can fight on stilts; you must stand on your own legs if you intend to stand the brunt of the battle of life; and no man fights his way honourably who does not pay his way honestly!

Recreation is one of the most difficult of our social questions. Young men—all men—must have their leisure hours; nor have we in this matter erred on the side of excess. But in a very great number of instances, perhaps a majority of instances, leisure is perverted into a curse, and progress, even secular progress, is retarded, stopped, reversed, by the folly and the sin which so often fill up the leisure hour.

The answer to this plain question—How do our young men spend their evenings?—is a very terrible one. There are exceptional cases which we regard with satisfaction and delight. Some occupy their leisure hours with harmless, healthful amusement. Some devote their spare time to intellectual and artistic pursuits. A few consecrate their evenings to humble but hard-working philanthropy, in endeavouring to dispel the ignorance and to check the vice which abound, not in our crowded cities only, but (population for population) exist in equal degree in our most secluded country hamlets. All honour to such self-denying labourers; may their number rapidly increase! Nobler spirits are scarcely to be found than those who all day long have to fight their own life-battle arduously enough, and then go forth at night, unsolicited and unremunerated, to fight for and to rescue those who have been taken captive, or rather who were born in captivity, and “sit in darkness and the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron.” But there are multitudes of our young men who spend their evenings in degrading and destroying themselves and one another, in practices

which enfeeble their bodies, corrupt their minds, blast their characters, and sap those principles of virtue which, apart from their higher value, are so essential to success in life. If you would prosper, be very careful how you spend your leisure hours; they may be a blessing to you; they may be precisely and dreadfully the reverse. You know that all sorts of traps are set for you. The god of this world is right willing to become all things to all men, if by any means he can destroy them. He can transform himself into an angel of light; he can put on a most respectable appearance, and talk like an intelligent and gentlemanly person; but remember that very homely but very shrewd and sensible old proverb, the author of which, whoever he was, deserves to be immortalized—"He needs a long spoon that would sup with the devil." Don't sup with him under any circumstances; never be the guest of the evil one; never let him be your guest; if you do, it is all but certain that you will become his victim.

And if a young man's leisure is to be a blessing and not a curse, let him, by all means, be careful in his choice of companions. You say this is not an easy matter; your fellow-apprentices, fellow-clerks, fellow-shopmen, fellow-workmen must be your companions—at least you must be on civil terms with them, and whatever their character may be, you cannot avoid coming into continual contact with them; and if they ask you, when the day's work is done, to accompany them to places of amusement, it is difficult to say No. They will set you down as unsociable; they will "send you to Coventry;" they will assail you with volley after volley of contemptuous slang, or they will try to coax and to cajole you; tell you that you are out of leading strings; that you are a man; that your old governor at home has no authority over you now, and that you ought to see a bit of life; for, by a strange perversion of terms, these men, accustomed to call evil good and good evil, to put darkness for light and

light for darkness, will persist in appropriating the word life to that which is in fact the most hideous and horrifying death—the death of virtue, the death of character, the death of the soul. This is a difficulty, a trial,—to withstand such invitations. But the difficulty must be encountered, the trial must be endured. It is one of the most critical moments of your life-battle. Be firm; resolutely withstand the battery of banter and ridicule and scorn. Oh! it is hard to endure—I know it, my friend; it is hard, harder than the most muscle-straining toil, harder than the most menial drudgery, harder than the most severe physical privations; but your very life depends upon it; it is the grand charge of the battle; sustain this and you may sustain anything; give way here, and you will be driven back from point to point, you will be routed, vanquished, and disgracefully carried away captive by Satan at his will.

“But what am I to do?” you exclaim—“I must have companions. It is very dull work to go to my poor, dim, and dingy lodgings to sit and mope there. You talk of books; yes, there are books enough, and within reach too; but after my day’s toil I have no heart for books; at all events I cannot go to them evening after evening all the year round. You good, philanthropic people think that it is quite a matter of course that we should spend all our leisure in purely intellectual pursuits. But this is a mistake, altogether a mistake; you do not understand us; you pay us a very high compliment by that assumption of yours, but the assumption is very far from the mark; most of us are incapable of such exertion.” I dare say the friends of the people, and of our young men in particular, have made a mistake; they have expected too much, more than an extensive and accurate knowledge of human nature warrants them to expect. Here and there you find a man of sturdy physical frame, of fine intellectual tastes, of indomitable perseverance; he knows how to employ his leisure; let

him alone—he will make his way ; but we must think of the majority of our young men ; they are not bookworms, they cannot go with facility from the counter to the bookshelf, from the office to the study ; they have no ambition to become philosophers ; however noble such ambition may be, they have it not, they never will possess it. And we cannot find fault with them because they have no disposition to lead the life of a recluse in the evening. No! no! they are full of joyous spirits, full of fun and frolic and laughter ; and it is quite right, just what they ought to be : a most woful day for England when all her young men, or any large proportion of them, are as grave and melancholy as owls! Well, then, you must have society, pleasant, cheerful, mirthful, and yet pure and wise society. Yes, you must ; and if I understand the design of this Association, this is one of its objects, an object which it has very much at heart, to afford young men the opportunity of forming healthful and beneficial companionships, to enable them to spend their leisure agreeably and well, so that, free from an aching head, an aching heart, and a defiled conscience, they may return to their life-battle, all fresh and vigorous, in the morning.

Further, if we would succeed in this struggle for a comfortable existence in this world, it is above all things important that we be strictly honourable in all our transactions. Certainly a man should be truthful on much higher grounds than those of worldly interest, but I now speak of honesty simply as “the best policy,” simply in its relation to secular success. You may ask whether I am so sure of this, and whether, putting eternity out of sight, and having respect only to the things that are seen and temporal, it is really true that honesty is the best policy? Are there not thousands of men who have made their fortunes by trickery and fraud, by advertisements false from beginning to end, by not being righteous overmuch ; men who could not or would not

afford to keep a conscience, and so, without giving it a week's notice, bundled it out of their business? This is very possible, and yet it is no argument against the secular wisdom of strictly honest dealing. By fraud a man *may* prosper, by honesty (all other things being equal) a man *must* prosper. And it will be an evil day for us as a nation when men lose faith in the sound policy of being honest. It will be all over with our trade and commerce when the honour of the British merchant and the British manufacturer cannot be relied on. Then most righteously shall the fate of Tyre and Carthage be ours; then, in fair and equitable retribution, our harbours will be deserted, our factories will be closed, our steam-engines will rust, our banks will break, our operatives will starve, our capitalists will be insolvent, and this country, now the very queen of empires, will be a byword and a hissing among all nations. And every man in business, whatever his politics, whatever his religious profession, who, in the conduct of that business, in buying, in selling, in manufacturing, in negotiating, acts dishonestly and holds lightly the principles of honour, every such man sins not only against himself but against his country, and is at once a scoundrel and a traitor.

I have spoken thus far of the secular struggle, but you will remind me that there is also an intellectual conflict in which you are invited and have a desire to take part. There is; and, although we have perhaps been riding this hobby of ours a little too hard, it is one of the most cheering signs of the times that there exists among the people, and especially among our operatives, a very ardent thirst for knowledge. It will not do for men, in these days, to pour contempt on this desire, to repress it, to say what have working-men to do with literature and science? these are the heritage of the upper orders—"let the shoemaker stick to his last." No, this is a wretched maxim, which would bring us all to a dead lock. There is just one grain of truth in it;

it administers a well-merited rebuke to men who think themselves competent to meddle with matters which neither nature nor education has fitted them to comprehend; but if this maxim is intended to check and to crush a working-man's aspirations after knowledge, and his desire to occupy a higher position than that in which he was born, then it is a very despicable maxim. If it had been acted upon by a young shoemaker who laboured at the last, some seventy years ago, in Northamptonshire, oriental literature would never have secured the invaluable services of William Carey, and Christian missions would have been destitute of one of their noblest ornaments. If it had been suffered to influence a certain tinker who mended pots and pans in Bedfordshire, two hundred years back, the "Pilgrim's Progress" would never have been written. If it had been the motto of a certain bricklayer who worked at the building of Lincoln's Inn, "and while he had a trowel in his hand had a book in his pocket," we never should have heard of "rare Ben Jonson." According to this principle De Foe ought to have been content to sell stockings over his counter in Cornhill, and made a great mistake when he wrote "The Strange, Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe." This maxim would have bound Burns to his plough and shut up Quintin Matsys in his smithy at Antwerp. But no, this proverb will not stand the test of experience; there are too many facts which triumphantly refute it; from the working-men, the tailors, the shoemakers, the carpenters, the masons, the shepherds, the sailors, the fishermen, have arisen many of the names of which the world has the greatest reason to be proud; and at this day, among the foremost men in literature, science, and art, are not a few who have sprung from the humblest ranks in life—"shoemakers." in fact, who, very wisely, did not "stick to the last."

It would of course be most absurd to tell all men that **they**

may become intellectually great ; to tell every young cabinet-maker that, if he will, he may become as great an anatomist as John Hunter ; to encourage every carver and gilder's apprentice with the hope of rivalling Chantry ; to hold out to every sailor-boy the possibility of his excelling Gifford ; to assure every working-printer that there is no reason why he should not be a second Franklin ; this would be simply ridiculous, and yet not a little of this species of flattery is addressed to our working-men. The proverb, "Where there is a will there is a way," is one of very limited applicability ; for, as the Germans say, "It is not every monk that can stand in Dr. Luther's shoes." I shall content myself with observing that men of intelligence have no reason to feel discouraged by the difficulties and disadvantages of their position. The biographies of great men present the most extraordinary instances of intellectual heroism, of persons whose education had been wholly neglected in early youth, of wondrous self-taught men, of men who had to struggle against deplorable physical infirmities,—think, for example, of Sanderson the mathematician, who, though totally blind from infancy, lectured, and lectured with success, on the laws and properties of light. And it will be admitted even by our dismal philosopher, who can take comfort in nothing but the regretful contemplation of the good old times, that there never was a period in our history which afforded the artisan such advantages as those now so abundantly furnished by the press. If we are not wiser than our fathers were, it is to our very great reproach and disgrace.

But if we are to make these intellectual conquests we must set to work with a right good will, and form manly habits of reading and thinking. One thing is certain, that we must not allow ourselves to be fascinated and carried away by the charms of fictitious literature. You ask, What is there wrong in reading a novel ? Possibly nothing ; possibly the novel

may be of immense service to you; there is more truth in some fictions than in many a work which professes to deal with facts. Still the habit of novel-reading is very enervating; carried to excess it is positively destructive. Some of you have experienced its enfeebling effects; you know how it unnerves the mind, renders it incapable of exertion, unfits it for everything laborious, for everything demanding thought. Certainly there are books of intolerable dullness; heavy, very heavy reading—books written apparently for the express purpose of sending us to sleep; and every man who has a library at all knows where to find his soporific when he is troubled with extreme wakefulness; it is an unfailing remedy, and for sleep-compelling power the shelves of our libraries surpass the shelves of the chemist's shop. There are some writers, as there are some preachers, who could no doubt have weighed King Henry IV's eyelids down, and steeped his senses in forgetfulness. It is very plain that his wakeful majesty was not master of an extensive library. There are some books, yea many, over which you must fall asleep, over which you ought to fall asleep. There is no necessity, however, for rushing from this extreme to the other—from this heavy reading to what is so significantly termed light literature; and light enough it is in everything but its price. And really, after all, the staple commodity of fiction becomes unbearably tedious. Three volumes octavo of sickly sentiment for the most part. It is generally the same old story over again, an amplification of the old saying, "The course of true love never did run smooth." A beautiful young lady and a nice young man, untoward parents, surly guardians, despairing rivals, a country mansion, a wood, a stream, a gentle breeze of wind, and a good deal of moonshine; these are the warp and weft of which, in innumerable instances, the fabric is principally composed. The fiction sometimes takes up great social questions. It weeps, and

wails, and gnashes its teeth over the wrongs and wretchedness of the toiling English artisan; and, in taking up his cause, is generally very far at sea in its political economy. It indignantly protests against slavery. It is the facile implement equally of high-church, low-church, and broad-church enthusiasts. As the expounder of sound principles—as the champion of the injured and the oppressed—as the sworn foe of all cant, “pride, vainglory, and hypocrisy,” we hail it with joy and wish it all success; but our religious and political principles must have something more solid to rest upon than religious and political novels; and very few of us can afford time for much of this kind of literature, charming as it is.

Nor can we afford to be desultory in our reading. If we are to make any advancement, we must not allow periodical literature to gain the mastery over us. We have fallen into the habit of reading about books to the neglect of the books themselves. We think we should be well up in the current literature of the day. It is held discreditably to know nothing of the most recent publications. But this superficial reading and superficial thinking will never secure a real advancement. It is much better to select some one study, and pursue it with ardour and perseverance. The high places in the field of knowledge can never be gained without great effort. They may be idly gazed at and admired from a distance; but if they are to be ours, we must labour with all patience and self-denial, not suffering our attention to be diverted from our specific object. The multitude of books and the multitude of topics that may lay claim to our attention may prove a snare which we must carefully seek to avoid. Let it not be said to the reproach of our age that it is an age of smatterers—of loud talkers—of men who know everything, and yet know nothing, who read on all subjects and master no subject. Let us not be too ambitious, no man can be a

universal scholar ; whether a little knowledge be a dangerous thing or not, a little knowledge is all that any of us can hope to obtain. Let us not have too many irons in the fire—one thing at a time, do it, and do it well. Here, too, as in things secular—perhaps far more than in things sacred—we must expect difficulties. “Good things are hard,” says the proverb ; and it is equally true of intellectual bread as of material, that man, if he eat it at all, must eat it in the sweat of his brow. You cannot go up Parnassus at a bound ; you must trudge along slowly, ploddingly, painfully, as others have trudged before you. There is nothing more suspicious, nothing to be more carefully shunned, than your “short and easy methods,”—your “French without a master,” and “German in six lessons,”—promises which, however, are nothing in comparison with that of the ingenious person who recently advertised himself as a schoolmaster who educated young gentlemen without the help of books. Rest assured that this is all quackery. Wisdom resolutely refuses to yield up her treasures to any but the intellectually persevering and brave—to any but the man who can face difficulties, stand drudgery, and bear to be reminded perpetually of his extreme ignorance. But let no one else enter the lists ; the fickle man, the conceited man, the impatient man, may as well stand aside. Let them look on, let them admire, let them clap their hands ; but they could never win the crown, they would only be rolled in the dust. Spare yourselves, my friends, the humiliation of failure and defeat ; do not make yourselves ridiculous and unhappy. But to the humble, the earnest, the patient man—the man of strong, resolute, manly will—we say, you may make conquests in the domain of knowledge ; only let them be real, permanent conquests. Better to win an acre that shall be your own, your freehold, your heritage for ever, than to hold in uncertain occupation an entire continent. You may never be privileged to reach the mountain top ; but

every step you take and every elevation you gain will amply reward your toil ; and you will find that the merchandise of wisdom "is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold."

And now I shall briefly direct your attention to those other conflicts already alluded to, the conflicts of the moral and religious life. I take them in conjunction, for morality is an all-important part of religion, and religion I believe to be the only solid and trustworthy foundation of morality.

In this conflict many of us, I doubt not, meet with a formidable adversary in the shape of scepticism. It comes against us brandishing weapons which it professes to have taken from the armoury of science, and with which it threatens to destroy our faith in the Bible and Christianity. It quotes the authority of philosophers, historians, and scholars, to prove that the life of Jesus is a myth ; that the rapid spread of Christianity is not at all more marvellous than the rapid spread of Mohammedanism ; that the Levitical system was borrowed from the ritual of Egyptian temples ; that the cosmogony of the book of Genesis has been exploded by the discoveries of geology ; and that the physiologist, philologist, and ethnologist entertain grave doubts as to the descent of the whole human race from one parental pair. Where we allege the fulfilment of prophecy, it alleges curious but not preternatural coincidences. It coolly takes it for granted that miracles are impossible, and speaks of the inspiration of Moses, Daniel, and Paul as similar in kind, though perhaps greater in degree than that which, by a figure of speech and a flourish of rhetoric, we ascribe to Homer, to Dante, and to Shakspeare. With all its strength it sets itself against the principle of an atonement ; and very wisely, because it knows that this is the very king of Christian principles, and that, this once dethroned and slain, the battle is decided, and Christianity driven for ever from the field. Not in the

language of coarse invective and violent abuse does the infidelity of this age assail Christianity. It is courteous; it is complimentary; it is most profuse in the employment of Scriptural phraseology; it talks of the Divine, the Spiritual, the Eternal. It would have us believe that it is more Christian than Christianity itself. "Its words are smoother than oil, yet are they drawn swords." It can captivate our fancy; it can flatter our pride; above all, it can lull to repose the anxieties of our conscience, and here is the "hiding of its power."

If you have been taken by this system, or rather by any of these systems—(for infidels are quite as much divided in opinion, and indeed more so than Christians; they have their high church and their low church as well as we; their hyper-infidelity, in the forms of Atheism and Pantheism; and, if the expression can be allowed, their hypo-infidelity, in the forms of Deism and Rationalism)—if infidelity, in any of its various developments, has attracted your attention and gained your approbation, let me ask, Whence do your sceptical tendencies arise? Do you wish to find Christianity false? Are you afraid lest it should prove to be no cunningly-devised fable? Is it to you what Micaiah the son of Imlah was to King Ahab? what John the Baptist was to Herod? Do you dislike its humbling doctrines, its stern morality? Does your heart secretly rejoice at every argument which tells, or seems to tell, against its reasonableness and its truth? If this be your case, then I have only to say that you are prejudiced, that you are not dealing with this great question fairly.

Or are you sceptical from sheer vanity and conceit? Excuse me—there is much infidelity which has no better foundation than this. You would fain be thought too intellectual, too profound, to be imposed upon by the shams which deceived your superstitious and unreasoning ancestors. Your soul is too great to be trammelled by the antiquated notions of bar-

barous ages. You do not dress, you do not speak, you do not travel as former generations did, and therefore you will not believe as they did. You live in an age of progress, and, giant that you are, you have outgrown the clothes you once wore. You have become a man and have put away childish things. With an admirable affectation of humility and simplicity, you look regretfully upon the days of your childish belief, and wish that you could still exercise an unquestioning faith, and restrain the sceptical suggestions of your informed and expanded mind. Now, if your infidelity is the infidelity of intellectual puppyism, allow me to remind you that there is a person whom a man, almost as sagacious as yourself, pronounced "wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason." I would humbly suggest, that the men who have believed and do believe Christianity are not all simpletons; that a few of them are perhaps your equals, or nearly so, in an intellectual point of view—Locke, for example, and Butler, and Jonathan Edwards, and Calvin, and Bacon, and Paley, and Chalmers, and Foster, and Neander, and possibly a few more. These men have recorded their solemn belief in Christianity and their reasons for that belief, but you say that the arguments which satisfied them do not meet your doubts and difficulties. You cannot expect your infidelity to be respected unless it arises from a pure and earnest desire to arrive at religious truth and certitude. If this be its origin, then there is little reason to fear the ultimate results of your scepticism. I blame you not for being anxious to know that what we tell you is a pearl of great price is really such, and not some specious and spurious imitation, the workmanship of a cunning priestcraft. I blame you not for being desirous of giving an answer, a satisfactory "answer to every one that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you." By all means inquire. How often must we say that Christianity, instead of shirking in-

vestigation, demands, entreats it? If you are right-hearted, then we have no fears as to the result, believing with Pascal, that "there is in Christianity light enough for those who sincerely wish to see, and darkness enough to confound those of an opposite disposition." If you have entered upon the track of infidelity, I ask you to go on; I will not ask you *now* to retrace your steps, but bid you honestly follow the system to what it requires you to *believe* as well as what it requires you to *disbelieve*; and when you get into the depths of absurdity, the palpable contradictions, the almost idiotic irrationalism to which it will most logically lead you, then reflect whether, after all, hard as it is to believe in Christianity, it is not much harder to disbelieve it—whether, on a fair calculation of probabilities, the balance is not most decidedly, most immensely, in favour of the Bible.

But you will ask—Are there not difficulties here? are there not many things in the Bible, in Christianity, which greatly baffle and perplex us? Undoubtedly there are, and how can it be otherwise? What is there that we can fully understand? Nature? not by any means; not one fact or phenomenon of nature, not one law or element of nature; nothing in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, in the water under the earth—nothing; for every substance, organic and inorganic, is full of mystery, and it is not yet decided by the philosophers whether there is any objective world at all, or whether the spacious universe is not a mere idea, a splendid illusion, mysteriously imposed upon the human mind. What do we understand? Ourselves?—no, least of all ourselves, seeing that, so far as philosophy can teach us, it is yet a disputed point whether we are material, immaterial, both, or neither. When we put the question to ourselves what are we?—the mind (to quote the language of an able writer) "takes itself into its own hands, turns itself about, as a savage would a watch, or a monkey a letter, interrogates

itself, listens to the echo of its own voice, and is obliged, after all, to lay itself down, with a very puzzled expression, and acknowledge that of its very self, itself knows little or nothing."

" I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels !
Oh ! what a miracle is man to man !"

Thus ignorant of nature, of ourselves, of everything ; incapable of fully comprehending the most ordinary facts and phenomena of the natural world, and equally incapable of analysing the simplest processes of thought, we must be blind indeed, and foolish beyond all measure and expression, if we expect to unveil the mysteries of Deity, or think to disperse the clouds and darkness that are round about Jehovah, if we are surprised that, with much that is plain, the Bible often leads us to the confines of a knowledge that " is too wonderful for us," thus teaching us, what science ever teaches us, to " be clothed with humility." But, as Butler observes, " The evidence of religion is fully sufficient for all the purposes of probation, how far soever it is from being satisfactory as to the purposes of curiosity." Scepticism often boasts of the testimony of science ; but science is a two-edged sword, which cuts this way and that. Infidelity eagerly lays hold of every scientific fact that appears hostile to Christianity ; but science, in its severe impartiality, produces other facts which tell far more decidedly in favour of Christianity. And when the Bible appears in the court of reason it can vindicate itself without any special pleading ; it can challenge the most ingenious and determined sceptic at that bar, and it will triumphantly obtain a verdict, when learning, good sense, and honesty are impanelled as the jury by which its merits and its claims are to be decided. If you are troubled

by these doubts, face them, fight with them right manfully; "walk about Zion, and go round about her, tell the towers thereof." Do this in all honesty, in all earnestness; it is a life-and-death question with you; and if, in a spirit of fair and candid inquiry, you prosecute this investigation, I do believe, I cannot but believe, that you will come to this conclusion, "We have a strong city, salvation hath God appointed for walls and bulwarks."

To arrive at a settled conviction of the truth of Christianity, to fight your way from doubt to belief, to master that scepticism which, to a greater or less extent, infects us all, to stand your ground, and neither be taken captive by the armed hosts of infidelity on the one hand, nor, on the other, sneakingly retreat to the muddy trenches of superstition (as many do who have not the manliness to face the adversary); to accomplish this is a great and glorious conquest; but it is not all. If there were no schism in man's nature, then the convictions of his understanding would instantly find a welcome reception in his heart. But this, unhappily, is not the case; and the antagonism between our mental and moral nature is one of the great difficulties of our position. When truth has gained the full assent of the understanding it finds the doors of the heart bolted and barred against it. The outworks are triumphantly taken, but the citadel obstinately resists, and indefinitely prolongs the siege. "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." And hence we constantly observe the astounding anomaly of persons convinced that Christianity is true; ready to maintain this against all opponents; vehement, almost fierce, in contending for the faith once delivered to the saints; sworn foes alike of infidelity and superstition; and yet as uninfluenced by the truth for which they are so zealous as if they did not believe in any one of its propositions from the first to

the last. But we must urge the assent of the heart to Christianity, the opening of the affections to the truth as it is in Jesus. Until this is gained nothing practically useful is effected. The man's condition is, in fact, far worse than that of the avowed sceptic, for "to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." If we believe Christianity to be true, then, in the name of reason, in the name of conscience, in the name of God, let it be honoured, loved, obeyed, even as it deserves.

And if you have arrived not only at an intellectual conviction of the truth of Christianity, but also, through God's blessing, at a hearty recognition of all its principles and obligations, then we have no anxiety as to your morals. I am not going to discuss the question whether virtue is possible without Christianity: it is enough for me that virtue is guaranteed by Christianity. That Christianity furnishes us with the plainest and the surest rules of action, applicable to all circumstances and combinations of circumstances in which we can be placed; that Christianity presents us with the only perfect example of moral excellence, infidelity itself being the judge; that Christianity brings us under the influence of the best, the purest, the mightiest of all motives—not the fear of punishment, not the hope of reward (both of which the history of the world proves powerless to guard morality), but gratitude to a Divine Benefactor; that Christianity puts us into communication with a power which we have not in ourselves and by virtue of which it enables us to conquer temptation, to discern and to prefer the things that are excellent, to master ourselves, and, with ourselves, the world; this I do most earnestly believe, and therefore believe that the interests of morality are never so secure as when under the guardianship of Christianity. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our

faith. Who is he that overcometh the world but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?"

I have now endeavoured to show the propriety of the metaphor which forms our motto, to show that life really is a battle. I have endeavoured to point out the chief objects which men have, or ought to have, in view while engaged in this mortal strife,—a secular object, an intellectual object and, if they can be separated (which I scarcely think they can), a moral and a spiritual object. I have endeavoured to show how these objects are to be secured; the difficulties and dangers that render their acquisition doubtful—the principles and the conduct which render their acquisition sure. If these remarks should prove useful in directing, warning, cheering you, my friends, while fighting your life-battle, your fellow-soldier, who has this evening addressed you, will have great cause for joy. Sincerely do I wish that this contribution to the objects of the Young Men's Christian Association were more worthy of your acceptance, but I have done what my limited experience, time, and ability could afford. I heartily wish you all success in the struggles on which you have entered. With all manliness and fortitude, patience and perseverance, prudence and honesty, may you prosecute your secular conflict; with all cheerfulness and hopefulness, all painstaking and determination, may you go on achieving conquest after conquest in the rugged but rich domains of knowledge; but, above all, *do* fight the fight of faith, *do* lay hold of eternal life! And when the struggle shall have ended, and you take your armour off, may this be your peaceful review of the past, your glad anticipation of the future—"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall

give me at that day, and not unto me only, but unto all them that love his appearing." On, my brothers, on! The powers of darkness and of death oppose us and laugh defiantly at us poor struggling mortals; but we shall master them, we shall tread them beneath our feet, we shall yet be "more than conquerors through Him that loved us;" we shall shout our triumph in the gates of heaven, and then we shall have fought right bravely and right well the battle of our life.

Revision and New Translation of
the Bible.

A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. DR. CUMMING.



REVISION AND NEW TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

I AM perfectly sure that the satisfaction which all must feel at the elevation of your long-tried teacher Mr. Bickersteth to the place of a chief minister in that Church to which he belongs will more than compensate for any disappointment which any may experience by my acting as his substitute and as your lecturer for this evening. I have selected the subject of the lecture, because it happens to be that on which my mind has been lately most employed. The subject is perhaps in itself abstract; I hope my treatment of it will not be felt dry or dull; certainly the matter is possessed of an importance at the present moment, and in the prospect of future changes, that it is impossible for me to exaggerate.

There are two points I am anxious to prove; and I trust I shall receive your earnest attention while I endeavour to do so. The first is that the present Greek text of the New Testament—that, for instance, edited by Professor Scholefield, the basis of which was that of Erasmus in 1535, or rather of Robert Stephen's folio in 1550, called the common Greek text, is in present circumstances and notwithstanding some defects, the best text extant. The second is, that our own translation, that of 1611—the translation it is our privilege to have and I trust daily to read—is, compared with all other specimens, and considering

existing disputes, debates, and controversies, by far the best, and instead of there being any reason for material change, there seem to be overwhelming reasons for holding it fast in all its integrity.

I need not tell you that before the invention of printing the only way of perpetuating the sacred volume was by what is called writing on vellum or parchment, or a sort of cotton paper,—a process extremely laborious, and carried on at considerable expense; but because laborious and expensive each manuscript came to be valued as paintings of great masters are valued by their possessors at the present day. These manuscripts, it is unnecessary to add, are, like all human things, subject to decay, as well as other destructive agencies. But who do you think were the greatest destroyers of the manuscripts? Not the mice, nor the rats, nor the waste and wear of time, but a number of gentlemen called by Cardinal Wiseman the “luminaries of Christendom,” popularly known by the name of monks, who had so little reverence for the Gospels written on vellum by the successors of the Apostles that they were in the habit of writing over them the legends of saints; and modern chemistry has only recently discovered the process by which the Romanism, that is, the monks’ legends, may be effaced, and the Protestantism, that is, the Evangelist’s Gospel beneath, may come up in all the splendour of its first kindling. These manuscripts, which are restored from the monks’ obliterations are called palimpsest manuscripts. Other destroying agents are time, friction, dirt, and similar agencies of decay which it would be needless to specify in detail. I may also state as matter of fact, that we are not in possession of a single manuscript the very penmanship or hand-writing of an Apostle or Evangelist. We have not one such manuscript at the present time. If we had I am sure that learned and accomplished scholar, Mr. Alford, would prefer such a manuscript

even to the apostolic succession itself: in my judgment it would be much more valuable and far more welcome. But you may ask after this admission, "What evidence have we that we possess at this moment the true Greek text of the New Testament in its purity?" First of all let me admit, before I answer this question, that incidental mistakes have crept into manuscript copies: this is to be expected. If you were to engage at this moment the most accomplished copyist in London, and desire him to copy so many hundred folios upon paper, it would be very remarkable if every *i* had a dot and every *t* a cross; it would be very remarkable if he did not sometimes mistake an *e* for an *i*, or an *o* for a *e*, and, with all his fastidious accuracy, commit even greater errors which subsequent copyists would probably perpetuate, if the document lasted, to the latest generations. Now, this has actually happened in the manuscripts of the New Testament; and hence the origin of what are called various readings. When a very eminent physician advertised a Bible not many years ago with 20,000 emendations, people were excessively astonished, and began to fear that they had not the New Testament in all its apostolical purity. But when you come to investigate all the readings about which dispute, and debate, and controversy have been kindled, you will find, in the language of the eminent Bentley, that the text in "the very worst of manuscripts is competently exact: not one article of faith is touched, not one moral precept in the very least perverted." So true is this, that if all the readings about which there have been so many disputes were collected and read over in the hearing of the unlearned and the common Christian, his first exclamation would be the expression of surprise that so many learned men have spent so many years in discovering, unfolding, and printing so many learned trifles.

One reason of the various readings, as they are called, is

the multiplicity of manuscripts; but, on the other hand, the multiplicity of manuscripts is the antidote to the bane; for in consequence of there being so many manuscripts, there are the means and elements of the accurate correction of any of those manuscripts into which an error has inadvertently crept. But you ask now, "What are the proofs that the manuscripts left by Paul, and Peter, and John, have been perpetuated to us in integrity and purity?" I answer, first of all, the ardent affection that the early Christians bore to the sacred volume is in itself a presumptive guarantee that no interpolation has been wilfully introduced by them. They would have felt it disgrace and unfaithfulness and blasphemy itself deliberately to alter what the Spirit had inspired, and what the sacred penmen had handed down under that character. Then the certainty that we possess the original text of the evangelists and apostles as they left it, arises from the fact, that if any one had introduced, during the first five, or six, or seven centuries, a new text or a new word in the room of one expunged, this taking place in one manuscript would have been detected and exposed by comparison with the numerous antecedent manuscripts in different places, written by different men, and under different circumstances. Were Bagster to introduce a new text into his Bible, the Oxford, the Edinburgh, and the Cambridge printers and others would instantly expose it, and the contrast would be damaging to the credit and respectability of that house. So in the same manner, if an ancient copyist had wilfully introduced what ought not to have been there, the detection of the interpolation would have been disastrous to his credit, and injurious to all his work, and certainly the error would have been exposed by the lynx eyes of anxious, earnest, and interested Christendom.

In the next place, we have a guarantee for the purity of the text in the controversies that were waged at that time.

During the first five centuries of the Christian era the disputes among theologians were fertile, frequent, I may add, interminable. Every text was analyzed, every word in it was weighed, and on any one text being altered, subjected to such a scrutiny, it would instantly have been branded and exposed. We have also a guarantee that the text is correct from this fact, that many translations were made from the original Greek into the languages of Christendom in the course of the first four or five centuries of the Christian era. For instance, we have a translation called the Peschito Syriac, of nearly all the books of the New Testament, which was made in the second century, and was a translation probably from an apostolic manuscript. A translation from the Peschito Syriac into English has been made, and may be had for a small sum. We then had the New Testament translated into Coptic, and also into what is called the Itala, or Latin version, executed in the second century. Then there was a translation by Jerome (one of the ablest and most learned of fathers), being a correction of the old Itala. And, finally, if all the texts of the New Testament were expunged to-day, and buried in the depths of the ocean, I would engage, from the works of the fathers of the Nicene Church, beginning with Justin Martyr, and ending with Chrysostom and Augustine; and still more easily, if you would allow me to go to what the Romanists call the last of the fathers, Bernard, in the twelfth century, to collect all the texts of the New Testament, from Matthew to the last chapter of Revelation. This one fact proves that the texts contained in our New Testament in this year, 1857, are the same as the texts commented on by the writers of the first four centuries of the Christian era. Therefore, I contend, that we have evidence that would satisfy the most inquisitive jury—evidence that must commend itself to the acutest and the most practised intellect—

that the very book that lies upon our pulpits, and our reading-desks, and in our homes, contains the words that the Spirit of God inspired, and that holy men raised up for that purpose, recorded on manuscripts as He enabled them.

Not having then an apostolic manuscript, that is a manuscript the very penmanship of Paul or Peter or John, it may be asked, what is the earliest manuscript that we have? You will find it at this moment within a mile of the place where we are met, in the British Museum. It is known by the name of the Alexandrine manuscript, and it is at least 1400 years old. It is written in what is called the uncial character, that is, the capital Greek letter. This ancient manuscript, let me tell you, and here is a pattern and precedent for the ladies that are in this room, though I see fewer ladies than I used to see at former meetings of your Association, while I am very happy to see so many young men,—this excellent manuscript, that all the gold in Australia ought not to buy, was written by a noble lady, a native of Egypt, named Thecla—a fact that proves that crochet and Berlin wool-work, and adorning of altars, and ecclesiastical carpets, was not the only employment of Christendom in those times. Next to the Alexandrine is what is called the Vatican manuscript—a Greek manuscript, also in the uncial character, which is in the Vatican palace at Rome, under the superintendence of the Pope, but still he is not so vigilant or so exclusive, that he does not suffer competent scholars to inspect and compare it with other manuscripts. These two manuscripts—the princes, if I may use the expression, of the manuscripts of the Word of God are of inestimable value, as at the very head of the standards of a pure and perfect text of the New Testament Scripture. But it does happen that manuscripts much later in date,—for instance, written even in the 10th

century, were copied from very early, if not apostolic manuscripts, and, though late in date, they are of inestimable value, from the fact that they are transcripts of the most ancient manuscripts then in existence, but no longer accessible to the scholar, or entirely lost.

I have said that certain flaws have crept into the manuscripts. I will give you one or two specimens by and bye. Here, however, I cannot but remark that if it be true, that St. Peter was infallible,—if it be true that he was the first bishop of Rome,—if it be true that all the popes are his successors, what a splendid opportunity for the exercise of infallibility if they had superintended the monks and the copyists, and taken care that there should not be a different reading in a single manuscript in Christendom. But the truth is, infallibility, instead of being here usefully employed, was absorbed in very minor or inferior matters, and the consequence is, that in all the 700 manuscripts, containing more or less of New Testament Scripture, there can be collected of slips, errors, mistakes in transcribing, I dare say ten, fifteen, twenty thousand, if not more; but not, as I have told you, of weight in assailing a doctrine, undermining a great truth, or touching a single moral precept.

Having stated these historic facts, let me say, in the next place, that the common Greek text, as in Professor Scholfield's Greek Testament has been assailed by some of the ablest scholars of Christendom, as anything but perfect. The basis of it, I candidly admit, is no known manuscript that we have; and I know that I shall be set down as a very incompetent scholar, in consequence of my asserting what I proceed to prove, that whatever be the basis of that text, with all its faults, it seems to be a great PROVIDENTIAL fact in God's government of the world, that a text purer than any that has been proposed

in its stead, is the standard text from which the translations of Christendom are at this moment made. In succession very able scholars have set themselves to work to compare the different manuscripts, and you will see from the following instances, what labour has been expended on the subject. In our own country, Dr. Mills, Dr. Wells, Dr. Bentley, Kennicott, Tregelles, a most able and learned scholar, and last, but not least, Alford, for whose magnificent edition of the Greek text, *non sine maculis*, we feel most deeply indebted, have investigated, collated, and compared the different manuscripts in our own country. Then in Germany, the land of more research, Bengel in 1734, Griesbach in 1806, Lichmann in 1831, Scholz in 1836, and Constantine Tischendorf, still living, have compared the different manuscripts and given their preferential readings according to their research, their judgment, and their impressions. Michaelis, for instance, spent thirty years in these researches; Dr. Kennicott spent ten years in the study of 581 manuscripts; Professor Rossi is said to have examined 680 manuscripts; Griesbach spent thirty years in collating 335 of the gospels alone; Scholz examined 674 manuscripts; and I ought to add that Ellicott and Bagg, two able scholars in this country, have also devoted very great attention to the subject in little but pregnant volumes just issued. Let it be admitted, as eminent scholars assert, that the common Greek text is not adjusted upon the basis of the oldest manuscripts, yet all these scholars are so divided as to the genuineness or the reverse of the texts they impugn, and as to the nature and the number of the texts they would substitute, that as long as nothing like unanimity exists in the scholarship of Christendom as to the readings it would prefer in the room of the readings it would reject, we do well to stand fast by the Greek text that we have, while we are open to accept a reading that has received, not

the consent of half a dozen, but the almost or altogether unanimous consent—for nothing else will do—of all the accomplished scholars of Christendom. But I proceed to show that this refusal to give up the received text and to take the readings proposed by these scholars is reasonable. I will give you Alford's opinion of every one of the great scholars of Germany. In his Greek testament he tells us, "Griesbach's theory is arbitrarily carried out." He was "misled in his recension of the text." He is "not sufficiently careful." Then of Scholz, who was a Roman Catholic, he says, "The theory which he held with regard to the recension of the text is as untenable as his own departure from it has been manifest. The extreme inaccuracy of his edition of the New Testament renders it almost unfit for the use of scholars." The same accomplished scholar, writing of Lachmann, says, "His rejection of the greater part of the witnesses (numerically), for the text has reduced him, in a very considerable part of the New Testament, to implicit following of one primary manuscript only." And of Tischendorf, still living, he says, "I find in him strange inconsistencies." To sum up all, Canon Wordsworth, one of the ablest and most accomplished scholars and divines of the day, makes the following startling statement—a statement that I know will be extremely displeasing to Mr. Alford, extremely unsatisfactory to the great scholars of Christendom, very unsatisfactory to some of those learned gentlemen who are proposing a retranslation of the Bible. Canon Wordsworth says, "We have to lament with feelings of disappointment and forebodings of alarm that the cause of Bible criticism as a high and holy science has not made progress, but has greatly degenerated, and appears to be tending still further downwards. We have also," says he, "to deplore that the field of sacred hermeneutics has lately been too often made an arena of fierce fightings. One edition would upset another by outbidding it with novelties

and paradoxes." And he adds, "There is scarcely any portion of the New Testament whose inspiration, genuineness, and veracity has not been impugned by one of these Biblical critics. Some would expunge this portion, some would cancel that; till, at last, if they are to be indulged in their arbitrary caprices, Christiendom will hardly be permitted to possess a single fragment of the New Testament Scripture." Now if this be the judgment of so able a scholar, you must not accuse me of incompetent scholarship because I anchor under his shadow and express my heartfelt thanks to him for his judgment, and my thorough concurrence with every word he has uttered,—a concurrence for which all I have advanced has fully prepared me.

I do not deny that a time may come when some of the readings received in our ordinary text shall be proved not to be apostolic. I do not deny that the time may come when a reading proposed by Tischendorf, by Lachmann, or by Alford shall be demonstrated to be the true, apostolic, and authentic one; but what I do maintain is, not that an improvement is impossible, but that the present state of critical Greek scholarship is so unripe for a decision, that we must adjourn the attempt to meddle with the integrity of the existing sacred text until it has reached that culminating excellence which I hope it will very soon and very extensively acquire.

Now let me give you a specimen or two to show you how difficult it is to alter the present text. Without entering into dry details, let me quote first of all Matthew xix. 17, which reads, in the common Greek text—*Τί με λέγεις ἀγαθόν; οὐδεὶς ἀγαθός, εἰ μὴ εἷς, ὁ θεός.*—"Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is, God." Now this common text in our Greek Testament, from which our translation is made, is applauded, and approved, and pronounced to be genuine by Alford, a most

competent scholar; by Stier, an eminent German divine; and by Blomfield, whose edition of the Greek Testament was the study of young men prior to the issue of Alford's superior one. But Lachmann, Tischendorf, Oldshausen, and Griesbach, say that this reading is wrong, and that the original apostolic reading as found in some manuscripts is:—*Τί με ἐρωτᾷς περὶ τοῦ ἀγαθοῦ*;—"Why do you ask me concerning that which is good?" You hear of our text being bad; well, notice how the matter stands. Alford, Stier, and Blomfield say the common text here is good; Lachmann, Tischendorf, and Olshausen say it is wrong. Now, whilst great doctors thus differ, are we called upon to give up what we have and what we have felt to be true, whilst it is yet disputed if the proposed reading is tenable, or apostolic, or ancient at all? The inference I draw, therefore, is, keep fast by the text that you have until the scholars of Christendom are agreed on what they are to substitute in its place. In Matthew vi. 13, you have the doxology of the Lord's prayer:—"Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory;" Alford maintains these words are not genuine or inspired. He says the doxology is not in the most ancient, or at least the most valuable manuscripts; but, on the other hand, Stier and Blomfield retain it. It is found in the Peschito Syriac, a translation in the second century. It is quite certain, therefore, that it is not unanimously decided to be an interpolation. There are competent scholars who disagree and protest against Mr. Alford's conclusion. We plain Christians are therefore warranted in keeping the received text as genuine until Alford and Tischendorf have proved to a demonstration that the text we have is wrong, and ought to be omitted as an interpolation. I will give you another instance of a more doctrinal character. Acts xx. 28, in our translation, reads—"The church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood," Griesbach, Lachmann, and

Tischendorf, Tragelless, Olshausen, read it, "The church of the Lord." They say *θεοῦ* is a mistake for *κυριοῦ*; but Alford—as good a scholar as any—and Conybeare, and Blomfield, say "the church of God" is right. Now when certain learned men come forward and say, "You are to expunge *θεοῦ* and put in *κυριοῦ*"—that is, to take away "God" and put in "Lord," we show them a list of as competent scholars standing by the received text. Therefore we say, keep the text we have till there is unanimous demonstration on the part of the scholarship of Europe, that the received text is inaccurate and wrong. You have another instance in 1 Tim. iii. 16—"Great is the mystery of godliness. God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels." Alford, Griesbach, Lachmann, and Tischendorff all say, that "God was manifest in the flesh," is not correct; that it ought to be, "great is the mystery of godliness, who"—ὁς, not *θεος*, the relative pronoun *ὁς*—"was manifest in the flesh;" and Mr. Alford gives a most beautiful note on the subject, well worth your study, in which he tries to show that the relative pronoun refers to *χριστος* understood, and that the passage means, "great is the mystery of godliness—namely, Christ, who was manifest in the flesh." The difference is not vital. But three or four great scholars say, with Mr. Alford, that it ought to be the relative pronoun *ὁς*. Blomfield says *θεος*, according to the received text, is right. Conybeare retains the received text, considering that when the testimony of manuscripts is divided we are justified in retaining the text we have, as most familiar to the English reader. I know only one text on which almost universal scholarship is unanimous, namely, the celebrated text, 1 John v. 7—"There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one." Now Alford, Tischendorf, Lachmann, almost all the living scholars, and some of the most illustrious dead, are persuaded

that these words were interpolated from the margin, and are not the original inspired words of the sacred penman. At the same time, it is but just to add that there are great scholars who think otherwise. In this instance is found the nearest approach to unanimity among scholars. But suppose it were not genuine, this does not disprove the doctrine of the Trinity; every page of the New Testament shows that the Father is God, the Son is God, the Holy Spirit is God, yet there is but one living and true God.

I conclude, then, this part of my subject in the words of the learned and judicious Mr. Ellicott—"For any authoritative revision of the original text we are not yet matured, either in Biblical learning or Hellenistic scholarship. There is great scholarship in this country—superior, probably, to that of any nation in the world; but it has not yet been sufficiently attracted to the study of the New Testament to render any national attempt at revision either hopeful or lastingly profitable." My conclusion, therefore, is that the received text, with all its faults, notwithstanding all the censure that has been heaped upon it, is a grand providential fact; and not only so, but that illustrious scholar to whom I have already referred, Constantine Tischendorf, in his recent seventh edition of the gospels, which he is now issuing in Germany, has in a hundred instances given up the proposed reading of the scholars, and returned to the reading of the received text as the purest, the best, and the most worthy in one gospel alone.

I come, in the next place, to the subject of translation. Now, in speaking of the translation of the New Testament, remember that the original Greek itself is imperfect, because infinite thoughts are conveyed in finite words; and words that are human, burdened with thoughts that are divine, must necessarily sink beneath the pressure and the magni-

tude of that which is entrusted to them. We cannot therefore but suppose that the words even of the original are not equal to express the grandeur of the thoughts. We cannot but feel that the perfume is limited by the alabaster box in which it is contained; and if this applies to the original Greek, it *à fortiori* applies to every translation of it, in French, German, or any language throughout the whole habitable world. But let me give you a specimen of the objections made to our translation, in order to show you their inconsistency. In the first chapter of St. John's gospel, it is said Jesus was "the light;" now, the Greek word for *light* there is *φῶς*. In the third chapter of the same gospel, John is called "a burning and a shining light;" the Greek word there being *λύχνος*, which means literally a *candle*. The critics say that each word should be translated strictly, and that, instead of speaking of John the Baptist as a shining light, the translators should have translated it a burning and a shining candle. Well, that may be perfectly appropriate in this instance; but when I open the book of Revelation, I read that the city has no need of the sun, nor of the moon, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are—*λύχνος*. Would it not destroy the grandeur and the magnificence of the passage—"are the light thereof," to translate it "are the candle thereof?" Therefore I say that to translate the same words rigidly everywhere, would diminish the grandeur, and efficacy, and beauty of our own inimitable translation. It has been contended however by one thoroughly good scholar, that the same Greek word should always be translated into the corresponding English word. Let me give you an instance of the utter absurdity of this. The Greek word for the wind that bloweth is *πνεῦμα*. The Greek word for the Holy Spirit is also *Πνεῦμα*. Now observe, this scholar says the same Greek word should always be translated

into the corresponding English word. Take the third chapter of John, where you read—"The wind (*πνεῦμα*) bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born" (*Πνεῦματος*), which you must translate, "of the wind," if each word is always to be rendered by the same English word. But our translators have shown common sense, which great scholars do not always possess in its highest development, when they have translated it, "The wind (*πνεῦμα*) bloweth where it listeth;" "so is every one that is born of the Spirit" (*Πνεῦματος*), which is the true and proper rendering. Another gentleman, who answered some notes of mine in the public press, signing himself "an incumbent of Canterbury," maintains that our translation belongs to a rude and semi-barbarous age—that many words contained in it are so discourteous that they are not fit for ears polite. If this gentleman's theory were carried out, mark where it would land him. The strong, terse exclamation of the gaoler of Philippi was, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" This elegant Belgravian incumbent would translate it, "Gentlemen, what must I do to be saved?" Another instance occurs where our blessed Lord says, "O woman, great is thy faith." This composite of perfumes would call it, "O lady, great is thy faith." I ask of you men of plain English common-sense, is this scented, perfumed, exquisite mixture, fit to be compared with the good old wine of which our fathers and we ourselves have so long drunk?

The translators of 1611, scholars and men of genius, have justly translated certain controversial words, gospel, bishoprick, presbytery, church, baptism. Episcopalians and Presbyterians both prefer these translations; but our congregationalist friends insist that "bishoprick" ought to be translated "oversight," that "presbytery" should be

“eldership,” that “church” should be “congregation;” and our Baptist friends insist that “baptize” should be “immerse.” Now I allege that the words we have—baptize, bishoprick, church, presbytery, are indefinite, and we can all accept them; but the instant you render the words eldership, immerse, congregation, and the like, you sectarianise the catholic character of our translation.

My next argument against meddling with our translation is a comparison of specimens. I will be very brief; but you must see one or two. The first is one issued by persons, some of whom may perhaps be present, and I speak of them with profound respect; I merely quote their words in order to vindicate my position. The secretary of the Anglo-Biblican Institute, an excellent and able man, Dr. Turnbull, has given readings that he thinks most expressive. Let me give you an instance or two, which I leave you to contrast with the authorized version. In Ephesians, v. 32, “This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning the Church,” Dr. Turnbull says should be, “This secret is important; I refer, however, to Messiah and the congregation.” Now is that an improvement? I leave you to judge. Again, in Colossians, iii. 1, “If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above,” the doctor would translate it, “Inquire after things above.” Is not that more like a postman’s order than a divine command? So in Colossians, ii. 18, “vainly puffed up in his fleshly mind,” the secretary makes “vainly inflated with the notion of his flesh.” I do think the fine gold has there become dim. I meet with many gentlemen and clergymen,—I do not say your clergymen only, but clergymen of the Scotch church also, and of every other,—who are very fond of *sesquipedalia verba*—long-tailed words; I am a great admirer of short, terse, Saxon words, which the most simple and the most learned can never find fault with.

New translators have a different taste. Mr. Sharp was kind enough to make me a present of his little work not many months ago. I have read it carefully, and here is the result of my reading. In our version, in Luke vi. we read, "the place which is called Calvary." Mr. Sharp says it ought to be translated, "the place which is called Cranion." Is that a great improvement? Who would give up that holy, suggestive, sacred word Calvary, for the sake of putting in a very learned Greek word "Cranion," which means "the place of a skull?" Then the New Testament, he says, ought to be "New Covenant." The gospel, according to St. Matthew, he would call "the good tidings according to St. Matthew." In one passage he makes a great blunder, for he says, "Thou art Peter, or a rock (forgetting the distinction between *πέτρος* and *πέτρα*,) and upon this rock, Peter, I will build my church,"—a reading, for which Dr. Wiseman will give him the heartfelt thanks of himself and the Vatican. The first chapter of John, first verse, "All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made," Mr. Sharp would read, "All things were made through *it*, and without *it* was not anything made that was made." What an ingenious device to get rid of a text that proves the deity of Christ! I do not say that Mr. Sharp is a Socinian; but if I am to infer the theology he holds from the translations that he gives, I am constrained to pronounce that the drift of the whole, intentional or undesigned I cannot say, is to make the New Testament speak what it never can speak, except under the tortures of the Inquisition, that Jesus Christ is not God over all, blessed for evermore.

I take another translation, that of Conybeare and Howson, two of the most accomplished scholars, who have issued a valuable edition of the life and travels of St. Paul. In Romans xii. 11, we read: "Not slothful in business·

fervent in spirit, serving the Lord; rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer." Now how do they translate that?—"Let your diligence be free from sloth; let your spirit glow with zeal; be true bondsmen of the Lord; in your hope be joyful; in your sufferings be steadfast; in your prayers be unwearied." That is very pretty; but it is not the terse, simple, expressive language of our good old Saxon English Bible.

Ellicott, a very competent scholar, gives us another translation. In Ephesians iii. 20, 21, according to our present version, you read "Now unto him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us,—unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end,"—which he would translate, "who is able to do beyond all things super-abundantly beyond what we ask, be glory to all the generations of the age of ages, Amen." Would a good plain Christian understand this in the same way as he would the former? I conceive not.

Now let me refer you to the American translation. Our American friends have issued a translation of Job. Here is a very beautiful passage in the authorized version: "Oh that my words were now written! oh that they were printed in a book! that they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever. For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another." This is thus given in the American version: "Oh that my words were written! oh that they were inscribed in a book! that with an iron style they were graven in a rock. But I know that my Redeemer lives, and in after time will stand upon the earth, and after this my skin is destroyed, without

my flesh shall I see God." I do not see any improvement there. There is the substitution of "engraved" for "printed."

Reading the other day a report, in the newspaper, of a lecture delivered by a learned gentleman, in St. Martin's hall, I saw that he objected to the word "printed" occurring in this passage, or in the Bible at all, as if it were antedating a discovery of the fifteenth century—namely, the discovery of printing. But that learned gentleman surely must forget that the strict meaning of "print" is simply to impress, and that the word occurs in that sense in other parts of the Bible, as in Leviticus, chapter xix. verse 28: "Ye shall not print any marks on you." And we also read in the Gospels of the print of the nails. Because the word "print" is now in currency restricted to a technical art, or a technical profession, it is not just to infer that it has lost its large sense of impression, of leaving a mark by an instrument applied to parchment, paper, or vellum. In our version, in the passage I have referred to, we read: "In my flesh shall I see God." But in the American version the clause "without my flesh" is slipped in. And this is what I observe in all these improved translators; they are always pushing in some peculiar crotchets and notions of their own. So here we read, "without my flesh shall I see God." The glorious truth of the resurrection, the translator supercedes or quietly ignores, by a clever management in his translation of chapter xix. of the Book of Job. Yet who would let go that glorious fact, that the dead dust that sleeps in the depths of the Euxine or the Baltic; that lies in the trenches about Sebastopol, or under the green sods of every inch of the Crimea: the dead dust that is in mausolea, or under the green hillocks of country churchyards, shall hear the resurrection trumpet, and shall come forth—not another but this mortal clothed with immortality,

this corruptible clothed with incorruptibility! All the American improved translators in the world shall never steal from me that glorious hope, that blessed revelation of the word of God.

The President of the American Union Revision Society made a statement of the errors they had committed. Some gentleman was kind enough to send me a reply to what I had elsewhere stated upon this subject, maintaining that the version I had quoted was not authorized by the Bible Union Committee. The President's answer to that is as follows: "I extracted them from a bound volume which had been stereotyped more than a year, after having been sent to the secretary as finished, in compliance with the fourth rule of the special instructions to revisers, and recommended for publication by the committee of versions;" a conclusive reply to all objections that have been made upon that subject. But to shew that our American friends are not a whit better translators than ourselves, I will quote some specimens from the Rev. Mr. Shepherd's new translation, one of the assistants of the American revisers, and whose work is published as a specimen of that gentleman's genius in the delicate and difficult work of translation. Let me give you an instance. The beautiful *Dimittis* of Simeon, "Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," is here rendered "Now, Master, thou lettest thy servant depart in peace." That beautiful text: "Unto me who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ;" is rendered, "Unto me, who am less than the least of all the consecrated, was this very kindness granted to publish among the nations the incomprehensible wealth of the anointed." What stupid nonsense! In Acts iv. 24, the passage, "Lord, thou art God, who made heaven and earth," is rendered, "Master, thou art God,

who made the heaven and the land." Again the beautiful benediction, "The communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all;" he would translate, "The partnership of the Holy Spirit be with you all." I give you these as specimens of translations; and I assert that every translator whose translation I have quoted, indicates in it a peculiar bias; there is a tinge and a tint emphatically his own. Dr. Turnbull, for instance, is a decided Congregationalist; but then he does what I think he ought not to do,—lets his congregationalism transpire in his translation of the New Testament Scripture. Mr. Sharp, I would not say is a Unitarian, because I have no means of knowing; but certainly my inference from his remarkable and original translations is, that he belongs to that school and brotherhood. Jowett is clearly rationalistic, others are broad Church, broader a good deal than the Church of England. The American translations are so very contemptible, as to be scarcely worthy of the recognition, or even the quotation of intelligent and reasonable men. But let me also remark, that mere Greek scholarship is not enough for a new translation; even the scholarship of Mr. Alford, a most accomplished scholar, is excessively microscopic, excessively fastidious, often necessarily paraphrastic. In the next place, the best Attic Greek scholar is not necessarily the best translator of the New Testament. Besides it is utterly impossible to express the delicate shades and fugitive lights that are in the Greek idioms and phrases, and the only remedy for this difficulty, is not a new translation of the old Bible, but your sitting down to do what Mr. Alford I know recommends, to study the Greek tongue, so as to be able to read the original for yourselves.

Let us notice the social difficulties in the way of new translations; if the Church of England is to translate, mark

what follows:—she has at this moment no corporate body through which, as a grand institution, to express her mind. The Convocation will not be accepted by the best men within her pale in its present constitution, and on its present basis, as a legitimate exponent of the mind of the Church of England. But if this difficulty were overcome, and Convocation called upon to give a new translation or a revision of the old, is it not obvious that the majority would carry the day? And if the majority happened to have a taint that originated in Oxford, or in Germany, one or other of which has spread too far, there would be a strong minority protesting against much that they would put forth, as an accurate and faithful translation. But suppose this difficulty got over, and a translation issued by the Church of England, the words “bishop,” “presbytery,” “Church,” would then be retained, and our Congregationalist brethren, perfectly satisfied with the version we have, would instantly protest against retaining these words, when there was an opportunity of expunging them: while our Baptist brethren would probably object to retaining the word “baptize,” in the room of the word which they conscientiously prefer, “immerse;” and thus a new translation would provoke a quarrel that does not exist in the present happy state under our own noble version. Then if a Royal Commission were issued by Her Majesty, to revise or retranslate the New Testament, mark what would follow: the extreme voluntary party represented by Mr. Miall, the editor of the *Nonconformist*, would instantly protest against Government having anything to do with religion at all; then the high Tractarian party, vulgarly called Puseyites, would equally protest against Government putting its Erastian hand where it ought not to be. A Review issued by that party, called the *Christian Remembrancer*, made the remark in the first number, “We do

trust that such commission will never be issued." I see, therefore, such practical difficulties in the way of accomplishing what so many good scholars seem anxious to have, that I do maintain the best thing Mr. Heywood can do, is to mind matters of which he is a competent judge, and to let this difficult thorny subject sleep, where it has slept in quiet, in the bosom of a united Christendom.

I do not deny that the time may come when a revision will be made; but I do maintain, from all that I have said, that the time is not yet come. The existing differences of judgment,—the utter want of unanimity, where dispute has arisen,—the proved incapacity of giving a better translation, the undeniable unripeness of sacred hermeneutics at the present day, all irresistibly show that we are not ready for so responsible a work, and that our best course, at present, is to hold fast the sacred deposit and be thankful for it. Let us for a moment think what a noble memorial of learning and piety; what a glorious depositary of inspired truth; what a precious heirloom and heritage is our good old English Bible! Its simple words are consecrated sounds; they ring in the depths of our hearts like the holiest memories—like the very harmonies of heaven. Its texts are living influences; they rose through the morning air of our Protestant Church, and have shed a fragrance which three centuries have not exhausted; and which cheers, and refreshes, and strengthens the pilgrim on his way to Zion. These holy words are associated with fields of conflict; with meek and patient martyrdoms; with successful missions; with all that is dearest, and deepest, and most stirring in the great battle of Christian life. We were baptized with these words, our weddings were hallowed by the mention of them, and over the dear dead dust that, like Abraham's Sarah, we buried out of sight, these beautiful words rose like the voices of the

heavenly Jerusalem, and awoke in our weeping hearts the precious submission: "The cup that my Father gave me to drink, shall I not drink it?" These old Saxon words have a certain rich depth in the very utterance of them, from the multitudes that have used them, as if they had been steeped in warm hearts that once beat below, but have now gone to beat above. Blessed book! it is full of the olden past, it is stored with the busy present, it is rich with all the gorgeous future; in it we have all the candour of the reasoner, all the humility of the man, all the inspiration of the evangelist, constituting a charm to which the gates of grand cathedrals and the doors of lowly chapels open of their own accord. The dearest interests of the present, the memories of the past, future hope and gratitude, the still call of the sainted dead, the voice that lives in our conscience the very echo of the words that are written without, the blunders of experimentalists, the quarrels of critics, the caricatures called "improved translations,"—all that it is given to the simplest to understand and to love, all that it is not given to the wisest, the greatest, and the best to exhaust, bid us hold fast our good old English Bible and thank God, with all our hearts, for so blessed and holy a heritage.

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Abstinence;

ITS PLACE AND POWER.

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A LECTURE

BY

PROFESSOR JAMES MILLER.

ABSTINENCE:

ITS PLACE AND POWER.

How is the national curse of intemperance to be stayed? That is one of the foremost questions of the day; and to a portion of that question I would turn your attention to-night, craving the indulgence which past experience tells me I shall not ask in vain.

We know that the outgoings of this sore evil are manifold; and that, to oppose them with any prospect of success, a corresponding variety of remedial means is essential. These means I cannot consider now. Their bare enumeration would consume your time. Of one only am I to speak—*Abstinence*; meaning by that term the total and habitual abstaining from the ordinary use of alcoholic stimulants of every kind—in contradistinction to *Temperance*, which implies an ordinary use of these, within the strict limits of sobriety and moderation.

In speaking of and for Abstinence, I am anxious to avoid every extreme statement, and to say nothing in its favour but what shall secure the assent of cool heads as well as of kind hearts; believing that, as a means of social reform, it has had to contend not more with the opposition of fierce gainsayers, than with the imprudent advocacy of over-zealous friends. Let us begin with some propositions which nobody can well deny.

Drunkenness is a great national evil; the foremost sin, and shame, and scourge of our times. Not the sole cause, but surely the main cause, of poverty and idleness, of ignorance and crime, of disease and death; of lunatic asylums and infirmaries, of poorhouses and penitentiaries and prisons; of taxes and assessments; of individual, social, and national loss and danger—untold, and all but incalculable.

It is the business of every man to meet this great and growing evil; and that in two ways. 1. By preventing drunkenness in himself; or earnestly striving for recovery, if he have already fallen. 2. By doing the same for others, so far as circumstances place this within his power. The former of these duties will be at once acknowledged—if not acted on; and if any demur to the second, let him beware. Selfish neglect of that part of his duty is *not safe*; for the disease is contagious and will spread. And, as it spreads, I know not how soon it may involve both me and mine. It is *not prudent*, on mere financial grounds; for as drunkards multiply, public burdens will increase. Eighteen hundred years ago, the “publican” was but the collector of taxes; now he is worse, far worse—he causes and imposes them. And it is *not right*. “No man liveth to himself.” And if my brother perish, under the denial of that help from me, which might have saved him, the voice of that blood crieth against me from the ground. I am “my brother’s keeper.”

Drunkenness is connected with many causes; and its cure requires many means. The noxious fruit is borne on many a branch; and branch by branch must be dealt with. No doubt, in common with all other vices, drunkenness originates from one central root—the evil heart of unbelief; and for that, as well as for all other sin, there is but one remedy—the new heart of faith. There is no panacea for diseases of the body; there is a panacea for diseases of the

soul—the **g**race of God. But the application of that remedy is through the use of means. In the case of drunkenness, these means are many. *Abstinence is one of them.* And does any man deny its claim to that humble yet honourable place?

One other elementary proposition. *Alcohol is not food.* In whatever form employed, it has no power to repair the waste of tissue. You may call it “force,” or “fuel,” if you please. But it is not *food*, properly so called; and ought not to be classed with the ordinary articles of food, as unfortunately it generally is. It should not occupy the same cupboard with beef, and bread, and butter. Place it in the medicine chest, beside the other stimulants and tonics—hartshorn, ether, camphor, quinine. *It is not food; it is physic. Use it as such—only when required.*

Abstinence being held to be *a* remedial means against drunkenness, in both its individual and social aspects, I proceed to assert the following three things regarding it.

1. *It is allowable to all.* Provided I am not enjoined the medicinal use of alcoholic stimulants on account of my health, and provided I do not practise abstinence as an ascetic, in the hope and belief that from it—as a mere act—virtue will flow to myself or others—what law, human or divine, forbids my becoming an Abstainer? It is a line of conduct obviously patent to me, if I will.
2. *It is essential to some.* The drunkard, as will be more fully stated afterwards, has no hope of cure without it. And the threatened-drunkard cannot dispense with it in his effort to reform. To the drunkard and threatened-drunkard it is essential; and on them it is imperative.
3. *It is expedient for many;* partly on their own account, and partly for the sake of others. Open to all, binding on some, expedient for many

—such is the position we claim for Abstinence. A worthy clergyman is said to have sometimes used the following introduction to the administration of the marriage rite:—“Marriage, my friends, is a blessing to a few, a curse to many, and an uncertainty to us all—John, will you venture?” My formula is better:—Abstinence, my friends, is a blessing to thousands, a curse to none, and may be expedient for us all—why won't you venture?

In sobriety, as in other virtues, there are gradations. Of two men, one may be honest from purer motives and with higher aims than the other; both are honest, but the former walks in the higher grade of the virtue. And so two men, both sober, may differ in their grade of sobriety. The one is abstinent, the other is temperate, we shall suppose. Is Abstinence or Temperance the higher grade of Sobriety? Now, laying aside the question of motives and aims, and viewing the matter in the cold abstract, we must say that Temperance stands first. The man who holds this creature in thorough subjection, and uses it according to his will, but never to the hurt of himself or others, exercises a higher power than he who abstains from it altogether, whether from the caprice of choice, or by the compulsion of fear, or under the pressure of necessity. There is no need to argue the point. Go to Holy Writ, and settle it there. John the Baptist came, “neither eating meat nor drinking wine;” and he did right, for he was under the Nazarite's vow. But One far mightier than he came, “eating and drinking,”—One the latchet of whose shoe the abstinent was not worthy to unloose—and of Him they say “Behold a man gluttonous and a wine-bibber.” This is holy ground; I would put the shoes from off my feet, and approach it with reverential awe. From the plain fact, I refuse to dog-

matize. But this I say—God forbid that any man, in view of that fact, should seek to arrogate to himself or others a higher grade of morality than was personally exemplified by the Son of God.

In the abstract, then, we are constrained to admit that Temperance stands first. And I would have the whole world temperate, if I could; but that thought is utopian now. Temperance—a thing, by-the-by, not so frequently practised as is supposed—stands high in the abstract. But let us remember that what is *high* may not be *safe* for ourselves; the head may not secure the feet at a giddy elevation. And, moreover, what is both high and safe for me, may not be expedient for others. In my elevated station I may be wholly unable to help my humble brethren, who by sad experience have learned that they can do little more than crawl upon the lower ledge. I may shout to them, and may point at them; but would it not be well that on their account I came down from my height, and gave them the hand as well as the word of encouragement? Let others “stoop to conquer;” be it mine to “stoop to save.”

The drunkard cannot venture far from the brink of that slough from which he is just escaped. Only on the lowest level of the firm land above is he safe. His weak head will not carry him further; climbing adventurously up, his foot slips, and rolling headlong down, he is more miserably immersed than before. Temperance is beyond him. “Why not let him take a glass of wine, as others do?” Why not put a red-hot poker to a train of gunpowder, and bid it explode gently? Abstinence is within his reach—thank God; but Temperance is beyond him. He cannot taste strong drink, and refrain from excess. So soon as he drinks, he is like a tiger lapping blood; the fiercer passions are all let loose, and become uncontrollable. Take an example; one of thousands. A young man, well born, and of good for-

tune, became an habitual drunkard. He married, and would reform through Temperance, but remained a drunkard still. Epilepsy supervened; and, seeking medical aid, his case was honestly explained to him. The immediate source of all his evil was shown to be drink, and he was urged to abstinence as his only means of safety. He resolved on the effort, and wisely moved his residence, so as to escape the associations and associates of evil. He lived for many months soberly, happily, and in health. But in the course of time a son was born to him; and in an evil hour the christening was arranged to be of what is called the "social" kind. Toasts were given; and the toast of the day came round. It was his son's health. He drank it in water. A relative sitting by, said jeeringly, "What a father are you! Drink your son's health in water! Shame! Drink wine, were it but for once, like a man!" He could not bear the taunt; with a trembling hand he quaffed the wine "like a man;" and then he drank glass after glass "like a beast." He was carried drunk to bed; his cruel bondage returned with tenfold force; he sought his home once more—a broken man—epileptic, disgraced, ruined—content to die a drunkard's death, and doomed in a few short weeks to fill a drunkard's grave.

Abstinence is essential to the cure of the drunkard.—Say not that this is limiting God's sovereignty. It is He who has ordained it thus. He works by means; and this mean to this end He has shown to be essential. Remember that the malady in question has a twofold nature; it is a sin of the soul, and a disease of the body; both. It begins with the former; and therefore the poor drunkard need not hug his corporeal disease as an excuse. "Pity my disease; how can I help it?" Nay, it came by his own wilful and vicious act. Not the less necessary is it for us, however, to recognize both elements of the case when we would attempt

the cure. And a little reflection will suffice to show that, while Abstinence acts on both, it acts with special force upon the latter; not only by affording an opportunity for the application of the remedial means, but also by favouring the action of these remedies. A man with an inflamed joint from over exercise cannot get well, even under the use of appropriate remedies, without abstaining from the use of the joint; another with diseased lungs, from like cause, cannot expect amendment unless he abstain from rude and boisterous exercise of the organ affected; and a man with the diseased stomach and ruined nervous system of a drunkard, cannot recover unless he abstain from the use of that which has made him what he is.

That is plain reasoning, surely, and common sense. But if you will, come at once to facts. Do you know of any drunkard cured through temperance? If there is one such man, he stands out but as the exception to the general rule, confirming it.—Abstinence is essential to the cure of the drunkard.

But some may say—“It is not safe; abrupt cessation of the accustomed stimulus would cause a dangerous shock to the system; the giving up must be gradual.” No, truly. It *must* be abrupt; at once and for ever. The risk is not as stated. Experience has proved the contrary. It is one of the many “vulgar errors” abroad in the world. In the case of victims to drink or opium, medical men are not only satisfied that abrupt and complete cessation is essential to their cure, but also that it may be enjoined with safety—unless, indeed, there be a complication by serious accident or disease. The drunkard who has a compound fracture of the limb, or inflammation of the lungs, must be kept afloat at all hazards, and we dare not withdraw altogether his stimulants then. But if drunkenness be his only disease,—and surely that is disease enough of itself,—and we seek

his cure for that, the abstraction must be abrupt, and the risk is visionary. Even granting that there were some risk, still the argument for abstinence would be strong. It is death at all events. Continue to drink, and you must die, as by your own hand, miserably and soon. This gives you a chance for your life; you are bound to take it. Just as with a white swelling of the limb; you are wasting away hopelessly in hectic, and it will be all over speedily; amputation is an unpleasant remedy, not without pain and risk, no doubt; but it is the only remaining ground of hope, and your duty is manfully to submit to its arbitration. So with the drunkard: let him pluck out that right eye, let him cut off that right hand, else his whole body—aye, his whole man—soul and body both—must perish.

It is with this, as with all other vicious habits; not easily put on, perhaps, but when put on, with tenfold difficulty put off again. Look at the snuff-taker. He has been sick and sorry, often, as a boy, in learning the “manly custom;” and now he is striving to escape from it. He tries half measures. At one time he will reduce himself to so many pinches in the day. But what pinches they are! each one equal to three or four of those that formerly sufficed. At another time he will not carry a box. But how soon he comes to know and mark his friends who do. He will hunt them in the street; he will haunt them even in their counting rooms and closets. And dishonesty, too, is bred withal; for he fabricates for his visits excuses which have no foundation, and finesses for every pinch most shamefully. And after all he fails; returning to his box, as “a dog to his vomit.” Temperance is tried, and found wanting: it must give place to Abstinence; the cessation must be abrupt and final.

Yes; the struggle is great in abandoning any habit to which we have become enslaved. But in no case is the

struggle half so terrible as in the case of the drunkard. There is a tugging at the stomach, a gnawing and craving at the heart; there is the devilish prompting of the mind; the thought of drink excites his thirst, the sight of drink inflames it, the taste of drink would madden the whole man. His only safety is to "touch not, taste not, handle not." The struggle is a hard one; but it must be faced, and fought out; there is no other way of escape. We think of his misery and pity him; we bewail his groans, and sighs, and tears. We say, "God help him!" And well we may. But let man help too. God works by means.

And who is the drunkard? I answer that by another question—Who is the thief? the man that steals. Who is the liar? the man that speaks falsehood. Who is the drunkard? the man that gets drunk. The lie or the theft may be now and then, or constant; and the liar and thief may accordingly be "occasional," or "habit and repute;" but still they are liar and thief. And so with drunkenness; it may be occasional or habitual; but in either case the offender, until he repent and reform, is a drunkard.

And we must go a step farther. *Abstinence is essential to the threatened-drunkard.* And who is he? That is not for me to say. But it is a matter for every man to settle with his conscience, for and of himself. And let thoughts such as these help the trial.—Am I becoming more and more fond of strong drink? Does the occasional and unwilling want of it become more and more irksome? Is there an insidious tendency setting in gradually but decidedly to increase the accustomed dose in order to obtain the accustomed effect? Do I more and more feel that to give up the practice wholly would require no little self-denial, and sacrifice of likings and comfort? No later than last night, was I loquacious in company—more fluent than forcible—contentious, too? Was ther-

in walking home more than usual of the elastic element in my boot-soles? Was the atmosphere peculiarly hazy, and the gas-lamps larger than their wont, as well as decidedly irregular in their arrangement? Have I a dry tongue and an aching head this morning, with an unpleasant, heavy feeling at the heart, of something wrong there? And am I constrained to admit, on recalling my dim recollection of the past, that last night I *did take rather* too much, and made but a bare escape from inebriation? And have such things happened once and again? Ah, that man must dally no longer with an ideal temperance. He is on the slippery ground; his feet have lost their holding; he is already gliding down; and if we would save him from the dread abyss below, he must be pulled up sharp and suddenly.

Samuel Johnson was a threatened-drunkard. "What! that great and good man! A calumny!" Nay, but I take his own word for it. "Why don't you take a little wine?" said Boswell. "Because I can't, sir. When I take wine I always take a great deal, and therefore I take none at all." The philosopher knew his failing, and was not ashamed to confess it; he knew also his means of escape, and was not ashamed to practise it. What the great man was not ashamed to confess and practise, surely some lesser men of the present day need not repudiate.

There is a class of drinkers, threatened with excess, who offer the excuse of bad health for their drinking. Sometimes this excuse is valid, and we would not cast a word of blame on the unfortunate invalid. But plainly it is the business of both physician and patient, in such cases, not to go on palliating and perpetuating one disease by the induction of another, but at once to take decided measures for effecting a radical cure, and so purging the system of all necessity for stimulants. During these measures let physician and patient faithfully watch for the time when

therapeutic necessity for strong drink has passed away; and then Abstinence becomes incumbent upon both—on the one to prescribe, on the other to practise.

And now to take a wider view of the matter. Let me divide the entire community into three great classes; drunkards, threatened-drunkards, and sober people. That will include us all. How does the classification consort with the question in hand? To the first, the drunkard, Abstinence is essential; it is binding on him; at his peril he rejects it; non-observance is both a sin and a shame. To the second, the threatened-drunkard, it is also essential; though the obligation of observance may not at first sight appear so imperious. To the third, the sober man, I do not say that it is essential; it is not necessarily binding on personal grounds; but *it may be expedient*, both on his own account, and on that of others; aye, and in the case of not a few, the pressure of expediency may be so strong as practically to amount to the force of an obligation.

As to the first two classes of the community, then, there is obviously no doubt or difficulty. Our assertion is unqualified, that to them Abstinence is essential and obligatory. Let us now consider the question of *Expediency* as affecting the sober people—both on personal and on public grounds. And first of the personal. 1. *On a money ground*, it may be expedient, especially for the working man, to abstain. Not to hoard, but to husband. Let him count up the expense of his unnecessary drammings and drinkings in the year; and, temperate though he be, he will be astonished at the sum total. It would pay his house-rent; or it would go far to clothe and educate his children; or it would purchase many needed comforts at home. Or, if he say that his present wages will bear the expenditure, how does

he know when ill-health or weakness may come, or when the labour market may change, and when, in consequence, this cherished habit must be broken off painfully, or indulged in at the expense of wife and children? 2. *On the ground of usefulness*, it may be expedient to abstain. Saving the unnecessary expenditure, he will have something to bestow in charity; he will enjoy the blessing of giving to the poor and needy; he will be enabled to contribute to public causes of interest; he will be privileged to become a giving member of the church, and to help in the advancement of Christ's Kingdom. Dr. Chalmers was wont to say, that had he but the needless drams and snuffs and smokes of his fellow countrymen, reduced to hard cash, out of that fund he would build and endow churches, and sustain missions, to the full, even in poor Scotland. 3. *On the ground of health*, it may be expedient to abstain. Revert to the fact that alcohol is not food but physic. Take notice, too, of a law in our nature in regard to remedies: what is technically called the *Law of Tolerance*. It is this. When our body becomes so affected by any disease as to *require*, in its cure, the administration of a definite remedy, the power of *bearing* that remedy is at the same time imparted. The diseased condition that requires the dose, brings to the system the power of bearing the dose; and if that diseased condition does not exist, the dose will not be borne—at least with impunity. Thus: I have inflamed lungs; then a grain of tartar emetic (a remedy necessary for the cure) may be taken every hour, or so, not only without harm or discomfort, but with very marked relief: but if I have no such ailment, the very first dose will be followed by sickness and distress. If I am bitten by the cobra, arsenic may be taken frequently and in large doses, not only with impunity but with positive advantage; but if I am not so bitten, the same dose will poison me fatally. **I am dyspeptic and**

weak, quinine will do me good; I am quite well, quinine will give me quick pulse and a headache—it will do me harm. Now, apply this. Here is a strong working man. “How are you?” “Quite well.” “You are sure you are in good health?” “Yes, I tell you I never was better—can’t be better.” “But don’t you think you should take a little quinine two or three times a day with your meals?” “Most certainly not; I don’t need your physic, and I won’t have it.” The man is quite right with the quinine; but that same man may be wrong every day with the alcohol; taking that medicinal stimulus when he has no need, and consequently no tolerance of it; when it not only can do him no good, but must cause a certain amount of harm. The working man, of whatever rank or profession, when in health, no more *needs* alcohol as an article of diet, than he needs quinine internally, or a blister externally. He will do his work, in most cases, not only as well without the stimulus as with it, but better—whether that work be of head or hand; and next day he will find himself happily devoid of that heat, feverishness, and lassitude, which the man working under stimulus (even with *ordinary Temperance*) seldom fails to experience. Taking the stimulus unnecessarily, I again say that he comes into collision with the law of tolerance; it cannot do him good, and it must do him harm, more or less. When tempted with spirits, beer, or wine, then, his answer should be plain and plump, yet polite withal,—“No, thank you; I am quite well, and don’t take physic.” 4. *On the ground of Temptation*, it may be expedient to abstain. The less drink, the less lure to drunkenness, with many a vice beside—especially in the young. And are there youths here but recently from under the sacred protection of their fathers’ roof, who daily and devoutly pray—“Lead us not into temptation?” I adjure them to have a care lest that prove but a “vain repetition;”

let them act out their prayer, and fear to bring their own feet wantonly within the power of the Tempter. And are there any here sprung from poor but honest parentage; the hard won earnings of years having been saved for them, that they may be started in life as becomes an honourable ambition? That money, spared by your father, and mother, and sister—it may be to their own pinching and penury—has been entrusted to you for a special and sacred end. Dare you spend—squander—that in unwarrantable indulgence, or in vicious dissipation? Dare you? If you dare, I stand here to brand you with the guilt of dishonesty and with the shame of dishonour.

On such grounds as these, then, may it not be expedient for many, very many, sober people to adopt *Personal Abstinence*; that is, abstaining for their own sakes? I can scarcely doubt that a calm consideration of the matter must evoke a very considerable amount of the affirmative in reply. But a more serious question has yet to come. *How does Expediency affect me in regard to others?* I am a sober man; and, God helping me, may practise Temperance all my life long, if I will. Ought I to do this, and please myself? or ought I to deny myself, and become an abstinent, for the sake of those to whom abstinence is essential? How can I best assist in the cure of the drunkard and threatened-drunkard? That is the main question; one of vast importance to the community at large; and one which must be settled faithfully, if we would ourselves be safe. For, as already stated, in these things I *am* “my brother’s keeper;” and I would not that his blood lay uncovered at my door.

Don’t blink that question *now!* You may put it aside; but you cannot put it away. It will, it must, come again: if not before, it will confront you on “*that day*” when all power of settlement is for ever past.

But it is often asked,—“How can my abstaining help the intemperate?” To that I answer,—In *Philanthropic Abstinence*, abstinence for the sake of others, two great principles are involved. 1. *It removes the reproach and singularity of abstaining.* Suppose the sober to say,—“I don’t need abstinence; the drunkard does; let him abstain; I choose to enjoy my liberty.” What is the result? Drunkards and threatened-drunkards are then the only abstinent. For their cure, in other words, they must voluntarily place themselves in the pillory. Some miserable penitent comes to his fellow-man, eagerly asking his advice and help to free him from the cruel bondage which he feels to be no longer tolerable; you tell him, “Go! and abstain;” you ask him to stand forth to the world with this inscription, self-written on his brow,—“I am a drunkard;” you tell him to do, unaided, what requires an intensity of moral courage in the mere attempt, and you forget that, in his fall, moral courage was what he lost first, and lost most thoroughly. Almost as well cut off a man’s limbs, and ask him to walk; almost as well put out his eyes, and tell him to see. The drunkard cannot publicly abstain by himself; for so he proclaims his shame—but give him a crowd into which he may escape, take away reproach and singularity from his penitential act, give him companions in his abstinence, and let these be of the soberest and best in the land—the men of greatest influence and best reputation—under their shelter he will gladly hide himself as a hunted bird: and verily their charity will cover a multitude of sins. Who are to be the charitable, the self-denying, the loving-hearted?

Or, to make the matter still more plain. Suppose that the drunkard, in abstaining, needed to wear a muzzle—such a dark, unseemingly thing as patent respirators are—and that none but drunkards wore them. A penitent, convinced of its necessity, has procured one; and the morning comes

when he has to put it on. As he takes to the street, all eyes are on him; some in derision, and some in pity; and ever and anon he hears the whisper,—“there goes a drunkard.” Human nature can’t bear this; the muzzle is taken off and put away, and with it his last hope of safety. What is to be done? What say you to the sober and benevolent among his neighbours banding themselves together, and taking counsel thus:—“We see how it is; day by day no muzzles are in the streets, and yet muzzles we know are sadly wanted: let us all wear them, and set the fashion.” No sooner said than done. Next day, the street is black with mouth-pieces. The drunkard, as he steals abroad, is amazed; he can scarce believe his eyes; the soberest, and best, and most influential citizens are muzzled tightly, as he would wish to be; he rushes home, and *his* muzzle, which had been hopelessly thrown aside, is buckled on; he wears it unabashed; he blesses his brothers who have played a brother’s part; and, taking fresh courage from that hour, he holds on his way rejoicing. Who, again I ask, are to be the self-denying ones—the *penitent’s companions*? Away with all selfish coldness and hardness of heart, that will turn aside and say, “This does not concern me!”

2. *Philanthropic Abstinence makes use of the sustaining and encouraging power that exists in Companionship.* It does not coldly approach the drunkard in his sad prison, and pointing with a stern finger to the only door of escape, say,—“Go!” But it meets him in the very door-way, and grasping him with the strong hand of compassion, and sympathy, and love,—says, “Come! come with us, and we will do you good.” And, as they walk on together, the feeble, tottering penitent feels the beating of another’s warm heart, and gladly leans on the welcome support of a stouter arm than his own. The power of fellowship, we know, is great: for good or evil. Two baillies of a northern

town, in years bygone, were boon companions; and on all occasions of festivity it was their special aim to "drink their fill." Once, dining a little way out of town, in the summer season, they left the table at different hours; dropping off, as leeches do, irregularly, according to the accident of repletion. They had to walk home, along a narrow path, in a field of standing corn. The latest toper, as he shuffled on, scarce lifting his feet at all, stumbled on something soft and warm, laid right across his path. Stooping down, he hiccoughed—"Is this you?" "Yes—help me up." "I can't do that; but I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll lie down wi' ye." Suiting the action to the word, down he lay; and the milkmaid, as she tripped downward, in the early morning, found the worthy pair snoring in each other's arms. There's Companionship for you! What a fiendish strength is there, to drag men down to dirt and degradation. Turn that power the other way; and use all its might to raise men up to wisdom and to virtue! Some would seek to extirpate these instincts of our nature. I say, No. Man is no mere shrub, or fancy timber, to be cropped and pruned into the stunted pollard. He is as a forest tree. Keep all his boughs; raise those that else would droop or draggle on the ground; and train all high and heavenward.

It is not enough to tell the penitent to go in the right path. Go with him, if you can. "Go!" is cold and weak. "Come!" is warm and strong. A boy is told, in a dark night, to go a distant message; alone; his courage fails, tears start in his eyes, and he shrinks from the duty imposed. But his father, taking his little hand, says,— "Come, my boy, come; we'll go together;" and then away he scampers in confidence and glee. On the battle-field, the commander's word is not "Go," but "Come, follow me!" The minister of the Gospel of Peace is not content with preaching "Go!" his speech is thus:—"Come, and

let *us* return to the Lord our God." Christ, in addressing his matured disciples says, "Go!" To Paul, "Get thee hence quickly!" To all faithful ones, "Go, and preach the Gospel." But to the trembling penitent, it is "Come!"—"Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Again, "The Spirit and the bride say, Come!" And God the Father says, "Come!"—"Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

You know the way, the only way, by which the drunkard can escape; use every motive power to bring him to it, and keep him in it. You need them all. There is fear, Terrify him with plain telling of his frightful danger. There is duty, Shew him what he owes to himself, his family, his country, his God. There is Love, above and beyond them all. Love him, and so infect him with a love for you. Drive him by fear, push him by a sense of duty, but above all draw him by Love! Use every power; but ply specially the greatest—"the greatest of these is Love."

And let these motive powers duly affect yourselves. Be afraid to neglect your duty; and let Love both drive and draw you to its faithful performance. Don't give way to a fear—the meanest and shabbiest of all fear—the fear of man. A hybrid product of this and pride keeps many a one from doing his duty in this matter. A fellow-being is lying in the kennel, wallowing in drunkenness. Shall I stop, and stoop, and help him? The promptings of my better nature say "Yes;" but pride says "No;" and I pass him by on the other side. Is it pride? Is it not rather fear?—the fear of the cold world's frown? It is both: I am proud, but I am a coward too. And what the remedy? Fill my heart with Love: that "casteth out fear." And as for pride, I take it by the throat and hurl it from me; while

raising my fellow-man, all miry as he is, I place him where pride sat, and I carry and cherish him there.

Don't stand on etiquette, either. Don't keep aloof and say, "This is none of my business; leave it to the minister and magistrate." The days of red tape and routine are past. A man is never wrong when he is doing what is right. We have heard of a paralytic king being burned to a cinder, because the proper and peculiar attendant did not happen to be at hand, to lift the royal chair to a safe distance from the fire. The crown, in our day, is safe; thank God: but the people are burning, and many are already consumed. Put them out! Let every man help to extinguish this fierce flame. How? Why, plainly, there are three ways of putting out a fire. 1. Pump on cold water—outside and in; not only on the house burning, but also on those on either side, already hot and blistering. So let the drunkard take to the pure element, outside and in; and let his nearest neighbour do the same—the threatened-drunkard, already hot and blistering. 2. A lady, gaily dressed, comes too near the gas-light; in an instant her finery is in a blaze; and she rushes madly, screaming for help. What is to be done? Roll her in a rug, or blanket, or wrap her in a cloak to smother the flame. And so with the drunkard. Wrap him in the tight embrace of brotherly love. Make him know, make him feel that you love him; give him your hand, your arm, your countenance, your heart: deny yourselves and become companions of his cure. 3. But there is a third and better way still. Bring forward the fire annihilator; that which injects a specific gas into the burning space—a new air, in which no destructive flame can live. To the drunkard it is not enough that you bring the cooling of water, and the embrace of brotherly love; bring forward the fire annihilator—the Bible: throw its truths into his charred soul; in their atmosphere the flame of

sinful lust will die; and if they abide there it cannot rekindle.

Having thus said something of the place and principle of Abstinence, let us—as suggested by the last sentence—consider more particularly its Power.

Abstinence, of itself, is of little value, and is not to be practised on its own account. There must be no Asceticism. Water-drinkers, of the proper type, are no Anchorites. They are the merriest of the merry, the lightest of the light in heart. They laugh, when laughter is seasonable; they romp, and shout, and sing “on necessary occasion;” they even drink toasts—in their own way—for there is a natural affinity between toast and water; they partake, at least as thoroughly as any others, in all the rational and true enjoyments of social and domestic life.

Abstinence, of itself, is no cure for drunkenness. It muzzles, starves, weakens the wild beast of desire; but it has no power actually to kill. A distinguished advocate of Abstinence, whose eloquence has rung within these walls, tells a very good story, the leading points of which, as well as I can remember, are as follows: A hungry bear prowled into a cottage, and variously affected its occupants. The man took to the chimney; while his wife, in defence of herself and children, took to the tongs. With these she belaboured the bear stoutly; and at every blow the husband shouted from his perch, “Well done, Betty; hit him again, Betty!” At length the bear lay motionless. “Is he dead?” cried the man. “Yes,” replied the panting woman. “Hit him again!” And then, cautiously descending, he sidled up to his noble wife, and, patting her on the back, said with a chuckle, “Have not *we* done that right well?” The in-

tended moral obviously is—that Betty is Abstinence, left alone to struggle against intemperance, all others standing aloof; and that, single handed, she kills the monster. To these conclusions I take leave respectfully to demur. Abstinence, I gratefully and gladly admit, has dealt, and is dealing, many hard knocks on the head of the bear; but, left alone, Abstinence can never slay him outright. She may stun him for a time, and leave him senseless; but, sooner or later, he will revive, and may devour both her and her children. And, further, Abstinence is not left alone in the fight. There are good men and true at work besides. The husband is not up the chimney. There are schools, and lectures, and institutions in active operation; and sanitary reform associations, and early-closing and half-holiday movements; and young men's Christian associations; and, above and beyond all, there is the faithful preaching, from pulpit and pew, of the glorious Gospel. These are all striking manfully at the bear.

Abstinence must have help from man. “Betty” must be plural. In itself, Abstinence is negative; and, as such, feeble. It must have support on either side, to enable it to bear weight. The mere negative in morals is of little value, when alone. A squire went to the north of Scotland to shoot and fish. Sabbath and Saturday, unfortunately, were alike to him; and he shot on the first Sabbath, as he had done on the week days before. On the next the parish minister sent his man with a note, requesting that the customs and feelings of the people might not be again outraged. The messenger returned, and reported that he had arrived just in time; for the squire, fully accoutered, was already in the field, with dogs and gun. On reading the letter, he at once sent these home, expressing a regret that he had unintentionally offended. “Well, and what did he do with himself?” “Oh, he just gaed and fished.” In like manner the mere

negative is not enough for the drunkard; he must have the positive too. It is not enough to say to him, "Cease to do evil:" we must also say, "Learn to do well." And saying is not enough; we must shew him how to do it; and the best way is to put our own hand to the work, and labour both for and with him. striving not merely that he abstain from his besetting and besotting evil, but also encouraging him mightily to abound in all good things. And, accordingly, let Abstinence not seek to stand alone. Let her cling to, and incorporate herself with, all those means now in active and hopeful use for elevating and bettering our frail humanity.

And that is not all; the support must be on both sides. *Abstinence must have help from more than man.* Mere human bindings, under the flame of urgent temptation, will snap like burning tow. Look to the demoniac of Gadara, "He had been often bound with fetters and chains, and the chains had been plucked asunder by him, and the fetters broken in pieces; neither could any man tame him." God's voice alone had power to cast out the evil spirit, leaving the man "clothed, and in his right mind." Nay, more. With reverence be it spoken, it is not enough that the evil spirit be put out; he must be *barred out*. The evil must go forth, the good must enter in; otherwise, the outcast looks behind him, and finding the house "empty, swept, and garnished, then goeth he and taketh with himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there; and the last state of that man is worse than the first." The good spirit must take and keep possession; and that is not man's doing. He is privileged to work for it,—to be a "fellow-worker;" but the grand issue is "not by might, nor by power (of man), but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." And to that great truth Abstinence seeks reverentially to bow.

But some may say, "Though Abstinence cannot of itself cure, yet it may prevent drunkenness." No. *Abstinence of itself is no absolute preventive.* It diminishes the risk as we have already seen; and urgently we commend it, on that account, especially to the young. It diminishes the risk, but does not cancel it. Take an illustration. Small pox is raging around me. How shall I escape the contagion? Shall I seclude myself, and abstain from all contact with every apparent source of the disease? That is not enough. The subtle virus will enter by the door or window. I must seek the aid of another power, the vaccine; and that having entered, and permeated, and taken possession of my whole frame, I may go abroad and mingle with the loathsomest. Not in absolute safety, however, even then; still the plague may lay hold of me; but now it is *modified*, and though it may mar my visage sorely, there is, comparatively, little danger to life. In like manner, mere abstinence will not exempt from the moral plague. The better principle must enter,—the true preventive,—the moral vaccine; the Grace of God must reach my heart, and possess the whole man. Thus guarded, I walk more confidently in the world; but even then let me be humble and beware. I am not absolutely safe; I may sin and sicken yet; but, thank God, I know I shall recover, for *the disease is modified, and not unto death.*

The power of God in a renewed heart is the only true remedy, the true preventive, the true cure. But it is applied through human means. And of these secondary and subordinate means, Abstinence is marked in God's Providence as one which, according to His chosen plan of working, is essential to the drunkard's safety. In itself it is subsidiary; in God's scheme of Grace it is made essential. The drunkard must abstain; but as he does so, let him look to the higher power to strengthen his resolve, and bless its

working. A resolution to abstain is one thing ; the Sustaining of that resolution is quite another. There must be both.

This embodies a great truth, I humbly think too much overlooked. And, in relation to this, I would express my more than doubt as to the propriety of oath or pledge being required of the newly-enrolled Abstinent. Too frequently he vows to man, he looks to man, and he leans on his pledge, as itself a thing to save him. Alas ! he finds it a broken reed which, entering his hand, wounds him. If he wish to associate with other Abstinent, as I think he ought (for this is the age of associations of all kinds, and union gives strength), let him adhibit his name as a simple enrollment ; but let him do so intelligently and on right grounds ; not abstaining or hoping to abstain because he has signed, but signing because in God's strength he has already determined to abstain.

A drunkard having resolved to amend, let him take heed to his means of amendment. Very often he passes through three distinct phases. At first, probably, he proceeds by Temperance. But the Devil laughs at that, for he knows his victim is still secure. A second effort the poor man thinks is certain to succeed ; Temperance, he has found, was a mistake, he should have struck off all at once ; Abstinent accordingly he resolves to be, and boldly he signs the pledge. The Devil laughs on ; for he knows well that the mere Abstainer will soon fall again, and become more truly his slave than ever. But should the mau rise once more, and fall,—this time *upon his knees*,—the Devil laughs no more ; for he knows that now the drunkard, as he abstains, is seeking to lay hold on the only power that baffles him,—the sustaining power which is Almighty.

“ Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest [sinner] on his knees.”

There is a ship, disabled, waterlogged, and drifting fast on a lee shore. With barely room to wear, perhaps she may get round on another tack, and make the offing. But experience tells that for one vessel thus saved, thousands have missed stays, and gone to pieces. What then is the rule of the service? "Let go the anchor!" bringing all up short, and riding out the storm as you best may. So it is with the drunkard. He is drifting fast on the rocks; the roar of the breakers rouses his dull ear, and the cold dash of their spray awakes him. Reeling to his feet in alarm, what is he now to do? Wear? Tack on Temperance, and seek to gain the open sea of life again? Nay, the attempt were madness. For one drunkard so saved, thousands have gone to perdition. Abstinence is the best bower, and must be let go. Aye! and the anchor is not enough of itself. As it plunges over the side, his eye anxiously follows the retreating cable, and he feels no security till this tighten and bear the strain. The anchor is his only means of safety; and yet, of itself, it is a vain trust. Cast in the shifting sand of man's resolve, it drags, the ship drifts on, and all is lost. *There must be holding ground*: the anchor must reach the Rock; it must be "within the vail;" then, and then only, is it "sure and steadfast."

Let me now briefly notice one or two objections which have been brought against Abstinence as a remedial power:

"*It began with the people*," say some, "a thing of low origin and vulgar." So much the better. A tree stands all the stronger to the blast when the root is deep. The people best know their own weakness, and their own want. Had Abstinence been a thing coined for them by others, and handed over for their use, I should have liked it worse than when home-made, and the product of the knowledge of

their own necessity. There are two ways of elevating "the lower classes;" first, by the class above pulling them up; second, by the people growing or pushing themselves up. Both are good, and both are best. But, if forced to an alternative, of the two the latter is surely to be preferred. In the heat of action a Highland regiment was firing busily on the enemy. The General wished to look in front, but could not see for the smoke of his own men. He gave the order to cease firing; but he might as well have spoken to the wind. He got angry, and repeatedly exclaimed, "Who commands this regiment?" To this he got no answer, till a veteran, biting his cartridge, turned round and said, "Toots, never mind, General; we're commandin' oursels." Well, in such matters as personal and social reform,—nay, in firing murderously on the common foe, Intemperance,—let the people command themselves. And, if their measures are good, let no man take exception to their being people-born. Not that we would have Abstinence *remain* among the lower strata of our social section. Far otherwise. Let it rise and permeate all; for all need it. Or, if you will, let it begin at both ends and meet in the middle. The old way of making a fire, is to place the kindling below; the new plan is to reverse the process, and kindle from the top. Now, in raising the social bonfire of brotherly love and sobriety, let us adopt both plans; kindle above and below; and when the fire meets midway, what a glorious blaze there will be!

Others say, "It is too stringent; and there is danger of reaction." Now, if we had any hope of making the entire community, or anything like it, abstinent at once, or if nothing were being done to let off extra steam in safer ways than through the tap-room, there might be some ground for this apprehension. But our abstinent progress, even according to the most sanguine expectation, can have

no such dangerous speed or suddenness; and, besides, we know that many agencies are happily at work, as already stated, by means of lectures, concerts, athletic exercises, schools, &c., to occupy the spare time and energies of the working classes in a harmless and useful way. The pea is in its place, and the issue is running free; there is no danger in a speedy healing of the foul and exhausting sore.

“It is a poor thing,” says somebody. Yes: a very poor thing if practised by a simple one, on its own account, expecting great things from the mere act; or by some shallow and supercilious one who turns contemptuously from temperate and inebriate alike, with “Stand aside, I am holier than thou.” A very poor thing, truly, then. But it is no “poor thing” when clung to by an awakened drunkard, who has come to know that, under God, it is his last and only means of safety, and who has resolved by its good help to battle for his life, like a man. The last remaining life-buoy is no “poor thing” in the eye of the struggling swimmer. Throw it in to the drowning man! And if he cannot see it, or if he fail to reach it, or if in weakness he let it go, dash in yourself; encourage and support him, by voice and hand; and bear him with you, on it, to the shore—a glorious prize! The tongue that could speak of such an act contemptuously, is but “a poor thing;” and the heart that bade it is poorer still.

“Where is your principle?” cries another. Principle! In philanthropic abstinence all right principle is involved. “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.” Is not that the essence of all principle? And does not philanthropic abstinence rest on this? on self-denying love to our

fellow-man, because of supreme love to a redeeming God? Such love as took Christ to Lazarus when he had been dead four days, constrains us to repair to the drunkard's self-imposed tomb. One word from the Son of God might have sufficed to raise the dead that day at Bethany; but God wrought then by human means as now. Note well, His first command is to the disciples—"Take ye away the stone!" The second is to the dead—"Lazarus, come forth!" The third is to the disciples once more—"Loose him, and let him go!" Of the three acts, two are by human agency. And would we seek to be instrumental in raising the drunkard from where he lies dead—dead to all that is life—let us learn from the Gospel narrative what to do. It is *our* hands must roll away the stone, that stone of offence which men tie round their necks to drag them down, and the stone that seals them in their living grave. Let Abstinence roll that stone away. But when thus space is given, so that the man may hear, let Abstinence stand aside, giving place to the word which alone can quicken the dead. "Come forth!" is not for man to say, but God. And, when it is done, the work is not yet complete. The man comes from his grave bound hand, and face, and foot. "Loose ye him, and let him go!" The customs of society are binding him still. Sober, alive to his true condition, and eager to live—he is still bound by the cruel, cursed drinking usages of our land; and unless these bands be broken and cast away, there is no safety for our poor Lazarus. "Loose ye him, and let him go!" Who are the "ye?" Is it you, and I? Ah, that is a solemn question, let us solve it, while there is yet time.

Take, in illustration, a case of every-day life. A drunkard gets sober for a time; and earnestly seeks to reform. His friends, his medical adviser, his own heart, all tell him that he has no chance of recovery save by abstinence; and

accordingly he resolves to abstain. But he is in business; his wife and family must be maintained—he must mingle with the world. In his own home, he has comparatively little difficulty; for drink is not produced, and he has no overt temptation. But he must be abroad. A dinner party comes round, it is a large one, and he must be there. During dinner he contrives to escape winetaking, though with difficulty; but afterwards his sore trial begins. The landlord fills his glass; it is with wine of rare quality, and as such he specially commends it to his guests. Next him is a magistrate—one set apart as “a terror to evil doers, and a praise to them that do well.” “Ah,” thinks the erewhile drunkard, (and who knows when a drunkard is *not* at table? for don’t we know that the vice in its worst form is often solitary, and studiously concealed from father, wife, brother, friend?)—“Ah, did *he* but pass the wine, I could do so too.” But no; the glass is filled and emptied. Next him is a physician—professionally an authority and judge as to what is good for a man to take. Were *he* to refuse, the force of *his* example would carry the poor fellow through. But no; the glass is a bumper, and with a smack of approval the wine is pronounced excellent—“a bottle of that can do nobody harm.” The bottle is accordingly pushed on; and so it goes round the table. Alas, alas! what hope for the poor penitent? There are like to be no abstainers to-day. For him to drink, is ruin, and for him to refuse to drink, under such circumstances, were to proclaim himself a drunkard. He trembles at the risk; and silently lifts his heart to God for help and countenance. He has but one chance more. Next him sits a clergyman—an ambassador for Christ. Were *he* to lead the way, there might be an escape yet. But no, once more the glass is filled, unthinkingly—as a matter of course. And now, what of the poor perishing brother? His last hope is

gone. His eye sweeps keenly round the table; he is observed and watched, or at least he thinks so; he dare not pause: with a trembling hand the glass is filled, the wine is drunk—and so far as man's work goes, that act is fatal.* Surely "it is good neither to eat flesh nor drink wine, nor any thing whereby our brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."†

These customs must be broken through. They are as senseless as they are intolerable. A man is born, there is drink; he is baptized, there is drink; he is married, there is drink; he dies, there is drink. Has fortune smiled on him? there is drink; is misfortune come? there is drink. He buys, there is drink: he sells, there is drink. From birth to burial, in joy and in sorrow, in business and in pleasure, stern custom says the man must drink. This is an Egyptian bondage. "Loose him, and let him go!" Don't preach repentance to the

* Or, if by a strong effort, he pass the bottle once or twice, the repetition will scarce fail to evoke sundry observations about teetotalism, perhaps with personal raillery to boot. The magistrate, the physician, the clergyman, still withhold their help; they say they "can see no harm in a glass or two of wine." Moral courage could bear up against all that. But of moral courage, as yet, the penitent has none; and so he falls.

† It may be objected that the passage here quoted applies to brethren in Christ—believers. No doubt the apostle is treating of the mutual duties among christians; but obviously the precepts enjoined have a wider application. For instance, at v. 2, ch. xv. the phrase is varied from "brother" to "neighbour;" and on turning to the original we find the word used is the same as in Luke x. 29, &c., where by the parable of the Good Samaritan Christ gives his memorable answer to the question—"Who is my neighbour?" Besides, even upon the limited sense of the phrase "brother," two considerations arise. 1. An unbeliever is more likely than a believer to stumble before an offence; and if circumspection in my walk and conversation be necessary before the latter, it is still more incumbent in relation to the former. 2. A believer stumbling, will rise again; saints, however chequered their course may be, persevere unto the end. But the fall of an unbeliever *may* be unto death. And how specially careful, therefore, ought I to be not to put "a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in (*this*) brother's way?" (Rom. xiv. 13.) "*Destroy* not him with thy meat for whom Christ died." (Rom. xiv. 15.)

drunkard, and still bind him hand and foot with the enslaving usages of society. Let there be enough of sober men abstaining at every festive board, so as to give the penitent a way and place of escape. Abstinence must cease to be singular and exceptional; the table must be reformed. And there is no need for revolutionary violence; the calm and silent example of sober men abstaining, day by day, on high philanthropic principle, is amply sufficient for the work. Men of right feeling! men of generous, loving hearts! open your eyes to the existing state of things; let conscience come on the heel of intelligence; and will there not be many to say, in the spirit, if not in the very words of the Apostle, "If strong drink make my brother to offend, I will drink of this no more while the world lasteth."

And now some words in conclusion.

In the outset I said that in Virtue's scale Temperance stood higher than Abstinence. And so it does; in the cold abstract. But now, regarding it in a relative point of view, let us introduce the motives and aims.

Personal Abstinence, practised on my own account, and of sin-bought necessity, stands low. But Philanthropic Abstinence, expedient and self-assumed, for the sake of others,—aye, and practised for Another—practised for others, my brethren, here, through love of Him who died for me, the "brother born for my adversity,"—this Abstinence towers high. Weigh personal temperance with this, and temperance must kick the beam. Here is a man temperate, and unexceptionably so; others he knows must be abstinent, but he needs no such self-denial; let them do as they need, let him do as he will; his head is high, and he walks in an exalted atmosphere of his own. Here is another man as temperate as he, and as little needing Abstinence on his

own account. But he bethinks him of his fellows. He looks up to heaven, and thanks God for his own safety. But, looking down, he sees men—brothers—wallowing in the mire of drunkenness; and the love of Christ constrains him to their aid. Some—nay, many—are struggling to escape; had they a foot on solid ground, with some friendly arm to support their weak limbs, even on Virtue's lowest and levellest path, how thankful they would be! They look to him for help, and they do not look in vain. He hastens down from his lofty range. His hand raises, his arm supports them; and not all the world's scoff and scorn can drive him back from that "weak brother" perishing, "for whom Christ died."

Which of these men stands higher in the approbation of heaven? The self-satisfied and self-satisfying Temperate, or the self-denying Abstemious? Is not the latter the truer Christian? Is not his the truer following of his Master? There is a vast interval, we know, between the practice of that Master, when on earth, and that of the very best of his disciples. But is it not Christ-like to humble ourselves, that by our humbling a fallen brother may be raised up? Is it not Apostle-like, to be made all things to all men, that we may by all means save some?

True, there is no special command for Abstinence in the Bible. But what of that? There are many good things, urgent in the present day, that are not named there; for example, hospitals, Bible societies, Sabbath schools, savings' banks, missionary and other Christian associations, theological colleges and chairs. The Word of God announces *great general principles*; and from these the *details* of duty are to be faithfully educaed. God does with His servants, as we with ours. The minutiae of duty in every possible circumstance are not written out; but large and compendious rules are given, from which the faithful and intelligent

servant—getting into his Master's "way"—may readily ascertain what is his Master's will, and what will best advance his Master's interest. "This is the way," saith God, without particularizing each specific step—"Walk ye in it." Consider, plan, resolve, in accordance with this directory; and work out these great principles for my glory and the good of your fellow-men."

Man's fallen nature is evil, and that continually; but the phases of that evil are ever varying. God's law is unchangeable; and the "exceeding broad" precepts of the Bible extend to all time; but the details of their application, manifestly, must vary according to the circumstances of each time, according to the varying phases of that evil heart, of which they are the antidote and cure. "Ah, but," say some, "if drunkenness were so great a crime, and abstinence so great a remedy, why was their mutual relation not made more plain, at least by Apostolic precept and example?" To this the answer is obvious. The present time differs wholly in this respect from the Apostolic. Then wine was much less intoxicating than now, and alcohol in its separate form did not exist. Every second shop in every street did not sell strong drink, and lure men to the drinking of it; and the setters of the gin and snare were not licensed and patronised by the Government of the day. Drunkards at noon were all but unknown: "they that be drunken, are drunken *in the night*," says one apostle; "these are not drunken, as ye suppose, *seeing it is but the third hour of the day*," says another. Drunkards were not reeling in streets and lanes at all hours, and peopling asylums, poor-houses, infirmaries, and gaols. Nay, drunkenness was not among the foremost vices of the time; for turn to that black catalogue of those detailed by the Apostle Paul, in the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, and you will find no mention made of drunkenness at all.

But the times, I need not remind you, are sadly altered now and here in this respect. And the question is not—"Do we find Abstinence from strong drink specially enjoined in the Bible?" but "Is it, or is it not, as a present duty,—'good for the present distress'—obviously consistent with, and to be deduced from the great truths and teachings of that blessed Word?" It is a matter for conscience to decide. I seek to bring this whole question up to conscience. I place and peril it there. I thrust Abstinence on no men, save two—the drunkard and the threatened-drunkard. On them it is stringently incumbent. But in the case of the sober, each man must decide for himself, faithfully, as in the sight of God, how, in the urgent circumstances of the present day, he can best bear his brother's burden "and so fulfil the law of Christ." If he see his way to Temperance, it is not for me to find fault. I judge him not. Nay, I bid him Godspeed. To his own Master he standeth or falleth. But if, on the other hand, he be convincingly shut up to Abstinence, then I rejoice with him, as seeing eye to eye, and would adjure no "looking back" in this course of duty. The sneer of the cold world, the loss of friends' esteem, the perilling of worldly interests—these he must endure. But if he be indeed a follower of Christ, he has already "counted the cost" of His service; he looks on these things as part of "the Cross," which it is at once his duty and his privilege to bear "whithersoever He goeth," and he esteems "the reproach" of that Cross to be "greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt." And well he may. For he serves a Master who sends none on a warfare at their own charges; One whose return for service done is sure—here, "an hundred-fold,"—hereafter, "life eternal." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, *ye have done it unto me.*"

The sum of it all is this. To many a temperate man and woman Abstinence is expedient on personal grounds, as I have shown; and if they are wise they will practise it. But I do not insist further on that now. I urge the purer motive and higher aim—Abstinence for the sake of others. It is there the true strength of Abstinence lies. Abstinence for my own sake is good; Abstinence for the sake of others is better; but Abstinence for others through love of Christ—that is the best of all. Drunkards, and threatened-drunkards, are sweeping past us in thousands, and tens of thousands—there are at least 150,000 confirmed drunkards this day in London—carrying with them misery and death to themselves and others. They have no hope save through abstinence—an act to them at all times difficult—without countenance and help impossible. Will you give them that help, in God's name, and for Christ's sake? Or will you refuse that help, and see them perish at your door? Some are struggling to escape now; but you see them bound down and beaten back by the iron customs of society. Will you stand idly by, and submit to that? Where are the volunteers, to break through that barrier, and set the prisoners free? I call for volunteers now, of every rank, and station, and age, and I know I shall not call in vain. My voice, feeble in itself, is mighty in its echo; for in that echo is the cry—the “great and bitter cry”—of dying, despairing drunkards, the cry of starving children, the cry of beggared and broken-hearted wives.

Sober men and women! you have a right to drink, if you will: I admit that. But will you not forego that right, and deny yourselves thus far, on behalf of “him for whom Christ died?” “All things are lawful, but all things are not expedient.” “Let no man seek his own, but every man another's.” We call ourselves patriots; let us act the patriot. So long as intemperance, like some scorching wind, sweeps over

our native land, blasting it with poverty and crime, disease and death,—let each do what he can that the sore plague be stayed. We call ourselves brothers; let us play the brother's part. To the fallen let us not refuse the needed countenance and companionship; let us not withhold the warm hand and the strong arm of a brother's love—bearing him up in the only path where it is safe for him to go. Is it little that we can do? All the more need to do it faithfully. Little! Were it little for you or me to save but one soul, through God's blessing on a whole lifetime's abstinence? Oh! what a great and glorious result would it be, both for time and for eternity, were each one here, by precept, by example, by prayer, to save but one poor drunkard—his body from disease, his means from ruin, his soul from death! “There is joy in heaven over *one* sinner that repenteth.” Shall there not be joy on earth too? And shall there not be joy—joy unspeakable—in the breast of that man or woman through whom that sinner has repented? One soul! One soul a-piece!

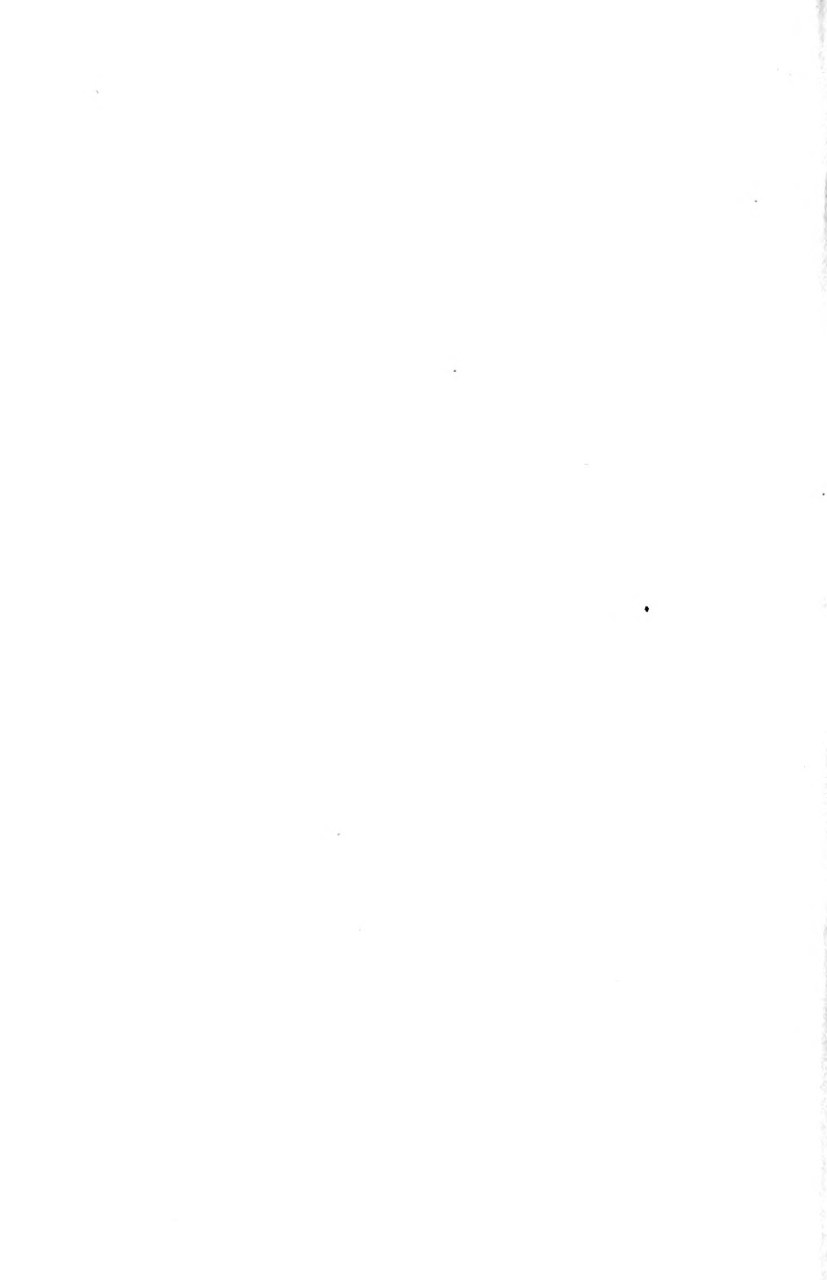
“ Know'st thou the value of a soul immortal?
Survey the midnight glories—worlds on worlds;
Amazing pomp! Redouble this amaze;
Ten thousand add, and yet ten thousand more;
Then weigh the whole—one soul outweighs them all.”

Popular Amusements.

A LECTURE

BY

EDWARD CORDEROY, Esq.



POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

THE subject of popular amusements would appear at first sight to be one on which it was extremely easy to discourse, and yet when we remember that national character is indicated by these exhibitions, that the moral physiognomy of a people may be scanned by the light of their entertainments, the subject becomes wide enough for the grasp of philosophers, and not unworthy the calm consideration of divines.

A slight reference to the English amusements of olden time, and a more extended notice of a few of those modern entertainments likely to prove attractive to the young men of this metropolis, will be as much as the limits of this evening's lecture will admit of.

Froissart, the liveliest of chroniclers, accustomed to the mirth of France, paid our country an unintentional compliment when he remarked on the "gravity with which Englishmen disported themselves;" in some degree this characteristic is retained to the present day, and a modern reviewer rightly attributes it "to the more domestic character of our habits as compared with those of most continental nations."

Perhaps the first thing which calls for notice in the history of our country, in reference to its amusements is that, during the time that our national character was gathering strength, the only amusements openly encouraged by authority were those which associated skill with plea-

sure, out-door healthful exercise with relaxation. Hunting, running, leaping, wrestling, swimming, were esteemed manly occupations. Archery was a sport, but it became more than a sport—it trained the eye and nerved the arm of the men who were conquerors at Cressy and Poitiers; the use of the bow was extensively taught, while games of a sedentary kind, which might be played in taverns, were expressly prohibited by the parliaments of the Plantagenets.

“Bowls and quoits” were forbidden, and “dancing, carding, and dicing,” were then held to be amusements unworthy of soldiers; dancing, however, was frequently practised at court.

Under the reign of the Tudors, martial and manly exercises were greatly encouraged; “bowling, dice, cards and tables or backgammon” were ranked as unlawful games; but Henry VIII. extended the range of the entertainments of his time:—dancing, masquerades, and shows, gratified the disposition of the court for pleasure and display, while the erection of the royal cockpit at Westminster exhibited the cruel disposition of the monarch and fostered cruelty in his subjects.

In subsequent reigns the taste for dramatic entertainments which had been previously formed became fully developed, and cruel sports were also extensively patronized. The history of dramatic entertainments in England must be traced to the Miracle plays of the ecclesiastics: these were usually performed in churches, theatrical apparel was frequently lent by one parish to another, and the receipts appropriated to the use of the church. One of the very few good things recorded of Bonner, Bishop of London is that, in the reign of Henry VIII., he forbade his clergy “to have plays, games, or interludes, played, set forth, or declared, within their churches or chapels.”

The Miracle plays were sometimes representations of

miracles wrought by confessors, and the sufferings of martyrs, but sometimes they were dramas containing a great part of the history of the Old and New Testament. The profane introduction of the name and the representation of the Deity into these plays, could only be tolerated when the priests were supposed to be the depositaries of sacred knowledge and the Bible was unapproachable by the common people.

The mystery was, however, too grave when thus constructed, so the character of Beelzebub was introduced, with a merry group of imps, to excite the laughter of the populace.

A specimen of a Cornish Miracle play is preserved in the Harleian Library. It begins with the creation and ends with Noah's flood. Noah himself concludes the play with an address to the spectators to "come to-morrow betimes to see another play on the redemption of man;" and then speaking to the musicians, he says, "Musicians, play to us, that we may dance together as is the manner of the sport." Such a ridiculous jumble of religion and buffoonery might well excite the indignation of serious people.*

When the Mysteries ceased to be played, the Moralities were substituted; these laid the foundation for modern comedies and tragedies. "The dialogues were carried on by allegorical characters, such as Good Doctrine, Charity, Faith, Prudence, Discretion, Death, and the like, but as this would not have been amusing enough for the auditory, the province of making the spectators merry was given to Vice,"† who personated Pride, Lust, or some other evil propensity. This Vice in the Morality was the descendant of the Devil in the Mystery, and the original of the clown and fool in modern plays.

It may here be remarked, that although the Mysteries,

* Strutt's Sports and Pastimes.

† Ibid.

Moralities, and the more secular plays, had made the people familiar with dramatic entertainments and notwithstanding England has produced one of the greatest dramatic writers, yet the drama has never taken such a hold on the national mind of this country as on that of neighbouring nations, and this may be traced in part to "the domestic character of our institutions" before alluded to, and in part to our Protestant faith and open Bible.

The reformation from Popery of the English people was not so complete in the time of the Tudors as to imbue the masses with right and scriptural opinions concerning the Lord's day, and as the national amusements degenerated, the after part of the Sabbath continued to be used for the performance of plays, the baiting of bears, and other exhibitions of a depraved taste.

Still the Reformation had acquired sufficient hold upon the middle classes to render these Sunday revels thoroughly distasteful to many of them; and the magistrates of London prevailed so far, in the twenty-second year of Elizabeth, as to obtain an edict, "that all heathenish plays and interludes should be banished upon Sabbath days."

This restriction, however, appears only to have related to the city, "as three years afterwards, in the Paris Garden of Southwark, a prodigious concourse of people being assembled on a Sunday afternoon to see plays and bear baiting, the whole theatre gave way and fell to the ground; many of the spectators were killed and more hurt. This lamentable accident was then considered as a judgment from God, and occasioned a general prohibition of all public pastimes on the Sabbath day."*

The Tudors passed away, and the Stuarts, that most impolitic and un-English race of all our kings, ascended the throne of England. The moral character of the nation

* Strutt's Sports and Pastimes.

became weakened; the entertainments of the Court, and the pastimes commanded for the people, give evidence of this. Christian IV. of Denmark, one of the greatest sots of his age, visited James I. Sir John Harington, who had served the right royal Elizabeth, was greatly scandalized by the excesses of the Court of James at this time; he relates, "we had women, and indeed wine too, in such plenty as would have astonished every sober beholder." Harington describes "a dramatic entertainment or masque given to Christian IV. It was to represent Solomon's Temple and the Queen of Sheba's visit; but, as the time chosen was after dinner, sundry misfortunes befel most of the party. The Queen of Sheba scattered her presents over the Danish king, who, insisting on dancing with her, fell to the ground and was carried to bed. The entertainment and show went forward, but most of the presenters went backward or fell down, wine so occupied their upper chambers. Then appeared in rich dresses, Hope, Faith, and Charity. Hope tried to speak, but wine so enfeebled her endeavours that she withdrew, and hoped the king would excuse her brevity. Faith followed her from the royal presence in a staggering condition. Charity came to the king's feet and, seeming desirous to cover the sins of her sisters, made a sort of obeisance; she brought gifts, but said she would return home again as there was no gift which heaven had not already given his Majesty: she then returned to Hope and Faith who were both sick in the lower hall. Next came Victory in bright armour and presented a rich sword to the king, who waved it away; but Victory persisted, in a strange medley of versification till, after much lamentable utterance, she was led away like a captive, and laid to sleep on the outer steps of the antechamber. Peace took offence in endeavouring to get up to

the king, and wielded her olive-branch in warlike assault upon the heads of the attendants.”*

The influence of the Court and the Church is always great upon a people, and whenever the moral tone of either is lowered, the whole national character suffers. In the time of James I. the Court had its balls, masquerades, and plays on Sunday evenings, and it became inconvenient that better manners should prevail among the people; the king said he found it necessary to rebuke the Puritans for their strictness, and accordingly, on the 24th of May, 1618, he published, and many time-serving clergy sanctioned, the following declaration:

“It is our will, that after the end of Divine Service (on Sundays and other holy days), our good people be not disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawful recreation, such as dancing either for men or women, archery for men, leaping, vaulting, or any other harmless recreation; nor from having May games, Whitsun ales, and Morris dances, and the setting up of May-poles and other sports therewith used; so” (mark the tenderness of the royal conscience,) “as the same be had in due and convenient time, without impediment or neglect of Divine Service. But withal we do here account as still prohibited all unlawful games to be used on Sundays only, as bear and bull-baitings, interludes, and *at all times in the meaner sort* of people by law prohibited, bowling.”

In 1633 Charles I. commanded the “Book of Sports” to be publicly read in churches; this had not been generally done in the days of James, and many an honest layman and many a godly minister protested against this insult to the Majesty of Heaven. London had then a clergyman, Dr. Denison, who obeyed his bishop and king by reading “the

* Hone's Year Book. from Nugæ Antiquæ, i, 348.

Book of Sports," but was noble and courageous enough to read the Ten Commandments immediately after, and then to say to his people, "Dearly beloved, you have now heard the commandments of God and man, obey which you please."

The terrible retribution exacted by an indignant people from an infatuated monarch need not be referred to here further than to state that, in the protectorate which followed, Cromwell proved it was possible to make England great—prosperous at home and respected abroad—without encouraging the people to questionable pastimes on the Lord's day.

Cromwell has been blamed, perhaps justly, for banishing all sports and frowning on all amusements; but let it be remembered that the stern puritanism he represented was a rebound from the licentiousness of James I. and Charles I., just as much as the debaucheries of the second Charles evidenced a rebound again from the Protector's strict religionism.

The bow, whenever bent unduly either towards unscriptural strictness or unscriptural levity, will be sure to start back again.

The return of the Stuarts was signalized by some good laws, but by bad examples, and popular amusements again evidenced a decline in national morals.

In the eighteenth century, the pastimes of the Londoners are thus described.* "The modern sports of the citizens (1720) besides drinking, are cock-fighting, bowling upon greens, playing at backgammon, cards, dice, and billiards; also musical entertainments, dancing, masks, balls, stage-plays, and club-meetings in the evening; they sometimes ride out on horseback and hunt with the Lord Mayor's pack of dogs, when the common hunt goes out. The lower classes

* Strypes's Edition of Stow's Survey, 1720.

divert themselves at football, cudgels, ninepins, shovel-board, cricket, stowball, ringing of bells, quoits, pitching the bar, bull and bear baitings, throwing at cocks, and, what is worst of all, lying at alehouses." Another author* (1739) adds to these, "sailing, rowing, swimming, and fishing in the River Thames, horse and foot races, leaping, archery, bowling in allies, and skittles, tennis, chess, and draughts; and in the winter, skating, sliding, and shooting."

These continued with little variation to be the amusements of Londoners till within the last half century, with a gradual decline, however, of the out-door pastimes, and an increase of those which were usually practised in connection with taverns or witnessed in theatres. During the first thirty years of this century the dramatic entertainment was greatly patronized.

II. The subject of popular amusements is one which in different forms has recently occupied, and is still likely to occupy, much of public attention; it is therefore one on which such an audience as this should be prepared to give a clear and unmistakeable utterance.

It has been before us in connection with the question of Sabbath observance; for the opening of the Crystal Palace and British Museum on the Sunday, and the performance of music in the public parks by military bands, are to those who do not regard the Lord's day as sacred to rest and worship, only branches of another question, "How shall amusements be provided for the people?"

The question is also forced on public attention because the pressure on mind and body, caused by the ceaseless activities of the present age, is believed to be greater than at any previous period of our national history. More skill, more capital, more enterprize, are engaged in commercial

* Maitland's History of London, 1739.

pursuits, and the very facilities for business caused by increased postal communication, by railway traffic, and the electric telegraph, all lead to increased competition and the accumulation of mental anxieties.

In the discussion of this question it is frequently taken for granted that, being so hard worked during the day, "the people must be amused" at night.

It is frankly admitted that all actively employed men need recreation—a cessation for a time from any one pursuit which may become too engrossing, or tax mental and bodily faculties unduly; but whether the recreation will best be sought in change of occupation, in social converse, the cultivation of flowers, the study or production of works of art, in useful and agreeable books, in practising or listening to music at home, or whether in the theatre, the casino, at the gaming-table, or other of the popular amusements of London, is really a matter on which sensible and religious young men ought to be at no loss to decide.

There would be small difference of opinion on this subject in any circle of intelligent persons, if we took the same views of life and its duties, of the object and aim of existence. It is because we take different stand-points that the landscape presents varied features. To each party life may present itself as a fertile valley; but to one it may appear closed in by mountains on every side, no outlet to any other scene: to the other, who views the scene from a different point, an opening chasm is discernible, and the end of the valley is seen to be washed by the waters of a boundless ocean. Some think, or act as if they thought, of life as entirely closed with the closing scene of time: others, standing on the point of revelation, see that life stretches forward to the eternity beyond. I will not for a moment suppose that you and I are likely to take different views of life; I

assume at once that you are prepared to take your stand with me on the rock of revealed truth, to view the world as one vast school, the busy multitude of its population as scholars, life as the period of our education, the Bible as our lesson-book, and immortality our home.

The tests by which we may try the popular amusements of London, as they now exist, are simple enough:—Are they likely to make us better sons, brothers, husbands, and fathers, better servants or masters, better citizens, and better Christians?

Is the test too hard? Not if we regard ourselves as accountable beings; not if we believe it to be our duty to get all the good we can, and do all the good we are able. It is not necessary to the right use of life that we should never relax a muscle and never enjoy a hearty laugh; it is not necessary that we should be the heralds of gloom wherever we go, darkening the pleasant sunshine and causing the flowers of humanity to droop at our approach. This is not religion, it is moroseness, if it be not hypocrisy. No! but life may be thoroughly happy without being frivolous; sunshine may be thoroughly enjoyed without imitating the flutter of the butterfly; others may be glad for our coming, albeit, we offer no invitation either to the dance or the theatre, or to any of the large majority of the popular amusements of London; and enjoyments may be had which will never deserve the frown of the wise and the good.

It is gratifying to observe that most of the coarse and brutal sports which were popular, even so lately as thirty years ago, have nearly ceased. One which has lingered longer than many, the disgusting prize-fight, is now rarely heard of. Peter Cunningham, in "The Handbook of London," enumerates the old London sights as consisting of

The Lord Mayor's Show,
Bartholomew Fair,
The Lions in the Tower,
The Bear and Bull-baiting on Bankside,
The Cock-fighting at Hockley-in-the-Hole,
The Amusements of the Ducking-pond,
The Monuments in Westminster Abbey,
The Heads on Temple Bar, and
The Wards of Bedlam.

Of these the Lord Mayor's Show remains for the edification of the citizens proper, and to stimulate city apprentices; the Monuments in Westminster Abbey, however unsuitable to their position many of them may be, are still to be seen; the Wards of Bedlam, greatly improved, are still filled with melancholy inmates but happily are no longer permitted to be the objects of an idle curiosity; the rest of the old London sights are swept away and civilisation and humanity may triumph in the change.

Peter Cunningham catalogues, as the modern entertainments, thirteen principal places of amusement in the London season. In this list he has ten theatres, (including the Italian Opera) Vauxhall, and Cremorne Gardens, and the Exeter Hall Concerts. His work was published in 1850, before casinos had attained much notoriety and before the singing-halls and refreshment-rooms had acquired their present popularity, though possibly he may not have deemed these worthy of mention.

It will be our duty to-night to take a glance at these varied sources at which large numbers of the young men and women of our metropolis seek entertainment, and to inquire whether they are such as may lawfully and reasonably receive the countenance of those who form the constituency of the Young Men's Christian Association.

THE THEATRE.

As the 'Handbook of London' gives to Theatrical entertainments so large a proportion of the amusement of Town, let us take them first.

Let it at once be granted that the Theatre is a most attractive place—that the clever impersonations of character cannot be looked on without interest—that well painted scenery, effective music, appropriate dresses, smart dialogue, are all calculated to please. But then, if vice were never attractive where would be the merit of resistance? How would the serpent, in his gorgeous colours and with his graceful folds, be prized if it were not for his deadly sting?

Would that the dreams of the advocates of the stage could be realised!

It is not many years since, that at the Covent Garden Fund Anniversary the drama was lauded as the great engine of morality and handmaid of genuine religion, that the puritans of the day were denounced and the press invoked to support the Drama against them.

Could the stage become a public instructor in morals and promotive of happiness, could it be the handmaid to genuine religion—alas! the very supposition belongs to Utopia,—but *could* such a thing take place, then actors might be public benefactors and the Theatre prove a blessing. But was there ever a time when dramatic exhibitions were entitled to this commendation? *Never!*

To ancient Greece belongs the earliest national effort to promote dramatic entertainments. To Athens belongs the credit or the shame of having first established a regular Theatre. The citizens of Athens who could boast of some of the wisest lawgivers—the most celebrated orators—matchless architects—wondrous sculptors, yet honoured their dramatic writers above them all, and in their devotion to the amuse-

ments of the stage frequently suspended the common occupations of life. Yet what did the stage do for Athens? Did it teach the people morals? If so they were slow to learn, for history tells of no city of ancient time which became more entirely effeminate, profligate, and debased. The luxurious amusements of Athens unnerved the descendants of the men who fought at Marathon and conquered at Salamis: luxury and intemperance, which had been excluded by the laws of Draco and Solon, pervaded all ranks of society, till at length the various states of Greece rose against the city which claimed the Sovereign power without being any longer worthy to wield it. Plutarch said, the good men of Athens were the most just and equitable in the world, but its bad citizens could not be surpassed in any age or country for their impiety, perfidiousness, and cruelty.

If not in Greece, was it in Rome where the drama became rich in moral instruction?

No! not there. So jealous, indeed, were the men of ancient Rome in the time of their strength of anything which would contribute to luxurious weakness, that they would not have a permanent Theatre. The structures were built of wood, and however adorned—however costly, were removed as soon as the spectacles terminated. It was not till the 700th year of the city that a Theatre was permitted to stand in permanence; but once established, it fostered the licence and enjoyment which the wealth acquired by conquests in Greece and Asia had already introduced.

A writer in the *Westminster Review*, who argues for the extension of popular amusements, yet thus honestly characterizes those of ancient Rome. "In the last century of the Roman commonwealth, and under all the worst of the Emperors, the popular amusements of the Romans may be summed up under the two heads of cruelty and licentious-

ness ; at the most cheerful spectacles no modest woman could be present, although few Roman matrons and maidens were absent from them ; from the graver spectacles no one could depart without sickness of heart, or with hearts deadened and indurated, and lapsed below all pity and terror."

" Of the three favourite public recreations of the Romans, the Triumph, the Spectacle, and the Theatre, not one promoted the refinement of the people. The passion for boxers, fencers, and wild beasts, survived the republic and exhausted the treasury of the empire."

Again, " the excesses and extravagance of an idle and useless recreation that wasted the strength and treasures of the empire, may fairly be enumerated among the causes of its decrepitude and decline."

The same writer admits that " the hostility of the Church to the Theatre was fully justified by the atrocities of the Roman stage."

If the Theatre was so damaging to ancient Rome, has it proved a source of instruction in morals and happiness to any modern nation ? Is it Italy ? is it Spain ? is it Germany ? is it France ? From the last named country we have more immoral plays in one twelvemonth, reproduced in England by men who thus proclaim the barrenness of their own resources, than our English authors would produce unsuggested in ten years.

The Theatre a public instructor in morals ! a handmaid to genuine religion ! Alas ! we need scarcely do more than read the titles of the plays performed, as these titles are exhibited in our streets, to be assured of the delusion.

The Theatre teaching morals ! Let the plots of the majority of the plays usually performed in London be looked at, and you will find they teach deception and dishonesty—revenge and murder—seduction and adultery.

It is said the world has men of this character, and if the Stage be a mirror of life, it must have them too. Yes! but the world is not *all* bad; it has men of undoubted honour—genuine faith—real religion; these are not represented in this mirror of life, they are scarcely ever alluded to but to be caricatured; these characters could not, in the fitness of things, be introduced on the stage, and this very fact shows the defective nature of the mirror. The world has multitudes of the bad, but if we are wise we strive to avoid the deceiver and the rogue, we turn from the revengeful, we shun the seducer. If we are obliged to describe them to our families, we describe them in their true character, but the stage exhibits them in false colours. The treachery of the rogue is glozed over by its cleverness; the revengeful is excused by the exhibition of his provocation, or is supposed to be justified by an appeal to some falsely called code of honour. The acts of the villain who trades in making virtue bankrupt, are set off by a dash of frankness, boldness, and generosity; the punishment given to crime leaves you in sympathy with the offender. A false estimate of right and wrong is produced, and the moral sense of the audience is always indirectly, sometimes most positively, materially lowered.

The Theatre a school for morality! then it has been well said, "its most diligent and persevering attendants are its best scholars—in fact the most virtuous of men, excepting only the professors who are constantly engaged in teaching the science." Does this strike you as absurd? Then most assuredly the stage is no teacher of morals, and if so, cannot promote happiness; for there can be no true happiness without sound morality.

The Theatre could not be a school of virtue, even if managers and actors desired it. The very few who may be said to visit the playhouse as a literary gratification, or to

witness the superior acting of some celebrated performer, are not the parties on whom managers depend for support: the mass of the people must be pleased; the plays must be suited to their taste; the arrangements of the house must not repel them by their purity; and the consequence is that the evil is rendered chronic. The people and the players act and re-act one on the other, and the Theatre, instead of teaching virtue, becomes a school of immorality.

Rousseau, in defending the stage, abandoned the idea of its Ethical teaching on which English advocates have tried to rely. He says, in his *System of Education*, "You have nothing to do with morality here; this is not the place in which to learn it; the stage was not erected for the promulgation of truth, but to flatter and amuse." This is a broad admission from a defender of dramatic entertainments; it is the highest ground that any intelligent and reflective man can take who deals honestly with the pieces performed, the actors who play them, or the audiences who witness them, but on such grounds the Theatre cannot be defended. For such reasons the Theatre must be forsaken by Christian young men.

If the atmosphere of the stage were right, how is it that so large a number of fallen women are found among the visitors?

What would be the amount of pecuniary recompence a manager would demand who should be required to banish every indelicate piece from his stage, and every woman from the audience for twelve months?*

If the stage be right in its moral tone, how is it that a

* It is most cheerfully admitted that the saloons of the Theatres are no longer disgraced to the extent represented in the book called "*Life in London*," published thirty-five years ago; that representations of almost naked womanhood are by no means so common as twenty years ago: these things seem gradually to be transferred to the infamous *Tableaux Vivants* and *Poses Plastiques* of low public houses: but the principle of evil is in the playhouse still.

neighbourhood is invariably deteriorated by the presence of a Theatre? that no sooner is it erected and popular than drinking houses and supper rooms abound and brothels are multiplied? Ask any builder who has purchased ground on which he intends to build respectable houses, which he would rather do as a man of business with a view to a profitable return, Give an ample site for the erection of a church and schools? or Sell a site at double its original cost for the building of a playhouse? and if he intend to retain possession of the house property, you will find that in his calculation it is considered much more profitable "to give than to receive."

There are those who would admit the fairness of nearly all our objections to ordinary Theatrical exhibitions and yet contend that the one they patronize is free from much that attaches to a baser sort. Let us then look at the very selectest type of Theatrical entertainments which the country offers,

THE OPERA AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

This is patronized by the higher orders of society, by much of the intelligence, wealth, and educated ability of our country. The price charged, the regulations enforced, keep not only the mob but large multitudes of the middle classes outside the walls. At the Opera the choicest strains of secular music are doubtless heard, played by the most skilful musicians, and sung by the most melodious voices that can be engaged. At the Opera therefore, if anywhere at a Theatre, taste may be cultivated, mind improved, and the visitors come away benefited by the expediture of their time. Is it so? Do the visitors go for the music? Some undoubtedly: but to how many is the very dress enforced and the means of display offered, an attraction at least equal

to the music. Is the intellectual gratification the only loadstone? How then is it that an opera is so frequently followed by a ballet? that the poetry of motion, as it is termed, is so nearly allied to the fact of nudity that the man must be stoic indeed who can gaze on the scene in mere intellectual abstraction?

But is the music itself so associated with purity of thought—is the libretto of the Opera usually so free from vicious taint that this, the highest, and in some respects the most unexceptionable of dramatic amusements, may be commended for its educational advantages in taste, and its superior moral tendencies?

Let the titles of some of the best known operas give the answer. A defender of the stage, writing to *The Times* in defence of a recently-performed opera, thus characterises three others:—"The subject of 'Lucrezia Borgia,' he says, "is incest and murder; that of 'Don Giovanni,' unbridled debauchery; while, in the 'Rigoletto,' the public are all but made to witness the sequel to a rape, and through nearly an entire act they have revealed to them the lewd dalliance of an accrocheuse de la rue."

Is not this bad enough? And yet, during the past season an opera has been performed before crowded audiences of those who affect to embody the taste, the elegancies, and the proprieties of life, who consider a person identified with trade or commerce as one of a sphere decidedly beneath them, and into whose charmed (and certainly most charming) circle no one of whatever wealth or character can be admitted on equal terms until he is removed by one generation at least from the mart or the exchange; before these audiences "La Traviata" has been exhibited. The subject of the opera, as described by *The Times*, is this:—"A courtesan, unfortunate even among her unfortunate sisterhood, plies her miserable trade with pre-eminent success, so sin-

gular are her charms and the fascination of her manner. At last, in the midst of her mercenary engagements, she herself conceives a passion for a young man; but she is afflicted with consumption! The excitement of the tale" (from which the opera is taken) "depends on the play of passion between the two lovers—upon his jealousy, upon her devotion, checkered with relapses; while, at the same time, the dreadful disease which is to cut her existence short is every day aggravated by the throes and convulsions of her passion. She dies at last, and all the horrors of her death-agony are as minutely described in the novel as they are vividly represented on the lyric stage. It is as unnecessary as it would be disgusting to enter into minute particulars; suffice it to say that all the interest is concentrated on the death struggles of the wretched girl. It is for her pity is asked—it is to her pity is given. She is the erring but repentant sinner; the heroine for whom all our sympathies are aroused. The novel is the apotheosis of prostitution; and upon the stage is practically added a clinical lecture on consumption in its direst forms."

The Times, in reprobating this exhibition, says:—"The libretto contains a tale which never should have been exhibited on any stage nor in the presence of decent womanhood. Now, if 'Jack Sheppard' at the Adelphi made thieves, what are the suggestions to be derived from the representation of 'La Traviata' at Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket? The subject is a most painful and disagreeable one; it is not the novelist and the composer, nor the manager, nor the actors, who are solely to blame. Deep and unmitigated censure should be the portion of the audience who could sit out such a spectacle, especially when that audience is for the most part composed of women. . . . We warn the ladies of England to take heed in this matter; their own interests are most deeply involved in the

decision of the question whether their husbands and sons shall be inoculated with the worst types of Parisian vice. If the process be sanctioned by their approval, there can be little doubt that the lesson taught in one place may be practised in another."

There was a feeble attempt to answer this, a plea that the hearts of the virtuous might by such an exhibition be softened towards the fallen. *The Times* replied to this cant as it deserved:—

"Again, with respect to the argument that the hearts of women are likely to be softened towards their erring sisters by an operative display of the miseries of harlotry, we are compelled to express our entire dissent from it. If the implied command of the Divine Founder of the Christian religion, and the recorded example of His tenderness and mercy in such a case, are unavailing, neither will the warblings and simulated cough of a Piccolomini be of much avail."

Now what can be said of the Theatre as the "engine of morality," as "the handmaid of genuine religion," after this? Let it be borne in mind that this condemnation, strong, just, and wholesome, comes from a pen that would willingly uphold dramatic amusements; yet if such words as I have quoted can be fittingly applied to *one* of those operas which have drawn crowded houses during the recent season, we cannot suppose that all the rest have been pure in morals and unexceptionable in taste; the audience that has been gratified with this opera will in consistency have demanded others of a similar character, and of course those who cater for public amusement will provide amusement in accordance with the public taste.

It is no part of my duty to reflect on the character of actors. Some are fairly open to criticism having chosen the profession from a thorough love of it, others have been re-

luctantly persuaded to embrace it, a few others have been obliged to resort to it from want of aptitude or opportunity for something better. Doubtless there have been, and possibly there still are, men of high honour and unexceptionable private character amongst public performers ; how they got on the stage, or being what they are described to be, how they remain there, is indeed a marvel, but we are not to be judges of men except by their actions. Christian charity, as well as ordinary courtesy, forbids reflection on personal character, yet in order to a full view of the moral influence of the stage the tendency of immoral representations to promote immoral character in the performers as well as the audience must be considered. Is it not all but certain that he who represents the roué, and she who represents the courtesan, with all the skill and earnestness necessary to the character of a superior performer, must lose, if either ever possessed, all the keenness of moral sensibility, all the modesty which is the guard and ornament of virtue ; and when the walls are breached what great chance is there that the citadel will hold out ?

There were two theatres, enormous in their capacity, world-wide in their reputation, which were considered homes of the legitimate drama ; the history of these two houses from their commencement, could it be faithfully drawn, would be a singular commentary on the claim of the stage to be a public instructor in morals or a guide to correct and virtuous taste. At one time they were great rivals, each management disdaining the performance of an abridged play ; but though the Kembles, Siddons, and Macready, performed Shakspeare, the best actors of England exhibiting the pieces of the world's best dramatist, the public refused to be instructed. Manager after manager resigned his place, lessee after lessee had to abandon his position, till Van Amburgh with his lions trod one stage instead of the moral teachers of the

public (the lions not one whit inferior to the actors in the moral power of their teaching), and a professor of legerdemain (with his grotesque maskers and mummers concluding the indecent orgies of a masked ball,) left the rival house wrapped in sheets of flame.

To the fathers and founders of the great American Republic has always been assigned the praise of seeking honestly and aiming directly at the welfare of the people whose political constitution they framed: the following was one of their legislative enactments:—

“Whereas true religion and good morals are the only solid foundations of public liberty and happiness,—Resolved, That it be, and hereby is, earnestly recommended to the several states to take the most effectual means for their encouragement (*i.e.* of religion and morality), and for the suppression of theatrical entertainments, horse-racing, gaming, and such other diversions as are productive of idleness and dissipation and general depravity of principles and manners.”

Washington, Franklin, and others,—men whose names are frequently quoted by those who wish to exhibit the truest patriotism and the most practical philosophy—thus directly contrast theatrical entertainments with religion and good morals, and class them with those diversions which produce idleness, dissipation, and general depravity.

The present Bishop of Carlisle said, “he examined the books of a penitentiary and was told, without any qualification, that the majority of the inmates who are seeking to recover their characters in these places were first seduced from the path of virtue at theatres, races, or tea gardens.”

Sir Walter Scott, though a defender of the Theatre, admits “that Christianity from its first origin was inimical to the stage.”

John Angell James, a man whose praise is in all the churches

of Christ, thus speaks: "All the evils that waste a young man's property, corrupt his morals, blast his reputation, impair his health, embitter his life, and destroy his soul, lurk in the purlieus of a Theatre. Vice in every form lives, moves, and has its being there: myriads have cursed the hour when they first exposed themselves to the contamination of the stage, and from that fatal evening they date their destruction. Then they threw off the restraints of education and learned how to disregard the dictates of conscience—then their decision, hitherto oscillating between a life of virtue and of vice, was made up for the latter. Light and darkness are not more opposed to each other than the Bible and the play-book. If the one be good the other must be evil; if the Scriptures are to be obeyed the Theatre must be avoided. The only way to justify the stage is as it has ever been, and as it is ever likely to be, to condemn the Bible: the same individual cannot defend both."

Young men, I put it to you whether the Theatre as a popular place of amusement is one which you can support? I put it to you whether you can learn honesty from Jack Shepherd or purity from *La Traviata*? You may and will have your passions excited, your morals endangered, if you frequent the Theatre, but one single valuable thought, one single earnest worthy spring of action, one simple ray of light to guide you in the path of life, one motive to lead you to battle with difficulty and to overcome, one single honest purpose or holy aspiration, you never will, never can gather there. Vain will be the prayer, "Lead me not into temptation," if you once gain a fondness for the playhouse; temptation meets you on the threshold, accosts you in the lobby, attracts you on the stage, fascinates you in the saloon, until you give your "honour unto others and your years unto the cruel, and mourn at last, saying, How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof."

Young men! brothers! friends! next to the Four Gospels which tell you of the salvation which is by Jesus Christ study the Book of Proverbs—hear the voice of the wise man, and apply his exhortation to the Theatre. “Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not into the way of evil men; avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away.”

VAUXHALL AND CREMORNE GARDENS.

Among the other amusements mentioned in the Hand Book of London are those represented by Vauxhall and Cremorne Gardens. As far as the open air, the pretty walks, the pleasant shrubs, and the wide-spreading foliage are concerned, these Gardens have the advantage of the Theatre; but in other respects their attractions are similar, and possibly in some particulars their tendencies are even worse; for here the audience are to a great extent actors themselves, and the illuminated walks and retired alcoves offer facilities for immoral companionship nothing inferior to those of the playhouse.

The dance, for which partners may be procured without the formality of an introduction, the supper-room with exciting beverages, and the entertainments provided, have all the same tendencies which render the Theatre a bane to society.

Of course the ascent of the balloon is harmless enough, the pyrotechnic display totally unobjectionable, excepting the late hour chosen for it, but for all the rest the community would be the better were these places swept away.

The ordinary character of the amusements here is decidedly objectionable, and rarely does a season pass without the Bal Masqué, an entertainment which, in a moral point of view, cannot be too severely reprobated. *The Times'* Theatrical Reporter speaking of this description of amusement in another place remarks that, “The regulations may

be so far efficacious as to preserve the outward appearance of decorum up to a certain point in the proceedings, but wait till the supper-hour is passed, and the mummers and masquers, under the influence of stimulating beverages, resume their revels with a fresh and vigorous excitement. It is at this period that the true character of the masquerade reveals itself; restraint is thrown aside, the orgy begins in earnest, and no longer a masque but a reality immodest words and immodest gestures are less the exception than the rule. The Bal Masqué, whatever halo may be thrown around it by the decorator's art and the seduction of music, is, as we have experienced it in this country, an immoral and debasing spectacle, which, though it may suit the manners and *esprit* of the French and Austrians, is by no means in consonance with those traits in the English social and domestic character which we cannot but believe distinguish us favourably rather than the contrary from other nations whose ideas on certain subjects are marked by a more latitudinarian tone."

Can anything more condemnatory be written? yet if the entertainment is thus described by men who would regard with favour those assemblies where outward propriety is observed, surely they who believe that the engagements of Time should be influenced by those which relate to Eternity, must reprobate all such descriptions of popular amusements.

GAMBLING.

Gambling has been so recently and so well discoursed upon in this Hall,* that the briefest reference to it will suffice.

The Gambling House, properly so called, is publicly suppressed. Notwithstanding its fascination, the table at which fortunes are staked on the cast of the dice is almost too terrible a thing to be classed with amusements. Gambling is perhaps the most exciting, absorbing, irre-

* Lecture by Rev. Samuel Martin.

gular passion of which the mind is capable ; it subdues the whole man, body, soul, and spirit ; age cannot quench the desire, nor stop the practice ; remorse which may sometimes make the drunkard sober, seems unable to procure a lodgment in the practised gamester's heart.

The vice is so utterly hateful, the man abandoned to it is so like a fiend, without love, without pity, without compassion, without one generous emotion, without natural affection or domestic charity, that the first step towards becoming such a living, walking, suffering incarnation of the Spirit of Hell should be shunned as we would shun the plague.

Would we take an infant for amusement to the den of the deadly cobra ? or lead the early steps of childhood beside the dangerous precipice ? Why then should we excite in the minds of ingenuous youth the spirit of gaming—the passion for games of hazard, by teaching them how to win at cards or initiating them into the practices of the Billiard Room ?

Cards and billiards are popular amusements and some professedly Christian men think them allowable, but the danger is in their tendencies, and the distance from the card and billiard-room to the turf betting-book and the loaded dice of the abandoned gamester is shorter than many imagine.

Young men ! touch not a card, shun the billiard-room and never play for money, not even a game of draughts or chess ; never make a bet, however trifling the amount : loss is dangerous, success is ruinous, for then the serpent fascinates you with its glance. The most lamentable disclosures of commercial and other delinquencies during the past year have had their origin in a gambling spirit ; it is found in trade—it dwells on the stock exchange—it revels in the share market—it triumphs in the betting room and on the race course.

The city of London is acting well, through the City Solicitor, in closing all the betting houses within its jurisdiction; and if every betting house through the whole of the metropolis were promptly and vigorously suppressed, many an apprentice and shopman might be kept honest, many a young tradesman be spared the disgrace of compounding with his creditors. The misery cannot be told which these betting houses have inflicted. *The temptation to gain money by an easier way than by honest industry* is ever before us; an American writer calls it "part of original sin;" if this temptation be not firmly and decidedly resisted, there is little hope for the tempted; once familiar with the betting room and gaming table, nothing less than a miracle can save a young man; his history will shortly be filled with records of hopes crushed, home abandoned, character disgraced, and if God in His infinite and sovereign mercy does not interpose, it must end with the fearful statement of a soul lost!

If religious people *could* engage in games of chance in their own homes without being led into a gambling spirit, they should nevertheless consider the influence of their example, and also the obligation imposed by their Christian profession to a better occupation of their time. On this subject hear the "Spectator," a great authority a hundred years ago. "I must confess (he says in paper 93) I think it is below reasonable creatures to be altogether conversant in such diversions as are merely innocent and have nothing else to recommend them but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to say for itself I shall not determine; but I think it very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away time, a dozen together, in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man

laugh to hear one of this species complain that life is short?"

DANCING.

There is another popular amusement practised both in private houses and places of public resort, for which many religious men are prepared to make great allowance, the practice of dancing. What! some may be ready to exclaim, and is this to be condemned too? Is it not enough to close the doors of the opera and forbid us to listen to exquisite music because it is associated with much that is vile? to warn us of the ordinary theatre because of the plays performed and vicious associations though there is so much that is attractive to youth? to exhort us to shun Vauxhall and Cremorne lest we enter into temptation? to tell us to flee the card and billiard tables, the dice box and the betting room, lest we become gamblers? May not the graceful, the agreeable, the fascinating dance, so natural in its motions, so suited to our age, so likely to bring us charming acquaintances, may not this be indulged without harm, nay, even with some degree of social benefit? Well, let us see!

It is fully and readily granted that the powers of the body as well as of the mind should be cultivated, so that, within reasonable and scriptural limits, the development and improvement of the human form, gesture, and action, are not only allowable, but praiseworthy.

It is granted that the exercise of dancing is frequently graceful, that it promotes an elegant and easy carriage, is an acceptable introduction to neighbours, is generally practised in what is called "genteel society," and that it serves to fill up an evening which would otherwise possibly be dull, or spent in foolish if not ill-natured conversation. It is granted too, that some ministers of religion, clergymen and non-conformists, and some office-bearers in Christian churches, have given their sanction to this amusement,

either by having dancing parties in their own houses, or by allowing their children to join assemblies where dancing formed part of the evening's entertainment. All this is granted, and Southey has preserved the memory of a clergyman who was an enthusiastic dancer.

“Benjamin Smith of Peter House, Rector of Linton, Yorkshire, died 1777. He paid twelve guineas for learning one dance in France, and when riding on a journey or to visit a friend, in fine weather he would sometimes alight, tie his horse to a gate, and dance a hornpipe or two in the road, to the astonishment of any who happened to pass. He was equally fond of cribbage, and when he met with poor persons who could play well, he would maintain them for three or four months for the purpose of playing with them.”

That the accomplishment is highly prized may not only be learnt from the price paid by the Rector of Linton for a single dance in the last century, but from the high remuneration obtained by many female dancers now, the cost of the ballet alone at Covent Garden Theatre in 1848, being 8,105*l*.

Our admissions in favour of dancing have been many, let us look at the other side. Is dancing a *necessary* accomplishment?

Not to the improvement and development of the human form, for this may be promoted at half the cost, most advantageously, by the military drill for boys and young men. Who are finer models of humanity than the well drilled “Guards,” in Her Majesty's service? Is not an “erect and soldierly bearing” universally admired? Similar advantages for girls and young ladies may be obtained by the use of calisthenic and other suitable exercises, in many cases based on principles taught by anatomical science.

“But dancing is so natural—a natural accompaniment to music.”

Yes! dancing is a natural accompaniment to *music pre-*

pared for the dance, and this music is usually of the poorest character, poor in invention, poor in arrangement, suggesting nothing but motion: totally unlike the rich, elevating, soul-stirring, or soul-subduing melodies and harmonies of the best composers.

“To dance is natural to children.” Yes; but so are many things which are deemed unworthy of the attention of men and women; that which may be indulged with entire harmlessness at eight or ten years of age may be fraught with folly and evil at eighteen to twenty, and dancing is one of these practices.

Good quaint old Thomas Fuller says, “If thou sayest with Paul, ‘when I was a child, I did as a child,’ say also with him, ‘when I became a man I put away childish things.’ Wear also the child’s coat if thou usest his sports.”

Is dancing to be considered an evil?

Not in the abstract (that place where so much is virtuous, which when brought into contact with this naughty world grows mischievous) if, as in ancient Greece and for many ages at Rome, men and women would dance in separate rooms and never together, and especially if they would practise the exercise *after a night’s rest before breakfast*, instead of *after supper*; then might much be said in its favour. But taking the modern practice of dancing—the late hour at which the amusement begins—the early hour at which the dance generally terminates—the crowded and heated rooms—the light and low dresses worn by the ladies—the efforts at display—the objectionable attitudes frequent in polkas and waltzes—the badinage and light conversation usual on such occasions—the triumph of conquest in some minds—the envy and disappointment in others—the passion for dancing *elsewhere* not seldom excited by these private parties—taking all these things into account, dancing parties as a popular amusement must be condemned.

They are frequently destructive of modesty—injurious to mental progress—subversive of spiritual life—and they murder time.

Cicero said, “no man in his senses will dance.”

Sallust speaks of one who was

“Too fine a dancer for a virtuous woman.”

Bacon dismisses dancing contemptuously in a parenthesis, saying—

“It is a mean and vulgar thing.”

Shakspeare says—

“They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high and swift courantos,
Saying our grace is only in our heels.”

Adam Clarke says, that dancing “weakened the moral principle within me, drowned the voice of a well instructed conscience, and was the first cause of leading me to seek my happiness in this life. I have it justly in abhorrence for the moral injury it did me.”

Cowper says, “as to amusements (I mean what the world calls such) we have none; the place, indeed, swarms with them, and cards and dancing are the professed business of almost all the genteel inhabitants of Huntingdon. We refuse to take part in them or to be accessories to this way of murdering our time, and by so doing we have acquired the name of Methodists.”

No wonder—for John Wesley had written—“If dancing be not evil in itself it leads young women to numberless evils. The hazard of these on one side seems to overbalance any little inconvenience on the other.”

Dancing has thus far been dealt with as relates to the practice itself and to private parties; but in London some of the most popular amusements are dancing-halls and casinos. One of these rooms, the proprietor states, cost him nearly £4000. On boxing nights he has 600, on

average nights about 200 customers; his charge for admission is *Sd.* He has a public house just by, and from that supplies wine, ale, and spirits. He says—"I believe my place is carried on in as respectable a manner as can be. Some of the first noblemen come; there are some very respectable tradesmen round the neighbourhood, and a *great many young people from the neighbourhood*. The rooms are principally supported by the working classes. The dancing saloon opens at eight, and is closed at a quarter to twelve." This is evidence given before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, on public houses.

There are other rooms of a higher class than this, and even more dangerous. To those young men who are fond of dancing I know of nothing more perilous than the first-class Casinos which are opened about nine and closed about one o'clock. Immorality is so modestly veiled;—for a dancing hall there is so much of apparent propriety;—ingress and egress are so easy;—the refreshment-room so agreeable;—that a young man without religious restraint and with a passion for the amusement of dancing is as safe on the edge of a heaving volcano as in one of these places. All that could be said by way of dissuasion from the Theatre should be reiterated here and even with increased force. If you have ever entered one and understood the character of the company, it is about the last place to which you would take your sister: if you have ever entered one, as you value time, opportunities, usefulness, character, as you value the esteem of wise friends and the love of good men, and the interest of your deathless spirit, as you value the approbation and the blessing of God, never, never cross the threshold of such a place again. If you have never been, as you value wholesome thought and virtuous practice, pray never enter; if baits are ever gilded it is there; if vice ever seems virtuous, it is there; if destruction is ever sure, it is there!

It is difficult to speak fully on the character of the temptation in these dancing-halls before a mixed audience; they are fraught with material to pollute the imagination and debase the heart; yet that words of warning ought to be uttered no virtuous man can doubt. Take them, then, in a brief extract from the writings of one whose life's aim has been to benefit young men—the Rev. John Todd, author of “The Student's Manual,” &c. :—

“The Bible is not merely a book of religion, but a book of philosophy too. You will recollect how frequently, how earnestly, how emphatically, that book warns the young man against the enticements, and the words even, of abandoned women. Others may tempt and draw away, but she casts down her thousands and her strong men slain. The philosophy of it is that one impure look from woman's eye, and one impure word from woman's lips, will do more towards polluting the imagination and destroying the heart of a young man than any amount of temptation from his own sex. We look for purity in woman, and there we generally find it; and when we do not, her words are death. Let the mothers and sisters present ponder this thought, and beware how, by the most distant expression or allusion, they awaken a wrong feeling in the bosom of a son or brother. It is this fact in the constitution of our nature that makes the presence of abandoned females so dangerous at the Theatre, and which leads the Bible to place such stress upon their influence. There is one more fact, in relation to this subject, which ought to be kept in mind, and that is, that when woman has once lost character and shame, she is not merely the corrupter of the unwary, but it becomes her settled plan to do all the mischief in her power. Lost herself beyond the power of recovery, she becomes possessed with a passion to spread ruin as wide and deep as possible. She goes to such places as a Theatre, not merely as an enticer, but with the venom of a destroyer. You greatly underrate the

danger if you suppose that licentiousness, or the desire of money, is her strongest passion. The demon of revenge is enthroned in her heart, looks out of her eyes, and laughs in her smile.”*

We hear much of model lodging-houses for the working classes, why not have houses somewhat on the plan of the “flats” in Edinburgh, only improved in character, in which clerks with salaries of £100 to £150 per annum might procure cheap and good dwellings and thus be enabled to marry? The fear of house-rent and family expenses deters many a young man of twenty-four or twenty-five years of age from marrying, and leaves him loose on society; whereas were he married to a sensible and prudent woman his character would be preserved, and his employer’s money be much safer in his keeping.

Young men! who ever grows old enough to forget he once was young? If the lecturers from this place utter words of caution, catch you by the arm, and beg you not to venture on a path which seems strewed with flowers and lightened by sunshine, it is not because they have no sympathy with your age, no regard for your pursuits—no! but they have been there *before* you; flowers bloomed for them, light shone upon their path which they once mistook as light from Heaven; but they found by bitter experience that the flowers grew on a swamp, and that the light was only the phosphoric flame which led to the pitfalls of the morass.

Are there *no* hearts grateful for words of *warning* uttered? Let us for a moment transport ourselves to the quiet suburb of a country town. Do you see that pretty cottage standing back from the road-side? plain, modest, unpretending, yet evidently the abode of one who knows how to make home attractive, though only possessing very limited means: look! though it is getting dusk, at the prettily-trimmed garden-

* Todd’s “Great Cities.”

beds, the nicely-kept garden-walk, the plants that are sure to bloom and flower when spring and summer come! Walk up and look through the window: see! the matron wears the widow's cap still, though many a long year has passed since she lost the helpmate who was proud to call her wife. The fire burns cheerily, the lamp gleams pleasantly, and the widow finishes with more than ordinary neatness some articles of under-clothing for a son far away: there are two other figures there; a mild and pleasing girl sits opposite the widow, her fingers busy too for that loved brother for whom the mother works; a little boy is present, conning most diligently his lessons for the grammar-school to-morrow, but asking every now and then something about "dear Harry" up in London: stay a little—it is time for the young one to retire to rest—the "Latin Roots," and Latham's "Grammar," and Crossley's "Arithmetic," are put away, and the dear old Bible, in which the husband wrote his name and his wife's, and the date of their marriage, and the names of their children, is brought out; the names are all there. Harry's is there; he is now nearly of age, striving to make himself useful in this great city. Ellen's is there—the companion of her mother. Little Charlie's is there, who died in infancy, and against whose name is written,

"Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not."

And Tom's is there, the brave boy whose affections, at the mature age of twelve, are divided between his mother's home and that London of which Harry writes.

The Bible is brought out; the tidy maid, who waits on the family, is called in. Ellen reads the beautiful words of Jesus, which tell how God cares for the flowers of the field, the birds of the air, and the creatures of his love; and the widowed mother prays, prays for her son in London: "Lord, lead him not into temptation, but deliver him from evil;" and

if Harry writes home truthfully, and tells of the hedge planted round him by the Young Men's Christian Association, and tells, too, of "warning" lectures at Exeter Hall, there is even now welling up from the depths of her grateful heart the prayer, "Lord, bless those who love my boy!"

SINGING AND REFRESHMENT ROOMS.

THERE is another entertainment now offered in various parts of London—Refreshment and Singing Rooms. These places are associated with taverns and public-houses, and at a small charge for entrance the public are admitted into rooms generally well-constructed and usually embellished at considerable cost. At one end of the room is a raised platform on which a piano is placed, and where male and female singers display themselves and entertain the audience. In the gallery are spectators; on the floor below, crowding the small tables, are men and women, boys and girls, while the atmosphere is redolent with the odours of beer, gin, and tobacco.

This is a new method of attracting customers; the visitors flatter themselves with the notion that they are attending a cheap musical entertainment. The landlord takes care that the music such as it is (and it is most vigorously applauded as the tables show) shall be paid for out of the liquors and tobacco consumed, if the entrance money be insufficient.

But it may be said, "Is not this an improvement on the old public-house?—there men met only to drink and smoke, and they grew sottish because there was nothing else to occupy them." This is true; but then in the old public-house you rarely saw a woman sit down to drink unless she had abandoned both virtue and temperance. In these "halls" and "supper-rooms" women sit with the men and acquire a liking for intoxicating beverages. Here the virtuous women are in the neighbourhood of the vile, and while, in some respects, the singing and refreshment rooms

are a step above the public-house, and are certainly preferable to the gin-shop, yet they are fraught with great danger to the class which attends them. It is to be feared that considerable numbers of the visitors, besides mechanics and young tradesmen, are shopmen, clerks, and warehousemen; and that, not unfrequently, young women are introduced to these rooms by young men in the same houses of business, and they cannot be introduced without moral damage. If you carefully watch the entrance to the gin-shops as you pass along the principal thoroughfares on the after-part of each day, you will be struck with the number of respectably-dressed women who slip in and out; there is little reason to doubt that this habit has increased since the opening of these refreshment and singing halls.

In such places juvenile morals are soon corrupted, and the lessons of a virtuous country home soon unlearned. These houses are increasing, and are a serious impediment to the religious agencies employed in domiciliary visitation of the poorer classes. They seriously counteract the efforts of the Sunday school teacher by throwing temptations in the way of the older scholars before religious habits and principles have been fully formed. There is, however, one supper-room where music is provided, the oldest and probably the best conducted of its class in the metropolis, in which women are not admitted either as singers or to the refreshment tables.

EXETER HALL CONCERTS.

IN the list of London amusements, the "Hand Book" places the Exeter Hall Concerts. It seems to degrade the performance of an Oratorio to consider it as a mere amusement.

Dr. Johnson defines the verb "to amuse," to mean "to entertain with tranquillity, to fill with thoughts that engage the mind without distracting it. To divert, implies something more lively; to please, something more important; it

is therefore," says the Doctor, "frequently taken in a sense bordering on contempt."

Swift says, "amusement is the happiness of those who cannot think."

One would prefer, therefore, to consider these musical festivals as something better than amusements.

What is an Oratorio? A sacred drama, generally taken from the Scriptures and set to music.

To take two as specimens of the rest, the "Creation" and the "Messiah," what wondrous compositions, how marvellous their power over the emotions, how grand their beauty! The genius which composed these Oratorios was certainly the gift of God. What soul-thrilling melodies are there in Haydn's Creation; what magnificent choruses in Handel's Messiah! Oh! if we could imagine while the words of inspiration are joined to earth's noblest music, and the theme of both is the redemption of man, that the performers were imbued with the spirit of these words; that the audience were intent on worship, that under the power and beauty of strains almost supernatural, thousands of hearts rejoiced to feel that Isaiah's lyre had only anticipated the homage of their souls, then would the magnificent chorus, "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given," emulate the music of the skies and bring down the angel choir that sung at Bethlehem, who would catch the spirit of the anthem and join with mortals in ascriptions of praise to Him whose "name is called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace."

The objections to Oratorios are, that the performers are frequently those who are ready to sing and play music of the most opposite character, so they be but paid; that the name of Deity and the words of Scripture are too frequently used without any feeling of devotion; and that the audience come to be amused rather than edified.

In the matter of sacred music thus performed, each man must judge for himself; happy is that man "who condemneth not himself in that which he alloweth." Some would feel their conscience wounded by an attendance on an Oratorio; the duty of such is plain—Stay away! Others find that their taste, thought, and feeling are elevated and improved—that their imagination is purified: let such enjoy in moderation that which has so wholesome an effect on them.

"Musical influences," says a powerful writer,* "have tended to elevate the national taste and to refine the national character, to make our homes more happy and to make our public assemblies more august, to lighten the hearts of the poor, to soften the hearts of the rich, and to bring all classes of society into closer sympathy and union."

Scarcely a man who can afford it is without some instrument of music in his house; music is felt to be a most fitting recreation, and one which joins in common sympathy both old and young; the chords of the harp struck by David calmed the turbulent spirit of Saul; the harp had also to be touched before the perturbation of Elisha could be soothed. Let music then, married to right words, be brought near to the people under the guidance and control of those whose duty it is to care for the moral and religious welfare of the masses.

The cultivation of psalmody at home, the practice of part singing, so that all may take an intelligent as well as devout part in the worship of God, are most commendable practices. Music should not be left to the irreligious; its charms should be dissociated from that which is evil; let it be cultivated, for while it recreates, it will improve the mind and refine the taste.

" Listed into the cause of Sin,
Why should a good be evil?
Music, alas! too long has been
Pressed to obey the Devil.

* The Times Editorial.

Drunken, or lewd, or light, the lay
 Flowed to the soul's undoing ;
 Widened, and strewed with flowers, the way
 Down to Eternal ruin.

“Who on the part of God will rise
 Innocent sound to recover ;
 Fly on the prey and take the prize,
 Plunder the carnal lover.
 Strip him of every moving strain,
 Of every melting measure,
 Music in Virtue's cause retain,
 Rescue the holy pleasure.

“Who hath a right like us to sing
 Us whom Christ's mercy raises ;
 Merry our hearts, for Christ is King,
 Cheerful are all our faces.
 Who of His love doth once partake,
 He ever more rejoices ;
 Melody in our hearts we make,
 Melody with our voices !”*

III. Certain amusements have been condemned to-night as those which it is believed cannot be indulged by young men without positive harm. What recreations then are allowable? It might be considered enough to have referred to some amusements in the words of warning; for if the quicksands, and rocks, and soundings are marked in the chart, the mariner may be left to choose his own channel. But if it be still asked, What amusements are allowable? A very safe answer and a very broad one may be given,—*All that are within the compass of your means, and are not inconsistent with your morning thanksgiving and your nightly prayer to God.* None others can be taken without sin.

To young men whose occupation is much within doors, recreation may be found in those out-door exercises which foster the vigour, grace, and suppleness of the body. Running, swimming, rowing, skating, archery, cricket (each according to the season), are some of these; there is also the summer's ramble with a book or a friend; the winter's

* Charles Wesley.

lecture, the language and discussion classes, and other provisions of the Young Men's Christian Association. There are lectures on history, beautiful lectures on chemistry at the Polytechnic, the marvels of the microscope, narratives of travel, panoramas of interesting places, the Great Globe in Leicester Square; there are galleries of art and science, museums rich in curiosities from distant ages and far off countries, and the Crystal Palace with all its glories of fountains and flowers ancient palaces and modern courts. For the proper appreciation of the museums and Crystal Palace however, two things are necessary; first, that the museums be opened of an evening, and some national holidays granted on which Sydenham can be visited; and next, that young men first "read up" for these exhibitions before they visit them, for they only teach those who come prepared to receive the lessons they are intended to impart.

The very mention of these things shews that a great increase has taken place in the number of wholesome and popular recreations during the lifetime of the present generation; we have, it is true, a section of the poorer population little reached by the civilizing effects of education or the moral restraint of Scriptural religion,—these demand and enjoy the exhibition of the brutal and the base for their amusement;* but much that pleases them has lost its attraction for many of the working and nearly all the middle classes of society.

Objections to the Theatre have been strongly stated, but these objections do not exist to the perusal or even recitation of dramatic writings, providing in the latter case there be no imitation of the actor; private theatricals however speciously disguised, even in elocution classes, invariably lead to attendance on those which are public; but dramatic writings, if right in moral tone, may be read with advan-

* See Chambers' Journal, No. 154.—"Amusements of the Mob."

tage; there can be no more harm in a poem in dialogue than in a poem without.

Where people "will be amused," it is a matter for rejoicing that they seek entertainment in the narrative of an ascent of Mont Blanc in such crowds as to give a fortune to the narrator, rather than in the sports which were fashionable thirty years ago.

The influence of the court of the monarch on the people has been before referred to: a most fearful example of this influence was shewn in the reign of George IV. The court was corrupt, the personal character of the king vicious, and all London was damaged by the lessons taught in the highest circle. In 1821, there was a book published with indecent prints, redolent with slang phrases, polluted with records of vice and immorality, filled in short with such material as would now exclude it from respectable circulating libraries; and yet this "Life in London, or the adventures of Tom, Jerry, and Logic," was actually dedicated to the King with the remark that "the whole chapter of 'Life in London' has been repeatedly perused by your Majesty."

The chapter of life referred to, and which both king and people were supposed to have perused, consisted of the following material:—Visits to the opera and its masquerades, Almacks, the hells, the race-course, the fives-court for pugilists, the dogpit, the cockfight, and the fencing-rooms; the saloons of theatres then crowded with shameless women, low public houses, monkey-fights with dogs, &c., &c. The book coolly describes a man of fashion selecting a mistress—speaks of lewdness in married persons as a common matter—tells of outrages against law and order, and yet is dedicated to the King!

Bad as London life now is, and no human language can adequately represent its moral evils, yet the whole tone of society has an infinitely higher moral elevation than it had then. We cannot imagine any work of a similar

character being dedicated now to any one having the least respect for himself, much less to any one in high station in England.

Next to the blessing of God, making to some extent successful the religious efforts of the present generation, we are indebted for this healthful change in the feelings of society to the most virtuous example, and the admirable domestic relationships of the Court of our present most gracious Queen, whom God long preserve !

Do you make any profession of religious character ? Then in reference to amusements, Richard Cecil's test is a suitable one. "If a man of the world," said he, "should meet me where he would say, 'I did not expect to see you here'—then he ought not to have seen me there."

Think what the world requires of you Christian young men—thorough undeviating consistency : nothing more than the Bible requires, but far more than the world exacts from its own votaries. Does a man who has ever figured at Exeter-hall fall into grievous error ? No matter what may have been the temptation, religion is at once sneered at ; the parties conveniently forgetting that religion has nothing to do with the matter, nor Exeter Hall either. The profession of that which is really good must be right ; departure from that which is holy and honest is irreligious. The profession was right—the practice wrong. Yet, let a man defraud a public company, let his case involve the charge of forgery as well as breach of trust, if he kept a box at the Opera, attended the race-course, frequented fashionable circles, neither the Opera nor Tattersall's are for a moment blamed ; and yet would it not be quite as wise to imagine that it was possible for a man to learn extravagance at the Opera, chicanery on the race-course, and hypocrisy in fashionable life, as to associate dishonesty and fraud with Church or Chapel or Exeter Hall ?

Never be ashamed of religion because of the inconsis-

tencies of professors; until the millenium dawns upon us there will always be a corrupt coin where the true metal circulates; nothing is worth imitating if it has not something truly valuable about it.

But oh! do you who are not members of this association and have not joined some portion of Christ's Church, sigh after forbidden amusements, and still ask "How shall we spend our time?"

Depend upon it, in the words of one of England's apostles,* "The thing you want is religion; that alone leaves no time on your hands. It fills all the blank spaces of life. It exactly takes up all the time we have to spare, be it more or less; so that he which hath much hath nothing over, and he that has little hath no lack."

Don't think or say, "I am so hardly worked through the day I have no time for religion, and I must have amusement at night;" nay, for however lawful some recreations may be to those who possess a renewed heart and a peaceful conscience, they are not for you. Amusements are not necessary to your happiness, but religion is; get that, and then give thanks to the Lord, "who giveth us all things richly to enjoy."

Life without religion, and hard, hard work, would be dreary indeed; it must be a mortifying thing to the mere philosopher when he considers the wondrous powers of the human mind, that in the occupations of life the soul is so much and so necessarily absorbed; that in the pursuit of business the lower faculties of the mind and heart are principally cultivated; that with a large portion of our community the exertion of that brute force which we possess in common with animals is only required. But to the Christian there is a ray of light thrown on the struggle of life which the philosopher who takes not the Bible for his guide never sees; and by this light it is shown that life is the training

* John Wesley.

time for immortality and that nothing is mean or low or unworthy which God deigns to employ to fit us for a higher life.

We may turn all to ignoble and sinful ends if we please, but if we remember we are in a place of probation, that our daily business is fraught with wholesome lessons, if we have regard to the moral design of the discipline we undergo, then even buying and selling, designing and manufacturing, sowing and reaping, planning and building, writing books and printing them, digging for gold and coining it, aye, and even the fearful battle for life itself involved in the terrible competition incident to a metropolis which is the mart of the world, may all minister to our benefit, and instead of crushing the Divinity within us, cause us to rise higher and higher in the capacity of knowing and loving GOD.

In conclusion I would add,—Do not look on this life as bounded by earth and earthly things; there is a spiritual world—it is *near* you. Elisha's servant, his sight dimmed with fear his trust in God faint, saw no hope of deliverance from the beleagured city; he mourned to his master:—Elisha prayed—“ Lord open the young man's eyes,” and

“Lo to faith's enlightened sight
All the mountain flamed with light.”

The armies of Heaven were ready, had need been, to do battle for the Prophet of the Lord!

Think while you tread the path of life of the intense nearness of the world of spirits: there is one passage which I would fain press on you and on myself, from the Book of God—that glorious passage in which Paul seems to see the godly of all ages who had “fought the good fight of faith” and overcome the world: they clustered round him, angelic in form, ethereal yet material for they were spirits of just men, they formed a bright luminous cloud just over his head and round about his path. Abraham was there—Moses was there—

David and Isaiah were there; these heavenly though earth born watchers, were all seen looking on the path of mortal life; but amidst them all, brighter than all, in all the beauty of humanity, in all the glory of God, Jesus was there! and Paul cried out "Wherefore seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

Oh! what then is *our* glorious privilege, surrounded by disembodied saints, but to "look to Jesus,"—look for salvation from sin, look for a perfect example of life. "For the joy that was set before Him he endured the cross!" Feebly, humbly, immensely distant, yet how gloriously near, may we be permitted to follow the steps of his blessed feet,—and *we*, if we "endure" the cross shall wear the "crown." Let earth's questionable amusements go; let the world's attractions and Satan's temptations go; let Heaven's realities be seen; grasp the banner of faith, "that banner with a strange device," and as you scale the Alpine hill of difficulty, shout as you mount above the temptations of sense and sin, shout "Excelsior!" "Excelsior!" Climb higher in the regions of sanctified knowledge, higher in the paths of solid usefulness, higher in those attainments which bring unsullied happiness. Climb, and as you "onward and upward" go, "Look unto Jesus" till He shall bid you into Heaven.

"Oh! that each in the day of His coming may say
 'I have fought my way through,
 I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do.'"

"Oh! that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
 'Well and faithfully done,
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my Throne.'"

The Imagination;

ITS USE AND ITS ABUSE.

A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. JAMES M^cCOSII, LL.D.



THE IMAGINATION;

ITS USE AND ITS ABUSE.

THE Imagination is a faculty which is apt to be strong in youth. I am to endeavour to show how it ought to be regulated. For like every other natural endowment, it is not to be eradicated, but to be guided and improved. I am not to enter into any profound metaphysical speculations, but it will be needful first to show what is the Nature of the Imagination; and having done so, I will then enlarge on its Use and Abuse, and on the Means of Cultivating it.

I.—ITS NATURE.

The Imagination is one of the Reproductive Powers of the mind. In this respect it is like the Memory. It is the office of the Memory to re-produce what has been previously before the mind, in the form in which it first appeared, and with the belief that it has been before the mind in time past. The Imagination also re-produces, but it re-produces in new forms, and is not accompanied with any belief as to past experience. Both are reflective of objects which have been before the mind; but the one may be compared to the mirror which reflects what is before it in its proper form and colour; whereas the other may be likened to the kaleidoscope which reflects what is before it, in an infinite variety of new forms and dispositions. Each of these has its pecu-

liar endowments by which it is enabled to accomplish its specific purpose. The Imagination does not, like the Memory, disclose to us realities ; but on the other hand the Memory cannot enliven by the varied pictures which are presented by the sister power. Each is beautiful in its own place, provided it is kept in its own place, and the one is not put in the room of the other—as was said severely of an author that he resorted to his imagination for his facts, and his memory for his figures. The one is represented by experience, experiments, observations, records, annals ; the other by allegories, myths, statues, paintings, and poems. The one, as Bacon has remarked, is peculiarly the faculty of the historian, the other of the poet and cultivator of the fine arts.

I place the Imagination among the re-productive powers, for far-reaching as it is, it cannot produce any thing of which it has not had the elements in a previous experience. Its power is always constructive, and never creative. "This shows," says Locke, "man's power to be much the same in the material and intellectual worlds, the materials in both being such as he hath no power either to make or destroy." A man born blind cannot by any native power of his own mind, apprehend colours, nor can the man born deaf have the dimmest idea of music. But when a person has seen colours, though he should afterwards, like Homer or Milton, be smitten with blindness, he may be able by the imagination, to mingle them in unnumbered ways, all different from the manner in which they are mixed in existing objects, natural or artificial. Give to one possessed with fine musical ear a knowledge of sounds, and he may now arrange and combine them, so as to produce symphonies such as human ear never listened to before, but which, as it listens to them, makes the soul to swell or sink with its swelling or sinking notes.

In analysing the Imagination we find two powers involved in it, an Imaging and a Constructive Power.

1. *It has an Imaging Power*, and is thence called Imagination. For this same reason it was called Phantasy by the ancient Greeks, by the writers of the middle ages, and in early English, as for example in the works of Bacon. Such a case as the following may enable us to understand what is meant by this picturing power. A mother, let me suppose, looks out of the window of her dwelling to take one other look of a beloved son setting out to a distant land, that he may there earn an honourable independence. It is a fond look which she takes, for she knows that on the most favourable supposition, a long time must elapse before these eyes can again rest upon him. She continues to fix these tear-filled eyes upon him till a winding of the road takes him out of the field of view. When he has turned that corner she can no longer be said to perceive him by the senses, but the mind's eye, as Shakespeare calls it, can still contemplate him. For often, often does she image to herself that scene with all its accompaniments. Often does the memory recall that son at the particular turn of the road, on a particular day, rainy or sunshiny, in a particular dress, passing round that corner; and as she does so, the whole is as it were visible before her. In this the senses are no longer exercised but the memory; and the imagination may also begin its appropriate work. For not only will the mother recall the scene, as it occurred, there will be times when it becomes more ideal, when one part will be separated from another, and when the parts selected for more particular contemplation will be mixed with other circumstances; and in various forms it will appear in her night dreams, and reappear in her day dreams, and she will picture that son toiling and struggling in that distant land to which he has gone, rising from one step of aggrandizement to another, and

returning at last by that same road, and round that same corner, to this same home ; and she will picture herself as receiving him, not as she parted with him, with mingled fears and hopes, but with one unmingled emotion of joy, while he showers upon her a return for that affection which she so profusely lavished on him in his younger years. This is an illustration of the picturing power of the mind. In it there is involved,

2. *A Constructive Power.* For the mother not only pictured the past, she put it in new shapes and combinations. Like the prism, the imagination divides that which passes through it into rich rainbow colours.

In this Constructive Power there seems, when we analyse it, to be involved : first, a diminishing power ; having seen a human being, I can imagine a Lilliputian—children, we find, are greatly interested in the exploits of Tom Thumb. There is, secondly, an enlarging power. Having seen a man, I can picture a giant, and be entertained with a narrative of his feats. Thirdly, there is an abstracting power. Having seen a church, I can picture the steeple apart from the rest of the building. Fourthly, there is a compounding power. Having seen a bull and a bird, I can put the wings of the bird on the body of the bull, and fashion a winged bull, such as is seen on the sculptured slabs of Nineveh.

This last is the highest property of the Imagination. It is one of the characteristics of genius. It is a constituent of every kind of invention. The particular character of the invention will be determined by the native tastes and predilections, and by the acquired habits of the individual. If a person has a strong tendency to observe forms, the imagination will call up the shapes in new combinations, and if his talent is cultivated, he may become a painter. If he is disposed to admire the beauties of nature, landscapes will be apt to appear before his mind made up of new dispositions of

objects which he has witnessed in real scenes. When an individual has a mechanical turn, the imagination will ever be prompting him to devise some new instrument or engine ; or if his taste be architectural, new buildings will rise in vision before him. If he is a man of great flow of sensibility, he will ever be picturing himself or others—a mother, sister, or wife, in circumstances of joy or of sorrow ; and at times weaving an imaginary tragedy or comedy in which he and his friends are actors.

This is a gift which, like every other, can be cultivated. I know, indeed, that genius is in itself a native endowment. No teacher can communicate it in return for a fee, nor can it be acquired by industry ; but unless pains be taken, it is apt to run wild, and become useless or even injurious. It admits of direction and improvement. The painter who would rise to eminence in his art, must study the finest models, and fill his mind with scenes natural or historical, such as he would wish to represent. The poet who would awaken his genius must live, and breathe, and walk in the midst of objects and incidents such as he would embody in verse. In science discovery is commonly the reward reaped by a power of invention which has been trained and disciplined. It is seldom that discoveries are made by pure accident. It was, (according to the common story) on the occasion of Newton seeing an apple fall to the ground, that the thought flashed on him, “this apple is drawn to the earth by the same power which holds the moon in her orbit.” But how many people had seen an apple fall without the law of universal gravitation being suggested to them. The thought arose in a mind long trained to accurate observation, and disciplined to the discovery of mathematical relations. It was as he gathered up the fragments of a crystal which had fallen from his hands to the ground, that the Abbé Haüy discovered the principles which regulate the crystalli-

zation of minerals ; but the idea occurred to one who was addicted to such investigations, and who was in fact studying forms at the very time. On falling in with the bleached skull of a deer in the Hartz forest, Oken exclaimed, "This is a vertebrate column," and started those investigations which have produced a revolution in anatomy ; but the view presented itself to one meditating on these very subjects, and in a sense prepared for the discovery.

Before leaving this head it is proper to state that the imagination can represent and put into new forms not only the material, but the mental and the spiritual worlds. The mother in the illustration employed, can not only picture her son in new scenes, she can picture the feelings which he may be supposed to cherish in these scenes, or the feelings with which she herself may contemplate him. Milton, culling what was fairest from the landscapes and gardens which had passed under his view, describes in his "Paradise Lost" an Eden fairer than any scene now to be found on our globe ; but as a still higher and far more successful achievement of his genius, he contrives, by combining and intensifying all the evil propensities of human nature,—pride and passion, ambition and enmity to holiness,—to set before us Satan contending with the holy angels and with God Himself.

The poet, the dramatist, the novelist, dispose the elements of human nature in all sorts of new shapes and collocations in order to please, to rouse, or instruct us. If I am not mistaken, poetry and fiction generally must be led to deal more and more in every succeeding age with the motives, the sentiments, and passions of mankind. This is a field very much overlooked by the ancients, and left over to the moderns to cultivate. If we leave out of account the Book of Job, and other portions of the Hebrew Scriptures, we shall find very little of the deeper moods and feelings of humanity in the poetry of the ancients. The poet who

would catch the spirit of modern times, must unfold the workings of the soul within, as the ancients exhibited the outward incident.

I believe that the outward and visible machinery used in times past by the poets is waxing old, and must soon vanish away. We can relish to some extent the allusion to harps and lyres, to nymphs and muses, to Minerva and Apollo, by the Greeks and Romans, for they were sincere in the use which they made of them. But it is only indicative of the barrenness of his genius to find the modern youth talking of awaking his lyre, when perhaps he never saw a lyre in his life ; invoking the Muses when he believes that there are no Muses ; and appealing to Apollo when he knows full well that Apollo cannot help him. Poetry, in order to be true poetry, must come up welling from a true heart. There was nothing artificial in the use of their mythology by the Greeks and Romans ; but there must always be something unnatural, not to say affected, in the employment of it by the moderns. The old apparatus of the poets is now gone, and gone for ever,—and I for one do not regret it ; but will the scientific character of the age, which believes in astronomy and geology, and not at all in ghosts or fairies, admit of any new machinery tangible and visible ? I doubt much if it will, for there would be no sincerity in the use of such ; and sincerity must be an element in all genuine poetry.

Is the modern then precluded from the exercise of the Poetic Imagination ? Is the time of great poets, as some would hint, necessarily passed away ? I, for one, believe no such thing. But I am convinced, at the same time, that poets who would do in these times what the older poets did in their days, must strike out a path different from that in which the ancients walked. The novelist has, it seems to me

already entered on this path. He has described human nature, or at least certain features of it,—its passions, foibles, consistencies, and inconsistencies ; and so his works have had a popularity in these latter days far exceeding that of the poet. Poets are now read very much in proportion as they deal with mankind. The poetry of Shakespeare ranks higher, I suspect, in this age than that of Milton, and this mainly because the former exhibits human nature in almost every variety of attitude—always excepting the religious. Most of the greater poets of the past age delighted to daguerreotype the states of the human soul ; whether in its moods of quiet communion with nature, like Wordsworth ; or in the wider excursions of the imagination, like Coleridge and Shelley ; or in the deeper workings of passion, like Byron. Even when bringing before us the objective world, they often expose it to the view by a flash of light struck by the inward feeling awakened. Tennyson, in his “*In Memoriam*,” gives us little else than the feeling of sorrow for the departed projecting itself on the external world, and darkening it with its shadow.

I believe that, as the world advances in education and civilization, and entertains a greater number and variety of thoughts on all subjects, and is susceptible of an ever increasing range of emotions, poetry must take up the theme, and make the workings of human nature its favourite subject. This is a mine of which the ancients gathered only the surface gold, but which is open to any one who has courage and strength to penetrate into its depths, and thence to draw exhaustless treasures. As the most inviting of all topics to the poet, I would point to the human soul,—to its convictions and its doubts, to its writhings and struggles, in boyhood and manhood, in idleness and in bustle—to its swaying motives, its desperate fights, and its crowning conquests.

II.—ITS USE.

The imagination has a noble purpose to serve. It widens the horizon of the mental vision ; it fills the empty space which lies between the things that are seen ; and it gives a peep into the void which lies beyond the visible sphere of knowledge. It thus expands the mind by expanding the boundary of thought, and by opening an ideal, outside the real, world. It is also fitted to extend the field of enjoyment. It peoples the waste, and supplies society in solitude ; it enlarges the diminutive, and elevates the low ; it decorates the plain, and illumines the dim. The cloud in the sky is composed of floating particles of moisture, and would be felt to be dripping mist if we entered it, but how beautiful does it look when glowing with the reflected light of the setting sun ; such is the power of fancy in gilding what would otherwise be felt to be dull and disagreeable. The imagination can do more than this ; it can elevate the sentiments and the motive power of the mind by the pictures, fairer than any realities, which it presents.

This faculty has purposes to serve even in science. "The truth is," says D'Alembert, "to the geometer who invents, imagination is not less essential than to the poet who creates." To the explorer in physical science it suggests hypotheses wherewith to explain phenomena ; and which, when duly adjusted and verified by facts, may at last be recognized as the very expression of the laws of nature. There was a fine fancy in exercise, as well as a great sagacity, when the poet Goethe discovered that all the appendages of the plant, sepals, petals, stamens, and pistils, are after the leaf type, and thus laid a foundation on which scientific botany has been built. In every department of science this faculty bridges over chasms between discovered truths, and dives into

depths in search of pearls, and opens mines in which precious ores are found.

May we not go farther, and affirm that it is of service in the practical affairs of life, always when subordinated to the judgment? Not only does it supply devices to the inventive warrior, such as Napoleon Buonaparte, and suggest means of reaching unknown countries to the adventurer by sea or land, it helps the farmer to discover new modes of tilling his land, and discloses new openings in trade to the merchant.

Need I add that it is the power which constructs those scenes which are embodied in the fine building or statue; which are made visible to us on the canvas of the painter; or which the poet enshrines in verse, as we have seen shrubs and flowers imbedded in amber? Generally those writings are the most widely diffused and universally popular which address this imaging power of the mind. At the head of this pictorial school is Sir Walter Scott; and after him we have Merle D'Aubigné, Macaulay, and others in history; my friend Dr. Guthrie and many more in the writing of sermons; and in the illustrating of high moral and scientific truth, one whom I had also the honour of calling my friend, the late and most deeply lamented Hugh Miller, whose sun has gone down in so terrible a cloud, but for whom we anticipate, notwithstanding, a glorious resurrection ascension, when these noble faculties, encumbered no longer with a weight of clay, will shine as the sun, for ever and for ever. These authors do not content themselves with relating the bare incident, they set before us the actors with all their accompaniments of locality, dress, manner, and attitude. This pictorial power illuminates the book of knowledge, and fills it, as it were, with prints and figures, which allure on the reader from page to page, without his feeling his work to be a toil.

This faculty, too, has the power of awakening sentiment deep and fervent. And here it will be needful to call attention to the circumstance that the very mental picture or representation of certain objects,—say ourselves or others in circumstances of happiness or pain,—is fitted to call forth feeling. The novel reader rejoices over the success of the hero of the tale as he would over the triumphs of a living man; and weeps over the misfortunes of the heroine as he would over a scene of actual misery. To account for this, it is alleged by some (as by D. Stewart), that there is a momentary belief in the reality of the object. I am not sure that it is necessary to resort to this supposition. It is the very mental picture or apprehension of persons exposed to happiness or suffering which calls forth the emotion, and this with or without a positive belief. No doubt if unbelief come in, it will arrest the play of fancy and feeling; and unbelief will always interpose when the picture is unlike any reality; and hence it is needful for the novelist, the tragedian, and the actor, to make the characters and accompaniments as natural as possible, lest the doubting judgment appear to scatter the images, and with them the emotions. But if unbelief does not lay a cold interruption on the process, it seems to me that the mental representations as they flow on will of themselves draw along the corresponding train of feelings, whether of joy or sorrow, of sympathy or indignation.

According, then, to the cherished imagination, so will be the prevailing sentiment. Low images will incite mean motives, and sooner or later land the person who indulges them in the mire. Lustful pictures will foment licentious purposes, which will hurry the individual, when occasion presents itself and permits, into the commission of the deed,—to be remembered ever after, as Adam must have looked back upon the plucking of the forbidden fruit. Vain thoughts will raise around the man who creates them, a succession of

empty shows, among which he walks, as the statues of the gods are carried in the processions before pagan temples. The perpetual dwelling on our supposed merits will produce a self-righteous character, and a proud and disdainful mien and address. Gloomy thoughts will give a downward bend and look, and darken with their own hue the brightest prospects which life can disclose. Envious or malignant thoughts will sour the spirit and embitter the temper, and ever prompt to words of insinuation, inuendo, or disparagement; or to deeds of sulkiness, of malignity, or revenge.

This is the darker side. On the other side, when the fancy is devoted to its intended use, it helps to cheer, to elevate, to ennoble the soul. It is in its proper exercise when it is picturing something better than we have ever yet realized, some grand ideal of excellence, and sets us forth on the attainment of it. All excellence, whether earthly or spiritual, has been obtained by the mind keeping before it, and dwelling upon, the ideas of the great, the good, the beautiful, the grand, the perfect. The tradesman and mechanic attain to eminence by their never allowing themselves to rest till they can produce the most finished specimens of their particular work. The painter and sculptor travel to distant lands that they may see, and as it were fill their eye and mind with the sight of the most beautiful models of their arts. Poets have had their yet undiscovered genius awakened into life as they contemplated some of the grandest of nature's scenes—or as they listened to the strains of other poets, the spirit of poetry has descended upon them, as the spirit of inspiration descended upon Elisha while the minstrel played before him. The soldier's spirit has been aroused more than even by the stirring sound of the war-trumpet, by the record of the courage and heroism of other warriors. The fervour of one patriot has been created as he listened to the burning words of another patriot, and many

a martyr's zeal has been kindled at the funeral pile of other martyrs. In this way fathers have handed down their virtues to their children, and parents have left their offspring a better legacy in their example than in all their wealth, and those who could leave them nothing else, have in this example left them the very richest legacy. In this way the good men of one age have influenced the characters of the men of another, and the deeds of those who have done great achievements have lived far longer than those who performed them, and been transmitted from one generation to another.

This power gives wings to bear us aloft, above the damps and clouds of this earth, into a purer and serener atmosphere. It is an element in the communion which the Christian is permitted to hold with God ; it is necessary in order to his realizing that better world to which we are exhorted to be ever looking ; and it has a place in that exercise of the soul in which it anticipates the glory and antedates the blessedness of heaven, and which is expressively called the beatific vision.

This faculty seems to me to be strikingly illustrative both of the weakness and of the strength of the human intellect. There are very stringent limits laid on its exercises. All the images of the fancy are only reproductions of what we have experienced. In using its materials the mind can enlarge them to an indefinite extent ; but, stretch itself as it may, the image is still finite. In expanding its image in space it finds itself incapable of doing anything more than representing to itself a volume with a distinct spherical boundary. In following out its contemplation in respect of time, the image is of a line of vast length, but terminating in a point at each end. But where the mind is restrained by its weakness, *there* it exhibits its strength. It can image to itself only this bounded sphere, this line cut at both ends ; but it is led or rather impelled to believe in vastly more. At

the point where it is obliged to stop it takes a look, and that look is into infinity. Standing as it were on the shore of a vast ocean it can only see so much, but is constrained to believe that there is much more beyond this horizon of the vision. It is here that we find the origin and genesis of the idea of, or rather we should say the belief in, an INFINITE.

I feel that I am approaching a profound subject. It is not easy to sound its depths. It was long before I was able to attain to anything like clear ideas on the subject. I have pondered for long successive hours on it, only to find it shrouding itself in deeper mystery. On the one hand I found the more profound philosophers of the Continent giving this idea of the Infinite a high place—indeed, the highest place in their systems. In coming back, from flights in company with the German metaphysicians, to inquire of British philosophers what they make of this idea, I found their views meagre and unsatisfactory; for the idea of the Infinite, according to them, is a mere negation, a mere impotency. But if we can entertain no such idea, how do all men speak of it? If it be a mere impotency, how do we come to clothe the Divine Being with Infinity?

Feeling as if I needed somewhere to find it, I proceed in the truly British method to inquire, how does such an idea of or belief in, the Infinite as the mind actually does entertain, rise within us, and what is its precise nature? The imagination can add and add, so far we have the immense, the indefinite. Thus, in respect of time, it can add millions of years or ages, to millions of years and ages. In respect of extension it can add millions and billions and trillions of leagues to millions and billions and trillions of leagues, and then multiply the results by each other millions of billions of trillions of times. But when it has finished this process it has not infinity, it has merely immensity. If, when we had gone thus far, time and space ceased, we should still have

the finite, a very wide finite, no doubt ; but not the infinite. But then it is a *law of the mind*, that when we have gone thus far we are necessitated to believe that existence does not stop there ; nay, to believe that, to whatever other point we might go, there must be a something beyond. Such seems to me to be the true character of the mind's conviction in regard to an Infinite. On the one hand the mind cannot image to itself the Infinite. It strives to do so ; but after all its straining, it feels as if it were ever baffled and thrown back. On the other hand, the mind is constrained in the exercise of its intelligence, to believe in the necessary existence of an Infinite and an Eternal. While the finite mind cannot embrace the infinite, it is led to believe, at the place where its efforts stop, that there is an Infinite.

Let us follow the mind in its attempt to grasp Infinity. We can easily conceive of a sphere as large as the globe of the earth ; we can thence rise to the conception of a sphere as wide as that of the earth's movement in its orbit round the sun ; and try even to conceive of that vast orbit in which it is supposed that our sun moves. Let us then stretch the imagination thus far, as far as the most distant star which Lord Rosse's telescope discloses, as far as the star which requires thousands or hundreds of thousands of years to send its rays across the immeasurable regions which intervene. Are we there at the farthest limits of existence ? Can we believe that we are ? Suppose we were carried to such a point. would we not stretch out our hand confidently believing that there is a space beyond, or that if our hand were stayed, it must be by body occupying space ? We are necessitated to believe that after we have gone thus far we are not at the outer verge of the universe of being ; nay, though we were to multiply this distance by itself, and this by itself ten thousand millions of times, till the imagination felt itself dizzy and reeling, still, after we have reached this point, we are

constrained to believe that there must be a something beyond. This seems to me to be the very law of the mind in reference to Infinity ; it not only cannot set limits to existence, it is constrained to believe that there are no limits. "If the mind," says John Foster, "were to arrive at the solemn ridge of mountains which we may fancy to bound creation, it would eagerly ask, why no farther—what is beyond?"

This seems to me to be a necessary belief ; we cannot be made to believe otherwise. Not only so, it is in a sense a universal belief. No doubt the widest image formed by many human beings, as by children and savages, must be very narrow ; but whether narrow or wide, they always believe that there must be something beyond. Pursue any line sufficiently far and we shall find it going out into infinity. So true is it, that

The feeling of the boundless bounds
All feeling, as the welkin doth the world.

But the infinite, in which the mind is led intuitively to believe, is not an abstract infinite. It is a belief in something infinite. When the visible things of God declare that there is an intelligent Being, the author of all the order and adaptation in the universe, the mind is impelled to believe that this Being is, and must be infinite, and clothes him with Eternal Power and Godhead. The intuition is gratified to the full in the contemplation of a God Eternal, Omnipresent, Almighty and All Perfect.

III.—ITS ABUSE.

While the imagination is fitted, when properly regulated, to widen the field of enjoyment and elevate the standard of character, there is no faculty which is more liable to run into error and excess, and in the end to land the possessor in

more helpless and hopeless misery. If I had the genius of Plato, and were able like him to clothe my thoughts in instructive myths, I would represent the God who created us, as allotting, when He distributed to the faculties their proper spheres of dominion, to the Understanding the Land, to the Passions the Sea, and to the Imagination the Air. While each has a kingdom put under it, it is all the while under a higher Sovereign to whom it must give account, and who is ready to punish, if His eternal laws are contravened. And there may be transgression, not only in erroneous judgments, not only in violent passions, but in the imagination wandering into forbidden regions. No sin brings its punishment with it more certainly in this life than a disordered imagination. This kingdom of the air has had, just as much as the land or the sea, laws impressed on it. If the land is not properly cultivated it will yield no crops ; if the sea is not skilfully navigated it will speedily dash the vessel in pieces ; but the air is, if possible, a still more perilous element to wield, than the earth or the ocean, and the penalties which it inflicts are still more fearful ; when it is offended, it raves in the storm, it mutters in the thunder, it strikes with its lightning. How melancholy have been the lives of very many of those who have possessed, in a high degree, that fearful gift, the gift of genius. One who was himself possessed of high genius was wont to thank God, because he could discover no traces of poetical talent in his son ; and when we read the lives of the poets we can well understand how Sir Walter Scott—for it is to him I refer—should have felt in this way. For in how many cases has their elevation above other men been like that of Icarus ; they have mounted into a region purer and more fervent than this cold earth, but only to find their wings melted by the heat, and their flight followed by a more melancholy fall. This is a gift which young men of noble aspirations are especially

apt to covet ; and if they possess the gift by all means let them use it ; if God has given them wings, let them soar. But let them know that if the gift is abused, in very proportion to the greatness of the endowment will be the greatness of the punishment. For in this unreal world, of their own creation, they will meet with horrid ghosts and spectres (also of their own creation, but not on that account the less dreadful), ready to inflict vengeance upon those who have made an unhallowed entrance into forbidden regions. The miseries of men of genius have been the deepest of all miseries, for the imagination has intensified all the real evils which they suffer, and added many others, giving a greater blackness to the darkness in which they are enveloped, and a keener edge to the weapons by which they are assailed.

The youthful mind, especially if of a vain, or of a pensive and indolent turn, is much tempted to exercise the imagination in "castle building." Speaking of his younger years, Sir James Mackintosh tells us : "Reading of 'Echard's Roman History' led me into a ridiculous habit from which I shall never be totally free. I used to fancy myself Emperor of Constantinople. I distributed offices and provinces among my school-fellows, I loaded my favourites with dignity and power, and I often made the objects of my dislike feel the weight of my imperial resentment. I carried on the series of political events in solitude for several hours ; I resumed them and continued them from day to day for months. Ever since I have been more prone to building castles in the air than most others. My castle-building has always been of a singular kind. It was not the anticipation of a sanguine disposition expecting extraordinary success in its pursuits. My disposition is not sanguine, and my visions have generally regarded things as much unconnected with my ordinary pursuits, and as little to be expected, as the crown of Constantinople at the school of Fortrose. These fancies, indeed,

have never amounted to conviction, or, in other words, they have never influenced my action, but I must confess they have often been as steady and of as regular recurrence as conviction itself, and that they have sometimes created a little faint expectation, or state of mind, in which my wonder that they should be realized would not be so great as it naturally ought to be." A person of very different temperament, Charlotte Elizabeth, describes herself as falling, in her younger years, into a similar habit, which, however, she speedily corrected. "I acquired that habit of dreamy excursiveness into imaginary scenes and among unreal personages which is alike inimical to rational pursuits and opposed to spiritual mindedness." I have remarked in my own experience (for I confess to have been an architect of these airy fabrics) that all such "vain thoughts," as the Scriptures characterize them, sooner or later, end in sadness;—after the height comes the hollow, deep in proportion to the previous elevation—after the flow comes the ebb, to leave us stranded on a very sandy waste. The mind when it awakes, as it must, revenges itself for the dreams by which it has been deceived. For the time, they enfeeble the will, they relax the resolution, they dissipate the energies, and they issue in chagrin, disappointment with the world, ennui, and not unfrequently bitterness of spirit. The indulgence in such weak imaginations is like the sultry heat of a summer day; it is close and disagreeable at the time, and it is ever liable to be broken in upon by thunders and lightnings. These gathering clouds, though they may seem light and floating, will sooner or later pour forth tempests. They that sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind.

If the imagination is unlawfully engaged when building palaces among the gilded clouds, it is equally misemployed when under the guidance of a melancholy spirit it is hewing

out sepulchres in desolate and gloomy places, and peopling them with ghosts and demons to keep the timid from going out into the dark night when duty calls. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

This vain spirit is much fostered and increased by the excessive novel-reading of the age. I am not to enter upon a crusade against the perusal of works of fiction. I should be sorry to debar the child from "Robinson Crusoe" or the "Pilgrim's Progress," or to prevent any one from becoming acquainted with the character of "Jeanie Deans," or of "Uncle Tom;" but I do protest against that constant and indiscriminate perusal of romances in which so many indulge. In the use of such stimulants I am an advocate not of *total abstinence*, but of *temperance* principles. I am not afraid of an occasional glass of fiction, provided persons be not constantly sipping at it, and provided they be taking solid food in far larger measure. For every novel devoured, let there be eaten and digested several books of history or of biography, several books of voyages and travels, several books of good theology, with at least a book or two of science. If you examine some of our circulating libraries you will find a very different proportion—far more works of fiction than works of truth. Those who consume this garbage will soon take its hue, as the worm takes the colour of the green herbage on which it feeds; and the furnishing of their mind becomes excessively like the circulating libraries to which I have referred; a strange medley, in which the vain and fictitious occupies a far larger place than the real and the solid.

Nor let it be urged by the novel reader, that as he does not believe the tale when he reads it, so no evil can possibly arise from the perusal of it; for the mischief may be produced altogether independent of his belief or his disbelief. It arises from the impressions produced, unconsciously pro-

duced, unconsciously abiding, and unconsciously operating. Like the poison caught from visiting an infected district, it is drawn into the system without our being aware of the precise spot from which it comes, or even of its existence. Like the evil influence of companions, these "evil communications corrupt good manners," all the more certainly because they work pleasantly and imperceptibly. The evil arises from the vain show into which the mind is conducted; from the false pictures of the world, so different from the Scripture representation; and from the views of human character which are exhibited, so different from those given in the Word of God. It springs from the images with which the mind is filled, and which present themselves when invited and when not invited. For having called up these spirits, and cherished and fondled them, we may find that we cannot allay them when we choose, that they abide with us whether we will or no, first to tempt, and finally to torment us.

Even when the novels are all proper in themselves, the immoderate use of them has a pernicious tendency. It has been shown by Bishop Butler and by Dugald Stewart * that it is injurious to the mind to stimulate high feeling—as is done in the novel—when the feeling is not allowed to go out in action. It is a good thing to cherish compassion towards a person in distress, when we are led in consequence to take steps towards the relief of that person. But it is not so good a thing to indulge in sympathy towards an imaginary personage whom we cannot aid. The rationale of this can be given. In proportion as we become familiar with scenes of distress, we are less and less affected by them. But when the scenes are real, and when we are in the way of relieving the misery, we are in the meantime acquiring a habit of

* Butler's Analogy; Stewart's Elements, part I, chap. viii.

benevolence, which, like other habits, will grow and strengthen with the exercise. In going into such scenes we may not feel so keenly as we at one time did ; but if the mere sensibility of benevolence is lessened, the principle and the habit are increased. But it is different when our feelings are in the way of being roused by harrowing scenes in a romance ; here we have the feelings deadened to ordinary misery, without any habit of active benevolence being acquired. Hence it is that we so often find that the eyes which stain the novel with tears, refuse to weep over the real miseries of the poor. "From these reasonings it appears," says the philosopher last named, "that an habitual attention to exhibitions of fictitious distress is in every view calculated to check our moral improvement. It diminishes that uneasiness which we feel at the sight of distress, and which prompts us to relieve it. It strengthens that disgust which the loathsome concomitants of distress excite in the mind, and which prompts us to avoid the sight of misery ; while at the same time it has no tendency to confirm those habits of active benevolence without which the best dispositions are useless."

This is the result even on the supposition that the characters are properly drawn. Still more fatal consequences follow when the imagination is employed in such works to decorate vice or depreciate true excellence ; to picture human nature as essentially good, and the ungodly as truly happy ; to represent piety as mean—as I am sorry to say Dickens does at times by his delineations of professors and ministers of religion, or profanity as something noble ; to picture the religious as either fools or hypocrites, or daub over with paint the face of fading worldly vanity.

It would be wrong in me to close this head without referring to the excessive stimulus given to the imagination in certain forms of religious worship. The law of God permits

no images in our places of worship. The law of the land, quite as I think in the spirit of the word, permits, in the National Churches, no crosses on the altars, and extinguishes all candles—all right, as I think when we have the light of heaven, the true image (and not wax candles) of God who is light. All such corporeal representations are not only inadequate, they are of a misleading character. "To whom will he liken God, or what likeness will ye compare unto Him." The stars in their purity are not suitable emblems of His holiness; nor the moon shining in beauty of His loveliness; the sun in all his splendour has his beams paled in the dazzling splendour of His glory. The fundamental evil of images, as used in the worship of God, does not lie in their being pictures, but in their incapacity to act as pictures. There can be no corporeal image of an incorporeal God. No statuary, no painting can aid in the worship of a spiritual God. It is one grand aim of the New Testament to lead us to worship "God who is a spirit, in spirit and in truth."

I venture to go a step farther, and to maintain that there may be unlawful stimulus given to the imagination by an excess of what is lawful in itself. It is never to be forgotten that religion and religious worship do not consist in an excited imagination, and the feelings that flow from it; but in very different qualities, in faith, in adoration, in penitence, in love. All show, all music, which tend to raise up mere sensuous images, have an earthward instead of a heavenward tendency. The religion of stained glass and altar cloths, of vestments and processions, the worship of which church-architecture is the body, and music the soul, may be fitted to kindle the mind into a sort of excitement; but it is with strange fire, and not with fire from off the altar; and it vanishes in smoke and incense, and ascends not to the ear of God in heaven.

IV.—MEANS OF CULTIVATING IT.

The Imagination may best be educated by laying up a store of noble images, ready to present themselves when occasion requires, to enliven and instruct the mind.

There are works of man fitted to furnish such lively figures. There is the statue, with the soul shining through the marble. There is the painting, setting before us historical incident and character, and rousing the soul to high sentiment, and energetic action. There is the grand cathedral, with its imposing towers, its pillar succeeding pillar, and arch upon arch, with the long perspective of the nave, and the withdrawing aisle. It is worth our pains to travel many a mile in order to furnish the mind with such memories.

But the works of God are still more replete than those of man with food for the fancy. In particular, nature presents everywhere model figures which strike the eye, which imprint themselves on the memory, and engage the musing intellect. In conjunction with a most accurate naturalist, Dr. Dickie, I have traced such typical forms through the various kingdoms of nature.* Every planet has a regular oblate spheroid shape, and it runs in a regularly elliptic orbit. In certain circumstances most, if not all minerals, assume a crystalline form which is mathematically exact. But it is in the organic kingdoms that we discover forms playing the most important part. All plants and all animals are built up of cells which have a uniform structure. The next figure that appears in the animal as in the vegetable kingdom, is what I call the Organic Column. It is a shaft widened at the two ends. You may see it in the stalk of a leaf, in the internodes of firs and pines, and in the bole of many an old tree, wide at the base, then narrowing, and again swelling.

* See "Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation." By James McCosh, LL.D., and George Dickie, M.D., 2nd Edition, 1857.

This I believe to be the model figure of all the stems of the plant. It is now acknowledged that all the parts of the flower are formed after the model of the leaf, and I have shown that there is a correspondence between branch and leaf, and that therefore there is a unity of plan running through the whole plant. If we turn to the animal, we observe the same organic column appearing in the bones; you may see it visibly in the bones of the fingers and toes, of the hand and foot, and in those of the legs of man, and of all quadrupeds. I believe (with Dr. Dickie) that it is the model to which the individual bones of the skeleton are conformed. It is now agreed that the whole skeleton of the animal is made up of a series of parts called *Vertebræ*. These are truths capable of scientific demonstration. But without scientific knowledge any one may notice that every species of plant, and every species of animal, has its type; and that there are lovely forms presenting themselves in flower and tree, and in the general frame and separate organs of animals. How beautiful an object is a tree growing with all its foliage, freely and fairly, on a sheltered lawn! How picturesque is the same tree in winter, so sharply defined by a frost-bound covering of snow! Now, the fancy is cultivated, and through it the meditative intellect, when, to use the language of Wordsworth, "Man, in his spirit, communes with the forms of nature."

No one has wandered much among the lovelier or grander of nature's landscapes without witnessing scenes which can never be effaced from the tablet of the memory, but which are photographed there as by a sunbeam process. It may be a sweet valley, separated from all the rest of the world, and protected from all the storms of life, and in which repose visibly dwells. Or it may be a wide extended plain, and fields clothed with hedge-rows and scattered trees, and dotted over with well fed kine, which need only to bend their necks

to find the herbage ready to meet them, and a river winding slowly through the midst of it, and lively villages with village churches on either bank ;—merry England discloses a hundred such scenes, to rebuke our peevishness, and subdue the soul into cheerfulness, as it beholds them and loves to recall them. All that has a sharp point, or a sharp edge ; all that has a ridge, or is rugged ; all that is steep or perpendicular, is especially fitted to leave its sharply-defined image in the mind. The very Lombardy poplar helps to relieve the tame plain. The church-tower or spire fixes the whole village in the memory. The windmill, though not the most improved piece of machinery, and though the movements of its outstretched arms, as they forever pursue without overtaking each other, are somewhat awkward, is notwithstanding, a most picturesque object, as seen between us and the sky. The ship, with its pointed masts and its white sails stretched out to the breeze, makes the bay on which it sails look more lively and interesting. More imposing, there are the bold mountains which cleave the sky, and the sea-worn rocks which have faced a thousand storms, and are as defiant as ever. How placid does the lake sleep in the midst of them, sheltered by their overhanging eminences, and guarded by their turreted towers : heaven above looks down on it with a smile, and is seen reflected from its bosom. Grandeur still, there is the ocean always old, and yet ever new in its aspects ; never changing, and yet ever changing ; and the steep cliff, with the sea-bird careering from peak to peak, and hoarsely chiding all human intruders into what it reckons as its own domains. The faculty which God has given us is best educated by the contemplation of the scenes which God has placed around us. A wander among such scenes, at least once in our lives, or better still, once a year, when our large cities yield abundance of dust but refuse to give us breath, is as exhilarating to the mind as it is to the

body, and the mental vigour resulting will continue longer than the health of body ; while the pictures thus hung round the chamber of the mind will, as it were, be looking down upon us ever and anon, to relieve the tedium of our daily solitudes.

But the mind may be stocked with still nobler images. The highest part of man's nature is not the sentient, but the moral and spiritual. Those who would give the highest training to the mind must furnish to it deeds of excellence, tales of heroism. There are characters brought under our notice in history and biography which transcend in grandeur the noblest objects in inanimate creation. The character of him who, in his infant years was exposed at the river's edge, is an object more deserving of our contemplation than the Nile, with all the antiquities on its banks. The loveliest of the mountains of Judah is not so interesting an object as the shepherd boy who there defended his flocks from the lion and the bear, and tuned his harp to the praises of God. Horeb itself, even the Mount of God, is not so sublime an object as the stern prophet who fled thither to seek communion with God. The ocean, in all its power of tempest, is not so grand an object as the Apostle Paul, so calm when the ship was driven up and down in Adria, so calm in the midst of the tumults of the people. Luther out-strips in elevation the highest of the Saxon Alps. The stern purity of John Calvin awes me more than Mont Blanc clothed in ice and snow. Cranmer towers higher than the Derby Peak. John Knox impresses me more than Ben Nevis ever did. The stalwart men of the days of the Puritans comport themselves with a loftier mien than the stateliest of our English oaks. I should like much to see the bananas, the bread-fruit trees, and tree ferns of the Islands of the Pacific, but I may get greater good by reading the life of the martyr of Erromanga. I could wish to visit those most interesting countries which

Dr. Livingstone has disclosed to the civilized world ; but when prevented from this, I may feel my soul inspirited by learning how such a man perilled his life in order to carry the Gospel to the ignorant heathen. Let the mind of youth be stored with such tales, whether taken from inspired or uninspired biographies. That nation is truly a noble one whose history presents to its youth—to inspire them with patriotism—the examples of men who endured sufferings in order to accomplish great and good ends. That Church is to be revered as truly an apostolic one, which can show martyrs who have bled in defence of the truth.

Let, then, the mind of youth be inspired by tales of heroism. But let me not be misunderstood. I do not reckon that man a hero who has slain hundreds of thousands of his fellow-creatures, and subdued vast countries and continents, but who has been all the while the slave of his own ambition. I trust that as the world grows older it will grow wiser also, and reserve its admiration for heroes of a higher stamp. By heroes, I mean persons who have risen above the meanness of the world,—above their age it may be,—above themselves; who have sacrificed their own interests for the good of others; who have aimed at nothing less than rendering their fellow men wiser and better. A heroism this, to be found as readily in the cottage as in the palace; in the most obscure alley of a great city as in the camp or the battle-field ; in the weaker woman as in the stronger man. She is a heroine in my estimation who, knowing that she risks her life, nurses night and day the brother or sister who is in raging fever, and breathing infection all around. He is the hero who, walking in the midst of temptation, and defalcation, and pollution, holds himself high above it, and refuses to be contaminated by it.

Every one may claim a noble lineage who is descended from ancestors who displayed such qualities. He is of no

mean birth who has had an honest father and a virtuous mother. A man's personal experience is valuable in proportion as it has brought him in contact with persons of high soul and noble purpose. Highly privileged is the youth who has had an exemplary father, or a mother who forgot herself in attending to him; who has an attached brother or sister, or who has acquired a steady and disinterested friend. This is a sort of education which ennobles a youth far more than any book-learning, or any training at school or college. These home-scenes are instructive beyond foreign travel of any description. The image of such a sister or of such a wife is far more pleasing and beneficial than the recollection of any painting of a Venus or Madonna. The remembrance of such a disinterested friend is more soul invigorating than that of any statue of Apollo or of Hercules. A man whose mind is stored by these memories is never alone, for he has friends to travel with him wherever he goes—to cheer him with their love, and enlighten him with their wisdom.

But God has nobler and yet more instructive types wherewith to enliven and educate the mind. In His Word as well as in His Works He hath suited the character of the instruction which He imparts to the faculties which He has given us. If these are types, that is, pattern figures, in nature, there are also types, that is, pattern figures, in Revelation; and the one series as well as the other is admirably adapted to our power of apprehension—only the types of the Bible convey the higher lessons.

The word type in Scripture means pattern or model form.* The inspired writers adhere rightly to this meaning. Theologians have importunately given to this word a different signification, and in doing so have missed the Bible doctrine, and with it much profound instruction, and have

* This view is developed in Book III of Typical Forms and Special Ends.

wasted their ingenuity in rearing a fabric of types, which is seen to be so fanciful, that shrewder minds have turned away with scorn from not only the doctrine of men, but (supposing it to be the same) from the doctrine of God. In the Bible types are pattern figures set before us for instruction. Man had such symbols instituted for his good, even in his primal state, as for example the tree of knowledge of good and evil and the tree of life. Another series begins to be unfolded after the Fall of Man in the cherubim, in sacrifices, and a succession of typical events, personages and ordinances appearing from the time of Adam, the first representative, man, to the time of Jesus Christ, the second representative man.

Many have wondered at the circumstance that so much of the Bible is historical. It teaches us far more frequently by facts than by didactic precepts or doctrinal propositions. There is profound wisdom and admirable adaptation to human nature in this. For the more prominent historical men and occurrences are after a type or example. We are instructed by personages which are representative, such as Noah escaping from a doomed world in an ark ; by Abraham offering his son in sacrifice ; and Jonah being three days in the depths. We are taught, too, by events which are also representative, as by the deliverance of the children of Israel from the bondage of Egypt ; by their being nourished and refreshed by manna and water from the smitten rock ; and by their restoration to their own land after the captivity of Babylon. This is all true history, and yet it looks as if it were a parable written by some man of God for our instruction. These vivid incidents strike the imagination of children, and of nations as simple as children. The infant uses its earliest speech in asking its father or mother for a Bible story, and the savage gazes with expanded eyes in the face of the missionary as he details them. With the type of

fact, these parties take in the type of sound doctrine, while the images raise a retinue of corresponding sentiments.

The Bible is full, too, of typical ordinances and institutions. The sprinkling of the door-posts with blood, the sacrifices, the scape-goat, the washings and sprinklings—these instruct the young, and instruct all, in the need of a Mediator, of an atonement by blood, and of regeneration by the spirit. The law is still a schoolmaster to lead us on to the knowledge of Christ. Being introduced by these means to the sublime mysteries of our faith, the sign is ever after associated with the thing signified. The truths which we should apprehend, we as it were see with our bodily eyes, and our corruptions instead of being shadowy and ghostly, have a body as well as a spirit imparted to them.

Nor do types, in the Scripture sense of the term, cease on the coming of our Lord. The truth is, types are more frequently mentioned in the New Testament, and as being in the New Testament dispensation than in the Old Testament. The offices and the whole work of Christ are typical or representative. And here it may be remarked that the life and character of Jesus are brought before us not by general statement or pompous platitudes, but by an exhibition of His deeds, as He went about curing the sick, comforting the mourner, and instructing the ignorant. The Evangelists never interpose themselves between us and the object to which they call our attention, so as to obstruct the light which comes from Him by common-place exclamation, such as—How fine! How admirable! but standing aside, they, as it were, say—Behold Him for yourselves! By these simple narratives of Christ's deeds and sayings, they call forth deeper feelings than they could possibly do by high flown rhetoric. And as we have said, Christ's life and actions are typical or federal. He lives, He dies, He is buried, He rises again, as representative of His people, and His people

live with Him, die with Him, are buried with Him, and rise with Him to newness of life. Nor is it to be omitted, that in His discourses our Lord teaches not by nice distinctions, like the scribes, but by lively parables, in which visible objects represent invisible truths. These types become intertwined with the faith of every believer, and if you would cut them out unmercifully from the creed of the Christian, you would leave little behind in the mind of many an unlettered child of God. These figures shine and sparkle like stars in that heaven which is stretched over the head of the Christian traveller in this the night of his pilgrimage.

Eminent men too, such as Paul, and Peter, and John, were raised up to embody and represent the Christian life. These types have had additions made to them by those who have carefully unfolded the experience of the Christian, as by Augustine in his confessions, by Luther in the account of his struggles, and by Bunyan in the "Pilgrim's Progress." The pilgrim, with his burden, the slough of despond, the river of death, the calls to go over it;—such figures, not of the outward attitude, but of the inward experience, have added vastly more to our Christian imagery than all the paintings of the most skilled masters,—Raphaelite, Pre-Raphaelite, Post-Raphaelite,—and must go down, through all generations, blended with Christian experience.

But to the Christian, Jesus Himself must be the grand type or exemplar. He is the model man to whom we are to look in all circumstances. We may imitate others in some things, we should copy Christ in all. It is pleasant to observe the path in which we walk trodden by the footsteps of the flock, but we are to follow the flock only so far as they follow the shepherd. But Jesus is not only the representative man, He is to us the image of the invisible God. "No man hath seen God at any time ; the only begotten Son who is in His bosom, He hath revealed Him." The

human mind, feeling overwhelmed under the idea of an Infinite God, has ever been degrading God by representing Him in the likeness of man ; but here, in Him in whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, we have a God incarnate without being degraded.* He that hath seen Him hath seen the Father ; and by means of this image,—every other is idolatry,—we can rise to a somewhat clear, and to an altogether satisfactory view of God. Had God required us to love Him supremely, without furnishing any representation to fix our regards, the task would have been irksome and all but impossible. But with such a view as is presented to us, in the Word, of God in Christ, we feel that we can love Him, “whom, having not seen, we love ;” and we feel that the place in which He dwells has attractions to us,—is our very home,—and that we could spend an eternity there in great and ever increasing happiness.

* See Book IV. of “*Method of Divine Government, Physical and Moral,*” by James McCosh, LL.D. Fifth edition.



The Two Lights:

REASON AND REVELATION.

A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. ENOCH MELLOR, M.A.



THE TWO LIGHTS: REASON AND REVELATION.

GOD has spoken to man in a written revelation—God has not spoken to man in a written revelation.—There is no God to speak to man in any form, and through any medium. These are three formulæ of opinions, all actually professed at the present time in our own country. All agree as to the existence of one light, the light of reason; but the existence of the other light, while maintained by the first of the three classes just signalized, is denied by both the others, but denied on different grounds. For, while the Deist avows a firm faith in the existence of a personal and presiding God, he holds that He has given no revelation beside that which may be found in man, and the external universe; and the Atheist avows his unbelief in any being above the universe, and separate from it; and therefore denies that nature contains any proofs of a designing mind. It is true, that the Atheists themselves have now become sundered into two classes—the one dogmatically denying the existence of a Supreme Being—and the other modestly and cautiously stopping short of this extreme. The former, ignorant of the very first principles of correct thinking, scruple not as if they had searched every height and depth in the universe, and found no traces of a controlling intelligence, to lift up their voice and declare, “There is no God.” But their more cautious brethren, warned by the startling

programme of difficulties which John Foster placed before the dogmatic Atheists, have lowered their tone. They shrink from the bold denial of a God, admit that He may exist, but declare the proof to be insufficient. Thus Atheism has two voices : the one loud and confident, its strain being "I know that there is no God;" the other low and doubtful, its strain being "I am not sure that there is a God."

But I may at the outset state, that it is not my intention, in this lecture, to consider and assail the positions of Atheism. With the man who can deliberately survey the structure of his own body—the dignity of its form—the infinitude and exquisite precision of its adaptations—who can watch the regularity of the revolving seasons with their wondrous ministrings to the wants of man—who can gaze upwards to the midnight heavens, and behold thousands of worlds, mysteriously connected by the great law of attraction with our own, and preserving a regularity and harmony of movement, which could suffer no serious disturbance without entailing universal disaster—who is compelled to confess that even a flower is an organism of such exquisite beauty, that he would be almost ready to worship the man who could make one, while he denies that the countless flowers that deck the bosom of nature, reveal any wisdom at all—who is driven to the strange exigency of maintaining, that all the combined skill of man is not able to fabricate the least thing which nature produces without any skill—who has faith enough to believe that blind chance, or blind necessity, has wrought all things with an accuracy of detail, which even an omniscient mind could not have exceeded, and that matter can not only evolve thought but conscience—with such a man I have nothing now to do. As I compare the facts, which he protests his inability to believe, with those which as an alternative he must believe, I cannot but wonder at the convulsive strugglings with which he strains

at the gnat, and at the marvellous elasticity of his faith which, with no signs of distress, immediately accommodates a camel. The infidel is the greatest believer in the world. There are, in his negative creed, more miracles than are to be found in the creed of any religionist in the world, whether Protestant, Papist, or Pagan. In repudiating the explanation which Christianity gives of itself, and of the world as phenomena, having a divine origination; Atheism, under all its varieties, finds itself constrained to frame hypothesis upon hypothesis, which have no support but that of a fertile imagination; and then it commends to us that elaborate ærial castle, as a more convenient residence than the one which rests on the rocky foundation of authentic history.

But, as I have already said, with Atheism I have nothing to do. Seldom is it more than a mere speculation or a depraved wish. It takes no hold on the deep convictions of mankind. Infidelity, under this its most naked and repulsive guise, need not occasion us much alarm. Never was it known to spread on an extensive scale for any length of time. If we go to Egypt we shall find there temples and gods innumerable;—if we go to Persia there we shall find worshippers of the sun;—Greece had its gods many;—Rome had its Pantheon;—the Goths and Vandals had their religious rites;—India and China have their temples and their divinities;—everywhere throughout the world, with a few equivocal exceptions, the religious tendency has some sort of development; and if there be one truth more vividly emblazoned on the page of history than another, it is this:—that man will have his god. Deep as is his depravity, corrupt as are his passions, darkened as is his understanding, he is far too good ever to enlist himself beyond rare instances under the black banner of Atheism. The whole constitution of his spirit recoils from it as from a thing which mocks its deepest wants. Before Atheism can ever hope to extend its withering sway,

it will be needful to take humanity to pieces and to reconstruct the heart, leaving out the conscience, which speaks of wrong and retribution, and leaving out those undying aspirations which will not allow themselves to be checked and extinguished by the waters of death. So long as man retains undestroyed the rudiments of his moral nature, so long as bleeding affection weeps over the couch of the dying and the grave of the dead, so long as he has capacities which nothing mortal or terrestrial can ever satisfy ;—in short, so long as man is man, will he have a religion, and so long will he recoil from a system which glories in a grave which knows no resurrection, and a death which knows no after-life.

Leaving then Atheism as a form of opinion which need not excite our apprehensions, we come to consider the claims of reason to be considered as an authorized and sufficient source of knowledge on matters pertaining to religion. Is the light of reason competent to teach man all the obligations under which he is laid to his Creator, or is the supernatural light of revelation needed to put him in possession of such knowledge? Do we find within our own bosoms a lamp of sufficient brilliance to illumine our pathway to immortality, or is the Psalmist to be accounted as uttering the truth, when he says “Thy word is a light unto my feet, and a lamp unto my path.” An affirmative answer to the former question yields us Deism in its various forms—an affirmative answer to the latter, if we regard the Bible in its integrity as the revelation, yields us Christianity.

Two extreme opinions have been held on the power of human reason in matters of religion, and as we shall endeavour to show, both are erroneous. The first errs by an undue and perilous depreciation of reason ; the second errs by an extravagant exaggeration of it.

(It is but right that I should observe parenthetically what I mean by reason. I do not use it as denoting merely the

understanding, or its logical processes; nor do I restrict it to the Catholic and radical conditions of all intelligence, to the *vous* of the Platonists, the "intellectus ipse" of Leibnitz, the "common sense" of Reid, or the "fundamental laws of thought" of the Kantians in general. I use the word as comprehensively including both the logical and intuitional faculties so far as they have been philosophically discriminated. Nay, I am unwilling even to subject it to this restriction. For as the object of my lecture is to prove the necessity of a revelation on account of the incompetence of man to discover all necessary religious truth and duty, I shall claim the liberty of employing the word reason as representative of the collective energy of the whole soul of man—intellectual, emotional, and voluntary; and when I speak of what human reason can do and cannot do, you will understand me as meaning what man can do and cannot do.)

With this necessary explanation I now proceed to consider :—

I.

The error which consist in an undue and perilous depreciation of reason. It has frequently been treated as an unmitigated and universal deceiver, assuming to itself functions for the discharge of which it is incompetent, and deserving nothing but to be reduced to slavery, and to remain under the dominion of a blind faith, or rather, a blind credulity. This doctrine concerning the reason attains to its culmination in the various systems of superstition which have at various times, and in different nations, crushed the intellectual and moral energies of man. But it ought to be enough to bring discredit upon such treatment, to reflect that reason is one of the crowning distinctions of man, one of the features in that divine image which he received at his

creation, and which was intended to be a chief source of his happiness for ever. It was through the medium of reason that he was to have intercourse with the works of God, and with God Himself. And while he was thus endowed, in order to the attainment of the highest purposes and the highest happiness, it constituted a sacred obligation on his part neither to neglect, under any pretext, to use his reason, nor to intrude by its means into any province within which it might be demonstrably unsafe for it to act. The restraints which have been unjustifiably placed on reason have been mostly in connexion with matters pertaining to religion. In other relations its action has been left unimpeded and free. Even in countries notoriously enslaved by superstition, and where reason, in connexion with religion, has its eyes bandaged up, men are allowed to give it full scope in the pursuit of wealth and scientific knowledge. They may carry liberty of thought to the most reckless speculation, so long as they do not trench on the religious domain. But as soon as they approach the outermost verge of this, they are commanded to fold the wings of thought, to fall down in solemn abnegation of the right to reason and to judge, and they are authoritatively bidden to accept as absolutely true the doctrines of a Church which has nothing to urge in vindication of them but temporal and eternal pains.

This conduct, however, is obviously suicidal. For it is a game at which more than one can play, and play with equal adroitness and success. At one table there sit a Hindoo, a Mohammedan, and a Romish priest. The Romish priest commands his companions to believe, and not to reason ; for out of private judgment have sprung all the heresies and abominations in the world. But judge of his amazement, when under the same pretext, he is commanded in turn to be a worshipper of Brahma, and a follower of the Prophet.

Does he begin to argue against the absurdities of the Brahminical and Mussulman creeds, his mouth is stopped with his own principle that he must believe and not reason.

Now there surely must be reasons why when three contradictory infallibilities meet together, all demanding implicit faith, men should be exhorted to believe one rather than another. If perplexed with such a trilemma, I go to a Romish priest, and ask why I am to accept the infallibility he represents, instead of theirs, he must be prepared to give me reasons. If there are reasons, they can be shown; if they can be shown, they can be shown to my understanding; and if they can be shown to my understanding, I must have liberty to think while they are so exhibited; and if I must have liberty to think while they are so exhibited, I must form my own conclusions as to whether the argument is satisfactory; and if I should deem it unsatisfactory, I have a right to act upon my conviction; or if I have no such right; then are we met by the ridiculous doctrine that I have liberty to listen to a Romish priest while he endeavours to show why I should be a Romanist, and not a Mohammedan, or a Brahmin, and yet I have no liberty to be dissatisfied with his proofs; that is, I have freedom to think in only one way, and to one conclusion: in other words, I have no freedom at all. This is the legitimate and inevitable issue of any system which divorces faith from reason, and which prohibits the latter from investigating and deciding upon the claims of such system to be of divine authority.

A moment's consideration will suffice to convince you that man is the ultimate judge of what is and what is not a divine revelation. Suppose that there lie before me the Bible, the Vedas, the Zendavesta, the Koran, and the Book of Mormon, in what manner do I determine their respective claims upon my faith. Do I accept as a matter of course and without further scrutiny their own pretensions? This

I cannot do, for they all profess to be inspired. The moment I begin to read them, or to trace in the world's literature the account of their origination and transmission, that moment my reason begins to sit in judgment upon them. I have no right to receive either the one or the other, until I have attained a full persuasion that it is a revelation from Heaven. That persuasion may be produced in various ways. It may come as the result of the exactness with which my own moral nature is depicted, my convictions of sin are confirmed and justified, my aspirations are recognized and met, and my whole being provided for in the arrangements of God. It may come as the result of an inquiry into the external evidences by which the genuineness and authenticity of the documents are sustained, and the consequent impossibility of the miraculous incidents they record being the fabrications of designing men or the slow mythic growths of a credulous age. It may come from the observed influence of the religion upon the world, its antagonism to all that is false and base, its fruitfulness of all that is good, and noble and free, and pure and happy. It may come from any or all of these sources. But come whence it may, it is man that determines that it is a revelation ; it is man that rejects the false ; it is man that accepts the true.

This it is foolish as well as perilous to deny. But while we thus enter our protest against an undue depreciation of reason, we now go on to shew that there has been an undue exaggeration of its province and power, for while it is admitted that reason can adjudicate the claims of conflicting systems to be divine, we most resolutely deny that reason can of itself discover the truths which, when revealed, it promptly acknowledges.

II.

But while reason has been unduly depreciated, it has also been unduly exalted.

I now proceed to state and illustrate the chief vices of reasoning into which the Deistical rejecters of revelation have fallen when they have claimed as independent discoveries truths which, as we shall endeavour to shew, have been supernaturally communicated.

1. The first is a tacit assumption that whatever reason is competent to understand, it is equally competent by its own unaided efforts to discover. But nothing is more widely illustrated than the distinction between these two things. Daily life affords numberless examples of this distinction. How frequently men find themselves hopelessly puzzled with a riddle which is no sooner explained than they are astonished at the simplicity of the solution. When once seen, the solution is so obvious that men marvel how they could miss it ; before it was seen it was so obscure that they could not possibly discover it. Nor is this true only of riddles. It is equally true of mathematical problems. There is not one in a thousand who could invent or discover a single problem in geometry by his own unaided capacity ; while, on the other hand, there is not one in a thousand who cannot with the greatest ease understand the detailed solution as given by Euclid. Men of ordinary intellects are able to master the highest and most complicated demonstrations in the sciences which rest on a mathematical basis, though incapable, apart from the knowledge derived from others, of originating the simplest and most rudimentary truths of which that basis is constituted. It is accordingly obvious enough that the power which the individual reason possesses of comprehending truth is not to be confounded with its power of discovering truth. But mark how easy the opponents of revelation have found it to overlook a distinction so transparent when once it is signalized. Tell them of the unity of God, of His spirituality, of His goodness, of His holiness, of His mercy, and they will at once reply : un-

assisted reason furnishes to us all these truths, and we need not depend for our knowledge of them on any supernatural revelation. But we must be permitted to rejoin, that while reason accepts these truths when once propounded, there is not a single reliable case on record in which it has ex-cogitated these truths for itself. It always seems to us not a little strange, that in the face of history, which records the all but universal spread of Polytheism, and the intrigues, frailties, vices, and collisions of the gods, any man, pretending to education, should vindicate to the reason the honour of having discovered all the religious truth to be found in the world.

2. Another, and closely cognate error which the modern Deistical opponents of revelation have committed, is that of transferring their own knowledge of religious truth—knowledge which they have derived from the Bible, to such as dwell in heathen lands.

The question before us is : What can man do, by his own unaided efforts, in the way of finding out the truths which most profoundly concern him as a being related to God and eternity. And how shall we reach the determination of this question? Shall we take a man—the first man, if you please, that we meet in the streets, and inquire of him what he thinks to be the fundamental truths of religion, and on finding him speak with confidence of the Being of one God, and of his Holiness and spirituality, and of the immortality of man, and of the forgiveness of sins, shall we say, behold a proof of what man can do without a revelation? This would be the height of rashness. As yet we have only found a man who has within his soul certain articles of faith. The question now arises how has he come by them? There they are, but how did they get there? Now I know well how difficult it is to institute and carry on with success a process of mental scrutiny with the view of eliminating

from the mass of our knowledge such truths as we could not have excogitated for ourselves. The natural vanity of the soul will preside over the experiment, and will thus be disposed to claim many things as self-originated and self-acquired, which have come from an external revelation. Things that are clear, and which we acquired in the dim and forgotten months of infancy, we shall mistake for things innate; and thus we shall credit the soul with an original wealth of knowledge which it does not possess. I must then firmly object to taking the first man we meet in a country called a Christian country. His is a mixed and not a clear case. He is a religious production (if I may so speak) with which the Bible and Christian institutions and Christian influence have had a great deal to do. You cannot take him and hold him up, and say here is a sample of what man can be, and acquire, and do, without a revelation. He is not a simple effect of a simple cause. Born where he was educated as he was, and hemmed in with such surroundings, it is impossible to accept his religious knowledge and principles as the educts of his own reason.

Of recent years we have heard more than enough of man's native principles, intuitional consciousness, and such like things. And who are the men that have written so much in praise of man's independence of a positive and miraculous revelation? Are they not men who live in the full blaze of Gospel light? They have been familiar with their Bibles from their childhood; the literature they have read has been largely permeated with truth drawn from the same source—the scholastic, domestic, social influences under which their minds have been trained and their characters moulded, have been stamped with the marks of supernatural derivation, and thus the whole man has been in a great degree affected by that Book, which in no equivocal terms claims to be divine. But this they forget. They would fain persuade

themselves and others that they have neither been indebted to the Bible for religious truth nor religious principle ; that they are not walking in the light of an external revelation, but in the light of an internal revelation. They have climbed by means of the ladder of the Bible to an eminence whence they can see much of what man ought to believe and do, then they spurn it away from their feet and maintain that they have soared thither on the wings of reason. It were well if these teachers would remember that it is next to impossible to strip their minds and hearts of all that they have derived either from the Bible itself immediately, or mediately from its diffused influence through society. They cannot live in a garden of spices without being penetrated with their sweet aroma, and they must excuse us if we smile incredulously upon them when they assure us that the fragrance of truth they carry with them has all sprung from themselves. What if they had been born at the frozen pole, or in the centre of Africa, or on one of the lonely islands of the Southern Sea, do they imagine that they would have towered sublimely above their savage brethren, and been as enlightened as they are now ? This they may imagine ; but this no one will believe.

In the difficulty we have just mentioned, of satisfactorily separating what a man may acquire by his own unaided efforts from what he derives from revelation, there is a sovereign and decisive resource. An experiment offers itself, which is commended by every circumstance that a philosopher could desire. We have heard much of the necessity of placing religion on a firm, Baconian basis. We accept the appeal, and fear not the result. A wide field of induction is presented for the settlement of the question what can man do towards the attainment of religious truth apart from revelation ? but the enemies of the Bible are very unwilling to enter it. They will talk as long as you like, and longer

about the principles of the inductive philosophy ; but to apply them is a very different matter. They tell you what wonderful things man can accomplish in religion, but they will not travel with you out of a christian country. What would you think of a gardener who boasted that he could produce the most exquisite flowers without the light of the sun, by means of a lamp, and when proof was demanded, took you to a plot of ground with a splendid south aspect, on which the sun poured his warmest and brightest rays. Yet, this is just what has been done by the enemies of the Bible. They revile it, and yet their true religious knowledge, and the very excellences of their character, are the fruit of its influence. If they are anxious, as they profess to be, to come to a clear well-defined conclusion on this matter—a conclusion that shall be purified from all interfering and neutralizing circumstances, let them go and make their experiment, where the friends of the Bible cannot charge them with taking advantage of its light. If the fountain of light within man's own nature is so brilliant that he needs no external illumination, then why do they linger so perversely within the circle of christendom, and not make sail for the remotest spots on earth? They may choose the direction of this voyage of exploration. They may go east, west, north, or south. We have no choice in the matter ; only we demand that they get away from the light of the Bible. Perhaps the aborigines of Australia will suit them? No. Perhaps the wild islands of New Zealand? No. Well, let us try the Erromangans and their neighbours? No. They might be dressed more modestly, and cannibalism is somehow a little above, or below, or alien to the taste of Europeans. Surely the Hottentots will please them? No. They must not even be looked at. What then of the Hindoos? Oh! they cannot bear the dying wail of the thousands that are crushed beneath the wheels of Juggernaut. Then, gentlemen, whither will you go?

In what latitude or longitude, and among what people is that wonderful light, which supersedes the necessity of supernatural illumination? But not to be more exacting in regard to time than we have been in regard to space, we will give our philosophic friends the whole range of the past. When did man, apart from revelation, arrive at the knowledge of the general truths of religion? He has had thousands of years, during which he has been at liberty to speculate upon the great problems suggested by the religious instincts of his nature. But what has he accomplished? Let the appeal be made not to nations sunk in the depths of barbarity and ignorance, but to a country in which reason achieved some of its noblest conquests. Let us go to Greece, and what is the verdict yielded by that land of art, philosophy, and song? What in that land where Zeuxes painted; where Phidias commanded by his chisel the rough and shapeless marble into forms of beauty which all but lived; where Thucydides wrote the truthful and stately page of history; where Demosthenes shook, by the thunders of his eloquence, the throne of Philip; where Æschylus, and Sophocles, and Euripides alternately entranced and terrified the multitude that crowded the theatre; where Socrates taught wisdom like an oracle; where Aristotle wrote, and so wondrously illustrated his organon of logic; where Plato penned his pregnant dialogues; what in that land, and at the period of its noon-tide glory, had reason determined on the most momentous questions that can engage the heart of man? Let us go to Athens itself—the very symbol of wisdom—the very focus of illumination and behold before we reach the Acropolis we are confronted with an altar bearing this startling inscription—“To the unknown God!” The fundamental truth of religion is undiscovered by that very reason which in other matters had accomplished marvels which will ever command the admiration of the world.

And was Rome any more successful in her quest of religious truth? No. Or is there any other nation which has derived no light from the Bible that has ever grasped and held fast the true notion of God? If there be, where is it? It has not yet found a place on the map of the world, or on the page of history. We confidently appeal to the induction of which it is the fashion of philosophers to vaunt so much. We have fearlessly allowed them an unlimited field, both of space and time, and if an experiment so vast in its scale, so impartial in its conditions, has not yielded a single case in which the great truths of religion have been evolved from the unaided consciousness of man, is it not a palpable paralogism, which in the face of history, concludes that reason is competent to do that which demonstrably it never has done? Either let the opponents of revelation cease to talk about the inductive philosophy, or else let them respect its unambiguous teachings. If there be a hypocrisy in religion, there is a corresponding hypocrisy in philosophy, and if there be a cant in religion it is hardly more hateful than the cant which boastfully appeals to the philosophy of Bacon, and yet practically ignores its most stringent and imperative conclusions.

It avails nothing in qualification of these remarks to be told that human reason would have demonstrated its sufficiency as a light upon the great questions that bear on man's religious life and duty, had it not been subjected to the obscuring and counteracting influences of priestcraft. This very apology, by which men have sought to palliate and explain the enormous vagaries of reason, only seems to complete the proof of her incompetence. For what is our question? It is this: If reason be sufficient to discover all necessary religious truth, why has she not done it? Why has she worshipped cats, dogs, monkeys, serpents, trees, wood, stone, and monstrous and grotesque objects, which have no

archetype in Heaven above, or earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth? Why has reason, (not here and there, but) everywhere gone into these and kindred excesses? Is it any answer worthy of the name, that reason has been misled by priests? Reason may well say "save me from my friends," if they thus expose instead of concealing her weakness, and condemn her in the very defence they volunteer on her behalf. Misled by priests? But who misled the priests? Had they no reason? Had this destructive element of man been dropped out of their souls? This will not be averred. Then they had this light? Yes. And all the people had this light? Yes. And this light is sufficient to reveal all necessary religious truth and duty? Yes. Then whence has come the universal eclipse which has hidden these things from humanity? If designing priests, consciously and intentionally, violated their own reasons, how came it to pass that they persuaded all the people to do the same? Whether this supposed persuasion were immediate or gradual does not affect the question. If it were immediate, then it was a strange reason, which meekly sat down and suffered its eyes to be blinded and consciously blinded on religious matters by priests. Is it not a pity that it had not more spirit? But if reason gradually yielded to misleading and perverting influences, then we ask again what does this say for its native strength? It matters not to us how the encomiasts of reason account for the origin and spread of idolatry and superstition, and corruption in heathen nations. They may take their choice of solutions, but these facts they cannot deny—that reason has endorsed the follies and cruelties and abominations of heathenism—that it has pronounced them reasonable—that it has believed the stump it worshipped to be a God. Will it be replied that reason did not give its sanction to such monstrosities? But this must be proved. And if reason did not give its sanction, did it utter its

protest? And if so, when and where, and why was it not an effective restraint? And if it did not utter its protest, why not? If it did not exercise sufficient control over the mind and heart to save them from the degradation to which they ignominiously succumbed, if so far from this it allowed its perceptions to be so darkened and corrupted that it approved of the most wicked and inhuman orgies; it requires a martyr's boldness to affirm that it is sufficient as a religious guide. If it be finally affirmed that though reason has certainly incurred the stigma of endorsing and defending such abominations, it would eventually have grown weary of them, we are tempted to ask when? How long must the world have waited for the sleep of reason to pass away? Has reason in any nation or any island shewn signs of self-awaking? Whensoever the Bible has visited a people, has it found this reason drawing back the dark curtains, and opening its eyes, and looking forth upon the grand eternal realities that surrounded it? Was there any, even the slightest, sign of this? If so, what was the sign? When heralds of the Cross visited the South Sea Islands, and found that some of the natives banquetted on their enemies, was that a sign? When they visited India and found widows casting themselves upon the burning pyre, was that a sign? When they found the Thugs practising a religion which patronized systematic murder, was that a sign? When Christianity visited our own land, and found our savage forefathers sunk in the most brutal and debasing idolatry, was that a sign? When Moffatt visited the Bechuanas, and beheld them abandoning their aged parents to the mercy of wild beasts, was that a sign? Are these signs of an awaking reason? If so, it were devoutly to be wished that she would relapse into a profound and eternal sleep; for if she does such things when just emerging from her slumbers, what will she not do when wide awake?

We are conducted then, I think, most naturally and warrantably to the conclusion that the modern Deists or Spiritualists have framed their theories in defiance of the facts of history, and have transferred to the heathen a perception of religious truths which they have attained from the light of revelation.

Some of the modern opponents of a book-revelation seem to have felt so keenly the pressure of the facts we have just considered, as to lead them to adopt new ground, and to maintain the comparative indifference of truth and error in matters of religion. We are told that there is a fundamental unity pervading all the external and superficial diversities which prevail among the various systems of worship that cover the earth. Initiated in this catholic philosophy, we are to see with equal approval monotheism, and polytheism, and to believe that the hands besmeared with the blood of a fellow-creature offered in sacrifice are as pleasing to God as the purest Christian hands which are lifted up to Him at morning or evening prayer. The spirit of both worshippers is the same, only the form is different. And as form is little else than a matter of taste, Christians need not make themselves miserable about the heathen, as they will all meet at last in the same heaven, and sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, at the same banquet of bliss. A doctrine so reckless as this may be left to its own fate. The scandalous moral indifferentism which it involves will save it from ever becoming popular except among such as have either lost the logical faculty, or what is worse, the moral discrimination which accompanies, as both cause and consequence, a truly virtuous character.

III.

A fourth error into which men have been betrayed by the undue exaltation of reason is, that of confounding

matters above reason with matters which are contrary to reason.

This is both a common and radical error. Illustrations of its commonness abound, and it is unquestionably a fruitful root of other errors. There is a strange and perverse proneness in man, and especially in some men, to resent the mysterious. They cannot bear to be baffled. Of course baffled they are, and must be, by ten thousand mysteries in nature, but they would seem to revenge themselves for such defeat in the stubborn region of the material world, by rejecting the mysteries of religion. The evidence in this latter province not being of a character to compel submission, they can the more easily deny its force, and refuse to accept its supernatural facts. They would fain make the human mind the measure of the universe *το των παντων μετρον*. Its line must fathom—its eye must scan—its wing must surmount all truth, or if not all, at least all religious truth. If nature has her impenetrable veils, the spiritual world must be naked and open. If nature seems to have her inconciliable truths—her truths which stand face to face like stern rocky headlands separated by a chasm of darkness which as yet no one has pierced and crossed—the Bible must have no such seeming antitheses. It must be a level plain, or if it have a variable outline, it may swell, with gentle undulations, into mounds which always lie within easy vision; but it must never rise grandly into the heavens, sending its peaks through the dim boundary which limits the soul's intellectual eye. Earth's ocean may swell onward, and earth's mountains may tower upward long after they have faded by reason of distance from our view; but the ocean and the mountains of divine, spiritual truth, must not retire and retreat one inch beyond our power to follow them. These mountains, forsooth, we must weigh in our tiny scales: this ocean we must hold in the hollow of our tiny hand. But is

this reasonable? Are we not usurping a position somewhat too bold for creatures such as we? Contradictions, I know, we cannot believe. A fundamental law of our nature forbids us. But it behoves that man should not hastily announce a contradiction which does not exist, and confound that which only transcends our reason with that which comes into demonstrable collision with it. If the universe be boundless; and if the relations of truth are infinite in number and in extent; and if the reason of man be but finite; this essential limitation should teach us humility, and restrain our too headlong tendency to cry out contradiction. The reason of a child would commit sad blunders if it should presume to canvass the doings of its father; may we not commit greater in presuming too rashly to arraign the revelations of God? Moreover has not reason been chastised with humiliating frequency for its arrogance and dogmatism in days that are past? What is the history of science, but the history of reason compelled to do penance for its premature generalizations, promising to amend its ways for the future, and like an incorrigible sinner, forgetting its punishment and its vow, and repeating the same offences in endless succession? Has not reason declared in reference to the most notable facts and laws of science, that they were unreasonable, against reason, impossible? Do we not know of the shock which nearly sent peasant and philosopher raving mad when the doctrine of the earth's roundness was first propagated, coupled with the fact of its revolution on its own axis? Was it not declared both to be irrational and irreligious; and was not the luckless asserter of it deemed as a worthy inmate of a madhouse? And mark how strong a case reason had for its indignant denunciation of the new heresy. The earth, round and revolving, with men at the antipodes also? Impossible. Who ever heard of such a thing before? It has no support from the tradition of our fathers. It is not

revealed in the Bible, and hence lacks the support of revelation. No one has been round to see. It has no support from fact. Besides we know that it does not revolve, for we never see it revolve; and we always look up to the sky, clearly proving that we stand on the upper surface of a stable body. As to the earth being round, that is impossible, for the water would run off. And as to men living at the antipodes, that is just as impossible, for as they would have their heads downwards they would die of apoplexy, or of something equally horrible. Nay more, that the earth is not round, and that there are no inhabitants at the other side is clear, from the fact that they could not adhere to the under surface of a globe. Now here was a case of undoubted strength. With the limited knowledge which man possessed at that time, he would have found it nearly as easy to believe in a round square, or a triangular circle, as in the globularity and revolution of the earth. And yet at that very time, though the earth, according to the demonstrations of philosophers and common belief, could not be round, it was round; though the water must run off, it did not run off; though men could not live at the antipodes, they did live at the antipodes; and felt no inclination, mental or physical, to drop into the wilderness of space.

And this is only an illustration among a hundred similar instances in which reason has been irrational:—has vapoured and cried nonsense, absurd, impossible; and afterwards has been taken in hand by a fact, and led to the school of penitence, and cried, *peccavi, peccavi*.

These remarks are not at all affected by the suggestion that if reason has been the sinner, it is reason that has been the corrector; if it be reason which has hastily and wrongfully declared a fact to be impossible, it is reason which has found the impossible to be a fact. We do not deny it. Reason rejected the rotundity of the earth, and reason afterwards

discovered it. But this does not exculpate reason for its temerity in its first oracular declaration. It pronounced without having secured a legitimate and sufficient induction of facts. The tone in which it delivered its judgment would only have been justified if it had attained a summit from which it could desery all the physical facts and laws of the world. Had it ascended a throne of such commanding elevation, then some respect would have been due to its dictum; but it had not. And it had no right to make its limited line of knowledge the measure of an unknown universe of realities. That it has corrected in many cases its fallible decisions is not questioned; but because it has had fallible decisions to correct, we protest against the assumption on its part of phrases which come with grace and propriety only from the lips of Him before whom all things are naked and open.

As we have shown, in the preceding remarks, the proneness of reason to mistake things, which for the time transcend its capacity for things which do violence to it, it will be seen how important it is that in relation to matters of religion, man should be specially careful how he brands them with such epithets as absurd, incredible, impossible. If reason has committed itself by unjust deliverances on matters of physical science, is it not far more likely to be found in error if it precipitously speculates in the department of what is spiritual? It should be reminded that it finds mysteries and incomprehensibilities at its very door. There they have been placed, aye,—nearer than the door, even within the very penetralia of the soul to remind it of its weakness, and to save it from walking abroad babbling the blatant folly that it will believe in nothing that it cannot understand. Nothing can be more ignorant and flippant than such a reckless assertion as this. We are enveloped with mysteries. The heart beats, the lungs heave, and all is

mystery. The link which connects the soul with the body is a mystery. The spring and principle of every operation in nature is a mystery. Every truth we know is but the fruit of a tree whose roots lie buried deep in mystery. The known is but the luminous side of the dark unknown, and there is no subject whatever which cannot easily be pursued, until it lands us in a darkness which may be felt. And when a man comes to us sneering at revelation because of its mysteries, let us remind him of what he must do before he can purchase the right to sneer. He must traverse the whole field of nature,—he must leave no world unvisited and unexplored,—he must have obtained a perfect acquaintance with the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth. He must come wearing round his neck the keys by which he has unlocked every mystery in the physical universe, and bringing in his hand an authentic assurance from the King of Kings that there is no fact left unexplained; and then shall he pour contempt on the book which baffles a reason so laden with the rifled secrets of a world. But until he has done this, he must consent to receive a stern rebuke if accepting nature *though* she has mysteries—he rejects the Bible *because* it has mysteries.

IV.

Another circumstance, which has been overlooked by such as have maintained the superfluosity of all preternatural aid for the discovery of religious truth and duty, is that even if man, in his speculations, should succeed in giving distinct utterance to the existence of one God of infinite power, justice, holiness, wisdom, and goodness, and to the immortality of the soul; and if he should develop a worthy system of ethical principles and precepts for the government of the life, still he could not prove the absolute truth of his speculations, nor could he furnish motives sufficiently powerful to

constrain obedience to rules thus elicited by a combined logic and psychology.

If there be one subject in the world on which more than on any other man wants to know, not opinions but facts, it is religion. When once he has become awakened, in how slight a degree soever, to the truth, or even the apprehension that he is amenable to supernal authority, and that there are "powers of the world to come," he becomes simultaneously possessed with the most distressing anxiety to know for certain all that concerns him, both in connexion with that authority and the future state. To come to a soul thus roused, and agitated by the conception, bright or faint, of a governing spirit, and of eternal destinies, and when it is almost frantically demanding proofs to present it with long-drawn subtle speculations, is to give a stone when it is asking for bread; and a scorpion when it is asking for a fish. This cry of the soul for an oracular utterance of religious truth as distinct from the mere philosophic enunciation of it as a product of reasoning is so thoroughly natural, that no religion can live unless it have either books really or professedly inspired; or else its Delphic shrines, or finally, its living hierophants, who are regarded as the appointed media between the seen and the unseen, the present and the future, man and God. Tell me of a religion which has not in one or other of these forms a basis (not of human reasonings and inferences, but) of what are considered, whether truly or not, divinely uttered facts. Has not Hindooism its Vedas? Has not Parseeism its Zendavesta? Has not Mohammedanism its Koran? Has not Mormonism its Book? And where the systems have not their divine documents, they have their priests, or soothsayers, who are supposed to echo truthfully the sentiments and purposes of the Deity. Why even spirit-rapping must no longer be considered as resting on speculation. Robert Owen, once

the prophet of infidelity, has become the priest of this modern system of bewilderment, and having abandoned speculation, has betaken himself to the oracle. And if you could only persuade the Hindoo that the Shasters were the unassisted productions of the priests, and the Persian that the Zendavesta was simply a farrago of philosophical conceits, and the Turk that the Koran was a mendacious forgery, and the Mormonite that his Book is a contemptible piece of Mosaic—a very Macbeth's cauldron—filled with all kinds of incongruous elements, you destroy in all these cases religious faith. The books, shorn of the beams of their presumed divinity, sink down into obscurity at once, and with their authority perishes the religion that was founded upon them. "What sign showest thou that we may believe?" is the instructive demand with which humanity challenges the first propagators of any system which claims religious allegiance. No divine, no superhuman attestation is required of the teacher of scientific, philosophic, or political truths, because these, it is presumed, do not involve eternal issues. But the propounder of what professes to be truth that concerns man's relationship to God and the world, to which death is but the portal, must lay his account with being put to the proof. He must either himself work miracles, or show that miracles have been wrought in authentication of the truth he proclaims. And if every religion reposes actually or avowedly on the supernatural; if no religion can gain the ear, and still less the heart of man, without at least affecting to be miraculously revealed, what further proof can we desire that, however satisfactory human authority may be in geometry, in geology, in astronomy, in psychology, and in political economy, it will not be accepted in religion. The polytheist will still ask, what say the gods, and the monotheist will still ask, what says God?

Looking then at our supposition, that some men might have reasoned their way to the fundamental truths of religion, we still affirm that they would have been regarded and treated as speculations by the great mass of mankind. Their announcement would not have come with imperative and binding authority. The people generally would have been incapable, through utter unacquaintance with habits of profound and connected thinking, to appreciate the philosophic subtleties by which the few higher minds had reached their conclusions ; some would, doubtless, be interested in them as curious, ingenious, and perhaps plausible speculations, but who of them would permit his life, in any degree, to be moulded by them, until they bore in verity or pretence, the seal and stamp of heaven ? Why it is only too notorious, that even in cases where men allow that they have an unquestionable revelation, they are slow enough to give it full play upon their hearts and lives ; and when we know the strong reluctance against self-discipline and restraint which they exhibit, though summoned to it by divine authority, it is certain they would be far less deferential to the dicta of the schools. And their practical disregard of such speculations would find defence in the very vacillations of the philosophers themselves. For who does not know that, on the most vital questions connected with religion, the most contradictory verdicts are announced, not only by different philosophers, but by the same philosophers at different times, according to the mood of the moment, or to the purpose they wished to subserve ? When we find a Stoic in the porch, an Epicurean in the grove, a Peripatetic in the Lyceum and a Platonist in the garden ; and when especially we find the most sublime and elevated of these sages, on the most momentous matters, running through the whole gamut of conviction in his utterances, from the most tremulous surmise to the firmest faith and back again, what authority can

his opinions exert over the people? Philosopher meets philosopher, and the same meets himself, and it would be vain to expect religious faith and earnestness to emerge from such collision and logical suicide. It is pleasant to find the sentiments just uttered supported by the authority of Schlegel in his lectures on the Philosophy of Life. "Ill would it fare," says he, "with the knowledge of God and of divine things, if they were left to be discovered, and, as it were, first established by human reason. Even though in such a case, the intellectual edifice were never so well built and compact, still, as it had originally issued out of man's thoughts, it would be ever shaking before the doubt, whether it were anything better than an idea, or had any reality out of the human mind."

I have thus endeavoured, with as much impartiality as I could command, to set before you at once, the power and the impotence of the human reason or of man. I have endeavoured to show what is the amount of light it can and cannot shed on the highest relationships and destinies of our species. And in doing this, I have by implication set forth our obligations to the Bible. If reason has failed, and that chiefly from moral causes (as the Apostle Paul has clearly shewn), to attain to true conceptions of the unity and character of God; if it has failed to reach a satisfactory demonstration of the immortality of the soul; if it has failed to apprehend the duties we owe to God, and the manner in which He is to be worshipped; the necessity for a revelation is abundantly evinced. The evidences we possess for clinging to the Bible as the revelation we require, I cannot now detail. They are both external, internal, and experimental; and they have been treated with admirable skill and force by the champions of the Christian faith. There is, perhaps, one part of the interval evidences on which sufficient stress has not been laid, and after a few words on

that, I will bring this lecture to a close. It has always struck me, that there is something not a little significant in the Heaven which the Scriptures reveal, as contrasted with the Heavens of other religions. A Heaven created by man will be the reflection of himself. It will be the projection of his own ideas and desires, on a scale both vast and enduring. The pursuits which most charm him on earth, he is sure to transfer to the picture of a future world and happiness. The Esquimaux thinks he will enjoy the pleasures of a polar winter, with its exciting but perilous hunting of seals and walrusses, for ever. The Indian, whom Pope so vividly describes, thinks admitted to that equal sky,

“His faithful dog will bear him company.”

The Mohammedan crowds his Heaven with sensual delights of the grossest character. This correspondence of the Heaven which men paint for themselves with their predominant earthly passions and pursuits, is but natural. The river rises not higher than its fountain; the fruit must both declare and partake of the nature of the tree. Strange indeed it were if man were to invent for himself a paradise, which should include nothing that he loved, and exclude nothing that he hated— which should combine all that thwarted and nothing that gratified his desires— but when we come to the Bible, what do we find? We find that though the most splendid drapery is employed figuratively to symbolize the heavenly world, there is also the most striking prominence given to the moral purity of character which we must possess if we hope to enter it. Here, there is no mistake, no vacillation, no variation. The sacred writers agree that only “the pure in heart can see God,”—that “without holiness no man can see the Lord,”—that “except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God,”—that “into that world nothing entereth that defileth or worketh abomination or maketh a lie,”—that “neither fornicators, nor idolators, nor adulterers, nor effemi-

nate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners shall inherit the kingdom of God."

Whence came such a delineation of the moral characteristics of Heaven? Is it from God, or is it from men? If from men, what kind of men must they be? Were they immoral, earthly, sensual, devilish? Then we have a strange miracle,—men creating a paradise, with which they have no sympathy. This is a miracle which casts all the miracles of Scripture into the shade. To make a heaven consist in the combination of those very objects and pursuits which awaken our strongest aversion, and in the exclusion of those very sources of pleasure at which we have been wont to drink is an inversion not simply of physical but of mental and moral laws. Think of the drunkard inventing a heaven, in which he compels himself to be an abstainer,—of the fornicator bent on impurity and pursuing his favourite iniquity with greediness inventing a heaven, in which he is to live a pure and holy life,—of the thief inventing a heaven, in which he cannot steal—that is, think of these men inventing a heaven into which they cannot enter. Whence comes then the Scripture Heaven? It is a phenomenon to be accounted for. Shall we be told that it is the creation not of bad but of good men,—of men whose moral natures had been lifted up above the level that marks the common degradation of the race. This solution is as unsatisfactory as the other, for we still ask how it could be the invention of good men, when they assure us in the most emphatic manner that they only wrote as they were inspired by the Holy Spirit? They declare that the Heaven of which they have written is not an invented, but a revealed Heaven. In attestation of this fact, they were ready at any time to go to the stake. Moreover, while they were good men, they distinctly refer their goodness to the grace of God. They tell us that they were once in darkness,

blind, aliens from God, enemies by wicked works, and that they were renewed by supernatural agency. The very men who give us in their epistles such glowing descriptions of the moral purity and perfection of Heaven also tell us that they have seen and wrought miracles. If, therefore, they invented the Heaven of which they have written, they were not good men, for they professed to write under the express suggestions of God. If, on the other hand, they were wicked men, then they could not invent such a Heaven, and be willing even to encounter martyrdom in order to attain a bliss for which they had no sympathy.

The Heaven of the Bible is clearly then a revelation from Heaven. It is a Heaven which man naturally loathes, and which he will never earnestly seek to attain until his soul becomes filled with holy aspirations. This is one of a class of arguments which have not been sufficiently employed, and which, though popular are, in fact, more persuasive than many that have been urged with immense ability and learning. But, indeed, there is no lack of evidence for the divinity of the Bible. It is, I am persuaded, the very redundancy of the evidence; it is its variety and cogency which awakens to so large an extent the hostility of mankind. Did it profess less; did it claim less; did it reveal less; did it command less; were it less faithful in its delineation of human nature; less exacting in its conditions of salvation, many would like it better. It will not flatter; it will not palliate; it will not compromise: it humbles man; it exalts God; and hence many hate it as they would hate an honest friend, that told them salutary but unpalatable truth. Light is painful to the diseased eye; truth is painful to the diseased heart. Man naturally seeks to question an authority that commands unpleasant duty, and hence many prefer scepticism in regard to the Bible to an earnest obedience to its commands. Be it so—they may question its divinity if they choose. The

evidence though strong and multiform, is yet only moral evidence. It is not like a flash of lightning, which will even force its way through the closed eyelid and make itself visible; it will not rend its way to the soul. If passion, or selfishness, or pride, stand at the door of the heart resolved to exclude all evidence that would impose unwelcome duty, then I know not that any amount of evidence would suffice short of that which would cancel the freedom of the man. There is evidence enough to satisfy the candid and sincere; and as for others, they possess within them a veil too thick for evidence to pierce. Cling to the Bible, for it has proved like its Author to be immortal. It has been in the furnace of trial times without number, but it has come forth as gold. The waves of controversy have beat against it but it has dashed them back in glittering and harmless spray.

Every science in its turn, while in infancy, has looked over its cradle-edge and puled forth its impotent rage against the Bible; but when it has grown up and become strong, it has atoned for its childish follies by bending in adoration, and laying its tributes at its feet. From age to age the Bible keeps its place as the pioneer of progress frowning on sin,—smiling on virtue,—withering hypocrisy, and encouraging the broken hearted to trust in a Saviour whose blood cleanses from sin. Let the world advance as it may, it will never outgrow its need of the Bible, not only for its eternal salvation but for its well-being in the present state. Humanity is climbing up to a higher point from age to age, forgetting the things that are behind, and pressing on to those which are before; but the Bible still keeps a-head, revealing the pathway, and crying “Excelsior, excelsior!” Is it a mine? oft as the miner delves he will find fresh ore. Is it an ocean? oft as the diver plunges he will discover goodly pearls. The poet will ever find in it flowers for his garland,

and the statesman maxims for his policy. With its fragrance health will be always able to regale its senses ; and with its fruit sickness will always be able to cool its fever. It will be a light for man, so long as man needs a light, and will only leave him then when he has entered into the presence of Him who is light, and in whom is no darkness at all. Then shall it sink from sight as sinks the morning star in the effulgence of the risen sun.

John Bunyan.

A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON

JOHN BUNYAN.

It were impossible to gaze upon the Pyramids, those vast sepulchres, which rise, colossal, from the Libyan desert, without solemn feeling. They exist, but where are their builders? Where is the fulfilment of their large ambition? Enter them. In their silent heart there is a sarcophagus with a handful of dust in it, and that is all that remains to us of a proud race of kings.

Histories are, in some sort, the Pyramids of nations. They entomb in olden chronicle, or in dim tradition, peoples which once filled the world with their fame, men who stamped the form and pressure of their character upon the lives of thousands. The historic page has no more to say of them than that they lived and died. "Their acts and all that they did" are compressed into scantiest record. No obsequious retinue of circumstance, nor pomp of illustration, attend them. They are handed down to us, shrivelled and solitary, only in the letters which spelt out their names. It is a serious thought, sobering enough to our aspirations after that kind of immortality, that multitudes of the men of old have their histories in their epitaphs, and that multitudes more, as worthy, slumber in nameless graves.

But although the earlier times are wrapt in a cloud of fable; though tradition, itself a myth, gropes into mythic darkness; though Æneas and Agamemnon are creations rather than men—made human by the poet's "vision and faculty

divine ;” though forgetfulness has overtaken actual heroes, once “content in arms to cope, each with his fronting foe ;” it is interesting to observe how rapid was the transition from fable to evidence, from the uncertain twilight to the historic day. It was necessary that it should be so. “The fulness of times” demanded it. There was an ever-acting Divinity caring, through all change, for the sure working of His own purpose. The legendary must be superseded by the real ; tradition must give place to history, before the advent of the Blessed One. The cross must be reared on the loftiest platform, in the midst of the ages, and in the most inquisitive condition of the human mind. The deluge is an awful monument of God’s displeasure against sin, but it happened before there was history, save in the Bible, and hence there are those who gainsay it. The fall has impressed its desolations upon the universal heart, but there are scoffers who “contradict it against themselves.” But the atonement has been worked out with grandest publicity. There hangs over the cross the largest cloud of witnesses. Swarthy Cyrenian, and proud son of Rome, lettered Greek and jealous Jew, join hands around the sacrifice of Christ—its body-guard as an historical fact—fencing it about with most solemn authentications, and handing it to after ages, a truth, as well as a life, for all time. In like manner we find that certain periods of the world—epochs in its social progress—times of its emerging from chivalric barbarism—times of reconstruction or of revolution—times of great energy or of nascent life, seem, as by divine arrangement, to stand forth in sharpest outline ; long distinguishable after the records of other times have faded. Such, besides the first age of Christianity, was the period of the Crusades, of the Reformation, of the Puritans, and such, to the thinkers of the future, will be the many-coloured and inexplicable age in which we live. The men of those times are the men on whom history seizes, who

are the studies of the after-time ; men who, though they must yield to the law by which even the greatest are thrown into somewhat shadowy perspective, were yet powers in their day : men who, weighed against the world in the balance, caused "a downward tremble" in the beam. Such times were the years of the seventeenth century in this country. Such a man was JOHN BUNYAN.

Rare times they were, the times of that stirring and romantic era. How much was crowded into the sixty years of Bunyan's eventful life ! There were embraced in it the turbulent reign of the first Charles—the Star-chamber, and the High Commission, names of hate and shuddering—Laud with his Papistry, and Strafford with his scheme of Thorough—the long intestine war ; Edgehill, and Naseby, and Marston, memories of sorrowful renown—a discrowned monarch, a royal trial, and a royal execution. He saw all that was venerable and all that was novel changing places, like the scene-shifting of a drama ; bluff cavaliers in seclusion and in exile ; douce burghers acting history, and moulded into men. Then followed the Protectorate of the many-sided and wondrous Cromwell ; brief years of grandeur and of progress, during which an Englishman became a power and a name. Then came the Restoration, with its reaction of excesses—the absolutism of courtiers and courtézans—the madness which seized upon the nation when vampyres like Oates and Dangerfield were gorged with perjury and drunk with blood ; the Act of Uniformity, framed in true succession to take effect on St. Bartholomew's-day, by which "at one fell swoop," were ejected two thousand ministers of Christ's holy gospel ; the Conventicle Act, two years later, which hounded the ejected ones from the copse and from the glen—which made it treason for a vesper-hymn to rise from the forest-minster, or a solemn litany to quiver through the midnight air ; the great plague, fitting sequel to enactments so foul, when the

silenced clergy, gathering in pestilence immunity from law, made the red cross the sad badge of their second ordination, and taught the anxious, and cheered the timid, at the altars from which hirelings had fled. Then followed the death of the dissolute king—the accession of James, at once a dissembler and a bigot—the renewal of the struggle between prerogative and freedom—the wild conspiracy of Monmouth—the military cruelties of Kirke and Claverhouse, the butchers of the army, and the judicial cruelties of Jeffreys, the butcher of the bench—the martyrdoms of Elizabeth Gaunt, and the gentle Alice Lisle—the glorious acquittal of the seven bishops—the final eclipse of the house of Stuart, that perfidious, and therefore fated race—and England's last revolution, binding old alienations in marvellous unity at the foot of a parental throne. What a rush of history compressed into a less period than threescore years and ten! These were indeed times for the development of character—times for the birth of men.

And the men were there; the wit—the poet—the divine—the hero—as if genius had brought out her jewels, and furnished them nobly for a nation's need. Then Pym and Hampden bearded tyranny, and Russell and Sydney dreamed of freedom. Then Blake secured the empire of ocean, and the chivalric Falkland fought and fell. In those stirring times Charnock, and Owen, and Howe, and Henry, and Baxter, wrote, and preached, and prayed. “Cadworth and Henry More were still living at Cambridge; South was at Oxford, Prideaux in the close at Norwich, and Whitby in the close of Salisbury. Sherlock preached at the Temple, Tillotson at Lincoln's Inn, Burnet at the Rolls, Stillingfleet at St. Paul's Cathedral, Beveridge at St. Peter's, Cornhill. Men,” to continue the historian's eloquent description, “who could set forth the majesty and beauty of Christianity with such justness of thought and such energy of language

that the indolent Charles roused himself to listen, and the fastidious Buckingham forgot to sneer." But twelve years before the birth of Bunyan, all that was mortal of Shakespeare had descended to the tomb. Waller still flourished, an easy and graceful versifier; Cowley yet presented his "perverse metaphysics" to the world; Butler, like the parsons in his own *Hudibras*,

" Proved his doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks ;"

Dryden wrote powerful satires and sorry plays "with long-resounding march and energy divine;" George Herbert clad his thoughts in quaint and quiet beauty; and, mid the groves of Chalfont, as if blinded on purpose that the inner eye might be flooded with the "light which never was on sea or shore," our greater Milton sang.

In such an era, and with such men for his cotemporaries, John Bunyan ran his course, "a burning and a shining light" kindled in a dark place, for the praise and glory of God.

With the main facts of Bunyan's history you are most of you, I presume, familiar; though it may be doubted whether there be not many—his warm and hearty admirers withal,—whose knowledge of him comprehends but the three salient particulars, that he was a Bedfordshire tinker, that he was confined in Bedford jail, and that he wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress." It will not be necessary, however, to-night, to do more than sketch out, succinctly, the course of his life, endeavouring—Herculean project—to collate, in a brief page, Ivey, and Philip, and Southey, and Offor, and Cheever, and Montgomery, and Macaulay; a seven-fold biographical band, who have reasoned about the modern, as a seven-fold band of cities contended for the birth of the ancient Homer.

He was born at Elstow, a village near Bedford, in the year 1628. Like many others of the Lord's heroes. he was of

obscure parentage, "of a low and inconsiderable generation," and, not improbably, of gipsy blood. His youth was spent in excess of riot. There are expressions in his works descriptive of his manner of life, which cannot be interpreted, as Macaulay would have it, in a theological sense, nor resolved into morbid self-upbraidings. He was an adept and a teacher in evil. In his 17th year, we find him in the army—"an army where wickedness abounded." It is not known accurately on which side he served, but the description best answers certainly to Rupert's roystering dragoons. At 20 he married, receiving two books as his wife's only portion—"The Practice of Piety," and "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven." By the reading of these books, and by his wife's converse and example, the Holy Spirit first wrought upon his soul. He attempted to curb his sinful propensities, and to work in himself an external reformation. He formed a habit of church-going, and an attachment almost idolatrous to the externalisms of religion. The priest was to him as the Brahman to the Pariah; "he could have lain down at his feet to be trampled on, his name, garb, and work did so intoxicate and bewitch him." While thus under the thralldom which superstition imposes, he indulged all the licence which superstition claims. He continued a blasphemer and a Sabbath-breaker, running to the same excess of riot as before. Then followed in agonizing vicissitude a series of convictions and relapses. He was arrested, now by the pungency of a powerful sermon, now by the reproof of an abandoned woman, and anon by visions in the night, distinct and terrible. One by one, under the lashes of the law, "that stern Moses, which knows not how to spare," he relinquished his besetting sins—swearing, Sabbath-breaking, bell-ringing, dancing; from all these he struggled successfully to free himself while he was yet uninfluenced by the evangelical motive, and with his heart alienated from the life

of God. New and brighter light flashed upon his spirit from the conversation of some godly women at Bedford who spake of the things of God and of kindred hopes and yearnings "with much pleasantness of scripture," as they sat together in the sun. He was instructed more perfectly by "holy Mr. Gifford," the Evangelist of his dream, and in "the comment on the Galatians" of brave old Martin Luther he found the photograph of his own sinning and troubled soul. For two years there were but glimpses of the fitful sunshine dimly seen through a spirit-storm, perpetual and sad. Temptations of dark and fearful power assailed and possessed his soul. Then was the time of that fell combat with Apollyon, of the fiery darts and hideous yells, of the lost sword and the rejoicing enemy. Then also he passed, distracted and trembling, through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and a horror of great darkness fell upon him. At length, by the blest vision of Christ "made of God unto him wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption," the glad deliverance came—the clouds rolled away from his heart and from his destiny, and he walked in the undimmed and glorious heaven. From this time his spiritual course was, for the most part, one of comfort and peace. He became a member of the Baptist Church under Mr. Gifford's pastorate, and when that faithful witness ceased his earthly testimony, he engaged in earnest exhortations to sinners, "as a man in chains speaking to men in chains," and was shortly urged forward, by the concurrent call of the Spirit and the bride, to the actual ministry of the gospel. His ministry was heartfelt, and therefore powerful, and was greatly blessed of God. In 1660 he was indicted "as a common upholder of unlawful meetings and conventicles," and by the strong hand of tyranny was thrown into prison; and though his wife pleaded so powerfully in his favour as to move the pity of Sir Matthew Hale, beneath whose ermine

throbbled a God-fearing heart like that which beat beneath the tinker's doublet, he was kept there for twelve long years. His own words are, "So being again delivered up to the jailor's hands, I was had home to prison." *Home to prison.* Think of that, young men! See the bravery of a Christian heart! There is no affectation of indifference to suffering—no boastful exhibition of excited heroism; but there is the calm of the man "that has the herb heart's-ease in his bosom"—the triumph of a kingly spirit, happy in its own content, and throned over extremest ill.

Home to prison! And wherefore not? Home is not the marble hall, nor the luxurious furniture, nor the cloth of gold. If home be the kingdom where a man reigns, in his own monarchy, over subject hearts—if home be the spot where fireside pleasures gambol, where are heard the sunny laugh of the confiding child, or the fond "what ails thee?" of the watching wife—then every essential of home was to be found, "except these bonds," in that cell on Bedford Bridge. There, in the daytime, is the heroine-wife, at once bracing and soothing his spirit with her leal and womanly tenderness, and, sitting at his feet, the child—a clasping tendril—blind and therefore best-beloved. There, on the table, is the "Book of Martyrs," with its records of the men who were the ancestors of his faith and love; those old and heaven-patented nobility whose badge of knighthood was the hallowed cross, and whose chariot of triumph was the ascending flame. There, nearer to his hand, is the Bible, revealing that secret source of strength which empowered each manly heart, and nerved each stalwart arm; cheering his own spirit in exceeding heaviness, and making strong, through faith, for the obedience which is even unto death. Within him the good conscience bears bravely up, and he is weaponed by this as by a shield of triple mail. By his side, all unseen by casual guest or

surly warder, there stands, with heart of grace and consolation strong, the Heavenly Comforter ; and from overhead, as if anointing him already with the unction of the recompense, there rushes the stream of glory.

And now it is night-fall. They have had their evening worship, and, as in another dungeon, "the prisoners heard them." The blind child receives the fatherly benediction. The last good night is said to the dear ones, and Bunyan is alone. His pen is in his hand, and his Bible on the table. A solitary lamp dimly relieves the darkness. But there is fire in his eye, and there is passion in his soul. "He writes as if joy did make him write." He has felt all the fulness of his story. The pen moves too slowly for the rush of feeling as he graves his own heart upon the page. There is beating over him a storm of inspiration. Great thoughts are striking on his brain, and flushing all his cheek. Cloudy and shapeless in their earliest rise within his mind, they darken into the gigantic, or brighten into the beautiful, until at length he flings them into bold and burning words. Rare visions rise before him. He is in a dungeon no longer. He is in the palace Beautiful with its sights of renown and songs of melody, with its virgins of comeliness and of discretion, and with its windows opening for the first kiss of the sun. His soul swells beyond the measure of its cell. It is not a rude lamp that glimmers on his table. It is no longer the dark Ouse that rolls its sluggish waters at his feet. His spirit has no sense of bondage. No iron has entered into his soul. Chainless and swift, he has soared to the Delectable Mountains—the light of Heaven is around him—the river is the one, clear as crystal, which floweth from the throne of God and of the Lamb—breezes of Paradise blow freshly across it, fanning his temples and stirring his hair : from the summit of the Hill Clear he catches rarer splendours—the new Jerusalem sleeps in its eternal noon—the

shining ones are there, each one a crowned harper unto God—this is the land that is afar off, and THAT is the King in his beauty ; until prostrate beneath the insufferable splendour, the dreamer falls upon his knees and sobs away his agony of gladness in an ecstasy of prayer and praise. Now, think of these things—endearing intercourse with wife and children, the ever fresh and ever comforting Bible, the tranquil conscience, the regal imaginings of the mind, the faith which realized them all, and the light of God's approving face shining, broad and bright, upon the soul, and you will understand the undying memory which made Bunyan quaintly write "I was had home to prison."

In 1672, Richard Carver, a member of the Society of Friends, who had been mate of the vessel in which King Charles escaped to France after his defeat at Worcester, and who had carried the king on his back through the surf and landed him on French soil, claimed, as his reward, the release of his co-religionists who crowded the jails throughout the land. After some hesitation, Charles was shamed into compliance. A cumbrous deed was prepared, and under the provisions of that deed, which was so framed as to include sufferers of other persuasions, Bunyan obtained deliverance, having lain in the prison complete twelve years.

From the time of his release his life flowed evenly on. Escaped alike from Doubting Castle and from the net of the flatterer, he dwelt in the Beulah land of ripening piety and immortal hope. The last act of the strong and gentle spirit brought down on him the peace-maker's blessing. Fever seized him in London on his return from an errand of mercy, and after ten days' illness, long enough for the utterance of a whole treasury of dying sayings, he calmly fell asleep.

"Mortals cried, a man is dead ;
Angels sang, a child is born :"

and in honour of that nativity "all the bells of the celestial

city rang again for joy." From his elevation in heaven, his whole life seems to preach to us his own Pentecostal evangel, "There is room enough here for body and soul, but not for body, and soul, and sin."

There are various phases in which Bunyan is presented to us which are suggestive of interesting remark, or which may tend to exhibit the wholeness of his character before us, and upon which, therefore, we may not unprofitably dwell.

As a WRITER, he will claim our attention for a while. This is not the time to enter into any analysis of his various works, nor of the scope and texture of his mind. That were a task rather for the critic than the lecturer; and although many mental anatomists have been already at work upon it, there is room for the skilful handling of the scalpel still. His fame has rested so extensively upon his marvellous allegories, that there is some danger lest his more elaborate works should be depreciated or forgotten; but as a theologian he is able and striking, and as a contributor to theological literature he is a worthy associate of the brightest Puritan divines. His terse, epigrammatic aphorisms, his array of "picked and packed words," the clearness with which he enunciates, and the power with which he applies the truth, his intense and burning earnestness, the warm soul that is seen beating, in benevolent heart-throbs, through the transparent page, his vivacious humour, flashing out from the main body of his argument like lightning from a summer sky, his deep spirituality, chastening an imagination princely almost beyond compare—all these combine to claim for him a high place among that band of masculine thinkers, who were the glory of the Commonwealth, and whose words, weighty in their original utterance, are sounds which echo still. The amount of actual good accomplished by his writings it would be difficult to estimate. No man since

the days of the Apostles has done more to draw the attention of the world to the matters of supremest value, nor painted the beauty of holiness in more alluring colours, nor spoken to the universal heart in tenderer sympathy or with more thrilling tone. In how many readers of the "Grace Abounding" has there been the answer of the heart to the history. What multitudes are there to whom "the Jerusalem Sinner Saved" has been as "yonder shining light" which has led through the wicket gate, and by the house of the Divine Interpreter, to the blest spot "where was a cross, with a sepulchre hard by," and at the sight of that cross the burden has fallen off, and the roll has been secured, and jubilant, and sealed, and shining, they have gone on to victory and heaven. How many have revelled in silent rapture in his descriptions of "the Holy City" until there have floated around them some gleams of the "jasper light," and they felt an earnest longing to be off from earth—that land of craft, and crime, and sorrowfulness—

"And wished for wings to flee away,
And mix with that eternal day."

Oh, to thousands of the pilgrims that have left the city of Destruction—some valiant and hopeful, others much afraid and fearing—has Bunyan come in his writings, to soothe the pang or to prompt the prayer, to scare the doubt or to solve the problem—a Great-heart guide, brave against manifold ill-favoured ones—a faithful Evangelist, ever pointing the soul to the Saviour.

Of the "Pilgrim's Progress" it were superfluous to speak in praise. It seizes us in childhood with the strong hand of its power, our manhood surrenders to the spell of its sweet sorcery, and its grasp upon us relaxes not when "mingles the brown of life with sober gray," nay, is often strongest amid the weariness of waning years. Its scenes are familiar to us as the faces of home. Its characters live to our per-

ceptions, no less than to our understanding. We have seen them all, conversed with them, realised their diversities of character and experience for ourselves. There never was a poem which so thoroughly took possession of our hearts, and hurried them along upon the stream of the story. We have an identity of interest with the hero in all his doubts and dangers. We start with him on Pilgrimage ; we speed with him in eager haste to the Gate ; we gaze with him on the sights of wonder ; we climb with him the difficult hill ; the blood rushes to our cheek warm and proud as we gird ourselves for the combat with Apollyon ; it curdles at the heart again amid the "hydras and chimeras dire" of the Valley of the Shadow of Death ; we look with him upon the scoffing multitude from the cage of the town of Vanity ; we now lie, listless and sad, and now flee, fleet and happy, from the cell in Doubting Castle ; we walk with him amid the pleasantness of Beulah ; we ford the river in his company ; we hear the joy-bells ringing in the city of habitations ; we see and greet the hosts of welcoming angels ; and it is to us as the gasp of agony with which the drowning come back to life, when some rude call of earthly concernment arouses us from our reverie, and we wake, and, behold, it is a dream.

There must be marvellous power in a book that can work such enchantment, wrought withal with the most perfect self-unconsciousness on the part of the enchanter himself. "The joy that made him write" was, in no sense, the prospect of literary fame. With the true modesty of genius he hesitated long as to the propriety of publication, and his fellow-prisoners in the jail were empanelled as a literary jury, upon whose verdict depended the fate of the story which has thrilled the pulses of the world. In fact, his book fulfilled a necessity of his nature. He wrote because he must write : the strong thoughts within him laboured for expression. The "Pilgrim's Progress" was written without thought of

the world. It is just a wealthy mind rioting in its own riches for its own pleasure ; an earnest soul painting in the colours of a vivid imagination its olden anguish, and reveling in exultation at the prospect of its future joy. And while the dreamer thus wrote primarily for himself—a “prison amusement” at once beguiling and hallowing the hours of a weary bondage—he found to his delight, and perhaps to his surprise, that his vision became a household book to thousands, worldlings enraptured with its pictures, with no inkling of the drift of its story ; Christians pressing it to their hearts as a “song in the night” of their trouble, or finding in its thrilling pages “a door of hope” through which they glimpsed the coming of the day.

It has been often remarked that, like the Bible, its great model, the “Pilgrim’s Progress” is, to a religious mind, its own best interpreter. It is said of a late eminent clergyman and commentator, who published an edition of it with numerous expository notes, that having freely distributed copies amongst his parishioners, he some time afterwards inquired of one of them if he had read the “Pilgrim’s Progress.” “Oh, yes, Sir!” “And do you think you understand it?” “Yes, Sir, I understand *it*, and I hope before long I shall understand the notes as well.”

One of the most amusing and yet conclusive proofs of the popularity of this wonderful allegory is to be found in the liberties which have been taken with it, in the versions into which it has been rendered, and in the imitations to which it has given rise. Mr. Ofor, in his carefully-edited and invaluable edition of Bunyan’s works, has enumerated between thirty and forty treatises, mostly allegorical, whose authors have evidently gathered their inspiration from the tinker of Elstow. The original work has been subjected to a thousand experiments. It has been done into an oratorio for the satisfaction of play-goers ; done into verse at the caprice of

rhymesters ; done into elegant English for the delectation of drawing-rooms ; done into catechisms for the use of schools. It has been quoted in novels ; quoted in sermons innumerable ; quoted in Parliamentary orations ; quoted in plays. It has been put upon the Procrustes' bed of many who have differed from its sentiments, and has been mutilated or stretched as it exceeded or fell short of their standard. Thus there has been a Supralapsarian supplement, in which the interpreter is called the Enlightener, and the House Beautiful is Castle Strength. There has been a Popish edition, with Giant Pope left out. There has been a Socinian parody, describing the triumphant voyage, through hell to heaven, of a Captain Single-eye and his Unitarian crew ; and last, not least note-worthy, there has been a Tractarian travesty, in which the editor digs a cleansing well at the wicket-gate, omits Mr. Worldly Wiseman, ignores the town of Legality, makes no mention of Mount Sinai, changes the situation of the cross, gives to poor Christian a double burden, transforms Giant Pope into Giant Mahometan, Mr. Superstition into Mr. Self-indulgence, and alters, with careful coquetry towards Rome, every expression which might be distasteful to the Holy Mother. Most of those who have published garbled or accommodated editions have done their work silently, and, with some sense of shame, balancing against the risk of present censure the hope of future advantage : but the editor of the last-mentioned mutilation dwells with ineffable complacency upon his deed, and evidently imagines that he has done something for which the world should speak him well. He defends his insertions and omissions, which are many, and which affect important points of doctrine, in a somewhat curious style. "A reasonable defence," he says, "is found in the following consideration :—The author, whose works are altered, wished, it is to be assumed, to teach the truth. In the editor's judgment, the alterations have tended to the

more complete setting-forth that truth, that is, to the better accomplishment of the author's design. If the editor's views of the truth, then, are correct, he is justified in what he does ; if they are false, he is to be blamed for originally holding them, but cannot be called dishonest for making his author speak what he believes, that, with more knowledge the author would have said." Exquisite logic! How would it avail in the mouth of some crafty forger, at the bar of the Old Bailey! "I am charged with altering a cheque, drawn for my benefit, by making £200 into £1,200. I admit it, but a reasonable defence may be found in the following consideration. The gentleman whose cheque I altered wished, it is to be assumed, to benefit me and my family. In my judgment, the alteration has tended to the better accomplishment of the gentleman's design. If my views in this matter are correct, I am justified in what I have done ; if they are incorrect, I may be blamed for originally holding them, but cannot be called dishonest for doing what, with more knowledge of my circumstances and his own, the gentleman himself would have done." Out upon it! Is there one shade of sentiment, from the credulousness which gulps the tradition and kisses the relic, to the negativism of "the everlasting No," which might not lay the flattering unction to its soul, that, "with more knowledge" Bunyan would have been ranged under its banner. Rejoicing as I do in substantial oneness of sentiment with the glorious dreamer, I might yet persuade myself into the belief that, with more knowledge, he would have become an Evangelical Arminian, and would hardly have classed the election doubters among the army of Diabolus: but shall I, on this account, foist my notions into the text of his writings? or were it not rather an act from which an honest mind would shrink with lordly scorn? I cannot forbear the utterance of an indignant protest against a practice which appears to me subversive of

every canon of literary morality, and which, in this case, has passed off, under the sanction of Bunyan's name, opinions from which he would have recoiled in indignation, which war against the whole tenor of his teaching, and which might almost disturb him in his grave; and especially is my soul vexed within me that there should have been flung, by any sacrilegious hand, over those sturdy Protestant shoulders, one solitary rag of Rome.

Though the "Pilgrim's Progress" became immediately popular, the only book save the Bible on the shelf of many a rustic dwelling, and though it passed in those early times through twelve editions in the space of thirty years, the "inconsiderable generation" of its author long prevented its circulation among the politer classes of the land. There was no affectation, but a well grounded apprehension in Cowper's well known line:

"Lest so despised a name should move a sneer."

At length, long the darling of the populace, it became the study of the learned. Critics went down into its treasure-chambers and were astonished at their wealth and beauty. The initiated ratified the foregone conclusion of the vulgar; the Tinker's dream became a national classic; and the pontificate of literature installed it with a blessing and a prayer.

No uninspired work has extorted eulogies from a larger host of the men of mark and likelihood. That it redeemed into momentary kindness a ferocious critic like Swift; that it surprised, from the leviathan lips of Johnson, the confession that he had read it through and wished it longer; that Byron's banter spared it, and that Scott's chivalry was fired by it; that Southey's philosophical analysis, and Franklin's serene contemplation, and Mackintosh's elegant research, and Macaulay's artistic criticism should have resulted in a symphony to its praise; that the spacious

intellect and poet-heart of Coleridge revelled with equal gladness in its pages; that the scholarly Arnold, chafed by the attritions of the age, and vexed by the doubt-clouds which darkened upon his gallant soul, lost his trouble in its company, and looked through it to the Bible, which he deemed it faithfully to mirror;—all these are cumulative testimonies that it established its empire over minds themselves imperial, and constrained their acknowledgment of its kingly power.

It would, we suspect, be of no account with Bunyan now, that critics conspire to praise him; that artists, those bending worshippers of beauty, have drawn sumptuous illustrations from his works; or that his statue, the tinker's effigy, standing in no unworthy companionship with statesmen, and heroes, and men of high degree, should decorate the British House of Commons. But if the faithful in glory have earthly sympathies and recognitions still; if, from the region where they "summer high in bliss upon the hills of God," they still look down lovingly upon the world which has missed and mourned them; if their inviolate joy may be enhanced from aught below—it might surely thrill the heart of the Dreamer with a deeper ecstasy, that his Pilgrim yet walks the earth, a faithful witness for Jesus; that it has guided thousands of the perplexed, and cheered thousands of the fearing; and that it has testified to multitudes of many a clime and colour, "in their own tongues, the wonderful works of God." How blissful the thought to him whose "*nil nisi cruce*" determination was manifest through the whole of his life, that no book but God's own has been so honoured to lift up the cross among the far off nations of mankind. The Italian has read it under the shadow of the Vatican, and the modern Greek amid the ruins of Athens. It has blessed the Armenian trafficker, and it has calmed the fierce Malay; it has been carried up the far rivers of Burmah; and it has drawn tears

from dark eyes in the cinnamon gardens of Ceylon. The Bechuanas in their wildwoods have rejoiced in its simple story ; it has been as the Elim of palms and fountains to the Arab wayfarer ; it has nerved the Malagasy for a Faithful's martyrdom, or for trial of cruel mockings, and tortures more intolerable than death. The Hindoo has yielded to its spell by Gunga's sacred stream ; and, crowning triumph ! Hebrews have read it on the slopes of Olivet, or on the banks of Kedron, and the tender-hearted daughters of Salem, descendants of those who wept for the sufferings of Jesus, have "wept" over it "for themselves and for their children."

Dr. Johnson, in his life of Waller, advances the strange opinion that spiritual subjects are not fit subjects for poetry ; and he dogmatizes in his usual elephantine style of writing, upon the alleged reason. He says, "The essence of poetry is invention ; such invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights. The topics of devotion are few, and being few are universally known ; but few as they are they can be made no more ; they can receive no grace from novelty of sentiment, and very little from novelty of expression." Such an unworthy definition of poetry might answer for an age of lampooners, when merry quips and fantastic conceits passed muster as sparks from the Heaven-kindled fire. We prefer that of Festus, brief and full :—

"Poets are all who love, who feel great truths
And tell them."

And the greatest truths are those which link us to the invisible, and show us how to realize its wonders. If, then, there be within each of us a gladiator soul, ever battling for dear life in an arena of repression and scorn—a soul possessed with Thought, and Passion, and Energy invincible, and immortal Hope, and yearnings after the far off and the everlasting which all the tyranny of the flesh cannot sub-

due; if there be another world which sheds a holy and romantic light upon every object and upon every struggle of this—a world where superior intelligences (intelligences with whom we may one day mingle) shine in undimmed beauty, and where God the all-merciful (a God whom we may one day see) is manifested without a cloud; if by the Word and Spirit divine there can be opened the soul's inner eye,—that sublime faith which is “the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen”—to the visions of which our nature becomes a treasury of hidden riches, and which instates us in the heirship of “the powers of the world to come;”—then there can be poetry in this world only because light from heaven falls on it, because it is a subtle hieroglyph full of solemn and mystic meanings, because it cradles a magnificent destiny, and is the type and test of everlasting life. It must be so. All conceptions of nature, or of beauty, or of man, from which the spiritual element is excluded, can be, at best, but the first sweep of the finger over the harp-strings, eliciting, it may be, an uncertain sound, but failing to evoke the soul of harmony which sleeps in the heart of the chords. Macaulay shall answer Johnson: “In the latter half of the seventeenth century there were only two minds which possessed the imaginative faculty in a very eminent degree. One of those minds produced the ‘Paradise Lost;’ the other the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress.’” Religious epics these! the one painting the lapse and the doom of our race in all shapes of beauty or of grandeur; the other, borrowing nothing from voluptuous externalisms, dealing only with the inner man in his struggles and yearnings after God. We want to see, in this age of ours, more and more of the genius that is created by piety; of a literature informed with the spirit of the Gospel of Christ. Critics have predicted the decay of poetry with the spread of civilization; and literary men speak with diffident hope

of its "ultimate recovery from the staggering blows which science has inflicted;" and, in truth, if its inspiration be all of earth, there may be some ground for fear. As mere secular knowledge has no antiseptic power, so mere earthly beauty has no perennial charms. But draw its subjects from higher sources; let it meddle divinely with eternal things, and it can never die.

"O say not that poesy waxeth old,
That all her legends were long since told!
It is not so! It is not so!
For while there's a blossom by summer drest,
A sigh for the sad, or a smile for the blest,
Or a changeful thought in the human breast,
There'll be a new string for her lyre, I trow.
Do you say she is poor, in this land of the free?
Do you call her votaries poor as she?
It may be so! It may be so!
Yet hath she a message more high and clear,
From the burning lips of the heaven-taught seer;
From the harp of Zion that charms the ear;
From the choir where the seraph-miustrels glow."

Not, of course, that the monotone should be the measure of every life-song: rather should it flow after Scriptural precept and precedent, now in "psalms," grand, solemn, stately, the sonorous burst of the full soul in praise, now in "hymns," earnest, hopeful, winning—the lyrics of the heart in its hours of hope or pensiveness, and now in "songs" light and hearty—the roundelay, the ballad, the carol of a spirit full of sunshine, warbling its melodies out of its own exuberance of joy. Nor, of course, that literary men should write only on Christian themes. We would have them illustrate the goodness of nature, the inductions of science, the achievements of art. They should speak to us in the language of the sweet affections, give soul and sentiment to the harmony of music, and strike the chords of the resounding lyre. They should take, in comprehensive and sympathetic survey, all nature and all man. But they must submit to the baptism

of Christianity, and be leavened with her love divine, ere they can be chroniclers of the august espousals, or honoured guests at the happy bridal of the beautiful and true.

Young men, lend your energies to this hallowed consummation. You are not poets, perhaps, and according to the old "*Poeta non fit*" adage, you are not fit to be. If you have the "divine afflatus," by all means give it forth; but if you have not, do not strain after it to the neglect of nearer and more practicable things. One would not wish to see a race of Byronlings,—things of moustache and turn-down collar,—moody Manfreds of six feet three, with large loads of fine frenzy and infinitesimal grains of common sense. And it is woful enough to meet the weird-youth of a later day, with his jargon of "subjective" and "objective," who looms dimly upon us through the blended smoke of mist and meerschaum, and who goes floundering after transcendental nonsense until he is nearly run over in Cheapside. It is given to very few of us to live ethereal lives, or to be on familiar terms with thunder. But if you are not the writers, you are the readers of the age. You have an appreciation of the beautiful, an awakened intelligence which pants hard after the true. Terminate, I beseech you, in your own experience, the sad divorce which has too often existed between intellect and piety. Take your stand, unswerving, heroic, by the altar of truth; and from that altar let neither sophistry nor ridicule expel you. Let your faith rest with a manly strength, with a child's trust, with a martyr's gripe, upon the immutable truth as it is in Jesus. Then go humbly, but dauntlessly to work, and you can make the literature of the time. Impress your earnest and holy individuality upon others, and in so far as you create a healthier moral sentiment and a purer taste, the literature of the future is in your hands. The literature of any age is but the mirror of its prevalent tendencies. A healthy appetite will recoil from garbage and carrion.

Pestilent periodicals and a venal press are the indices of the depraved moral feeling which they pamper. Work for the uplifting of that moral feeling, and by the blessing of God upon the efforts of the fair brotherhood who toil for Him, the dew of Hermon shall descend upon the hill Parnassus, and there shall be turned into the fabled Helicon a stream of living waters. Religion shall be throned in her own queenly beauty, and literature shall be the comeliest handmaid in her virgin train. I do most earnestly wish for every one of you, that reason may be clear and conscience calm—that imagination may be buoyant but not prodigal—that all which Fancy pictures Faith may realize, so that when you wander amid fair nature's landscapes, through the deep ravine or fertile dell—when you see the sun glass itself in the clear lake, or the sportive moonlight fling over the old mountains a girdle of glory, there may be a conscious sparkle in the eye, and the Æolian murmur of a joy too deep for words, "My Father made them all"—or when, in some sunny mood of mind, your thoughts go out after the "distant Aidenn," and Fancy pictures it palpable and near, with its dreamless rest, and its holy fellowships, and its bliss ever brightening in the nearer vision of the Throne,—it may come to you inspiring as a sweet dream of home, and you may hear the whisper of the Spirit witness—

"Be thou faithful unto death, and it is thine."

There is no feature more noticeable in Bunyan's character than the *devout earnestness with which he studied the Divine Word*, and the *reverence which he cherished for it* throughout the whole of his life.

In the time of his agony, when "a restless wanderer after rest," he battled with fierce temptation, and was beset with Antinomian error, he gratefully records, "the Bible was precious to me in those days;" and after his deliverance it

was his congenial life-work to exalt its honour, and to proclaim its truths. Is he recommending growth in grace to his hearers?—The Word is to be the aliment of their life. “Every grace is nourished by the Word, and without it there is no thrift in the soul.” Has he announced some fearless exposition of truth?—Hark how he disarms opposition and challenges scrutiny! “Give me a hearing: take me to the Bible, and let me find in thy heart no favour if thou find me to swerve from the standard.” Is he uplifting the Word above the many inventions of his fellows?—Mark the racy homeliness of his assertion: “A little from God is better than a great deal from men. What is from men is often tumbled over and over; things that we receive at God’s hand come to us as things from the minting-house. Old truths are always new to us if they come with the smell of Heaven upon them.” Is his righteous soul vexed with the indifference of the faithful, or with the impertinences of the profane?—How manfully he proclaims his conviction of a pressing want of the times! “There wanteth even in the hearts of God’s people, a greater reverence for the Word of God than to this day appeareth among us; and this let me say that want of reverence for the Word is the ground of all the disorders that are in the heart, life, conversation, or Christian communion.”

If ever Bunyan saw with a seer’s insight, and spoke with a prophet’s inspiration, he has in this last-quoted sentence foreseen our danger, and uttered a solemn warning for the times in which we live. There never was an age in which reverence for the Word needed more impressive inculcation. There never was an age when there were leagued against it fiercer elements of antagonism. Not that infidelity proper abounds; the danger from this source is over. Some rare specimens of this almost extinct genus do occasionally flounder into sight, like the ichthyosaurus of some remote

period, blurting out their blasphemies from congenial slime; but men pity their foolishness or are shocked with their profanity. That infidelity is the most to be dreaded which moves like the virus of a plague, counterfeiting, by its hectic glow, the flush of health and beauty, unsuspected till it has struck the chill to the heart, and the man is left pulseless of a living Faith, and robbed of the rapture of life—a conscious paralytic who “brokenly lives on.” This kind of scepticism, —a scepticism which apes reverence, and affects candour— which, by its importunity, has almost wearied out some of the sturdy guardians of the truth—which seems to have talked itself into a prescriptive right, like other mendicants, to exhibit its sores among the highways of men,—has, it is not to be denied, done its worst to infect society, and to wither the living energy of religion in multitudes of souls. It may be that some amongst yourselves have not altogether escaped the contagion. Could I place the young men of London in the confessional to-night, or could their various feelings be detected, as was the concealed demon at the touch of Ithuriel’s spear, I might find not a few who would tell that stranger doubts had come to them which they had not forborne to harbour—that distrust had crept over them—that unbelief was shaping out a systematic residence in their souls—that they had looked upon infidelity, if not as a haven of refuge amid the conflicts of warring faiths, at least as a theatre which gave scope for the ideal riot of fancy, or the actual riot of sense, in indulgences and excesses far fitter for earth than heaven?

And there are, unhappily, many around us, at the antipodes of sentiment from each other, and yet all after their manner hostile to the Divine Word, who fan the kindled unbelief, and whose bold and apparently candid objections are invested to the unsettled mind with a peculiar charm.

The Jew, with prejudice as inveterate as ever, rejects

the counsel of God against himself, and crushes the Law and the Prophets beneath a load of rabbinical traditions, the Mishna and Gemara of his Talmuds. The papist still gives to the decretals of popes and the edicts of councils co-ordinate authority with the Scriptures, and locks up those Scriptures from the masses, as a man should imprison the free air, while men perish from asphyxia around him. The rationalist spirits away the inspiration of the Bible, or descants upon it as a fascinating myth, to be reviewed like any other poem, by ordinary criticism, or postpones it to the proud reason of Eichhorn and Paulus, or Strauss and Hegel, or Belsham and Priestley. The mystic professes to have a supplemental and superior revelation drafted down into his own heart. Printing furnishes unprecedented facilities for the transmission of thought, and man's perdition may be cheapened at the stall of every pedlar. And finally, some ministers of religion, yielding to the clamour of the times, have lowered the high tone of Scriptural teaching, and have studiously avoided the terminology of the Bible. What wonder with influences like these, that upon many over whom had gathered a penumbra of doubt before, there should deepen a dark and sad eclipse of faith; or that, loosing off from their moorings and forsaking quiet anchorage, they should drift, rudderless and wild, into the ocean of infidelity and evil?

Brothers, nothing will avail to preserve you amid the strife of tongues, but to cherish, as a habit engrained into the soul—as an affection enfibred with your deepest heart—continual reverence for the Divine Word. We do not claim your feudal submission to its sovereignty. It recks not a passive and unintelligent adhesion. Inquire by all means into the evidences which authenticate its divinity. Bring keenest intellects to bear upon it. Try it as gold in the fire. Bring its august and important matters to the scrutiny. Satisfy your-

selves by as searching a process as you can, that the Eternal has really spoken it, and that there looms from it the shadow of a large immortality ; but do this *once for all*. Don't be "ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." Life is too short to be frittered away in endless considerings and scanty deeds. There can be no more pitiable state than that of the eternal doubter, who has bid the sad "vale, vale, in æternum vale," to all the satisfactions of faith, and who is tossed about with every wind of doctrine—a waif upon the wreckage of a world. Settle your principles early, and then place them "on the shelf," secure from subsequent assault or displacement. Then in after years, when some rude infidel argument assails you, and busied amid life's activities you are unable, from the absorption of your energies elsewhere, to recall the train of reasoning by which you arrived at your conclusion ; you will say, "I tried this matter before—I threw these doctrines into the crucible, and they came out pure—the assay was satisfactory—the principles are on the shelf," and when the Sanballats and Tobiahs gather malignantly below, you will cry with good Nehemiah, girt with the sword, and wielding the trowel the while, and therefore fit for any emergency, "I am doing a great work—I cannot come down—why should the work stop while I come down to you?" Oh it will be to you a source of perennial comfort that in youth, after keen investigation of the Bible—the investigation, not of frivolity or prejudice, but of candour, and gravity, and truth-loving, and prayer—you bowed before it as God's imperishable utterance, and swore your fealty to the monarch-word. Depend upon it the Bible demands no inquisition, and requires no disguises. It does not shrink before the light of science, nor crouch abashed before the audit of a scholarly tribunal. Rather does it seem to say, as it stands before us in its kingliness, all pride kumbled and all profanity silenced in its majestic presence—

Error fleeing at its approach--Superstition cowering beneath the lightning of its eye, "I will arise, and go forth, for the hour of my dominion is at hand."

There is yet one matter on which I would fain add my testimony, though it is not needed. I would fain be one among the "cloud of witnesses," who have testified against the clamour for a new version of the Bible. "No man having tasted the old wine, straightway desireth new, for he saith, the old is better." Doubtless certain words in the authorised version might be more felicitously rendered; certain philological emendations might be made; certain passages might be made less amenable to criticism; but no improved translation could set the essential doctrines of Christianity in clearer light, nor give to the articles of our precious faith a more triumphant vindication, nor point the weeping sinner more directly to the cross of Jesus, nor give to the inquiring after truth a speedier answer, or a safer rest. And what are the petty advantages we should gain, compared with the invaluable benefits which we should inevitably lose? "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?" What could compensate for the dismay which would be struck to the hearts of thousands, and the incertitude which would be instilled into the minds of thousands more—for the upheaval of old associations and memories—for the severance of that which is the closest bond of international union wherever Anglo-Saxons wander—for the abolition of any recognised standard of arbitration and appeal—and for the resolution of all religious opinion into an elemental chaos, "a mighty maze, and all without a plan." Sirs, this cry for a new translation of the Bible has come from the wrong quarter. Doubtless there are some earnest and godly students of the Divine Word who look for such an advance in some far time to come, but who candidly confess that "now, all is most unfit for it." But theirs are not

the voices which swell the present clamour. Unspiritual professors who feel as warmly for an Elzevir Virgil—critics who glide through it as they glide through Shakespeare, and who deem the inspiration of the one quite equal to the inspiration of the other—sceptics who doubt the possibility of a Book-revelation, but whose doubts would be resolved were that revelation other than it is—weak men who would be thought important, and bold men who would be reckless with impunity,—What have all these to do with it? Who made them rulers and judges on a matter which involves the dearest interests of millions? This is a question too vital to be settled by dark pundits in cloisters, or by solemn triflers in magazines, or by dilettanti members of Parliament. Put it to the people. Let the masses of pious men give a voice: those to whom the “word is spirit and life,”—who have been quickened into energy by its transforming power—-who thank God for it as for daily bread—-who strengthen in the true soul-growth by its nourishment—-who exhibit its pure precepts in their lives—-to whom it is the great charter at once of their present freedom and of their future hope: ask them if they are tired of the old Bible: poll the sacramental host of God’s elect upon the matter, and you will find few of them who will hesitate to brand the fancied improvement, if not as an actual sacrilege, at least as an unwarrantable interference with the sacredness of a spiritual home. Put the case to yourselves. Fancy an officious stranger entering into your dwelling, suggesting alterations in the interior arrangements, depreciating the furniture, and anxious about remodelling the whole. “That bed is coarse and hard. It must have been in use a century. Modern skill will cast one in a shapelier mould.” “Ah, I have pillowed on it thro’ many a fevered dream, and it is hallowed to me because from it the angels carried my first-born to a Sabbatic rest in heaven.”

“That chair is clumsy and antiquated, and out of date. Send it out of sight.” Oh

“Touch it not—a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.”

Rude and insolent! What does he know of the sensibilities on which he tramples, of the clustering thoughts and memories—the spells of sweetest wizardry, which give to each and every object its sanctity and charm? Steps are on the stair, but they are not for common ears, and familiar faces are present to the household more than are counted by the stranger. The strongest affection in the national heart is this fond love of home, and it is this which has secured the integrity of the rustic roof-tree, no less than of temple-fane and palace-hall. It may be a mean and homely dwelling; there may be a clumsy stile at the garden-gate; the thatch may be black with the grime of years—there may be no festoon of jasmine over the trellised window; but it is sacred, for it is *home*.

“And if a caitiff false and vile,
Dares but to cross that garden-stile—
Dares but to fire that lowly thatch—
Dares but to force that peasant’s latch—
The thunder-peal the deed will wake,
Will make his craven spirit quake;
And a voice from people, peer, and throne,
Will ring in his ears, Atone, Atone!”

If the Bible be the spiritual home of the believer—if it minister efficiently to the necessities of his entire man—if witnesses from opposing points have testified in its favour—if from the Ultima Thule of scepticism Theodore Parker is eloquent in its praise—if from the torrid zone of Popery Father Newman declares that “it lives in the soul with a music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells which the convert hardly knows how he can forego;

and all that there is about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him for ever out of his English Bible"—if it has come down to us hallowed with the memories of old, and wet with the last tearful blessing of parents passed into the skies—if it has sustained our own spirits in extremest trouble, made our life-work easy to us, beguiled the toil of this world, and inspired the hope of the world that is to come,—what wonder that the jealous Christianity of the land, roused by the threatened desecration, should speak in tones of power, and should say to the mistaken men who would tamper with it, "Hands off there! proud intruders, let that Bible alone!"

And you, oh ye highly-privileged possessors and guardians of the truth! guard well your sacred trust—clasp it as your choicest treasure—lift it high in your temples—hide it deep in your hearts: it is "the word of the Lord, and that word endureth for ever."

As a PREACHER OF THE TRUTH Bunyan had a high reputation in his day. Sympathy, earnestness, and power, were the great characteristics of his successful ministry. He preached what he felt, and his preaching therefore corresponded to the various stages of his personal experience. At first, himself in chains, he thundered out the terrors of the law, like another Baptist, against rich and poor together; then, happy in believing, he proclaimed salvation and the unparalleled blessedness of life by Christ, "as if an angel stood at his back to encourage him," and then, with advancing knowledge, he disclosed the truth in its rounded harmony—"the whole counsel of God." Instances of conversion were frequent under his ministry—many churches were founded by his labours. Dr. Owen assured King Charles that for the tinker's ability to prate, he would gladly barter his own stores of learning; and in his annual visit to London, twelve

hundred people would gather at seven in the morning of a winter's working day, to hear him. Nor can we wonder that his ministry should have had "favour both with God and man," when we listen to his own statements of the feelings with which he regarded it. "In my preaching I have really been in pain, and have, as it were, travailed to bring forth children to God. If I were fruitless, it mattered not who commended me; but if I were fruitful, I cared not who did condemn." "I have counted as if I had goodly buildings and lordships in those places where my children were born, my heart hath been so wrapped up in the glory of this excellent work, that I counted myself more blessed and honoured of God by this, than if He had made me the emperor of the Christian world, or the lord of all the glory of the earth without it." This is what we want now. We will not despair of the speedy conversion of the world if you give us an army of ministers who have—burned into their hearts—this passionate love for souls.

There are those, indeed, who tell us that the mission of the pulpit is fulfilled. They acknowledge that in the former ages—in the times of immaturity, when men spelt out the truth in syllables, it did a noble work. But the world has outgrown it, they tell us. It is an anachronism now. Men need neither its light nor its warning. The all-powerful press shall direct them—from the chair of criticism they shall learn wisdom—the educational institute shall aid them in heavenward progress—they shall move upward and onward under the guidance of the common mind. But the divine institution of the ministry is not to be thus superseded. It has to do with eternity, and the matters of eternity are paramount. It has to deal with the most lasting emotions of our nature,—with those deep instincts of eternal truths which underlie all systems, from which the man can never utterly divorce himself, and which God himself has graven on the soul. This

opposition to the pulpit, however the inefficiency of existing agencies may have contributed to it—however the memories of olden priestcraft may have given it strength, cannot be explained, but as originating in the yet unconquered enmity of the carnal mind to God. The teaching of the political theorizer, of the infidel demagogue, of the benevolent idealist—why are they so popular? The teaching of the religious instructor—why is it so repulsive to the world? The main secret will be found in the fact that the one exalt, the other reprove, our nature—the one ignore, the other insist upon, the doctrine of the fall. If you silence the ministry, you silence the only living agency which, of set purpose, appeals to the moral sense of man, and brings out the world's conscience in its answer to moral obligation, and to the truths of the Bible. The minister divides an empire over the other faculties. He may speak to the intellect, but the philosopher will rival him. He may charm the imagination, but the poet is his master. He may rouse the passions, the mob-orator will do it better; but in his power over conscience he has a government which no man shares, and, as a czar of many lands, he wields the sceptre over the master-faculty of man. It is absolutely necessary, in this age of manifold activities and of spiritual pride, that there should be this ever-speaking witness of man's febleness and God's strength. That witness dares not be silent amid the strife of tongues; and however the clamour may tell—and it does tell and it ought to tell, upon the time-serving and the indolent, upon the vapid and the insincere—it is an unanswerable argument for the mission of the ministry itself; just as the blast which scatters the acorns, roots the oak more firmly in the soil. Standing as I do to-night, in connection with an association which I dearly love, and which has been so highly honoured as an instrument of good, I must yet claim for the pulpit the

foremost place among the agencies for the renovation of the world. Neither the platform nor the press can supersede it. So long as they work in harmony with its high purpose, and aim at the elevation of the entire man, it will hail their helpings with glad heart and free, but God hath set it on the monarchy, and it may not abdicate its throne.

One great want of the times is a commanding ministry—a ministry of a piety at once sober and earnest, and of mightiest moral power. Give us these men, “full of faith and of the Holy Ghost,” who will proclaim old truths with new energy, not cumbering them with massive drapery, nor hiding them ’neath piles of rubbish. Give us these men! men of sound speech, who will preach the truth as it is in Jesus, not with faltering tongue and averted eye, as if the mind blushed at its own credulity—not distilling it into an essence so subtle, and so speedily decomposed, that a chemical analysis alone can detect the faint odour which tells it has been there, but who will preach it apostle-wise, that is, “first of all,” at once a principle shrined in the heart, and a motive mighty in the life—the source of all morals, and the inspiration of all charity—the sanctifier of every relationship, and the sweetener of every toil. Give us these men! men of dauntless courage, from whom God-fear has banished man-fear—who will stand unblenched before the pride of birth, and the pride of rank, and the pride of office, and the pride of intellect, and the pride of money, and will rebuke their conventional hypocrisies, and demolish their false confidences, and sweep away their refuges of lies. Give us these men! men of tenderest sympathy, who dare despise none, however vile and crafty, because the “one blood” appeals for relationship in its sluggish or fevered flow—who deal not in fierce reproofs nor haughty bearing, because their own souls have just been brought out of prison—by whom the sleeper will not be harshly chided, and who will mourn over the

wanderer, "My brother—ah! my brother!" Give us these men! men of zeal untiring—whose hearts of constancy quail not, although dull men sneer, and proud men scorn, and timid men blush, and cautious men deprecate, and wicked men revile—who though atrophy wastes the world, and paralysis has settled on the Church, amid hazard and hardship, are "valiant for the truth upon the earth,"

"And think
What others only dreamed about, and do
What others did but think, and glory in
What others dared but do."

Give us these men! in whom Paul would find congenial reasoners—whom the fervent Peter would greet with a welcome sparkle in the eye—to whom the gentle John would be attracted as to twin-souls which beat like his own—all lovingly. Give us these men! and you need speak no more of the faded greatness and prostrate might of the pulpit; the true God-witnesses shall be re-instated in their ancient moral sovereignty, and "by manifestation of the truth, shall commend themselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God."

Young men, I bespeak your prayers for a ministry like this as for one of the greatest necessities of the age, and I would pray that God may raise up some among yourselves who may feel the stirrings of the Divinity within, and be called by His grace to be diligent reapers in the vast Home Harvest-field, or with beautiful feet upon the slopes of some distant mountain, to publish "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good-will towards men."

One main reason of Bunyan's repute among the people was *his thorough humanness*. He was no bearded hermit, sarcastic in his seclusion, upon a world which he had forsaken, or which he never knew. He was no dark ascetic,

snarling at his fellows from some cynical tub, or self-righteous in his maceration, inveighing against pleasures which were beyond his reach, and which he had toiled in vain to enjoy. He was a brave, manly, genial, brotherly soul; full of sympathy with the errors and frailties of men, mingling in the common grief and in the common cheerfulness of life. See him as he romps with the children in their noisy mirth, himself as great a child as they. Listen to him as he spins out of his fertile brain riddles to be guessed by the pilgrims, such as "keep Old Honest from nodding." Mark the smile that plays over his countenance as he writes how Ready-to-halt and Much-afraid footed it right merrily, in dance of joy, for the destruction of Giant Despair. Observe the ineffable tenderness with which he describes Feeblemind and Fearing. See in his real life the wealth of affection which he lavishes upon his sightless child. Oh, it is charming—this union of the tender and the faithful in a master-mind—this outflow of all graceful charities from a spirit which bares its breast to danger, and which knows not to blench or quail! Beautiful are these gushes of sensibility from a manly soul,—as if from some noble mountain, with granite heart and crest of cedar, there should issue a crystal rill, brightening the landscape with its dimpled beauty, or flashing archly beneath the setting sun.

Strength and gentleness are thus combined, in grandest harmony, only under the humanizing rule of Christianity. We might expect, under the old stoical morality, to find patient endurance and dauntless bravery—the perfection of an austere manhood—Roman virtue and Spartan pride. Under the precepts of a philosophy which never compromised with human weakness, we do not wonder at a Leonidas at the pass of Thermopylæ, or a Miltiades on the plains of Marathon, at a high-souled Epaminondas, or a meditative Numa, at an Aristides consenting to his own ostracism, or

a Brutus pronouncing the death-doom of his son. They are the natural efflorescence of such culture and such soil. And, in truth there is a hardy endeavour, an heroic self-abandonment, a capacity for deed and suffering, in some of these brave old Heathen, that would make many a modern Christian dwindle into the shadow of a man. But it was reserved for Christianity, by the inspiration of her faith and love, to exhibit human nature in its "highest embodied possibility," to show the bravery of heroes chastened by the meekness of children—beneficence employing power—an endurance more resolute than stoicism ever knew, combined with an all-embracing tenderness that would "clasp the universe to keep it warm." In Christianity, and in Christianity alone, can be discovered character in harmonious wholeness, at once the "*righteous* man," high in the practice of all social virtues, stern in his inflexible adhesion to the utter right—and the "*good* man," who has won for himself a revenue of affection, at whose name men's eyes sparkle and their spirits glow, as if a sun-beam glinted in, and for whom some, in their strength of tenderness, would even dare to die.

It would seem, indeed, to be God's usual method to prepare men for extensive usefulness by the personal discipline of trial. Hence, when we see Bunyan encompassed by terrible temptations, and immured in bondage; Luther, in the fortress on the Wartburg, pining in sore sickness, and battling, in fancy, with embodied evil; Wesley wandering to Georgia and back, led through doubt and darkness to the long-deferred moment which ended his "legal years," and then welcomed on his evangelistic journeys with ovations of misrepresentation and mud;—we remember that this protracted suffering is but the curriculum of heavenly discipline by which, learning of Him who is lowly, they are shriven of self and pride, and which superadds to the fortitude which bears all, and to the courage which dares

all, the meekness and gentleness of Christ. You will remember a notable instance of the teaching of the Master on this matter in the history of the disciples. On one occasion, monopolists of their Redeemer's presence, misers of that wealth divine which could have enriched every man of the five thousand, and have been none the poorer for the sumptuous dole, they exhibited a sad lack of needful sympathy, and impatiently murmured, "Send the multitudes away." Mark the sequel. "Straightway He constrained His disciples to get into a ship, and go before Him to the other side, while He sent away the people." They must be sent away like the multitudes, that they might know what such banishment meant, and feel, by bitter experience, the pangs of an absent Lord. Stormfully howled the wind on Tiberias' lake that night; deep would be the disquietude as the vexed waves tossed the vessel, and the eyes of the watchers, straining wistfully through the darkness, saw no star of hope nor glimpse of Saviour. But there came blessing to the world out of that storm. They would be better apostles for that night's anxious vigil; more thoroughly human in their sympathy; better able to proclaim to the benighted nations the overcoming might of love. If you look from the Master's teaching to the Master's example, who fails to remember that for this purpose He became "touched with the feeling of our infirmity," and was tempted, that He might succour the tempted—that hunger, and thirst, and weariness, and pain came upon Him—that He felt the pangs of desertion when those whom He trusted forsook Him, and the pangs of bereavement when those whom He loved had died—that He sorrowed with human tears over a freshly opened grave, and feared with human apprehensions under the shadow of impending trial?

Brothers, he must be no fiery recluse who shall preach the people into a new crusade. The great work of the world's

uplifting now-a-days is not to be wrought by the stern prophet of wrath, moving amongst men with the austerity as well as with the inspiration of the wilderness, but by the mild and earnest seer who comes, like the Son of Man, "eating and drinking," of genial soul, and blithe companionship, and divinest pity; who counsels without haughtiness, and reproves without scorn; and who bears about with him the reverent consciousness that he deals with the majesty of man. Neither the individual nor the aggregate can be lectured out of vice nor scolded into virtue. There is a relic of humanness, after all, lingering in every heart, like a dear gage of affection, stealthily treasured amid divorce and estrangement, and the far wards where it is locked up from men, can be opened only by the living sympathy of love. Society is like the prodigal, whom corrective processes failed to reform, and whom gaol discipline only tended to harden, and whom enforced exile only rendered more audacious in his crime; but adown whose bronzed cheek a tear stole in a far-off land at some stray thought of home, and whose heart of adamant was broken by the sudden memory of some dead mother's prayer. Let us recognize this truth in all our endeavours for the benefit of men. It is quite possible to combine inflexibility of adhesion to the right with forbearing tenderness towards the wrong doer. Speak the truth, by all means: let it fall upon the hearts of men with all the imparted energy by which the Spirit gives it power; but speak the truth in love, and, perchance, it may subdue them by its winsome beauty, and prompt their acknowledgment that it is altogether lovely. Such an one, holding truth in the heart, speaking it lovingly from the lip, exhibiting its power in the beneficent workings of the life, such an one will be the chief benefactor of his species; though eloquence may pour no eulogy on his merits, and though the common annals of fame may pass him by.

Such a one in his teachings will be equally remote from lax indifferentism and from cynical theology. He will not dare a hair's-breadth deviation from the Bible ; but he will not graft upon it his own moroseness, nor mutilate it into his own deformity. Such an one will not complain that he has no neighbours. He will find neighbours, aye, even in the heart of London. He will be a kind husband and a tender father ; but his hearth-stone will not bound his sympathy. He will be a patriot ; he will be a philanthropist. His love, central in his home and in his country, will roll its far ripples upon all men. He will see in the poorest man a brother, and in the worst man a nature of divine endowment, now sunk in darkness, which he is to labour to illumine and to save. Such an one will not call earth a howling wilderness. He will not slander this dear old world because some six thousand years ago an injury befell it, which disfigured it sadly, and has embittered its subsequent history. Against that which did the wrong he will cherish intensest hatred—he will purge it from himself—he will root it out of others, if he can. He will love the world as a theatre for the display of noble energies, of rich benevolence, of manly strength, of godlike pity ; and he will work in it with an honest heart and loving purpose, until the finger beckons him into the wealthier heaven.

Young men, the age of chivalry is not over. The new crusade has already begun. The weapons are not shaped by mortal skill, nor is the battle with garments rolled in blood. Strong-souled, earnest men—knights, of the true order of Jesus, are leagued in solemn covenant, and are already in the field. “Theirs are the red colours, and for a scutcheon they have the holy lamb and golden shield.” “Good-will to man” is their inspiring banner-text. “Faith working by love” is broidered on their housings. Not to prance in the tilt-yard, amidst the sheen of bright lances and bright eyes,

don they their armour. They have too serious work on hand to flaunt in a mimic pageant, or to furnish a holiday review. They have caught the spirit of their Master. As with eyes dimmed by their own sympathy, He looked upon the fated Jerusalem, they have learnt to look upon a fallen but ransomed race. They war for its rescue from the inexorable bondage of wrong. Ignorance, improvidence, intemperance, indifference, infidelity; these are the giants which they set lance in rest to slay. I would fain, like another Peter the Hermit, summon you into the ranks of these loving and valiant heroes. The band will admit you all. In this, the holier chivalry, the churl's blood is no bar to honour. The highest distinctions are as open to the peasant's offspring as to the scion of the Plantagenets and Howards. Go, then, where glory waits you. The field is the world. Go where the abjects wander, and gather them into the fold of the sanctuary. Go to the lazarettos where the moral lepers herd, and tell them of the healing balm. Go to the squalid haunts of crime, and float a gospel-message upon the feculent air. Go wherever there are ignorant to be instructed, and timid to be cheered, and helpless to be succoured, and stricken to be blessed, and erring to be reclaimed. Go wherever faith can see, or hope can breathe, or love can work, or courage can venture. Go and win the spurs of your spiritual knighthood there.

“ Oh! who would not a champion be,
 In this the lordlier chivalry?
 Uprouse ye now, brave brother band,
 With honest heart and working hand.
 We are but few, toil-tried, but true,
 And hearts beat high to dare and do;
 Oh! there be those that ache to see
 The day-dawn of our victory!
 Eyes full of heart-break with us plead,
 And watchers weep, and martyrs bleed;
 Work, brothers, work! work, hand and brain,
 We'll win the golden age again.

And love's millennial morn shall rise,
In happy hearts and blessed eyes;
We will, we will, brave champions be,
In this, the lordlier chivalry."

It remains only that we present Bunyan before you as a CONFESSOR FOR THE TRUTH. One would anticipate that a character like his would be sustained in its bravery during the hour of trial, and that, like Luther, whom in many points he greatly resembled, he would witness a good confession before the enemies of the Cross of Christ. A warrant was issued for his apprehension in the dreary month of November. The intention of the magistrate was whispered about beforehand, and Bunyan's friends, alarmed for his safety, urged him to forego his announced purpose to preach. Nature pleaded hard for compliance, and urged the claims of a beloved wife and four children, one of them blind. Prudence suggested that, escaping now, he might steal other opportunities for the preaching of the truth. He took counsel of God in prayer, and then came to his decision. "If I should now run, and make an escape, it will be of a very ill savour in the country; what will my weak and newly converted brethren think of it? If God, of His mercy, should choose me to go upon the forlorn hope, if I should fly, the world may take occasion at my cowardliness to blaspheme the Gospel." At Samsell, in Bedfordshire, the people assembled; there were about forty persons present. Some of the timid sort advised, even then, that the meeting should be dismissed. Bravely, he replied, "No, by no means! I will not stir, neither will I have the meeting dismissed. Come, be of good cheer, let us not be daunted; our cause is good! we need not be ashamed of it; to preach God's word is so good a work, that we shall be well rewarded if we suffer for that." Accordingly he was cast into prison. After seven weeks' imprisonment the session was

held at Bedford, and Bunyan was arraigned at the bar. This was his sentence : " You must be had back again to prison, and there lie for three months following ; and then if you do not submit to go to church to hear divine service, you must be banished the realm ; and after that, if you should be found in the realm, without the special licence of the King, you must stretch by the neck for it, I tell you plainly." So spake the rude and arbitrary Justice Kelynge, who, like Scroggs and Jeffreys, enjoys the distinction, rare among English judges, of being in infamy immortal. Bunyan answered, inspired with Lutheran and Pauline courage, " I am at a point with you ; if I were out of prison to-day, I would preach the Gospel again to-morrow, by the help of God." His spirit blenched not with the lapse of time, though he lay twelve years in that foul dungeon, the discovery of whose abominations, a century afterwards, first started John Howard in his " circumnavigation of charity." Towards the close of his imprisonment, we hear the dauntless beatings of the hero-heart : " I have determined—the Almighty God being my help and my shield—yet to suffer, if frail life might continue so long, even until the moss shall grow over my eye-brows, rather than violate my faith and my principles." Oh, rare John Bunyan ! thy " frail life" has become immortal ; the world will not let thee die. Thou art shrined in the loving memory of thousands, while thy judges and persecutors are forgotten, or remembered only with ridicule and shame. " The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance, but the memory of the wicked shall rot."

Our lot is cast in gentler times than these. No indictments are preferred against us now for " devilish and pernicious abstinence from church-going." Felons are not now let loose in honour of a monarch's coronation, while men of God are hailed to closer durance. Phœnix-like, out

of the ashes of the martyr-fires, arose religious freedom. The flames of outward persecution have well-nigh forgotten to burn. And yet the offence of the cross has not ceased. The profession of the Gospel does not always bring peace, but a sword. Trouble is yet the heritage "of all that will live godly in Christ Jesus," and there is strong need in all of us, for the exhibition of the main element in a confessor's character—nobleness of religious decision. We must have convictions of duty wrought so strongly into our souls, that neither opposition nor difficulty, nor even disaster, shall make us falter in the course which we have intelligently chosen. For lack of these sincere and abiding convictions, many have erred from the faith, and have manifested an instability of character that is truly deplorable. Many young men have run well for a season—have formed large plans of usefulness, and have been full of promise in all that was of good report and lovely; but a fatal indecision has blighted the promise, and rendered the plans abortive; and their course has reminded us of Emerson's ludicrous account of the American roads, starting fair and stately, between avenues of branching pines, but narrowing gradually as they proceed, and at last ending in a squirrel track, and running up a tree. It may be questioned, indeed, whether any of us, in this matter, approximate to the standard. Let us ask ourselves, if we had lived in the days of the Master, should "we have left all and followed Him"? As we looked at Him in the garb of a peasant, and a Nazarene, of ignoble origin and vagrant life, opposed by all recognized authorities, calm in His single-handed strength, alone against the world, shocking every ancient prejudice, and pronouncing the doom of a ritual, gorgeous in its ceremonial, and enfibred, by the ties of ages, round the hearts of men, what should we have thought of such a questionable man? Should we have dared to have come to Him, even by night, while living,

much less to have gone boldly and begged His body when dead? Should we have foregone, for His sake, the chief seat of synagogues, and the uppermost rooms at feasts, and for the pleasure of His Divine discourse, and for the hopes immortal but unseen, have cast ourselves on His fidelity, even for daily bread? Let us look into the glass of our own consciousness, that we may be humbled and reprov'd. And, in the present, with the light of His teaching and of His example, how are we living? Would it please us that the hidden man of the heart should be unveiled to our neighbour's scrutiny? Do we the right always, because it is the right—without thought of profit—and at the sure risk of ill? Do we rejoice to be brought in contact with *a man*, that we may put our own manhood to the proof? Can we resolve to work ever for the good of this bad world, not bating from weariness, nor deterred by ingratitude, nor palsied with fear? Dare we speak honestly and act bravely, though loss and shame should follow speech and deed? Is there in us no division of activity against itself; are our thought and action mutually representative of each other? In one word, are we sincere? Do we serve one Master? with no reserve of our endowments? with every fragment of our influence? at every moment of our time? Oh! let us search our hearts on this matter. There is a great deal more of this sincere and decisive godliness wanted in the world, and you are to furnish it. I assume, of course, that you are decided for God; that the great change has taken place in you, and that you are walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost. If it be not so with you, seek first, for yourselves, the kingdom of God. It will be a terrible thing if the "Perdidi diem" of the regretful Roman should deepen into a "Perdidi vitam" for you; if your life be but an accumulation of remorseful memories; or if there be one

torturing thought of unforgiven sin, which, like Poe's raven,

“ Never fitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
 On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above your chamber door,
 And its eyes have all the seeming, of a demon's that is dreaming,
 And the lamp-light o'er it streaming, throws its shadow on the floor ;
 And your soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
 Shall be lifted, nevermore.”

But I rejoice to know that many of you are already the Lord's, living in the conscious enjoyment of religion, and anxious to make the world the better for your presence. To you we make our appeal. Of you—the Christian young men of London—of the United Kingdom, rather—it is asked that you cast out of yourselves the false, and the selfish, and the defiling, and that you be sincere workers for the glory of God and for the benefit of men. We ask it in the name of Truth, that you may man her bulwarks and tell her to the generation following. We ask it in the name of Christianity, that you may join her in her brave battle with world, and flesh, and devil. We ask it in the name of Society, that she may not be convulsed by the crimes of the lawless, nor by the frenzy of the despairing. We ask it in the name of our common Country, bewildered as she is by the burdens which oppress her, and distracted as she is by the contentions of her children. We ask it in the name of Humanity, struggling to deliver herself from a thousand wrongs. We ask it in the name of multitudes, sharing your own manhood, who are passing down to darkness, wailing as they go—“No man hath cared for my soul.” We ask it in the name of the Redeemer, who has shed for you His own most precious blood, and who waits, expecting, to see of the travail of His soul.

Delay not, I charge you, to obey the summons. Never heed the opposition with which you may have to contend. The joy of conquest is richer than the joy of heritage.

Remember that every promise to the Apocalyptic churches is "To him that overcometh." If at any time your purpose falter or your courage fail, hie you to the Interpreter's house for comfort. Gaze again upon that sight inspiring, which made Christian eager for his perilous journey. Look at that "stately palace, beautiful to behold." See the men in golden garments on the top. Mark the cravens crouching at the gate below. See the scribe at the table, with the book and the ink-horn before him. Take the measure of the men in armour who keep the doorway from the enterers in. Watch the man of stout countenance, girt with sword and helmet for the battle: see him as he maintains the fearful strife, and wounded, but unyielding, cuts his way to victory: listen to the pleasant voice which heartens the champion into hope and valour—

"Come in! come in!
Eternal glory thou shalt win."

That vision is for you. Your names are in the muster-roll. Your path to the house of many mansions is beset by strong men armed. Quit yourselves like men. Take to yourselves the whole armour of God, and then press forward manfully for ever. Every conflict brings you nearer to the recompence. Already the harp-songs of the cloud of witnesses encourage you. A soft accompaniment floats down to each of you, for your own ear and heart alone—the gentle cheering, wafted from on high, of the mother who nursed your infancy, or the father "whose knee you clomb, the envied kiss to share." Above all, His voice whose will is duty, and whose smile is Heaven, speaks to you from His highest throne—Fight, I'll help thee; Conquer, I'll crown thee.

I cannot bid you farewell without expressing my gratification in being permitted, however imperfectly, to address you, and my best wishes for the Association to which most of you belong. I rejoice to hail this and kindred Societies as

preparing us for that diviner future which shall yet burst on this ransomed world. Wearily have the years passed, I know : wearily to the pale watcher on the hill who has been so long gazing for the day-break : wearily to the anxious multitudes who have been waiting for His tidings below. Often has the cry gone up through the darkness, " Watcher, what of the night ? " and often has the disappointing answer come, " It is night still ; here the stars are clear above me, but they shine afar, and yonder the clouds lower heavily, and the sad night-winds blow. " But the time shall come, and perhaps sooner than we look for it, when the countenance of that pale watcher shall gather into intenser expectancy, and when the challenge shall be given, with the hopefulness of a nearer vision, " Watcher, what of the night ? " and the answer comes, " The darkness is not so dense as it was ; there are faint streaks on the horizon's verge ; mist is in the valleys, but there is a radiance on the distant hill. It comes nearer—that promise of the day. The clouds roll rapidly away, and they are fringed with amber and gold. It is, it is the blest sunlight that I feel around me—MORNING ! "

IT IS MORNING !

And, in the light of that morning, thousands of earnest eyes flash with renewed brightness, for they have longed for the coming of the day. And, in the light of that morning, things that nestle in dust and darkness cower and flee away. Morning for the toil-worn artisan ! for oppression and avarice, and gaunt famine, and poverty are gone, and there is social night no more. Morning for the meek-eyed student ! for scowling doubt has fled, and sophistry is silenced, and the clouds of error are lifted from the fair face of Truth for aye, and there is intellectual night no more. Morning for the lover of man ! for wrongs are redressed, and contradictions

harmonised, and problems solved, and men summer in perpetual brotherhood, and there is moral night no more. Morning for the lover of God! for the last infidel voice is hushed, and the last cruelty of superstition perpetrated, and the last sinner lays his weapons down, and Christ the crucified becomes Christ the crowned. Morning! Hark how the earth rejoices in it, and its many minstrels challenge the harpers of the sky—"Sing with us, ye heavens! The morning cometh, the darkness is past, the shadows flee away, the true light shineth now." Morning! Hark how the sympathetic heavens reply, "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw herself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended!"

IT IS MORNING!

"The planet now doth, like a garment, wear the beauty of the morning." And the light climbeth onward, and upward, for there is a sacred noon beyond. That noon is HEAVEN.

"AND THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE."



SELF-CULTURE.

A SINGLE word expresses the subject on which I am to address you, yet volumes could not exhaust the fulness of its meaning. My difficulty will be to condense—to say what ought to be said, and yet compress the whole within reasonable limits. At the same time, my theme may fairly challenge, and, if rightly handled, can hardly fail to command, your earnest and sustained attention; for it is not speculative, abstract, or irrelevant, but comes directly home to the business and the bosom of every one of us. There are many objects which only few can aim at, many pursuits which only few can follow; but Self-Culture, or the improvement of a man's nature, this is a task from which no human being can be exempted. Ought not, then, a topic which so intimately concerns, no less intensely to interest every one of us? Let us look to the Author of all wisdom, that He would grant to us His grace and guidance on this occasion, that He may be glorified and we may be edified.

Little needs to be said in proof of the necessity of self-culture. It is a law of universal nature, and more especially of human nature, that cultivation should be essential to improvement. This law would appear to have been in force from the beginning, for our first parents were placed in Paradise to dress the trees of the garden. Even Eden needed to be tended.

Nor may we doubt that, as the primitive pair had to dress the garden in which they dwelt, they must much more have had to train, unfold, and mature the garden in their own breast. But if culture was requisite ere man fell, how much more has it been required since the fatal fall? Nature now only yields to toil what our exigencies demand. The ground of itself brings forth thorns and thistles, and it is in the sweat of his face that man must eat his bread. The most exuberant soil, left to itself, will be prolific only in jungle or in weeds; and as it is with the ground which man tills, so it is with his own corrupted heart. Without cultivation he is little removed from the beast that perisheth. Whatever the powers, capabilities, faculties, dispositions, and affections with which God hath endued him, all will make him no better than a splendid abortion. So essential is the task, that it is needed by the most gifted as well as by the least endowed; no man, whatever the natural capacity of his mind or the natural excellence of his disposition, can, if he neglects to improve himself, attain to distinction or usefulness; whilst the humblest and least talented ought only to be stimulated by the very smallness of his gifts to redoubled diligence. The less he has the more it behoves him to make the most of that little. Though such an one cannot hope to become like the sun, "the light of the world," or like a "city set upon a hill that cannot be hid," yet may he at least, through the grace of God, become a lighted candle, which is not to be put under a bed or a bushel, but in a candlestick, to give light to them that are in the house; thus filling up its own small sphere honoured and honourable, blessed and a blessing.

No less obligatory than essential is the cultivation of a man's own self. Indeed, the very fact that it is necessary ought to be sufficient proof that it is obligatory; for what is the law of our nature, rightly understood, but the law of the God who created that nature? Since, then, He has so constituted us

that except we cultivate ourselves we can be little better than abortions, it must follow that it is our solemn duty to make the most of the powers with which He has endued us; and as we may infer this from reason, so we find it clearly inculcated by revelation. The word of God teaches us that we must "work out our own salvation with fear and trembling;" that whatever our hand findeth to do, we must do it with our might; that the slothful servant is a wicked servant; that he will not be condemned because he had only one talent, but because he hid that one talent in a napkin; whilst, on the other hand, he that had received five talents will not gain the recompense of the reward because five had been entrusted to him, but because he increased those five to ten. Faithfulness, not ability, is the standard by which we shall be judged. "He," says the Judge of all, "that is faithful in little is faithful also in much, and he that is unfaithful in little is unfaithful also in much." No gifts so small as to furnish a plea for neglect; no endowments so large as to render diligence superfluous. "To whom much is given, of the same much will be required; and to whom little is given, of the same little will be required."

It follows that as self-improvement is thus the duty of every man, so it is also within the reach of every man. It is practicable to all possessed of reason and the ordinary properties of our species. There is no man, however scanty his faculties, however limited his advantages, who may not make the most and the best of himself. Nor can he tell to what he may attain; for "every one that hath, to him shall be given; but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have." He may be carrying on this great first work whether he be in private or in public life; whether he be servant or master; whether he live in obscurity or in publicity; whether studying in the halls of learning, or plying his daily task in the manufactory at the loom, in

the smithy over the anvil, or in the field, following the plough; wherever or however he may be occupied, he may still be developing, regulating, controlling, perfecting the little world within his own breast. Doubtless, educational and social advantages may greatly subserve self-improvement; but let such men as Dalton, Ferguson, and Miller tell what can be done with opportunities very stinted, and in the face of difficulties the most formidable.

The very attempt is noble, for self-improvement constitutes the true excellence and dignity of a man. It is a mistake, as pernicious as it is prevalent—one inherent in our evil nature—one by which the young are more especially liable to be deluded—that a man is to be measured by what he has, rather than by what he is—by his circumstances, rather than by his moral and mental condition. The consequence is, that most young men set out on a false principle, pursue a false course, and run to a false goal. They imagine that to climb the social ladder, to exalt or distinguish themselves above their fellows, to accumulate wealth, or win renown, is the supreme end of life; they think to make themselves great and happy by attending to what is extrinsic, shadowy, and evanescent, whilst they neglect what is intrinsic, real, and immortal. What is the consequence? They give the first care to the big world without, whilst they disregard the little world within. They absorb themselves in external matters, in politics, in rivalries, in projects of gain or ambition, but all the while, the miniature kingdom within them is a scene of anarchy and desolation, ungoverned, insubordinate, licentious. Yet, in very deed, man is something too real, too wonderful, too grand to be estimated according to anything external to his own being. His true greatness or meanness lies in himself. I do not disparage rank, or riches, or outward advantages, in their place; but, after all, it is neither rank, nor riches, nor circumstances that make the man. A

bad man is not a great man, though he wear a crown and sit on a throne; and a good man is not a mean man, though he dwell in a cottage and toil day by day for his bread. No man can be truly great that is not truly good; no man truly despicable that is not morally bad. Power and position are at most but a pedestal. Place there an object which will bear elevation and conspicuousness, and you make its excellence the more illustrious; but place there an object which the more it is illumined and inspected, the more it will disclose blemishes and imperfections, and you do but make it the more conspicuously despicable. We all need to wake more fully to the thrilling truth that the inward state and character constitute the man. The man is not his title, nor his rank, nor his dwelling, nor his fortune, nor his fame. The man is the soul, and the soul is the man. Neither the encrustation nor the setting is the gem, but the simple naked stone. Whatever can be taken away from a man cannot be the man. But strip him of all that he possesses, yea, of the very body that enshrines his deathless spirit, and what remains,—that, that alone, is the man. “Naked came we out of our mother’s womb, and naked shall we return: we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.” Write this on the counting-house door—emblazon it on the front of the exchange! Denuded utterly we must soon be, and as each goes to the bar of God, so each shall abide for ever. The character imprinted in time will be stereotyped in eternity. We shall bear it in heaven or in hell for ever and for evermore. The gulf to be fixed then is forming now—forming within us. “He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still”—will soon be the irreversible doom. Awake, fellow immortals, from the strong delusion so apt to fasten on the young imagination, and from

which even the hoary head does not ordinarily get free—that circumstances make the man. Awake to the great truth, that a man is—just what he is independently of all circumstances, just what he will be when all circumstances shall have passed away and immutability shall surround him.

Nor let me fail to warn you against the witchery of that mightiest spell in the commercial world, amid which so many of you have your occupation—the spell of Mammon. Never, perhaps, was there a day when society, especially in our own country, was so eager in the pursuit of riches. “Get money, get money, honestly if you can, but in any wise get money,” was not more the cry of ancient Rome in her pagan days, than it is of modern Britain in her Christian days. To a fearful extent, this idol sways the community. How many are giving to riches the attention and interest which they ought to give to their duties, their souls, their Saviour! How many of our mercantile men make the counting-house their sanctuary, the exchange their temple, and gold their god! Hence it is that we have so many monstrous frauds, so many enormous schemes of chicanery, so many young men robbing their employers, and so many old men embarking in the wildest projects.

Our love of money has tainted our very language, and warped our public opinion. The money standard has, to an awful extent, become the general standard of estimation, and men are measured by their money, rather than by their merit. Hence, not uncommonly, you will hear it asked in the commercial world, with earnest gravity, respecting this man and that man on 'Change, “How much is he worth?” How much is he worth!—as though the whole worth of the man were the amount of the shining dust that he has locked up in his safe, or of the securities and title-deeds which he has lodged in the bank. The worth of a man! Is that the

estimate you form of a soul touching which its Creator said, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Yet this loathsome perversion of language is not unfrequently applied to men even when they have passed into eternity. You will hear it asked, when a successful merchant or speculator has died, "How much did he die worth?" Die worth! If he did not die worth more than the glittering clay for which he had toiled, he died worth not so much as a drop of water to cool his tongue in the everlasting burning. Oh, it is a devilish mockery to treat immortal man after this sort—to indulge in a style of language, which, if it mean anything, represents him as no better than the brute that perisheth. Endowed as he is with aspirations so sublime, powers so mysterious, and capacities so illimitable—are all to be weighed in the balance of Mammon, and a few hundred thousand shining pieces of earth to outweigh the whole, and be reputed the worth of the man! The Lord deliver you from this base delusion, and dispose you to prefer honest thrift, moderate gains, humble competence, with the blessing of the Lord, making you rich and adding no sorrow with it, to all the millions that California or Australia can furnish, if you must win them by endangering your soul.

But as the true worth of the man depends on the culture of his own self, so does the real happiness of the man centre in his own moral, mental, and spiritual state. What is more common than to find misery charioted in splendour, conched on down, faring sumptuously, and clothed in purple and fine linen? What more common than to find artless, serene, abiding contentment sheltered beneath the thatched roof, fed with the coarsest bread, and with nought but water from the spring to slake her thirst? Such peace resembles the lark, who not only sings amid the sunshine up in the bright blue

sky, but does not cease her song even within the wires of her dismal cage. Happy in himself, a man will be happy everywhere. Miserable in himself, he will everywhere be wretched. Ahab was tormented, though king of Israel, because he had not Naboth's vineyard. Haman was tortured, though next in position to the mightiest of monarchs, because a poor despised Jew would not do him obeisance. Each had a fiend in his own heart which made havoc of his peace, blasted his prosperity, and would not let him rest. And so it is with every man that suffers the snake to nestle in his breast, looking for his happiness abroad, instead of looking for it within and from above, a fountain from God, welling up in his own soul—"a well of water springing up into everlasting life." The heart is the epitome of heaven or of hell. A lamp within can irradiate the gloom without, but no light without can illumine the darkness within. Disguise it as we may, each man carries in his own breast the elements of his eternal torment, or the elements of his eternal bliss.

Lay this down, then, as a first principle; settle it in your minds, that the cultivation and improvement of your own moral, mental, and spiritual being, is the first great object in life, and is paramount even to doing good. You must *be* good in order to *do* good; you cannot accomplish the latter, except as by God's grace you have attained the former. If the salt have no savour, how can it season? If the lamp have no oil, how can it shine? You must get oil in the vessel with the lamp that you may irradiate the sphere you fill; you must have the salt of grace in your own souls, in order that you may season the corrupting mass which surrounds you. On every ground, therefore, self-culture is the first great duty of every child of man.

But my main purpose on the present occasion, is not so much to incite you to the mighty task, as to endeavour to give you a few practical hints and suggestions, in order that

you may carry on the work the more effectually and successfully. With a view to this, let me remind you, in the outset, that man is not a simple, but a compound being; that it has pleased our Creator to make us not like angels—pure spirits—nor like beasts—simple organizations of animated matter; but to constitute us a kind of link between the immaterial and the material, between the brute that perisheth and the angel that lives for ever: so that in a tabernacle of clay He has seen fit to enshrine a deathless soul. Hence you must contemplate man in his various component parts in order that you may have a systematic view of the various methods in which he must cultivate himself. And there must be a totality in self-culture if it is to be effective and complete. But that it may be comprehensive, you must understand what are the departments of your labour. Let me, then, for popular purposes (not with any pretence to metaphysical exactitude), divide man into four different parts—body, mind, heart, and spirit. These parts may indeed—perhaps must—blend and inter-act, yet they are sufficiently distinct to serve the purpose of a general classification; and, therefore, though we may be sometimes led to diverge from one department into another, and consequently seem to confound our divisions, still we trust that when we come to wind up the address you will see that there has been a certain plan pervading the whole.

Let us begin with that which is confessedly the lowest part of man, but which, at the same time, is the one with which we are most conversant, and with which, in some sort, we have most to do—the body which enshrines the soul. The body of man, as if to remind him that it was to be subordinate, was made from the dust of the ground, while the spirit of man came from the inspiration of the Almighty. At the same time, though the body be but a curiously-wrought structure of earth and ashes, yet it is an exquisite piece of mechanism;

and when we analyse and examine it as the anatomist does, we are constrained to exclaim with the sweet singer of Israel, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made!" and to add, in the beautiful language of a modern poet—

"Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long."

No less wonderful is the complexity than the perfect harmony of the curiously-wrought temple of the immortal mind. We would not, therefore, have the body neglected, whilst we would still less have it pampered and indulged. There is a happy medium to be observed. The body is an admirable servant, but a miserable master. It should be kept ancillary to the soul, and then it answers the end its Creator designed; but if you let the soul become enslaved by the flesh, and the appetites and desires of the one overbalance the tastes and tendencies of the other, you embrate the man, you subject the immaterial to the material, the spiritual to the carnal. You know the consequences: "To be carnally minded is death." To have the mind absorbed in the flesh—swayed by the animal—is to be dead whilst we live; but "to be spiritually minded is life and peace." "They that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh, and they that are after the spirit do mind the things of the spirit."

Bear in mind, young men, that in early life the flesh is specially strong and seductive; whence it is that St. Paul warned young men on this wise—"Flee youthful lusts." Take heed, therefore, that you keep the body under, and bring it into subjection. Never let the body lord it over the soul; never let your conscience and your nobler faculties be forced to surrender themselves to the sway of your natural propensities and appetites. Be moderate in all things. The comprehensive language of the Church Catechism may well guide you in this matter: "My duty is to keep my body in temperance, soberness, and chastity." These three words sum

up the whole discipline of the body. Beware, then, of indulging your carnal cravings; beware of a hankering after what will intoxicate; beware of pleasing and pampering the appetite. Eat and drink to live; never live to eat and drink. Never make the means the end. It might seem superfluous in a Christian assembly—it ought to be a work of supererogation—to guard you against the enticements of the inebriating bowl; but, alas! the sad wrecks that strew the surface of society, and abound in our great commercial towns, bid me be faithful, and warn you that if you begin to frequent the tavern, the dram-shop, or the casino—if once you mingle with the society which haunts those hiding-places of misery and crime—if once you begin to look fondly on the wine when it sparkles, and to delight in it when it gives forth its pleasant savour in the cup—you must bid adieu to self-cultivation, adieu to freedom of mind, adieu to moral improvement, adieu to success in this life, adieu to hope in the life to come. Of all the deadening, damning sins that seize upon man, there is none more deadly nor more damning than habitual drunkenness. Shrink from the first advances of the syren—shudder at the first symptoms of the insidious infection of the pestilence. Let me not be thought too rigid if I add that, when in health and vigour, young men cannot do better than limit themselves to the pure drink which Adam quaffed in Paradise, or ever the fruit of the vine was crushed, or the bread-corn converted into alcohol. Be assured of it, you will find wines and other stimulants, if needed in later life “for your stomach’s, sake and often infirmities,” ten-fold more potent and cordial if you have not used them as a common beverage in your early days.

But against every habit tending to enslave the mind to the body, you must battle. Guard against the indulgence of sloth in the morning. Do not let the most beautiful scene in nature find you with your curtains drawn and your blind

down. There are many eloquent in eulogising the beauties of sunset; there are few very eloquent in extolling the beauties of sunrise; but I can tell you from observation that sunrise far surpasses sunset; the glories of the former cast into the shade the paling splendours of the latter. Be assured of it, the duties of the closet, the clearness of the understanding, your vigour and energy for the business of the day, will all be subserved by early rising, and proportionately disadvantaged by rising late.

In this connection, let me add that it is of great importance that you should study to secure a sufficient amount of healthy open air exercise. I like gymnastics for our young men. I have no idea of their being mewed and cooped up like caged parrots, or living in an artificial state as if they were hot-house plants. Let them be exposed to winter's storms and winter's frost; thus let them be inured to endure hardness, and the mind, as well as the body, will be braced and invigorated. And, though it may seem a trivial point, it is one worthy of suggestion that young men, and especially young men who live amid the smoky, heavy atmosphere of your city, should freely and frequently use water for the purpose of entire ablution. In this respect our continental neighbours set us an example we should do well to follow; they think it as necessary to bathe the whole body as we do the hands and face. Believe me, the free use of the sponge, the flesh-brush and the shower-bath (if you can stand it, and have reaction enough to throw off the chill it causes) will greatly benefit you. Believe me, this practice will add much to the length of your days, the strength of your nerves, the clearness of your intellect, the vigour of your digestion, the tranquillity of your sleep at night, and the cheerfulness of your spirits throughout the day.

Whilst treating of the body, let me not fail to remind you that there is one member which, if you would cultivate your-

selves effectually, must receive a special share of your attention. Need I tell you which that member is—the little member that boasteth great things—the member which whoso can rule is a perfect man—the member that setteth on fire the course of nature, and is set on fire of hell—the member which, whilst serpents and wild-beasts are tamed, no man can of his own will or wisdom tame, but must look to God for power to control? Need I name the restless, headstrong, mischievous tongue? See to it, if you would indeed train yourselves aright, that you exercise special watchfulness over the tongue. “Be swift to hear, and slow to speak.” “In the multitude of words there lacketh not sin.” “For every idle word shall a man give account to God.” Make a covenant with your tongue, that it shall never speak but what is truth; simple truth, without exaggeration and without abatement. Guard against an inflated, unreal style of speaking; “Let your yea be yea, and your nay nay.” Let your expressions be the reflections of your thoughts. Describe things as they are, and as you know or believe them to be. Let the law of truth be the law of your lips. Be assured that there is nothing gives a man more weight of character, more comfort of conscience, more complete self-control, than the mastery of his own all but indomitable tongue.

And as you should watch against deviations from the law of truth, so should you watch against deviations from the law of kindness. Never utter slanderous words; be not ready to credit, still less to propagate evil reports; use not words of gall and venom; never sport with the feelings of others, and say it was a jest, when it has caused a wound; let your speech be always redolent of the balm of love, as well as seasoned with salt, that it may minister pleasure, no less than profit to them that hear you.

In like manner let me caution you against idle, vain, and

flippant speech—that habit into which many young men are so apt to fall, and which is so repulsively rife in the present day—a habit of speaking always in a style of badinage and banter, as if there were nothing solid in their thoughts or manly in their feelings, but they must ever be lying in wait for a joke, ringing changes on a play of words, and turning everything into ridicule. I dislike the style of writing which abounds in flippancy, and I equally dislike the style of conversation which is bedizened with the same tinsel. It may be thought smart and dexterous, but it is the smartness and dexterity of the monkey, rather than of the man. Far be it from me, indeed, to scowl upon the playfulness and cheerfulness of youth. Young animals gambol and disport themselves in their pastures; to do so is natural to their age. Who, then, ought to object to the playful laugh and sportive wit of the light-hearted? Only let your mirth be tempered with judgment, and your laughter have something real in it. Let it not be the laughter of which we may say, “it is mad;” nor the mirth of which it may be said, “what doeth it?”

Before leaving the subject of the discipline of the body, I must touch upon another point—one in which the mind acts through the body; one in which the body is the shadow of the soul. I refer to your bearing and general demeanour. Do not slight the formation of your manners. It is no small thing for a young man to be able to demean himself in a decorous, pleasing, gentlemanly manner; such a manner graces virtue and embellishes usefulness. There is no reason why the humblest shopboy or the homeliest peasant should not, in the truest sense of the word, be a gentleman. A gentleman is a man of genuine courtesy, of kindness unpretending and unfeigned, who wishes to give pleasure to all, and whose carriage, looks, tones, express naturally what he thus feels;—such a man seldom fails to please, and, like charity, never behaves himself unseemly. At the same

time, beware of what is artificial in dress, in air, in mien; shun what is finikin and farcical; aim at what is easy, honest, artless. In shunning the bear, do not imitate the monkey. On the one hand, be not blunt; be not affected, on the other. Study to give pleasure, rather than to please—to feel kindly, rather than to display kindness. Let there be charity and simplicity in the heart, and there will not be wanting manliness in the bearing, or gracefulness—however homespun—in the manners.

But we have dwelt long enough—perhaps too long—on the threshold of our theme. Advance we now from the tene-ment of clay into the mysterious powers that are enshrined within its curtains. We begin, according to the order laid down in the outset, with the faculties of the mind. By the mind, as distinguished from the heart and the spirit, I understand the purely intellectual powers. Of these, the first and most obvious are the percipient or observant faculties—those faculties through which we receive all our ideas; for metaphysical research has sufficiently proved that man has no innate ideas. He has, naturally, susceptibility, energy, capacity, but these avail not without the elements and rudiments of thought, and these we derive, through the medium of our senses, from the exercise of observation and attention. Our senses are as the windows of the soul; through them observation and attention receive their impressions and ideas. These powers are, therefore, the first called into exercise. Objects from without, striking through the senses upon the mind, first awake its dormant energies, and rouse to action the reflective faculties. The perceptive powers, you will at once see, are of great importance. If a man does not cultivate a habit of earnest attention, if he walks through the world half asleep, if he does not look at everything and examine everything worthy of notice, as he has opportunity, he will never lay in a store on which his thinking powers may work, and,

whatever his capacity for thought, he will be at best like a clever mechanic who has no raw material to manufacture. You must use your perceptive faculties diligently in order that you may have subjects for the exercise of the reflective faculties. In this respect there is a wide difference between man and man; there are some who notice and learn from everything, whilst there are others who seem to pass through life asleep. You may have read an admirable paper, by the sensible authoress who called herself "Q. Q.," but whose name was, I believe, Miss Jane Taylor. Her little story is entitled, "Eyes and no Eyes;" and the substance of the tale thus graphically designated is, that two young persons had gone on the same little excursion; and, on their return, the one gave a vivid description of the green meadows and the clear stream and the sweet music of the birds that sang in the tall trees, and of the lambs that sported in the fields and the farmer that went whistling after his plough, of the lights and shadows that played upon the distant hills, and of the beauty with which the sun went down, and of the rich purple clouds that pavilioned him as he sank to repose. The other, when asked, "What did you see?" replied, "Oh, I saw nothing; it was very hot and very dusty, and I was very much wearied, and I wished myself at home—and there was nothing worth seeing." Now, here were eyes and no eyes. Precisely the same objects were presented to each child; all the difference was in the state of the mind. The one had the observant faculties in happy exercise, the other had them dull and dormant, brooding over discomforts that were imaginary, and insensible the while to sweet sources of improvement and enjoyment. How many there are that thus pass through the world! Having eyes, they see not; and having ears, they hear not. And bear in mind, my young friends, that your facilities for acquiring knowledge lie largely in the direction of observation. You have not much time

for abstract thought, or to devote to the study or the closet, but you are daily mingling with your fellow-men; you are continually witnessing a variety of phases of manners, of countenances, of characters, of circumstances; a vast diversity of remarks, occurrences, experiences, present themselves to you every day. Now, if you are constantly on the watch, not to amuse, but to profit yourselves, if you are continually storing up fresh observations in your memories, and thus enlarging your stock of knowledge, be assured that you are accumulating very valuable information. After all, practical knowledge is the most useful knowledge, and observation the mother of that common sense so characteristic of the sturdy, sterling Englishman, which, "though no science, is fairly worth the seven." The man who is richest in this circulating medium is ordinarily the most efficient member of society, the man who can meet the various contingencies and emergencies of life with greatest prudence and shrewdness. I have noticed men in our great mercantile towns who have risen from the ranks, who had little or no education, and have never had opportunities of becoming acquainted with abstract theories, who yet, when you came into conversation with them, could talk sensibly on almost any topic, give you a great deal of general information, and knew how to act and demean themselves in all the varying circumstances and relations of life—having derived all, not from study, nor from books, but from men and manners, from acute observation of what passed around them. The butterfly sports about from flower to flower and makes no honey, but the bee from the very same flowers, because it dives into their petals and brings back sweet spoils, enriches her cells with luscious treasures.

Next in order to the percipient faculties, is the memory; that faculty which may be styled the storehouse of the mind—the granary into which all the corn, afterwards to be

ground, is received, and where it is stored. In vain would be the exercise of observation, if it were not for this receptacle ; without it you would be pouring water into a sieve. Cultivate, therefore, this important capacity. There was a time when it was made too much of in education ; it may be that now it is made too little of. It is true that the reflective powers are paramount, but it is no less true that the reflective powers will be starved unless the memory be strengthened. Cultivate an accurate memory, a retentive, a prompt, and a practical memory. Much may be done by training and discipline ; I often wish that in my early days my own memory had been trained, or that I had taken the pains to train it as I ought to have done and might have done. I am satisfied that it may be wonderfully enlarged and invigorated by patient exercise and systematic arrangement. Some men's memories resemble their studies, where you find a heap of papers and books all tossed together, so that when a book or paper is wanted, more time has to be spent in finding it, than in reading it when it is found. Such is the state of many a memory, a perfect chaos, a huge mass of anything and everything, and nothing in its place. But some men's memories are like their own well-ordered cabinets, where each compartment and each little drawer has its own appropriate contents, and a letter on the outside indicates what it encloses, and when they want to find any document which they have laid by, they look at the letter, open the drawer, and all is ready to their hand. I envy such a memory—the well-arranged memory, where everything is in its place ; like the well-classified library, with its accurate catalogue and its books corresponding exactly to the catalogue, so that you have but to examine the catalogue, refer to the shelf, and find the book you want. Cultivate, at the same time, a prompt and faithful memory, one that will serve you in time of need.

But I would not enlarge unduly on this power ; for, after all, it is but a storehouse ; and there are some whose memories are so vast, and whose reflective powers are so stunted, that they are retailers of the intellectual wares of others, not manufacturers of their own. Never, therefore, substitute your memory for your reason, nor smother your thinking powers under borrowed ideas.

It is quite possible to starve the one whilst storing the other ; just as the appetite may be voracious whilst the digestion is feeble, and the consequence—atrophy. As in the physical, so in the mental and moral constitution—there must be digestion in order to nourishment. It is not what a man remembers, but what he thinks out, becomes his own ; it is what he has investigated and proved, constitutes his real property. Were we to reflect more, how much wiser and sounder would be the condition of our minds ! To excite us to do so, it is an excellent exercise to ask ourselves questions ; I look upon the catechetical mode of instruction as the very best of all methods of teaching ; so that if in our churches the clergyman would often by catechising the people make them preach the sermon to themselves, instead of preaching it to them, the people would be much wiser, and the clergyman much more successful. But next to being well catechised by another, is the benefit of catechising ourselves. If you were to spend the half hour daily which you now spend it may be reading the newspaper, in catechising your own mind, in ascertaining what you really understand, in asking yourselves such questions as, What do I mean by reason, what by conscience, what by spirit, what by science, what by philosophy ? if you would follow out these inquiries, and never rest till you had gained clear and definite conceptions of what these terms denote, how much would you add to your sterling knowledge. It is not sound but sense, it is not the paper currency that represents bullion, but the bullion

itself that you must treasure up in your minds. Words are signs, and not the things signified. And yet, how much that we think we know, does no more than represent capital which we do not possess. Let me entreat you not to let your reflective powers rust. Were you asked, what is one of the chief distinctions of man? would you not answer, his power of reflection? Animals have instinct, and wonderful it is, and wonderfully it serves the purpose for which their Creator endowed them with it; but so far as we can ascertain, animals cannot reflect, they cannot compare idea with idea, and come to a logical conclusion; this is the prerogative of man. Clearly, therefore, the right improvement and employment of reason is at once the duty and the privilege of all. We can act rightly, only as we act rationally. The thinking man alone lives as a man. An unreflecting man belies the dignity of his nature, and makes himself the creature of appetite and impulse.

But, whilst I would specially urge upon you the cultivation of your reflective powers, I would not have you neglect what may be styled the ornamental faculties of the mind. There is, indeed, in the case of many more danger of over-indulging than of disparaging these powers, yet there are some who underrate and contemn them. The imagination, the fancy, the taste—these are to the soul what light and shadow and colour are to the natural landscape. Withdraw these from the scene, leave but the bare trees, and rocks, and fields, and mountains, and the sky without a cloud, and how tame and insipid would all be. So is it with the mind that has no colouring of imagination, and no play of fancy; it may be a robust and useful mind, but it lacks the beautiful and the graceful, all that embellishes the picture; and the fairest outline is meagre if it be deficient in shading and colouring. It follows, that our young men ought to read, though in moderation, refined and sterling poetry, and other books of taste

and fancy—I do not say of fiction—the novel or the romance—sparingly, if at all, should these be used. Always prefer the real to the fictitious—the solid to the showy—truth to romance, however fascinating and however fair. The habit of romance and novel reading is fatal to self-denying application, undermines the solidity of the understanding, and enfeebles and exhausts the energies of the mind. Devote yourselves to the exclusive pursuit of the ornamental, and you will prove little better than the moth or the fly. Improve, then, your taste, fancy, imagination,—but beware that you never become the dupes of your fancies, or the slaves of your feelings.

But we must pass from the intellectual field, though we have done no more than glance at it, and enter upon another and higher department of your nature—a higher department, for in deep and immortal interest, the heart far transcends the head. By the heart, in contradistinction to the head, I mean the moral dispositions, affections, and passions with which God has endowed us; for the soul of man is not pure intellect, but a combination of intellect with certain moral qualities and tendencies. Intellect tells upon them, and they upon intellect; they act and re-act, and their reciprocal influence is most mysterious and marvellous. Nor is it a whit less important that we should attend to the discipline and training of the heart, than to the cultivation of the mind. Yea, should we not be warranted in saying that the former is the more important duty?—for let us never forget that it is the heart, not the head, constitutes the grand distinction between man and man. It is not the intellectual, but the moral condition that determines a man's excellence or worthlessness. Such, indeed, is the law of all intelligent being. The immeasurable difference between heaven and hell, between Gabriel who loves and adores, and Satan who hates and rages, lies not so much in the intellect simply, as in the moral disposition

Satan, we may safely infer, has mental powers mighty as those of Gabriel, save as they have been marred by sin; but the illimitable distance between them consists in this—Gabriel is all love and holiness, Satan all evil, hatred, and hatefulness; that is the heaven of heaven, and this the hell of hell. The loftiest intellect, if it be allied to a malignant, malevolent disposition, resembles the volcano, flashing brilliantly, but scattering desolation and death around; whilst a homely intellect, combined with a loving, truthful heart, is like the pole-star, shining on steadily and benignly, guiding many a wanderer over the trackless deep. Never be carried away by the idolatry of talent any more than by the idolatry of money. At the present day, just as there is in the mercantile world a worshipping of mammon, there is in the literary world a worshipping of unsanctified genius. We read and hear of heroes who are to be worshipped—a kind of penates of the temple of knowledge—and what is their title to worship? Not, for the most part, holiness and humility, meekness and benevolence, but rather brilliant genius and magnificent attainments, even though desecrated and darkened by moral obliquity. Be not deceived. No man is a hero that does not deny himself, serve his generation, and serve his God. “He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city,” and the conqueror of his own evil passions than the conqueror of a world. Be assured, your moral qualities, not your mental endowments, determine your true worth in time, and will determine your immutable state in eternity. It is not genius, nor wit, nor learning that will bless you—but faith, and love, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Foster the lowlier, gentler virtues of the soul; neglect not what some regard as the homelier qualities of the heart, in order to prosecute the cultivation of more shining qualities. Make it your first care to subdue the stormy passions and malignant tempers which struggle within you

Make it your constant study that you may be kind to all, loving to all, generous to all, forbearing to all. Covet and court the sweet consciousness that you are sound and sincere at the core. Ever remember that the great thing is, not what man thinks of you, but what God thinks of you. Never seek to appear to those about you other than you are in the sight of Him that searcheth the heart. At the same time, do not overlook the quieter and lowlier virtues in favour of the bolder and more striking. Never forget that, though zeal, and energy, and boldness, and diligence, may most arrest the eye of the multitude, yet the true tests and touchstones of moral quality are the gentler, humbler graces which bloom in secret, like lilies of the valley in their shady dells, or violets hidden on their mossy banks. These grow and blossom almost unnoticed and unknown, yet breathe an aromatic fragrance all around. Let meekness and gentleness, patience and long-suffering, contentment and charity—let these sweet flowers of Paradise be trained, and watered, and watched with special love and care. Suffer not the tulips and poppies to overshadow and smother them; they will flourish longest, and yield a sweet scent even amid the withering and decay of age; odoriferous amid the snows of winter as well as beneath the rays of the summer sun.

There is yet a moral power, partaking alike of head and heart, which is the most momentous of all—that faculty, or whatever you may define it to be, is conscience, the inward consciousness of what passes within us combined with a sense of right and wrong in all that we feel, or say, or do. God has placed this mysterious faculty in the soul as a subordinate judge, anticipating the great Judge of all—seated on a secret tribunal, forestalling the judgment-seat before which quick and dead must appear. Cherish your conscience. Enlighten it, that it may not mislead you; attend to it, that it may not forsake you; strengthen it, that it may not enslave you. Guard against

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a morbid conscience on the one hand, guard still more against a seared and stupefied conscience on the other. Listen to its gentlest whispers; obey its slightest promptings; never let inclination bribe you to disregard it, and never let the din and tumult of stormy passions render your inward ear inaccessible to its suggestions. Strive so to harmonise and attune it that it shall be as sweet music within, soothing and comforting you, that with St. Paul your rejoicing may be this—the testimony of your conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but in singleness of heart you have had your conversation in the world. A holy, faithful conscience is a man's best earthly friend, God's very vicegerent, the echo of the oracles divine. Therefore prize, cherish, cultivate the precious endowment.

There is yet another component part of man, when made alive in Christ, and that the crown of all, which we must not pass by. In some degree we have forestalled this branch of our subject whilst treating of the culture of the heart. At the same time, there needs more distinctive and discriminative illustration; for there may be much of moral culture, much of earnest conscientiousness, much that is lovely and endearing, and yet the spirit may be dead in sin. Man in his primitive perfection united in himself body, soul, and spirit; but in fallen, unregenerate man only body and soul survive. The spirit is dead; and if you ask when it died, we answer, it died when man transgressed. The Holy Spirit of God dwelt at the first in him, as the soul of His soul, quickening, guiding, swaying his hidden life. As the body without the soul is dead, so the spirit without the Holy Ghost is dead. When the soul leaves the body, it returns to dust; when the spirit left the soul it fell from God and became spiritually dead; so that man unchanged and unrenewed is but a living sepulchre, entombing a dead yet deathless soul. And if it continue in that dread state, what has

it before it but an immortality of death? Such must be the fearful destiny of every unquickened child of Adam. But, blessed be the God of all grace, as in Adam all die, even so in Christ all that believe are made alive. As from Adam we inherit a lifeless spirit, from Christ we derive a quickening Spirit. Whenever the Holy Ghost enters the soul, or however it may be, whether from the womb, as with some children of believers, in answer to the prayer of faith, or whether gradually and imperceptibly, as with many trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, who cannot tell at what time their souls began to live,—or whether, as in the case of not a few, suddenly and mightily, as it was with Saul of Tarsus,—or, with the trembling jailer awakened as with a lightning flash from heaven,—whatever the method, whatever the instrumentality employed, then, and not till then, the soul is endued with spiritual life. Then is fulfilled the promise, “I will dwell in them and walk in them;” then the body becomes the temple of the Holy Ghost, which believers have of God; then their life is hid with Christ in God. This is life indeed, and all short of this is but magnificent death.

Tell me not what are a man's attainments, his intellectual gifts, his external circumstances, his rank, his fortune, or his fame; if he is without Christ, without the spirit of God, he is no better than a costly wreck, a sumptuous abortion. But let a man be ever so poor in circumstances, ever so lowly in lot, ever so circumscribed in capacity, ever so scanty in acquirements—yet if he live in God, with God, to God, he is the great and the glorious man: angels are his attendants, Christ his brother, God his father, heaven his home, eternity the lifetime of his bliss. Whatever you do, ye mortal immortals! rest not short of the life of the spirit; never be content with mere mental or moral improvement, if the soul be yet dead in trespasses and sins. At the same time, bear in

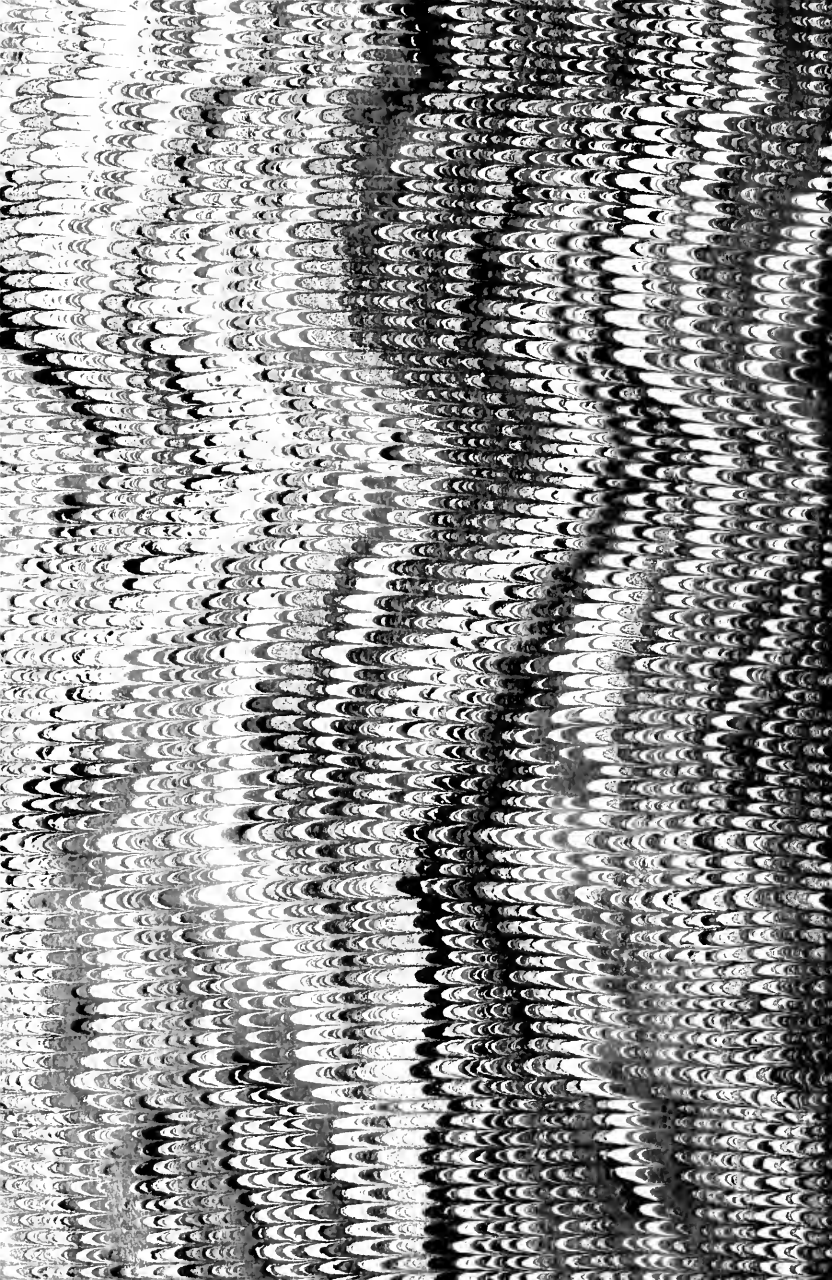
mind that if the Spirit of God quickens the soul, it is that the living soul may labour,—labour for that meat that endureth to everlasting life. There is scope for self-culture in the things of the spirit as well as in the things of the mind; and therefore, God does not work upon us as the sculptor works upon the senseless marble, or as the mechanic does upon the metal that he fashions according to his will. No, God works in us as susceptible and rational beings; He works in us to will and to do of His good pleasure. It is not He that wills and does instead of the believer, but He works in the believer in order that the believer may will and do—yet all of the good pleasure of Him that worketh all things according to the counsel of His will. Never imagine that the doctrine of sovereign grace is a pillow for indolent presumption or antinomian licentiousness. Far from it; it is the most practical of all principles;—God working in man that man may work out his own salvation with fear and trembling.

Wherefore the rather, brethren, if God has begun a good work in you, “give all diligence to make your calling and election sure.” “Add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly-kindness; and to brotherly-kindness, charity.” “Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.” “Follow after, that you may apprehend that for which you were apprehended of Christ.” “Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.” Here is the true grandeur of your nature, the true dignity of your

destiny. Pursue this high vocation, and all things will work together for your good; your path will be as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Oh, my young friends, I covet for you the due cultivation of your physical powers, the meet improvement of your minds, the right cultivation of your hearts; but above all, I covet for you the quickening of your souls, that your spirits may live; and then the fostering and furthering of that spiritual life, till grace mature into glory, and the star of earth brightens into the sun of heaven.

Thus have I striven, though feebly and in mere outline, to trace out the wide subject brought before you—Self-culture. To every young man in this assembly would I add, gird yourself to the high task which God has set before you. Let none slight, none despise himself. You cannot overrate your nature, as you cannot under-rate your merit,—think too lowly of yourselves as sinners, or too highly of yourselves as immortals. Your illimitable destiny makes you an awful spectacle to saints, to angels, to the Almighty himself. Oh, be not indifferent to yourselves; judge not yourselves unworthy of eternal life; you are possessed of qualities, faculties, affections, energies, which require eternity for the fulness of their maturity, or eternity for the fulness of their wreck. The Lord God arouse you to a sense of the greatness of your stake. Let each young man hitherto slighting the great work of life borrow from the subject which has been enforced upon him the resolution to begin this very night to deny himself where he has been indulging himself injuriously; to attend to the cultivation in himself of what he has been neglecting to cultivate; and, above all, let him kneel down and entreat of God for Christ's sake to give him his Holy Spirit to quicken his soul from the death of sin to the life of

righteousness, and to enable him then, by patient continuance in well-doing, to seek for glory, and honour, and immortality; —that so he may have his fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life



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