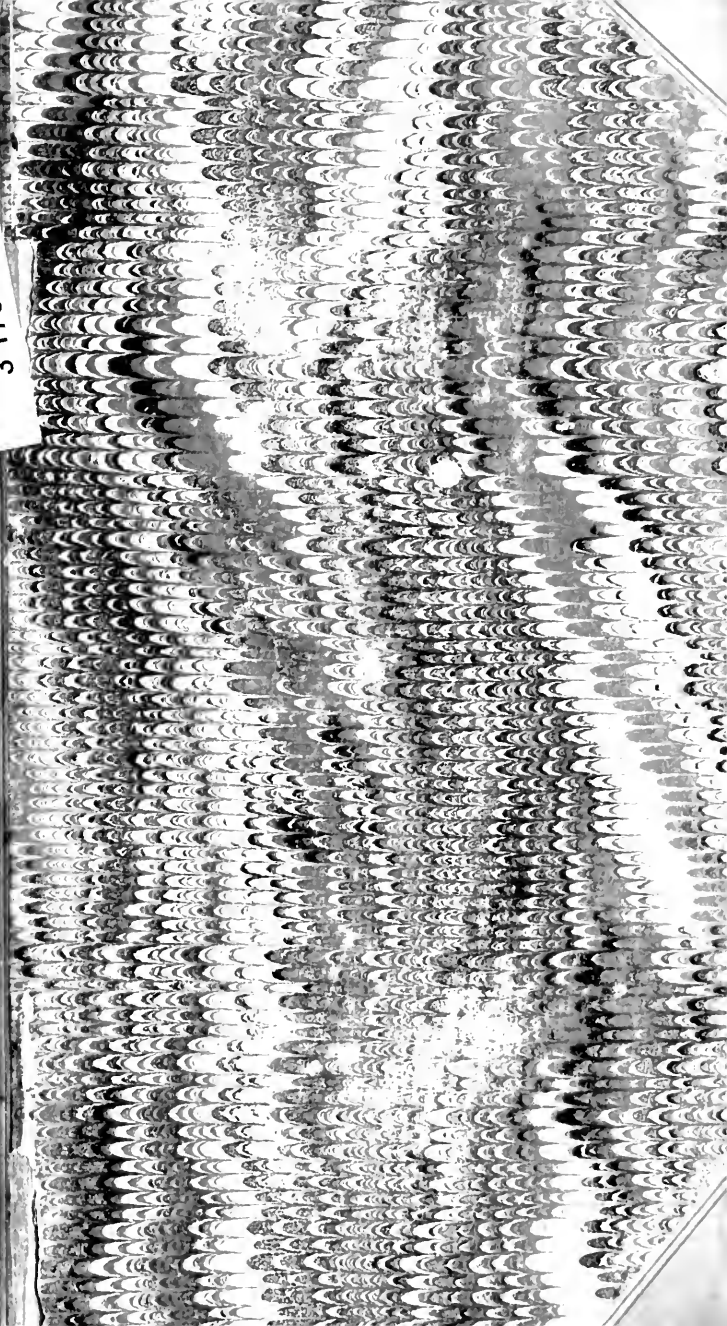
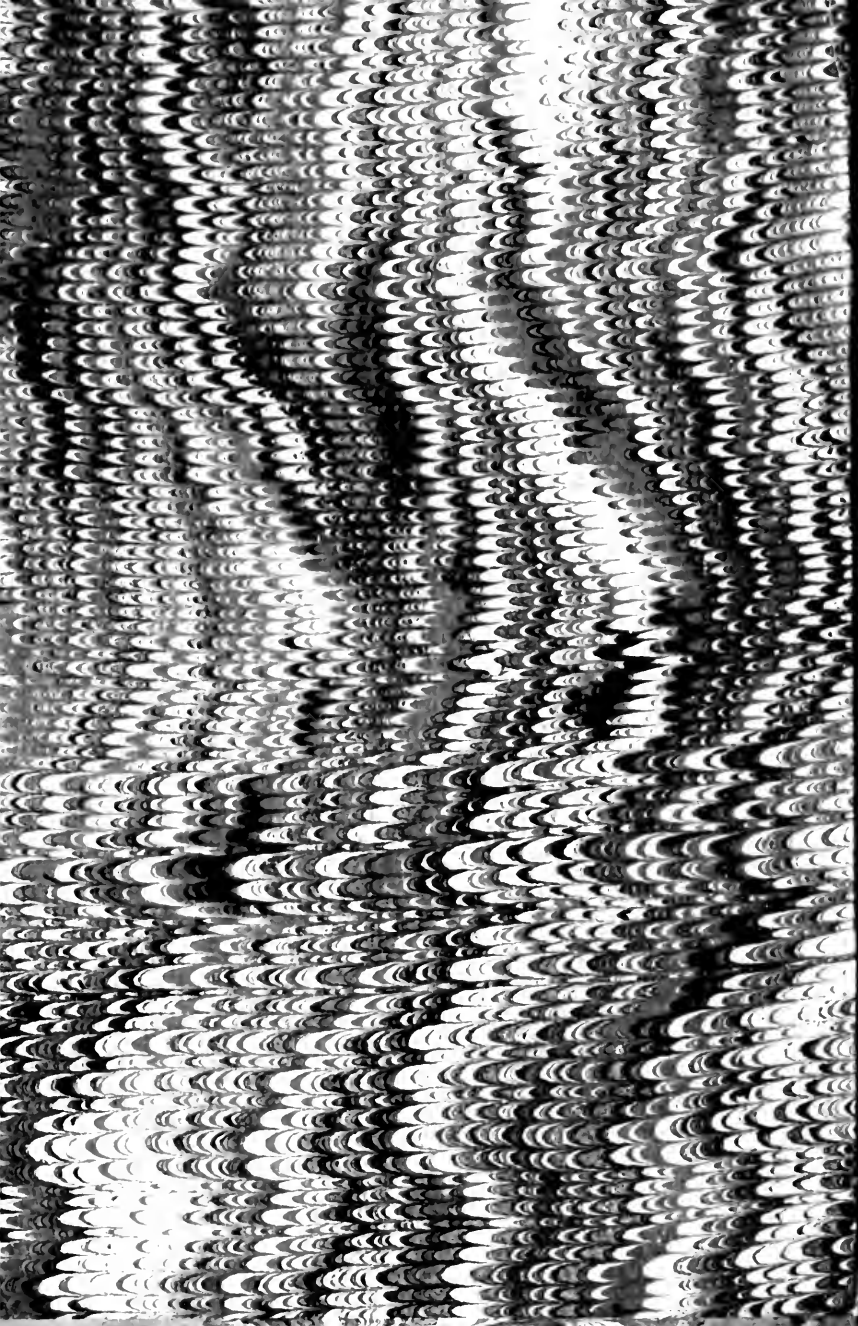
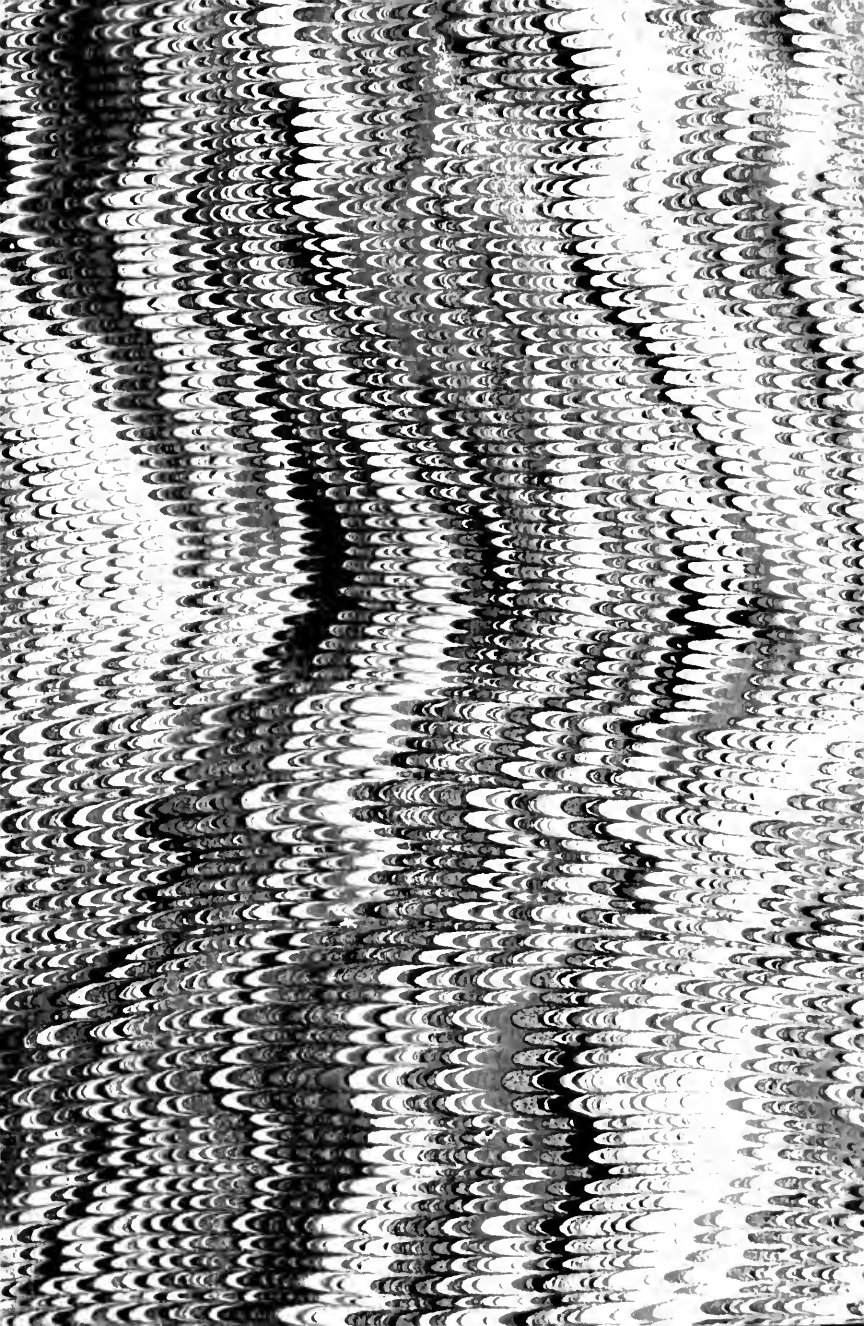
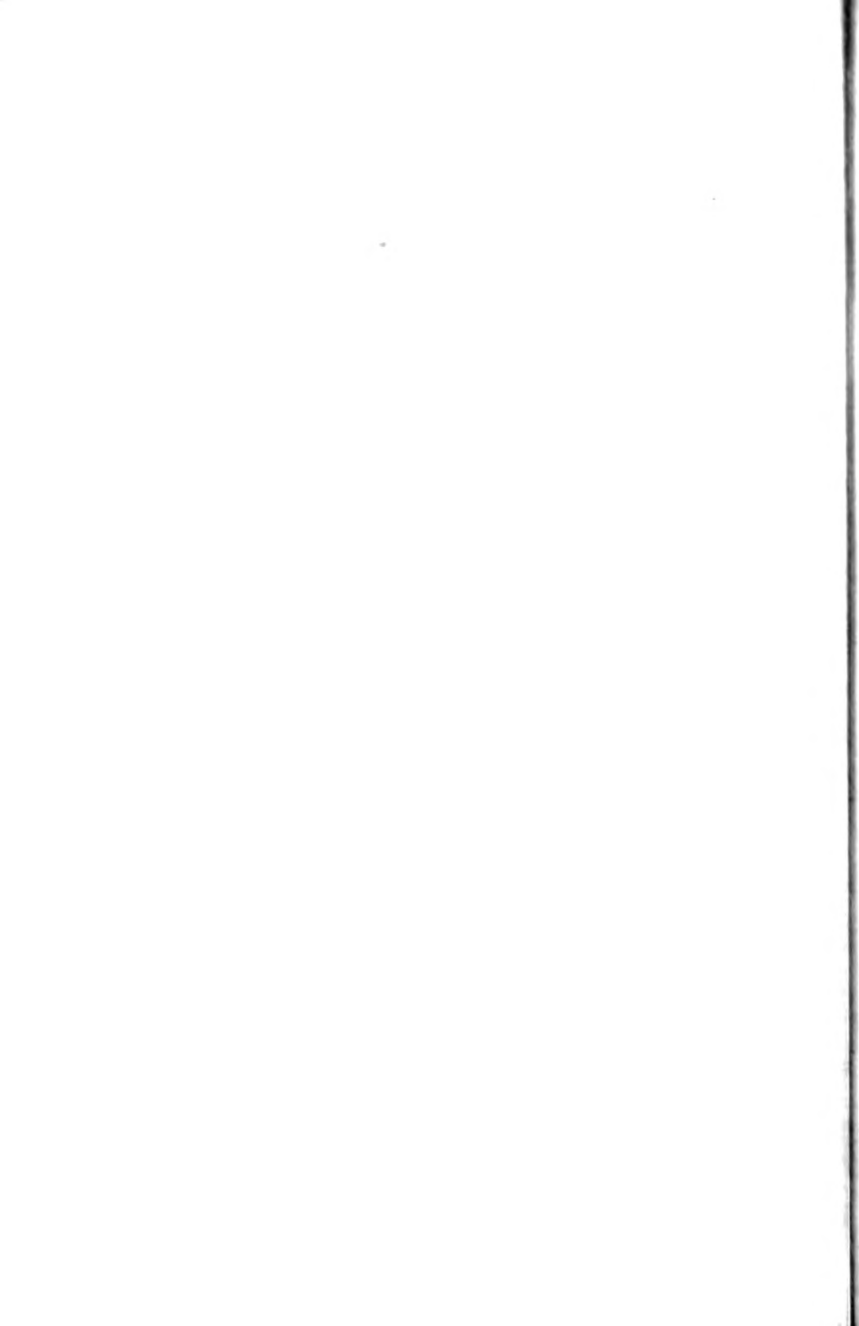


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Hugh M. Matheson

LECTURES

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

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Instances of the Power of God as
Manifested in
His Animal Creation.

A LECTURE

BY

PROFESSOR RICHARD OWEN, D.C.L., F.R.S.





THE A. C. (10) — *Lemurys Madagascariensis*.

ON SOME
INSTANCES OF THE POWER OF GOD
..
MANIFESTED IN HIS ANIMAL CREATION

Of the Course of Lectures arranged for the present season, I commence this evening the Introductory one, allotted to me by your Committee.

When I was honoured by their request to perform this task, I begged hard to be excused, pleading the pressure of analogous labour, and a sense of failing elasticity and power of thought, through a strain upon faculties never of the strongest, and which have been exerted in the museum, the study, the dissecting room, and lecture theatre, almost unintermittingly for more than thirty years.

It is a natural desire—a weakness of the flesh—to prefer one's own fireside, after a day of routine labour, to bracing up the tired powers in the endeavour to satisfy the keen appetite for knowledge of a youthful audience with an hour's supply of intellectual provender.

But you have banded yourselves together under the designation of a Christian Association, thereby giving public pledge to exemplify, in life and labour, the principles of our common creed, and the precepts of its Divine Founder. I could not, therefore, ground a refusal on a plea which centred in mere ease to self. If you, each after his daily

task,—longer it may be—drier, more wearisome, I think it must be—than mine,—have been willing to forego the quiet pleasures of home, and a choice of the many recreations and excitements to which a metropolis invites and tempts, preferring to gather yourselves together in this place and goodly company, for the higher aim of mental improvement and the acquisition of truth, surely it was not for me to hold back.

And then another consideration stirred within me. Your Association seems seldom to be addressed by men of science. In glancing down the present list of Lectures, I find myself the only layman: and yet the so-called “man of science,” if he deserve the name, ought to be the possessor of certain parcels of indisputable truth; and he should be able to impart to you some of this most precious commodity.

There have, indeed, been times when the Christian church has been unwilling to receive it; but I trust to be able to show, by the example of such times, that a like jealousy of natural knowledge is without ground, and unworthy of any body of sincere worshippers of the Author of all truth.

For what is that “Natural Knowledge,” of the Society for Promoting which I am a member? It is, as our “Philosophical Transactions” have shown for two centuries past, the interpretation of the Creative Power, as manifested in those properties and phenomena of God’s universe which we ourselves have been created with capacities, in different degrees, according to the individual, of interpreting. The comprehension of creation has been ordained to be the result and reward of the right exercise of the faculties of investigation and discovery.

And now, by God’s mercy, we know that such faculties or talents are intrusted gifts, for the use of which we are responsible.

It has been revealed to us, that it is “He that hath

• The Royal Society for the Promotion of Natural Knowledge.

made us, and not we ourselves :” we are debtors, therefore, for every power and faculty with which we can energize. As our great Christian Poet writes,—

“ God doth not need man’s works or His own gifts ;
Who best bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best.”

And Christ teaches that part of that yoke is accountability for the gifts so allotted. So, it is under the sense of that accountability that every Christian philosopher employs his faculties of research and discovery in making known the Power of God, a knowledge of which, as well as of the Word, is essential to the avoidance of error.

When the subtle scribes, learned in their Scriptures, which they deemed final and all-sufficient, tempted our Lord, remember what he replied :—“ Ye do err, not knowing the Scripture, nor the power of God.” (Matt. xxii. 29.) And what is this Power ? The beautiful Canticle which forms part of the Anglican Liturgy sets it forth most strikingly in its various manifestations :—

The heavens and heavenly orbs : the all-pervading subtle forms of force which the “ lightnings, heat, and light” make palpable to sense : “ the earth, with the green things thereon, and the beasts of the earth :” the “ seas and floods, with the whales, and all that move in the waters :” the “ winds and clouds.” with the fowls that soar in the air : the “ holy and humble men of heart”—best of created products here, and the preparatory stage to “ the spirits and souls of the righteous,” in a higher sphere :—all these “ Powers of the Lord” are invoked in the wrapt utterance of the devout singer to “ bless the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for ever !”

Of all the manifestations of Creative Power, those afforded by living things affect our finite apprehension soonest and strongest with a sense of the directness of the Maker’s operations.

The more we investigate the structures, and the clearer

we comprehend their working, the more we are struck by the perfection and purpose of the work.

The complexity is such, the interplay and mutual adjustment of the parts of the organ so exact, the finish of each constituent tissue to its minutest fibre so surpassingly excellent, that we instinctively adore as we trace the Divine Handiwork.

If we think to contrast, under the microscope, the finest filament, or tissue, or polished needle-point of human fabrication, we are humbled by the revelation of its coarseness.

The analogy of the animal organs and systems of organs to the machines of man's invention is, however, so close, that, comprehending and admiring the rare degree of constructive skill, foresight, and purposive adaption, in many artificial machines, the healthy intellect, studying the more refined and perfect natural structures, cannot but conceive therein the exercise of like faculties in a transcendently higher degree. Such a mind, therefore, instinctively, inevitably, rises to admiration of such transcending power; and feeling within itself the beneficial working of such organization, it blesses as well as magnifies its Divine Author.

So Galen, appreciating the adaptive construction of that marvellous instrument, the human hand, felt that in describing its anatomy he was hymning the praise of the Maker.

Volumes have been written, from Ray and Derham to Paley and the Bridgewater authors, filled with striking instances of purposive adaptations of the parts of created complex instruments to the effecting of definite ends. The floodgates of the heart, the valvular structures of the veins, viewed in this light, led HARVEY to conceive, and experimentally to prove, the circulating course of the blood as

their end and object. The exquisite structure of the eye, the transparency of its corneal window, and of the fluids which the light must traverse to strike upon the sentient carpet behind ; the delicately and gradationally adjusted densities of the humours for correcting spherical and chromatic aberration whilst concentrating convergently the luminous rays ; the little circular muscle which, of itself, adjusts the amount of admitted light to the susceptibilities of the retina : in short, the thousand-fold perfections that have exhausted the skill of hundreds of microscopic anatomists ; above all, that intra-cranial structure by which the operations of the visual globe have their destined effect, and the living organism sees—is not all this a manifestation, the which to know and feel must be to praise and bless the Author, and magnify our conceptions of the Divine Power ?

Do not suppose, however, that some special organ of a fully-formed and complex animal has to be selected to exemplify the purposive or adaptive principle in creation: you will find it in the egg, if you have the skill and patience to work out that seemingly simple initiative condition of the animal. To common view, it presents the shell, lined by some layers of thin membrane which you may peel from it, and containing a mass of white slime in which floats a yellow ball or yolk.

Look closely at that ball, and on one side you will see a whitish spot, *a* ; from two other parts, at opposite sides of the yolk, you may discern two opaque thread-

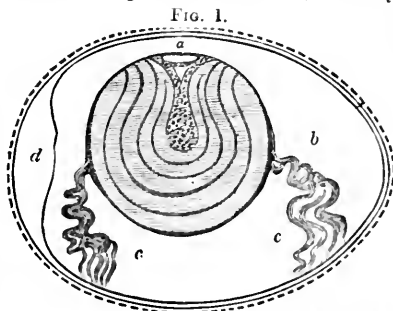


DIAGRAM OF THE STRUCTURE OF THE EGG OF
A FOWL.

like productions, *c, c*, which, as they diverge from the yolk, expand and become lost in the white, *b*. At the larger end of the egg, a little air fills an interval, *d*, between two layers of the lining of the shell,—at least, if the egg be fresh—the common test of which is to apply the tongue to the big end, and the quickly-heated air gives the affirmative reply.

Suppose you proceed methodically in the work of observation : fixing the egg lengthwise, and carefully chipping out a round piece of the shell with its membranes, you will see the yolk floating at the top of the white ; and the first spot I spoke of is at the middle of the upper surface of the yolk. Take as many eggs as you please, turn them about as often as you like, you will always find this opaque white spot at the middle of the uppermost surface of the yolk. Hunter compared this phenomenon to the movements of the needle to the pole. The machinery effecting it is the diverging threads. The yolk is lighter than the white ; these threads are heavier, they are attached to opposite sides of the yolk, and seem to be the axes in which the yolk turns : they are attached, however, below the true axis, on the half opposite to that which bears the spot : sinking as they diverge and expand in the white, they make their half of the yolk the heavier, the spot-bearing half the lighter ; and, as the spot is at the middle of the surface of its hemisphere, it is always uppermost. Now, this spot is the germ in which development of the chick begins, and from which it spreads, under the incubating influence of the mother : the germ is thus brought closest to the hot brooding skin of the sitting hen. The shell is convex and dome-like, to bear her weight. In the course of development, the chick requires to breathe : as the vital fire burns up, organic material is reduced to carbon ; a membrane over which the blood spreads in a network of minute vessels, like a gill or lung, then extends





The Great Art-Fate: (*Myiophylax tubata*)

from the embryo to the inner side of the shell, between it and the white: the shell is made porous to allow the air access to this temporary respiratory organ; and the oxygen combining with the carbon, it exhales as carbonic acid. As the chick approaches the period of its extrication, it is able to breathe by its proper lungs, and in the 'vesica aëris,' *d*, or collection of air at the great end of the egg, it finds the wherewithal to begin its feeble inspirations, and to utter the low chirp which may be heard just before it chips the shell. And how does it effect this? By means of a hard knob specially formed upon the end of the upper beak, and which, after it has done its work, disappears.

You may think it strange that any mind capable of tracing and comprehending the relations of these structures and their effects—what, in physiology, we term their "uses" or "functions," in the inability to make the matter understood by any other phraseology,—that any competent anatomist should ignore the adaptive relations or the purpose of all these correlated structures! It reminds one, does such a case, of some congenital defect akin to colour-blindness. Some may pity, some may condemn, but no one can comprehend such frame of mind or state of feeling.

Some years ago, there was exhibited in the Zoological Gardens of the Regent's Park an Ant-eater from South America, the first which we had seen there alive. It did not live long, and I dissected it. I show here proofs of the plates illustrative of its anatomy;* at least, of the more characteristic parts. Unlike hairy quadrupeds in general, the Ant-eater, fig. 2, has no teeth; it has a very narrow, almost tubular mouth, with a small terminal opening, capable of allowing a long slender cylindrical tongue to be protruded and retracted. The salivary glands, *c*, were of enormous size, covering all the

* From the "Transactions of the Zoological Society," 1854. 4to. p. 117.

fore part of the neck and upper part of the chest, they

FIG. 2.



TONGUE, SALIVARY GLANDS, AND CLAWS OF ANT-EATER.

were as big as the liver ; and their ducts conveyed the secretion to a bag, *e*, like a gall-bladder : here, by absorption of the watery part of the saliva, it was made more dense and sticky ; and it was then conveyed to the mouth

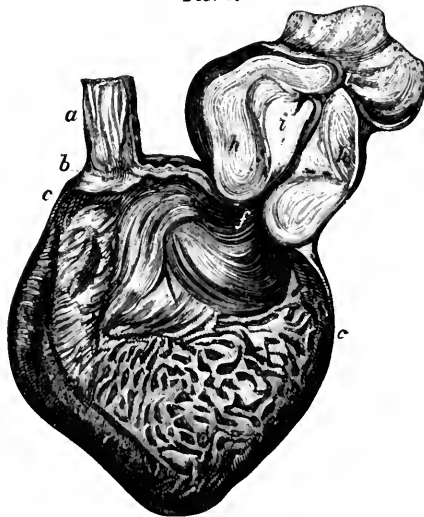
to lubricate the tongue—an organ of great length and muscular power. The limbs, especially the fore-paws and claws, of the beast were of great strength.

In its native country, South America, where trees abound, the white ants, chiefly subsisting on decaying vegetable matter, exist in large communities and vast numbers. They make nests, like little castles. The Ant-eater is able to breach with its powerful claws the walls of the fortress. Out, then, rush the myriads of workers and soldiers; whereupon, by rapid movements of the slimed tongue, they are seized and swallowed, scores at a time, by the besieger. But, how, you may ask, are these insects prepared for digestion, there being no teeth?

The stomach is divided into two parts, like a crop, *c*, and a gizzard, *h*: the latter is lined by a thick and hard gristle, *i*; its muscular walls are thickened as in the common fowl; the insects are ground to a pulp, with the help of the sand swallowed with them. The gastric organ of the bird seems to be borrowed by this beast, to compensate for a like want of teeth in the proper place—the jaws.

I look upon the tongue of the Ant-eater, with all its con-

FIG. 3.



STOMACH OF THE ANT-EATER.

comitant mechanism, as having been made, such as it is, for its ant-catching office. I view the huge salivary glands, *a*, *b*, *c*, and their bladders, *e*, as correlated in function with the tongue: the mouth is modified to be a sheath or case for the tongue: the stomach is made a gizzard, because no grinders exist in the mouth. I don't say that the final purpose is the sole condition of what I see; but I recognize it plainly as one, perhaps the chief, cause.

"No," reply the repudiators of design: "we watched the Ant-eater in its confinement; it would eat no ants, it was kept alive on chopped meat and yolks of eggs."

Very true. The ants which our country afford are not termites; they belong to a different order of insects: moreover they secrete a peculiar defensive pungent fluid, abounding in what is called "formic acid." The *Termites* have none of this, but are fat and nutritious, and, doubtless to the *Myrmecophagæ*, savoury morsels. Our *Formicæ* were strange and disgusting to its palate. The instinct of fell hunger led the captive Ant-eater to introduce, as best it might, into its stomach the soft animal nutriment which we provided for it as coming nearest to its natural food. As well say that the legs of a prisoner were not made to run with, because his fetters prevent his moving them.

More lately, we have received at the Zoological Gardens a still rarer quadruped, called *Chiromys*, or Aye-aye, from Madagascar. Fig. 4, *Frontispiece*.

This quadruped is stated to sleep during the heat and glare of the tropical day, and to move about chiefly by night in quest of wood-boring larvæ.

The wide openings of the eyelids, the large cornea and expansile iris, with other structures of the eye, are express arrangements for admitting to the retina, and absorbing, the utmost amount of the light which may pervade the forests at sunset, dawn, or moonlight. Thus the Aye-aye is able to

guide itself among the branches in quest of its hidden food. To discern this, however, another sense had need to be developed to great perfection. The large ears are directed to catch and concentrate, and the large acoustic nerve and other structures of the organ seem designed to appreciate, any feeble vibration that might reach the tympanum from the recess in the hard timber through which the wood-boring larva may be tunnelling its way by repeated scoopings and scrapings of its hard mandible. How safe from bills of birds or jaws of beasts might seem such a grub in its teak, or ebony-cased burrow! Here, however, is a quadrumanous quadruped in which the front teeth (*i, i*), by their great size, strong shape, chissel-structure, deep implantation, and provision for perpetual renovation

of substance, are especially fitted to enable their possessor to gnaw down, with gouge-like scoops, to the very spot where the ear indicates the grub to be at work. The in-

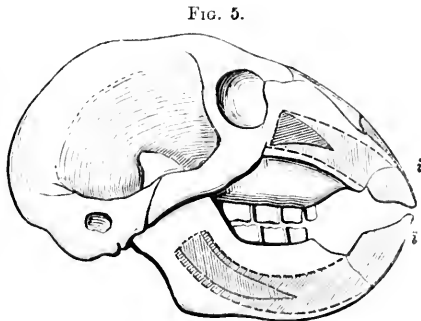


FIG. 5. SKULL AND SECTION OF INCISOR TEETH, AYE-AYE.

stincts of the insect, however, warn it to withdraw from the part of the burrow that may be thus exposed. Had the Aye-aye possessed no other instrument—were no other part of its frame specially modified to meet this exigency,—it must have proceeded to apply the incisive scoops in order to lay bare the whole of the larval tunnel, to the extent at least which would leave no further room for the retracted grub's retreat. Such labour would, however, be too much for the reproductive power of even its strong-built, wide-

based, deep-planted, pulp-retaining incisors, *i*, *i*: in most instances we may well conceive such labour of exposure to be disproportionate to the morsel to be so obtained. Another part of the frame of the Aye-aye is, accordingly, modified in a singular and, as it seems, anomalous way, to meet this exigency. We may suppose that the larva retracts

FIG. 6.



HAND OR FORE-PAW OF AYE-AYE.

its head so far from the opening gnawed into its burrow as to be out of reach of the lips, teeth, or tongue of the Aye-aye. One finger, however, on each hand of that animal has been ordained to grow in length, but not in thickness, with the other digits; it remains slender as a probe, and is provided at the end with a hook-like claw, 3.

By the, doubtless, rapid insertion and delicate application of this digit, the grub is seized and drawn out. For this delicate manœuvre the Aye-aye needs a free command of its upper or fore limbs; and to give it that power, one of the digits of the hind foot is so modified and directed, that it can be applied, thumb-wise, to the other toes, and the foot is made a prehensile hand. Hereby the body is steadied by the firm grasp of these hinder hands during all the operations of the head, jaws, teeth, and fore-paws, required for the discovery and capture of the common and favourite food of the nocturnal animal.

Thus we have not only obvious, direct, and perfect adaptations of particular mechanical instruments to particular functions,—of feet to grasp, of teeth to erode, of a finger to probe and to extract,—but we see a correlation of these several modifications with each other, and with adaptive modifications of the nervous system and sense organs; of eyes, *e.g.*, to catch the least glimmer of light, and of ears to detect the feeblest grating of sound,—the whole determining a compound mechanism to the perfect performance of a particular kind of work.

Our captive *Chiromys*, however, found none of the insects of this country which were offered to it at all suitable to its tastes. And, like the Ant-eater, it preferred another kind of food to starvation, *e.g.*, bread, eggs and honey in milk, with dates and bananas.

A repudiator of the principle of final causes thereupon objects to the evidences of adaptation which have just been shown you, “that they could not have such meaning, inasmuch as the Aye-aye would not feed on insects.” But the very fact in which the objection was based receives its explanation, solely, through teleology.

The native habits and food of the Aye-aye exemplified its operation and purpose in the woods of Madagascar as a check upon the undue prevalence of tree-destroying Xylophagous larvæ. Had the Aye-aye possessed an indiscriminate appetite for insects, it would satisfy such appetite on much easier terms than by gnawing into hard wood for a particular kind of grub. But, as M. Liénard testifies, “il ne voulait pas de larves de tous les arbres indistinctement; il les reconnaissait en les flairant.”* Dr. Sandwith also specifies its favourite large grub, as the destructive Moutouk.†

* Comptes Rendus de l'Académie des Sciences, Institut de France, Octobre, 1855, tome xli., p. 640.

† Transactions of the Zoological Society, vol. v.

The restriction of its likings to the wood-boring kinds insured, and was necessary to insure, the application to their extraction of the efficient instruments with which the Aye-aye had been endowed for the purpose. Thusteleology renders the fact of the non-indiscriminate taste for insects intelligible; the negation of intention and design blinds the mind to the recognition of the significance of the fact, and leads to the more stupid blindness to any meaning or purpose in the co-adjustment of special modifications which renders the *Chiromys* so effective an antagonist to the wood-boring larvæ of the forests it inhabits.

What we have to guard against is this,—the conclusion, that the ways or conditions of the creation of animals are as limited as our powers of comprehending them commonly are and have been.

Man, to gain his purpose, directly constructs and adjusts his artificial machine. God may produce his organic machine, as perfectly and surely, in other ways, to us seemingly leading away from such end. His ways are not as ours.

To give an explanation of my meaning. The skull is a hard, unyielding box, inclosing and protecting a most precious and delicate part of our organization; the cranium is composed of eight bony plates, so constructed, and so connected by what are called "sutures," dentate and squamate, as to afford, given the amount of dense defensive material, the maximum of resistance to blows. Let me refer you to Sir Charles Bell's "Animal Mechanics," published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, for further particulars and illustrations of the adaptive principle in the human cranial structure.

Well, there is a time when this brain-case must pass through an unyielding passage narrower than the natural diameter of the case at that time. And what do we find to be the structure of the cranium then? Instead of eight, it

consists of eight-and-twenty pieces ; and none of these are fastened or dove-tailed together by the unyielding serrated dentated sutures. Most of the bones can slide over one another. The structure, therefore, admits of the required change of shape, and the soft brain within bears without injury the transitory alteration in the diameters of its case. The final purpose of the structure of the fœtal skull has been recognized and expatiated on by all physiologists. But the structure itself relates, and seems to be gained, through another and wider principle. The four pieces of which the occipital bone is composed, and the eight or ten pieces by which the ossification of the sphenoid begins, are found in the cranium of the chick, when it bodily breaks through the shell. The cranium, in it, afterwards coalesces into a single piece ; and there was no call for its subdivision through any such contingency of an earlier period of life, as affects the higher animal.

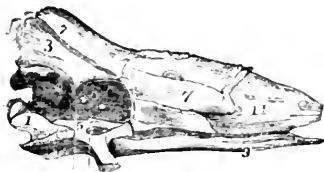
What we *do* find is, that the skull of all vertebrate or back-boned animals is built up, as a general rule, of the same number of pieces arranged in the same general way ; that these pieces in most cold-blooded vertebrates continue separate throughout life ; and that the plan of their arrangement agrees in the main with that which governs the arrangement of the bones in the segments of the trunk-skeleton ; and that the skull is made up of four such segments. The four pieces of the fœtal occipital bone are now acknowledged by all anatomists to be the "body" and parts of the "neural arch" of the last of the cranial vertebræ. And this is the wider or more generalized explanation of the twenty-eight bones of which the human cranium, like that of all beasts and birds, is at first composed, although they afterwards coalesce into eight bones, and sometimes fewer. The law of the development of the skull provides the condition of safety in childbirth.

But this condition is not, therefore, a merely accidental

consequence. We may believe that the Author of the wider law also foresaw its subservience to the narrower purpose, and ordained the "law within the law." Whilst, therefore, expanding insight into the Divine Power as exercised in the Animal Creation has taught us how short and inadequate were the views of it which rested in the appreciation of the fitness of the structure for its function, it by no means gives a ground for the rejection of the foresight and purpose in the properties that make the fitness, although these properties and the concomitant fitness may be the result of the more general principle on which it has pleased the Creator to develop all animal bodies in their progressive degrees of perfection.

The bony segments or vertebræ of both the head and the trunk, although developed according to the common vertebrate type, are modified for express ends and functions in a greater degree in the serpent than in the man. The squamous principle of suture is carried out to an extreme. The

FIG. 7.



SECTION OF CRANIUM OF SERPENT.

frontal, 7, so far overlaps the parietal, 3, and this the occipital bone, 1, that the cranial segments are sheathed one within the other, and the bone in each being of great density and thickness we cannot but discern therein a special adaptation to

the prone position of the serpent, indicative of a provision for the dangers to which it would be subject from falling bodies and the tread of heavy beasts. The whole organization of serpents is replete with such instances of design in relation to the needs of their apodal vermiform character; just as the snake-like eel is compensated by analogous modifications amongst fishes, and the snake-like centipede amongst insects.

Most annotators to Scripture represent serpents as the progeny of a transmuted species, degraded from its original form as the penal consequence of its instrumentality in the temptation of Eve. Thus Drs. D'Oyly and Mant, in the edition of the Bible printed under the direction of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge (Ed. 1823), write—"The curse upon the serpent consisted, first, in bringing down his stature, which was probably in great measure *erect* before this time: 'upon thy belly shalt thou go,' or 'upon thy breast,' as some versions have it;—secondly, in the meanness of its provision,—'and dust shalt thou eat;' inasmuch as, creeping upon the ground, it cannot but lick up much dust together with its food." Almost every commentator writes under the same impression of the special and penal degradation of the serpent to its present form.* But when the laws of the science of animated nature form part of the preliminary studies of the theologian, he will appreciate the futility of such attempts to expound the symbolic text as if it were a statement of matter of fact.

What Zoology and Anatomy have unfolded of the nature of serpents in their present condition, amounts to this: that their parts are as exquisitely adjusted to the form of their whole, and to their habits and sphere of life, as is the organization of any animal which, in the terms of absolute com-

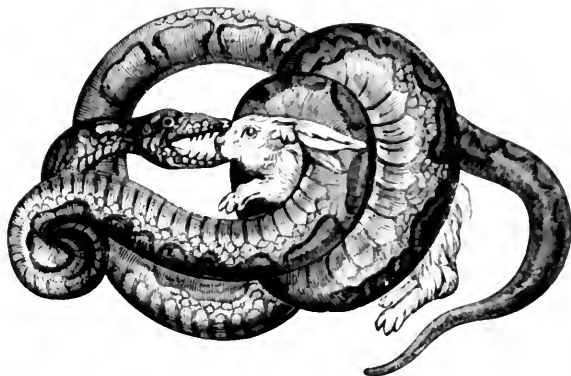
* "That dust was not the original food of the serpent seems evident from the sentence passed upon the paradisaic serpent, but the necessary consequence of the change made in the manner of its motion."—"Hist. of Serpents," by Charles Owen, D.D., 4to, p. 12. So, likewise, Milton, whose serpent

"Toward Eve
Address'd his way; not with indented wave
Prone on the ground, as since; but on his rear,
Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd
Fold above fold, a surging maze."

"Paradise Lost," book 1x., line 495.

parison, we call superior to them. It is true that the serpent has no limbs; yet it can outclimb the monkey, outswim the fish, outleap the jerboa, and, suddenly loosing the close coils of its crouching spiral, it can spring so high into the air as to seize the bird upon the wing: thus, all those creatures fall its prey. The serpent has neither hands nor claws; yet it can outwrestle the athlete, and crush the tiger in the embrace of its overlapping folds. Far from licking up its food as it glides along, the serpent lifts up its crushed prey, and presents it, grasped in the death-coil as in a hand, to the gaping mouth.

FIG. 8.



SERPENT DEVOURING ITS PREY.

It is truly wonderful to see the work of hands, feet, fins, performed by a mere modification of the vertebral column. But the vertebræ are specially modified to compensate by the strength of their individual articulations for the weakness of their manifold repetition, and of the consequent elongation of the slender column.

In our own skeleton, each vertebra is joined to the other by a mass of ligamentous matter connecting two flat surfaces.

It is a much more simple joint than that of the shoulder, where a ball is adapted to a cavity, with the co-adjusted surfaces covered by smooth cartilage, and lubricated by joint-oil, retained and secreted by a synovial capsule. In serpents, every vertebra presents the same beautifully-turned cup and

ball, *b*, and synovial capsular joint, as that of our arm ; and there are several such between each vertebra : all the joints, moreover, are fashioned to resist yielding, and sustain pressure, in a vertical direction, in which they are most liable to a blow or a squeeze : so that there is no natural undulation of the body upwards and downwards, but only from side to side. So closely and compactly do the ten pairs of joints, *zs*, *s*, *d*,

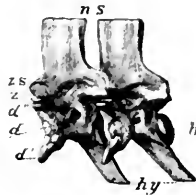
b, between each of the two hundred to three hundred vertebrae fit together, that even in the relaxed and dead state the body cannot be twisted except in a series of side coils.

But what more particularly concerns us in the relation of the serpent to our own history is the palæontological fact, that these ophidian peculiarities and complexities of cranial and vertebral organization, in designed subserviency to a prone posture and a gliding progress on the belly, were given, together with their poison-apparatus, by the Creator, to the serpents of that early tertiary period* of our planet's history, when, in the progressive preparation of the dry land, but few, and those only the lower organized, species, now our contemporaries, had been called into existence—before any of the actual kinds of Mammalia trod the earth, and long ages before the creation of man !

Biblical commentators in this matter have erred, knowing

* Constrictors and colubers in the eocene, vipers in the miocene, strata. See "Table of Strata," p. 23.

FIG. 9.



TWO CO-ARTICULATED
VERTEBRÆ, FROM THE
BACK OF A SERPENT.

only, or believing that they knew, the Scripture, and "not knowing the Power of God."

This admonition of Christ has been needed in all times, and is particularly applicable to the present time.

The early Christians held that Scripture taught the earth to be the chiefest and hugest mass of created matter ; that it was the centre and sole habitable part of the visible universe ; that it was a plain, bounded by water and cloud.

The Book of Enoch, admitted, by the side of Job, into the canon of the Abyssinian church, shows plainly the literal sense in which the movements, attributed to the sun were then understood. The varying lengths of days are explained by Enoch* on the hypothesis of the sun going forth in the glory of a bridegroom from the different eastern windows of heaven, and returning by different western ones, according to the seasons. The idea of the earth as a plain, squared best with the dearest hope and earnest expectation of the early Fathers and their persecuted converts, looking daily for the coming of the Lord, to judge the dead who should rise and, with the living, stand before his judgment-seat.

Great, therefore, and grievous, was the shock which was felt when geometric reasons for the earth being a ball, and not a plain, began to sway, and to trouble the minds of the more intelligent among the faithful : for, if the earth was globular, one part of its surface might be as fit for life as the opposite ; and how, then, could all men stand before the Judge, "look up and lift up their heads" to Him, if there should be antipodes ? The doctrine of the rotundity of the earth was accordingly denounced as heretical. We read with astonishment the terms in which it was repudiated by some

* "The Book of Enoch the Prophet," translated by the Rev. Professor Richard Laurence, LL.D., Oxford. 8vo. 1821.

of the Fathers of the Church,—as, *e.g.*, by Lactantius,—at the beginning of the fourth century.*

These exemplary and pious men knew not the Power of God: they thought they knew the Scripture, and they greatly erred. The faithful instruments to whom had been committed the task of making known to man the Creative Power as manifested in the shape of the earth, continued their labours, multiplied their demonstrations, until, at length, the learned and intellectual Augustine yielded.† He warned the more zealous and ignorant of his clergy of the danger of the opposition. This roundness of the earth rests on geometrical data; and, as the mind of man has been created to receive and assimilate truth, it cannot resist such demonstrations. Men, therefore, *will believe* that the earth is rotund; and when ye preach it to be flat, and denounce the new doctrine, they will say, ‘If ye know so little of earthly things, how shall we believe you when you tell us of heavenly ones?’

But more remained and much more remains to know. Copernicus published his work, “*De Revolutionibus Orbium Cœlestium*” in 1543—the year of his death. Half a century later, the telescope of Galileo revealed new phenomena confirmatory and unexpectedly elucidatory of the Copernican theory; Jupiter and his revolving moons realized to actual view, in miniature, the heliocentric doctrine at large. The sad story of the philosopher, “seventy years of age, being of sound mind, and on my knees before you,” (I quote from the Inquisitorial Decree,) “abandoning entirely, as justly ordered, the false opinion that the sun is the centre of the world and immovable, that the earth is not the centre, and that it moves, the said doctrine being declared contrary to Holy Writ,” is familiar and trite. But the Dominicans, with unsparing and systematic means

* *Divin. Institut.*, lib. iii., de falsâ Sapient. Philos., c. 24. The inductive philosopher can no longer be confounded with the wrangling sophists condemned by the Apostle, save in the spirit of sophistry.

† “*De Civitate Dei*,” lib. xvi., c. 9.

to suppress the heresy, were less emphatic in denouncing its impiety than was Luther himself, the vehement Father of Reform.

We learn the convictions of his contemporaries on this question from the following passage of Kepler, the predecessor of Newton, and second only to him in the entrusted task of making known to man the Power of his Maker:—"Holy was Lactantius, who denied the earth's rotundity; holy was Augustin, who admitted the earth to be round, but denied its antipodes; sacred is the liturgy of the moderns, who admit the smallness of the earth, but deny its motion: but, to me, more sacred than all is truth." Kepler's "moderns" were the early Reformed Church, which, like every other church of the time, knew not the Power of God as manifested in His Solar System: they all believed they knew the Scriptures, and thus they erred.

It has pleased God that our earth should condense, through its axial rotation, into a spheroid, and that it should not only have the diurnal whirl on its axis, but move in an elliptical orbit about the sun, with other minor conditions of its suspension in space, subject to the universal law of gravitation. I would ask you to reflect upon that property or tendency of the human soul to cleave to truth—to assimilate it, as it were, into the very essence of the intellect, when this has been gifted with the faculties to discern the signs of truth, to search rightly after it, discover and prove it. Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo,—though, in the old man, the flesh was weak before the stake,—knew the certainty of the grounds of their affirmation: then came the crowning demonstrations of Isaac Newton. And a truth has this property, that though it may, and, indeed, as a human possession, must bear but a limited relation to the Infinite Wisdom, yet every successive parcel of knowledge of the Power elucidates and makes more comprehensible and

credible the demonstrated proposition which seemed contrary to the Word.

In regard, for example, to the earth's rotation, the phenomena of the transmission of light from the stars in their apparent position are incompatible with the fixity of the earth. The rays of light take some perceptible time to pass from a star to the earth. The question, therefore, whether the earth be fixed, and the stars move round it from east to west, or whether the earth moves in relation to a fixed star, receives a solution from the now known properties of light, which the Copernicans, or "those few carmen which drove the earth about," as they were contemptuously styled,* were unacquainted with.

Wheatstone's beautiful invention of the revolving mirror, and Foucault's combination of fixed and revolving mirrors, enable us to measure the very velocity of light, and to appreciate it, independently of Bradley's discovery and explanation of the aberration of the stars, which afforded the first visible evidence of the translatory movement of the earth. Astronomical observation thus concurs with the experimental proof of the earth's rotation, in respect to the extraneous evidence thereof afforded by the course of light.

The discovery of the law of gravitation suggested new tests of the shape and motion of the earth. On the hypothesis of the earth's rotation, a place on the equator must move quicker than one at either pole, and heavy bodies should descend with less force at the equator than at the poles. The vibrating pendulum is the instrument by which such force is measurable; and I would recommend you to study the description of the extremely delicate instruments used by Borda and Biot in France, and by Kater, Sabine, and Bayly in England, and their careful and patient methods of experimenting, in order to appreciate the psychological

* Even by Bacon, Discourse "In Praise of Knowledge."

nature of the men whom their Maker has endowed with faculties to make known His Power.

Again, Newton suggests that a demonstration of the earth's diurnal motion could be furnished, if a ball truly turned and carefully dropped from a height should be found not to fall exactly in the perpendicular, but to deviate toward the east. The degree of deviation was calculated, and the theory and the experiment coincided.

Many of you may remember the excitement attending the repetition of those experiments of Foucault, in which the earth's rotation was made visible to the eye by the change of the plane of oscillation of the pendulum.

That beautiful instrument, the gyroscope, yields another striking experimental proof of the earth's rotation, founded upon the fixity of the plane of rotation of a body suspended freely and revolving about one of its principal axes.

Thus have been established, with a degree of certitude the greatest that the mind of man can rest on, three properties of his dwelling-place,—to wit, its shape, its size actually and in respect of neighbouring orbs, and its motions.

Nearer our time, and proved by a like variety of adequate demonstrations, has been vouchsafed to us a knowledge of the age of the earth,—the certainty, at least, that the date of some six thousand years, assigned to it in some theologies, is inadequate to the work which has been performed on it ; and to those to whom a knowledge has been most clearly vouchsafed of the nature of the Divine operations in the preparation and peopling of the dry land, that date is utterly—nay, absurdly inadequate.

The investigations of the various strata, of their composition, of their respective order and mode of formation, and, above all, of the evidences of life which they include, concurrently demonstrate that the globe allotted to man has revolved in its orbit, attended by its moon, through a period

of time so vast, that the mind strains to realize such period by an effort like that by which it strives to conceive the space dividing the solar system from the most distant nebulae. The facts so recognized teach, that from the remote period of the deposition of the Cambrian rocks, the earth has been vivified by the sun's light and heat, has been fertilized by refreshing showers and washed by tidal waves; that the ocean not only moved in orderly oscillations, regulated, as now, by sun and moon, but was rippled and agitated by winds and storms: that the atmosphere, besides these movements, was healthily influenced by clouds and vapours, rising, condensing, and falling in ceaseless circulation.

With such conditions of life, observation of the relics of living beings teaches that life has been enjoyed during the same countless thousands of years; and that with life, from its beginning, has been death. The earliest testimony of the living thing, whether coral, crust, or shell, in the oldest fossiliferous rock, is, at the same time, proof that it died. At no period has the gift of life been monopolized by contemporary individuals through a stagnant sameness of untold time; but life has been handed down from generation to generation, and successively enjoyed by the passing multitudes that constitute the species. And not only the individual, but the species goes; and, just as death is met by birth, so extinction has been balanced by creation,—*i.e.*, by a concomitant and continuous operation of Creative Power, which has produced a succession of species; and, furthermore, that in this succession there has been “an advance and progress in the main.” So true is that text of Christ—“*Pater meus usque modo operatur, et ego operor.*” (John v. 17.) “My Father worketh hitherto (*ἄχρι, usque modo*, to this time), and I work.” We discern no evidence of pause or intermission in the creation or coming to be of new species of plants and animals.



*Table of Strata and Order of Appearance
of Animal Life upon the Earth.*

| TERTIARY or NEOZOIC | | SECONDARY or MEZOZOIC | | PRIMARY or PALEOZOIC | |
|--|-------------|--|--|--|---|
| Tertiary. Shell Marl. Glacial Drift. Trock Earth. | Bone-Caves. | Maestricht. Upper Chalk. Lower Chalk. Upper Greensand. Lower Greensand. | Cretaceous | Marl-Sand. Magnesian Limestone. L. New Red Sandstone. | Permian |
| Norwich Red Coralline | Crag. | Weald Clay. Hastings Sand. Purbeck Beds. | Wealden | Coal-Measures. Mountain Limestone. Carboniferous Slate. | Carbo-niferous |
| Faluns. Molasse. | | U. | M. Oolite | U. Old Red Sandstone, Caithness Flags. L. Old Red Sandstone. | Devonian |
| Gyps. London Plastic | Eocene | Kimmeridgian, Oxfordian, Kellovian. Forest Marble Bath-Stone. Stonesfield Slate. Great Oolite. Lias. Bone Bed. | U. M. L. | Ludlow | Silurian |
| | | Miocene Pliocene Pleistocene | Ruminantia. Quadrumania Proboscidea. Rodentia. | Marsupials. Ichthyopterygia. | Wenlock. Caradoc. Lindale. Lingula Flags |
| | | Ungulata. Carnivora. Ophidia. | MAMMALIA | | |
| | | Cycloid. } FISHES. Mosasaurus Ctenoid } Polyptychodon. (Bird, by Bones. Proœlian Crocodilia. | Amphibolitan Cycostellin. Pterosauria. Heteroceræal Fishes. Cephalopods 2-gilled. | | |
| | | | AVES, by Foot-prints. Sauropterygia. Labyrinthontia. | | |
| | | | Crustacea 10-poda | | |
| | | | REPTILIA ganoceph. (Insecta. | | |
| | | | Isopoda. | | |
| | | | PISCES { ganoid. placo-ganoid. placoid. | | |
| | | | Heteroceræal. | | |
| | | | Fucoids. Zoophytes. | | |

Birds and Mammals

Reptiles.

Fishes.

Invertebrates.

• Taken, by permission of the publishers, from Owen's "Palæontology," Svo. A. and C. Black, Edinburgh.

Such is the sum or condensed expression of exact and oft-repeated observations by adequately gifted seers, working diligently and patiently for the truth, in this field of the Divine operations ; and not in one country only, but in all the chief parts of the world.

It is not the fruit of mere speculation ; no mazy web spun by a busy, teeming brain, out of some one ill-comprehended fact or mistaken statement of phenomena, like a Whiston's or a Burnet's "Theoria Sacra Telluris : " it is the result of concurrent testimonies of keen surveyors of the terrestrial operations of that Power, to whom the surveyors themselves, their powers, periods, and opportunities of surveying, and of truly reporting their surveys, are alike due.

The knowledge so gained of the age of our globe parallels in importance that of its shape, its size, and its motions. The contrast between such knowledge and the belief of Lactantius and Luther on these latter terrestrial properties is as great as that between their idea of the time of the world's creation and the certitude on this point possessed by the geological interpreters of the Creative Power with gifts akin to those of Copernicus, Galileo, and Kepler.

I may say that between the conception of past time which a knowledge of God's operations therein on our earth imparts, and the dates of the beginning of those operations in the Jewish (A.M. 5623) and Romish (A.M. 5869) calendars for the present year, the difference is as great as between the astronomers' conception of the sky, and the notion of those men of Shinar who thought to reach the azure dome by building high enough their Tower of Babel !

As the discoveries of the geometer have expanded our views of space, so those of the geologist have of time.

The vista of the theatres of life through long ages past ; the successive series of plants and animals—vital wave

following vital wave,—of forms all strange to present time, but constituting gradational and correlative groups in their own time; the evidences of the share which vitality has taken in forming the crust of the earth; to know, to try to realize the fact, that every bit of coal once moved as sap in the vessels of a plant, and that each cliff and “bushless down” of chalk, and every quarry of limestone and marble, once circulated in the vascular system of an animal;—what can surpass such views of the Creative Power, or more inspire due reverence for the Wielder! They are as impressive as the views that meet the instructed eyes of him who passes in gaze from planets to fixed stars of varying magnitude, and with the telescope divides the reciprocally revolving pair of suns which distance blends together, and resolves the nebulous cluster of remoter orbs!

Did time permit, I could open out to you another field of the Power of God, as manifested in the Law of the Geographical Distribution of Plants and Animals, and show you how the peculiar life-forms, for example, which now respectively characterize South America, Anstralia, and New Zealand are closely allied to or identical with the forms represented by fossils that characterized those parts of dry land before Niagara began to cut back its channel in the platform of rock over the face of which, when uplifted 50,000 years ago, it first began to fall; and such knowledge is incompatible with the notion of the divergence of all existing, air-breathing, or drownable animal species from one Asiatic centre within a period of 4,000 years.

But to how many in this Hall might such bodies of fact and inference be distasteful,—such enlargement of their knowledge of the Power unwelcome? May I suppose that there are any here who would arrest the course of Science if they could—would gladly fetter its diffusion? If so, gentlemen, consider, that such state of mind and feeling, so far as it can

have truly, may be added to those other "obstacles to Progress" in which the noble Earl, now guiding the Foreign Affairs of this country eloquently addressed you in the Parliamentary Discourse of 1837. "Lord Russell then told you — 'Some there are who shut their eyes to the truth, lest it should appear another they deem more sacred. But the truth can no more quench another truth, than the sunbeam can quench another sunbeam. Truth is one, as God is one.'"

I would add that, of two plainly contradictory propositions, one only can be true; they cannot be harmonized. The attempts at reconciliation cannot be made without detriment to the moral sense and nature of him who sees about a world, advances more than to the special pleading of the scribe, than to the unobtrusive, trustful simplicity of the disciple of Christ.

I would then believe that there are not among the representatives of the Christian world whom I am now honoured to address, any of whom the expostitions of the Power teaching the world's vast age, the co-existence and simultaneity of death with life, the unbroken course of creative acts, may be indifferent; who look with suspicious dislike, or incredulity upon the evidences, reasonings, proofs of Geology, Palæontology, Geographical Zoology, who have ears to hear and will not listen, who have eyes to see and will not behold. But if such there be, let me remind them that their mental condition is the same as that of the fervent Christians when the discoveries of the shape, the motions, and essential relations of our small planet were first proclaimed. They know not, so they refuse to receive, the later evidences of the Power of God: they think they know the Scriptures, and they do err.

* "The Obstacles which have retarded Moral and Political Progress." A Lecture by the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M.P. 1837, p. 25.

When listening to a pastor, teaching, *e.g.*, from the texts, "Since by Man came death,"* or "As in Adam all die,"† that the physical death of all the lower creation—beasts, polypes, plants—was the consequence of the "fall," it has seemed to me that the preacher was holding the same carnal view of the "death" of which the Apostle wrote, and did the Rabbi of the "birth" of which Christ spake, when the "master of Israel" was privileged to hear from a greater Master the condition of entering the kingdom of heaven. "How can a man be born again?" asked Nicodemus; "can he enter a second time into his mother's womb?"

We know that the birth unto righteousness is a spiritual birth; and may not, must not, the death unto sin relate to that principle which alone can sin?

Yet even Milton,‡ with most of the theologians of his age,§ took the carnal view. They accepted the text as to the date and cause of the death of the lower creatures in a literal sense: they thought they knew the Scripture; they knew not the Power of God as it is now made known, and they erred.

May we not discern, I would ask, the hand of Providence in the successive floods of light thrown upon the operations of which this earth has been the seat?

A Copernicus, a Newton, a Cuvier,—is not an accident. Ought we not to acknowledge a gracious purpose in the

* 1 Cor. xv. 21.

† 1 Cor. xv. 22.

‡ "A Treatise on the Christian Doctrine," &c., translated by Charles R. Sumner, M.A. (now Lord Bishop of Winchester.) 4to. 1825. "All nature is likewise subject to mortality and a curse on account of man."—P. 278.

"Even the beasts are not exempt. The bodily death originated in sin, and not in nature."—P. 279.

§ See, however, CURCELLÆUS, Inst. III., 13-21, maintaining that temporal death is the result of natural causes, and that eternal death alone is due to sin.—Sumner's Note, p. 279.

making known according to the ways, and by the instruments He now chooses, so much of His Power as may be elucidated by interpreters of the records in the stony rocks?

Call to mind the speculations in which some good men have indulged and gone astray on prelapsarian paradisaical conditions; such as, "the lion lying down with the lamb," and even being of like peaceful herbivorous habits. Hear the truth! Not only has death ever followed life in pre-Adamic plant and beast, but also, and commonly, death by violence. Of old, and æons ere so high a creature as man trod the earth, it was a scene of conflict and carnage. The evidence abounds of mutilation and wounds, and the healing of wounds and fractures, in the old fossil animals.

For the variety, the beauty, the polish, the sharpness, the strength, the barbed perfection, the effectiveness in every way, of lethal weapons, no armoury can compete with that of the fossil world.

Nor are the instruments of defence less remarkable: the spines of thousands of the more peaceful fishes that were the prey of the fiercer sorts—both alike extinct,—these ichthyodolulites, as they are termed, alone require a book for themselves for adequate illustration in our Palæontological records.

Here, therefore, we see again how needful it is, for the avoidance of error, that a knowledge of the Power should be combined with the study of the Scripture.

Not but that, for all that is essential to the right life here and the life to come, Scripture alone sufficeth: the eternal truths are plainly told. Christ condescends to the humblest intellect; the ploughman may understand that which will make him wise unto salvation as clearly as the philosopher.

It is the human element mingling with the Divine, or meddling with it, which the discoveries of science expose;

it is the fence set up about some narrow and exclusive view which they break down.

Beware, therefore, of logically precise and definite theologies, accounting, from their point of view, for all things and cases natural and preternatural, claiming to be final and all-sufficient.

“Systems of Doctrine,” “Schemes of Christianity,” “Dogmatic Formularies,” are of human fabrication, the works of man’s brain, of which he is as proud and jealous as of the works of his hands. They, forsooth, must not be meddled with; any ray of light exposing a hole or a bad joint in them must be shut out,—the light-bringer, perhaps, anathematized: they must be the exception to the common lot awaiting all mortal constructions!

Beware, also, of theological terms ending in “ist” and “ism:” for the most part, they indicate a lack of Christian charity in the more ignorant of two insufficiently informed disputants, who, under a disability to meet an argument, explain away a fact, or reconcile opposite propositions, flings at his opponent some hard word so terminated.

Search the Scriptures with a mind as free from preconception as may be possible to a finite and imperfect nature,—free, especially, from any system which may have been built up by the wit or wish of man through selection or adjustment of the Divine utterances. Emancipate yourselves from notions of textual meanings which may have been early impressed upon your plastic understanding; clear away the film or medium which has been systematically screwed upon your mind’s eye by your early teacher, with best intentions and in best faith, whether Anglican or Athanasian, Lutheran, Wesleyan, Presbyterian, &c. As much as may be, become again “as little children,” in seeking guidance from Holy Writ. Above all, square your actions by Christian ethics; and be assured that, as you do so, the essential truths

will become plainer to your intellect ; for “ He that doeth of the will shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God.”

And now it only remains to me to add, that the main practical aim I have had in view in accepting and working out my present task, has been to recall to my fellow-Christians some of the experience of the past,—to entreat them to be guided thereby—to put more faith in, or at least to exercise more forbearance towards, those who, entrusted with the talent of discovery, labour under the sense of responsibility for its use.

Has aught that is essentially Christian suffered—have its truths ceased to spread and be operative in mankind,—since physical doctrines, supposed or “declared contrary to Holy Writ,” have been established? Cease, then, to take alarm at each new ray of light that dawns upon a field of the Divine Power, till now dark to our comprehension : for, be assured, there remain many others yet to be illuminated by His predestined instruments. The light, bright as it is, contrasted with the darkness it has dispersed, penetrates but a short way into the illimitable theatre of the operations of Infinite Power. The known is very small compared with the knowable.

Allay, then, your fears, and trust in the Author of all truth, who has decreed that it shall never perish ; who has given to man a power to acquire that most precious of his possessions, with an intellectual nature that will ultimately rest upon due demonstrative evidence.

Edward Irving.

A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. WILLIAM LANDELS,

OF REGENT'S PARK CHAPEL.

EDWARD IRVING.

IRVING's biographer, to whom the Lecturer is indebted for nearly all that he knows of Irving, inscribes her book "*to all* who love his memory : which she has found, by much experiment, to mean all who ever knew him." In her preface she says, "I hoped to get personal consolation amid heavy troubles out of a life so full of great love, faith, and sorrow ; and I have found this life so much more lofty, pure, and true than my imagination, that the picture unfolding under my hands, has often made me pause to think how such a painter as the Blessed Angelico took the attitude of devotion at his labour, and painted such saints on his knees."

A witness of a different stamp, his early friend, Thomas Carlyle—not likely to overpraise a man from whom on matters of religion he differs so widely,—speaks of him in terms no less laudatory ; as "One of the noblest natures."—"The large heart with its large bounty, where wretchedness found solacement, and they that were wandering in darkness the light as of a home."—"He was so loving, full of hope, so simple-hearted, and made all that approached

him his."—"Chivalry, adventurous field life of the old Border, and a far nobler sort than that, ran in his blood."—"A genuine man, sent into this our *ungenuine* phantasmagory of a world."—"The Messenger of Truth, in the Age of Shams."—"But for Irving, I had never known what the communion of man with man means. His was the freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul mine ever came in contact with: I call him, on the whole, the best man I have ever, after trial enough, found in this world, or now hope to find."

In full sympathy with these utterances, I call your attention to the life of Edward Irving. The impression I have formed of his character renders me confident that you cannot fail to profit by an hour's contact with the morally-bracing influences with which it is fraught. My reverence for him is such as no words can express—a reverence which is closely akin to worship. I cannot think of some of the more touching incidents in his grandly heroic life without feelings being awakened which make the eye moisten, and the lip quiver, and the voice falter, and thrill my whole being as only those which are excited by the sweetest strains of music or the grandest objects in nature can. Littleness is rebuked, and the finer feelings of the soul are quickened and strengthened, as we contemplate such lofty excellence.

That he was not without faults, it were easy to show; yet it is not my purpose to expatiate on them here. They are not of a nature against which you need much to be cautioned. They are faults of which only the noblest are capable. They are better almost than many people's virtues; at all events, they imply the possession of virtues of which but few can boast. And as not many of my hearers are likely to pursue Irving's course or to repeat his mistakes, I do not think it necessary to moralize on the specks which mar

a truly illustrious character ; but shall rather dwell on those more prominent and essential features, the contemplation of which will make your spiritual pulse beat quicker, and counteract the detoning and deteriorating influences with which you are surrounded.

It is a common thing for literary men to speak depreciatingly of his intellectual powers. And I suppose even his greatest admirers will admit that these were not his most distinguishing qualities. Morally and spiritually he was greater than he was mentally. It were easy to find men who equalled or surpassed him in breadth of intellect, in penetrating insight, and especially in soundness of judgment,—not many who approached to his lofty spiritual attitude. For some qualities he is almost unequalled, in modern times. For the union of gentleness with strength—of childlike simplicity and womanly tenderness with great capacity and high-souled courage, I know not where to look for his superior since the days of the Apostle Paul.

Even his intellectual powers were of no common type. They appear to many less than they really were, because of the other qualities which overshadow them. His writings appear less intellectual, from being so full of heart. The quantity of thought is concealed by the exuberance of feeling, or by the gorgeous and sometimes fantastic drapery in which it is clothed. The soundness of his reasoning is less apparent, because of the impassioned fervour with which he pursues his argument, and the brilliant colours with which his imagination invests it. The latter faculty, it must be confessed, sometimes masters the judgment, and the heart proves too large for the head. Nevertheless, there is evidence enough that his intellect was of a very high order, and that the powerful impression he produced was owing not alone to his striking appearance and magnificent voice, nor yet to his intense earnestness, but also to his extraordinary mental

powers. Intellectually considered, he did great things; and had he made it his ambition, he might have done greater still. For his writings, it should be borne in mind, were hurriedly produced, in the brief intervals that could be snatched from the pressing duties of a London pulpit and pastorate, and the manifold public engagements of the most popular preacher of the day. They were not elaborated as literary compositions, their periods nicely balanced, and every excrescence carefully pruned, as is the case with the productions of certain authors who seem to have written for no other purpose than to produce a pretty performance which means little, and aims at less, as if sentence-making were the highest function of the literary man. They were not designed to display his intellectual powers, or show what he was capable of producing, but to enforce some neglected duty or inculcate some forgotten truth; and whatsoever of literary excellence they contain was but the spontaneous and graceful movement of a soul that thought not of how it moved, but of how to reach its end. But, withal, they contain passages which are worthy of a high place among the foremost of our English classics. You have nothing in them of the Macaulay strut, nor of the stately and ponderous Johnsonian antithesis; but the free rush of a mind more fertile and forcible than either, now rising to an almost Miltonic grandeur of conception, and expressing itself in sentences which remind you of his "linked sweetness long drawn out," and now breathing out strains of tenderness such as neither Dickens nor Goldsmith could surpass. Some of his writings remind me of an organ or an oratorio, with their stately movement, their crashing bursts of sound, sonorous as thunder-peals, and their gentle warblings, soft and tender as the cooing of a dove for its mate. He can stir the soul as with the sound of a trumpet by his fervid appeals; overwhelm it with awe by his terrible descriptions and denunciations; and his gentle pleadings, by

their winning tenderness, melt it into tears. Altogether he is a magnificent man. I have thought of him lately, when wandering among the high Alps, gazing on their splintered or snow-crowned peaks, reaching far up into the clear blue of heaven ; thunder-clouds mantling their shoulders ; flanked by their rocky buttresses ; their slopes covered with pines and verdure ; streams issuing from their heart and leaping down their sides like things of life, then flowing along in the forest's shade, or flashing in the sunshine ; flowers, and corn-fields, and sweet-scented meadows fringing their base ; the whole presenting a wonderful combination of beauty and grandeur, and furnishing a noble monument to the power and glory of the Creator. Not unfitly do such mountains represent the man. As they are depreciated by those whose eye has not been trained to measure their height—as the Utilitarian undervalues, because he cannot map them out, or take stock of them ; so is Irving depreciated by those who have no soul to admire or recognize the sublimity of his character—misunderstood by the merely critical, whose line and plummet are inapplicable to his case. But, as in the mountains, you may see in him sublime heights that make him tower above his fellows, and stretch away into the clear light of heaven ; frowns and flashes of anger when he comes in contact with wrong, like the thunder-storms that settle on their shoulders ; strength of intellect and purpose comparable to those ribs of rocks ; a luxuriant imagination, clothing his thoughts in graceful or fantastic forms, like the pines that crown their slopes ; gushing streams of tenderness ever issuing from the heart of him, and flowing on in words of cheer for mourners, in pity for the erring, in tears for the distressed, and in sympathy for all ; while the everyday life of the man is so adorned with beautiful acts, so full of usefulness and blessing to his fellows, that you naturally associate it with those garlands of flowers, those smiling corn-fields

and fragrant meadows, that skirt the mountain base. Again I say, a magnificent man! Not without his faults: an impracticable man, an enthusiast—a harebrained fanatic, to the small-minded and prudent worldling,—difficult to manage as an Alp is difficult to scale; but, withal, great, lofty, strong, useful, and beautiful as one of those magnificent monuments of nature.

His personal appearance was singularly grand and impressive, such as “gave the world assurance of a man.” “He is indeed,” says a writer of the time, “one of whom a casual observer would say, as he passed him in the street, ‘There goes an extraordinary man.’” More than six feet in height, and well proportioned; a large, noble head, covered with long raven hair that flowed in wavy lines down to his shoulders; “a forehead broad, deep, expansive; thick black, projecting eyebrows, overhanging dark, deep-set, penetrating eyes,”—a twist in one of them, which detracted from the symmetrical beauty, but rather added to the impressiveness of his appearance. Such a *physique*, as you can see, betokened great quantity of being; and there were not wanting signs that the quality was equal to the quantity. “His countenance was exceedingly picturesque; “his mouth beautifully formed, and exceedingly expressive of eloquence;” “his every feature impressed with the characters of overpowering intellect and unconquerable courage.” No huge piece of flabby humanity was he, but a large quantity of Nature’s finest material, cast in one of her noblest moulds; a man who, whatever might have been his calling, would have distinguished himself therein, and, in so far as its limits allowed, have performed a splendid part. “Had he turned his thoughts,” says Gilfillan, “to the tuneful art, he had written rugged and fervid verse, containing much of Milton’s grandeur, and much of Wordsworth’s oracular simplicity.

Had he snatched the pencil, he would have wielded it with the savage force of Salvator Rosa; and his conceptions would have partaken now of Blake's fantastic quaintness, and now of Martin's gigantic monotony. Had he lived in the age of chivalry, he would have stood in glorious and well-foughten field with Cœur-de-Lion himself, and died in the steel harness right gallantly. As it was, he chose the calling of the Christian minister; and fashionable as it has been for godless witlings to laugh at his eccentricities, and for Christian men to lament his errors and moralize over what they term his fall, he performed his duties, as I believe you will acknowledge ere I have done, as faithfully, and spent his short life to as good purpose, as any other preacher of his time.

He seems to have come from a goodly stock. On his father's side he was descended from a family of Albigenses or Huguenots who sought refuge in Scotland from the persecutions of the Papacy. As for his mother, she seems to have been just such a woman as might have been expected to rear such a son. Added to the training which he would receive from such parents, the very place of his birth and upbringing was favourable to early religious impression. The town of Annan stands on the border of that Western district which has been immortalized by the struggles and sufferings of the Covenanters. The grey hills that stretch away some distance to the eastward had resounded with their psalms of praise; the turf had been crimsoned with their blood. Not far off, the sea-beach had been the scene of heroic martyrdoms, as when Margaret Wilson was tied to a stake there, at low water, and sang hymns in presence of her murderers till drowned by the rising tide. The memory of their deeds was sacredly cherished by the people of the neighbourhood; and by the fireside on long winter evenings,

and in country walks on longer summer days, wonderful or touching tales were poured into the listening ear of childhood. Many a spot was rendered sacred by some tragic or heroic incident; and the very air of the locality seemed charged with the spirit of the earlier time. On an imaginative and susceptible mind like Irving's, such things could not fail to exert an influence; and both his writings and his life give indications of how much they helped to mould the future man.

There is no evidence that he was a precocious child, either intellectually or spiritually. I find in him no premature gravity—none of that morbid piety which we have sometimes seen in children who shrink from play and from laughter, pale and sigh unnaturally, as if melancholy were religion,—a sign rather of disease in the intellect than of grace in the heart. Irving, I should rather say, was a genial, high-minded, right-principled boy, full of life, not averse to fun and frolic, as becomes a healthy child. When a boy, he seems to have been more fond of running and leaping than of poring over books and slates. And, though at college he acquitted himself creditably, there was nothing very remarkable about him in any way. He was, like many another youth who had received a godly upbringing, only distinguished from them by his larger capacity, his greater abundance of life—his “joy, health, and hopefulness,” which “without end looked out from the blooming young man.” He was free from the vices to which college youths are prone. He had a lofty sense of wrong, a disregard for hollow conventionalisms, a capacity for flashing anger and honest indignation combined with great tenderness of spirit, lofty dreams and purposes—all of them qualities which, perhaps, we should attribute more to nature than to grace, but all showing what, under the influence of grace, he might

yet become. He passed respectably through his theological studies, and was ordained as a probationer of the Church of Scotland. The germs of religious life were in him, and had been partially developed, though it was not until influenced by the discipline and work of his later years that, under the power of the Divine Spirit, they struck their root so deep into his soul, and soared to such sublime height.

Irving's great and good qualities, like those of many others, were long in being appreciated. It was not until years after his probation that he found a sphere in which to exercise his ministry; and then his first call came, not from a congregation, but from another minister who desired an assistant. Probably, his preaching was too much above the ordinary run of congregations to be either appreciated or understood. He had too much grandeur, was the complaint made of him once. And though the objection seems trivial, you can easily see that it might operate very forcibly. People do not like to be lifted very much above themselves. The process, though pleasant, is fatiguing; and to those who are content with the level they have already reached, it is never welcome. They like much better to hear a man who brings down his utterances so that they can comprehend them without effort, and while they sit at ease in their pews, than one whom they cannot understand without a close and strained attention; and they very soon become impatient with any one whose lofty flights bear him now and again beyond the range of their vision. Moreover, Irving's chivalrous style of Christianity was not likely to commend itself to those who were content with the humdrum routine of ordinary religious life, and who thought religion enough to carry them to heaven was all they need aspire after. Such men would hardly listen with pleasure to a man who

saw nothing worth living for except to make a demonstration in favour of a higher style of Christianity. The result was, that no church would tolerate his preaching; and, as a means of earning a livelihood, he had to become teacher of a day-school in Kirkcaldy, where he did his work diligently and faithfully, though all the while conscious of his fitness for and sighing after a higher sphere.

In 1819 he received an invitation to become assistant to Dr. Chalmers, who was then busily carrying out his great "social science" experiment among the poor of St. John's parish, Glasgow, as well as attracting crowds of her opulent citizens to listen to his brilliant and glowing exhibitions of the gospel of Christ. He told Chalmers that "if the people bore with his preaching, they would be the first who had borne with it." In this spirit, with the unconscious humility of a child, sorry not to satisfy his judges, but confessing the failure which he could scarcely understand, he preached his first sermon to the fastidious congregation of St. John's. He was tolerated — scarcely more — and that chiefly because the Doctor had chosen him. The man must be something, they thought, on whom his choice fell; and they listened to him in a sort of condescending, patronizing way, on that account; that is to say, some of them did. Others he would sometimes meet leaving the church when they knew he was to preach, saying, as they left, "It's no himsel' the day." Still, he laboured there, free from all jealousy, envying not the superior popularity of the master who was then in the zenith of his power and fame, and in whose shadow he had to walk. Gradually he became appreciated by the superior spirits of the congregation, and, though not understood, greatly beloved by many of the others, because of the brotherly manner in which,

in his visitations, he entered into their sorrows and their joys.

His manner of going out and in among them was something altogether new. Even Chalmers did not move about among them with such apostolic dignity and lofty saintliness, yet with such a true brotherly sympathy. He practised the custom, which he ever afterwards observed, of greeting each house he entered with the apostolic salutation, "Peace be to this house," and would lay his hands on the children's heads and say, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee." It was an unusual thing, and they wondered at it; but no one thought it unbecoming in him. As his great head towered above the heads of his fellows, so his soul was evidently of a nobler type, and moved in a loftier sphere. And his affectionate manner was quite in keeping with the apostolic spirit in which his work was done. There is rather an amusing story, showing how childlike and truly human he was, which, though it has nothing to do with his ministerial work, as it is characteristic of him, I shall venture to relate. "On one occasion, he is reported to have been on his way to some Presbytery-meeting in the country—probably some ordination or settlement which attracted his interest, though not a member of the court. The ministers of the Presbytery were to be conveyed in carriages to the scene of action; but Irving, who was only a spectator or supernumerary, set off on foot, according to his usual custom. The 'brethren' in their carriages came up to him on the way—came up, at least, to a tall, remarkable figure, which would have been undeniably that of Dr. C.'s helper, but that it bore a pedlar's pack upon its stalwart shouldress, and was accompanied side by side by the fatigued proprietor of the same. To the laughter and jokes of the brethren, Irving presented a rather affronted and indignant aspect. He could see no occasion for either

laughter or remark. The pedlar was a poor Irishman, worn out with his burden. 'His countrymen were kind to me,' said the offended probationer, recalling those days when, sick at heart, he plunged into the Ulster cabins and got some comfort out of his wanderings. He carried the pack steadily till the poor owner was rested and ready to resume it, and thought it only natural." It was a strange thing to do, no doubt; but, simply and unostentatiously as it was done, from no motive but the promptings of a kind heart, it was a truly noble thing. Ministers careful of their dignity would, of course, shrink from such a thing; but Irving thought not of dignity. His was the true dignity which could not be compromised by an act of genuine kindness, even though it assumed an unconventional form—the dignity which scorns only meanness and wrong. He had learned the lesson and imbibed something of its spirit. "He that is greatest among you, let him be your servant." Of this lesson that act of kindness was a true embodiment; and I hope I need not say to you how much greater it is when looked at in the true light, than the pride which would have passed by without noticing the poor burdened wayfarer, feeling no generous impulse, or fearing to act on it lest conventional propriety should be violated. The Christlike spirit which recognized a brother-man in the poor pedlar, and took upon its shoulders the burden of the weak, and suited its pace to the weary feet, and disdained not to be seen walking and conversing with the humble companion—how infinitely superior to the spirit of worldly propriety which would have been afraid to help or even to speak to him, lest the world should laugh and jeer! For that one act, for the character it reveals, I love and honour Irving—the great childlike soul. The man who could do that might make mistakes, but he would never stoop to meanness, or selfishness, or deceit. Such self-forgetfulness—such true and spontaneous brotherliness—marks

him out to me as being morally as well as intellectually one of the true aristocracy of the race.

It was in this spirit that his ministerial work was done. A poor belated infidel shoemaker would neither suffer his wife to attend the Church nor his children the Sunday-school—and of course, would not attend himself. When Irving visited his house, he used to keep on at his work, refusing to look up, answering with a bluntness of his salutations and inquiries: while his wife dropped a half-respectful, half-deprecating murmur in the foreground. Irving taking up a piece of leather, one day, drew him into a conversation on that article, displaying such acquaintance with it that the poor shoemaker looked up, and finally exclaimed, "O, you're a decent kind of fellow, do you preach?" On the following Sunday he was at church. Next day Irving met him in one of the lowest streets of the city, and hailed him as a friend. Laying his hand on the dirty shirt-sleeve of the little shrivelled shoemaker, he walked by his side and talked with him till they reached the point at which their roads diverged. The poor shoemaker was completely vanquished by the time they parted. The children were sent to school—his wife allowed to go to church. He himself appeared there in a new Sunday suit of black, was ever after a regular attendant and a respectable member of society: while, with true Scottish reverence, he attributed the change to Irving's good sense as evinced in his knowledge of leather. "He's a sensible man, you'll say he" "he knows about leather."

This is but a fair specimen of the way in which Irving managed to gain their hearts. His pleasure in and the effects produced by these humble though glorious and Christlike ministrations, he has well described in his farewell sermon. "Oh, how my heart rejoices to recur to the hours I have spent under the roofs of the people, and been made a partaker of

their confidence, and a witness of the hardships they had to endure! In the scantiest and, perhaps, worst times with which this manufacturing city hath ever been pressed, it was my almost daily habit to make a round of their families, and uphold, what in me lay, the declining cause of God. There have I sitten, with little silver or gold of my own to bestow, with little command over the charity of others, and heard the various narratives of hardship—narratives uttered for the most part with modesty and patience, oftener drawn forth with difficulty than obtruded on your ear; their wants, their misfortunes, their ill-requited labour; their hopes vanishing; their families dispersing in search of better habitations; the Scottish economy of their homes giving way before encroaching necessity; debt, rather than saving, their condition; bread and water their scanty fare; hard and ungrateful labour the portion of their house. All this have I often seen and listened to within naked walls; the witness, oft the partaker, of their miserable cheer; with little or no means to relieve. Yet be it known, to the glory of God, and the credit of the poor, and the encouragement of tender-hearted Christians, that such application to the heart's ailments is there in our religion, and such a hold in its promises, and such a pith of endurance in its noble examples, that when set forth by one inexperienced tongue, with soft words and kindly tones, it did never fail to drain the heart of the sourness that calamity engenders, and sweeten it with the balm of resignation—often enlarge it with cheerful hope, sometimes swell it high with the rejoicings of a Christian triumph. The manly tear which I have seen start into the eye of many an aged sire, whose wrinkled brow and lyart locks deserved a better fate, as he looked to the fell conclusion of an ill-divided house, an ill-educated family, and a declining religion, which hemmed him in at a time when his hand was growing feeble for work, and the twilight of age setting in

upon his soul,—that tear is dearer to my remembrance than the tear of sentiment that swims in the eye of beauty at a tale of distress—yea, it is dear as the tear of liberty which the patriot sheds over his fallen country. And the blessings of the aged widow, bereft of her children, and sitting in her lonely cabin, the live-long day, at her humble occupation—her blessings, when my form darkening her threshold drew her eye—the story of her youth, of her husband, of her family, wed away from her presence—her patient trust in God, and holy faith in Christ—with the deep response of her sighs, when I sought God's blessing upon the widow's cruse and the widow's barrel, and that He would be the husband of her widowhood, and the father of her children in their several habitations;—these so oft my engagements, shall be *hallowed tokens for memory to flee to, and sacred material, for fancy to work with*, while the heart doth beat within my breast. God alone doth know my destiny; but though it were to minister in the halls of nobles, and the courts and palaces of kings, He can never find for me more natural welcome, more kindly entertainment, and more refined enjoyment, than He hath honoured me with in this suburb parish of a manufacturing city. My theology was never at fault around the firesides of the poor, my manner never misinterpreted, my good intentions never mistaken. Churchmen and Dissenters, Catholics and Protestants, received me with equal graciousness. Here was the popularity worth the having—whose evidences are not in noise, ostentation, and numbers,—but in the heart opened and disburdened, in the cordial welcome of your poorest exhortations, in the spirit blessed by your most unworthy prayer—in the flowing tear, the confided secret, the parting grasp, and the long, long entreaty to return. Of this popularity *I am* covetous, and God in His goodness hath granted it in abundance, with which I desire to be content. They who will visit the poor

shall find the poor worthy to be visited—they who will take an interest, not as patrons, but as fellow-men, in the condition of the poor, shall not only confer, but inherit, a blessing. 'Tis the finest office of religion to visit the widows, and the fatherless, and those who have no helper—so secret, so modest, so tender-hearted; most like it is to God's providence itself, so noiseless and unseen, and effectual. . . . Would that in this age, when our clergy and our laity are ever and anon assembling in public to take measures for the moral and religious welfare of men, they were found as diligently occupying this more retired, more scriptural, and more natural region! Would they were as instant for the poor, the irreligious, the unprotected of their several parishes and several neighbourhoods, as they are for the tribes whose dwellings are remote, and whose tongue is strange!"

But, much as Irving loved his work there, it was not likely that, with his naturally aspiring soul, he could long be content to fill a position so subordinate. He was but the servant of another man, assisting to carry out the plans which that other had conceived and arranged—supplementing, so to speak, his efforts in the work which he had chalked out for himself. And though that other was perhaps the largest-hearted man in Scotland, after himself, and would interfere as little with Irving as under the circumstances any one would or could do, and though Irving freely and honestly expressed his gratitude for having been brought into association and honoured with the confidence and friendship of such a man, it is manifest that a mind of such large conception and original design must have felt uneasy under the trammels which his position involved, and longed for a sphere where, according to his own high ideal, and giving unrestricted scope to the ardour of his nature, without consulting the wishes or being hampered by the respect due to

another, he could freely engage in the work to which he was called.

At this time, when nature was protesting against the restraint laid upon it, and the ardent soul was panting for freer utterance, and advancing life told him it was time he should be doing his own work, and not another's, he received an invitation to a negro congregation in Jamaica, and had serious thoughts of accepting it. Dissuaded from this, his thoughts reverted, as they had done three years before, to missionary work of another kind. He thought of going forth as the free, devoted missionary whom he afterwards sketched in the sermon before the London Missionary Society—unsupported by committee funds, and unrestricted by committee interference—a servant of Christ, dependent on and responsible to Him alone, taking the food set before him by the men to whom he preached, giving his salutation of peace to the houses which he entered, remaining in the cities where he was invited to remain, and shaking off the dust of his feet as a testimony against those who refused to receive his message. "Again," says Mrs. Oliphant, "he saw himself going forth forlorn, giving up all things for his Lord; carrying the Gospel afar, over distant mountains, distant plains, into the far eastern wastes. It was an enterprise to make the heart beat and swell, but it was death to all human hopes. When he grasped that cross, the roses and laurels would fade out of his expectation for ever. Love and fame must both be left behind. It was in him to leave them behind, had the visible moment arrived, and the guidance of Providence appeared. But he understood while he pondered what was the extent of the sacrifice.

"Just at this moment the clouds opened." The Caledonian Church in Hatton Garden, London, had heard of his fame, and invited him to become their pastor. It had been reduced, through the loss of two previous ministers who had

been removed to Scotland, and the subsequent want of a stated ministry, to great and almost hopeless straits. It could offer him no pecuniary inducement,—not so much as the minimum salary which the Presbytery required before it would ordain. It was small, and inconveniently and obscurely situated. But these considerations were of no weight with Irving. The answer he returned to their invitation was to this effect: “If the times permitted, and your necessities required that I should not only preach the Gospel without being burdensome to you, but also by the labour of my hands minister to your wants, this would I deem a more honourable degree than to be Archbishop of Canterbury. And such,” he says, “as the beginning was, was also the continuation and ending of this negotiation. . . . Being in such a spirit towards one another, the preliminaries were soon arranged—indeed, I may say needed no arrangement—and I came up on the day before the Christmas of 1821, to make trial and proof of my gifts before the remnant of the congregation which still held together.”

His preaching was received with great acceptance, and he returned to Glasgow full of joy and hopefulness. The liking was mutual. No sphere could have commended itself more to his wishes. It was just the place in which he could best fulfil his mission. “My head,” he writes in his frank way to a much-esteemed pupil of his, “is almost turned with the approbation I received—certainly my head is turned: far from being a poor, desolate creature, melancholy of success, yet steel against misfortune, I have become all at once full of hope and activity. My hours of study have doubled themselves—my intellect, long unused to expand itself, is now awakening again, and truth is revealing itself to my mind.”

All obstacles being overcome, chiefly by the disinterested and devoted spirit in which Irving met them, he commenced

his labours as the settled minister of the church on the second Sabbath of July, 1822, cherishing, as I can very well understand, the most sanguine hopes of success. Visions of the wonderful impression he was yet to produce may naturally enough have presented themselves to his mind, without his being chargeable with the vanity and egotism which have been so freely attributed to him. In one of his letters, written about this time, the following sentence occurs:—"There are a few things which bind me to the world, and but a very few: one is, to make a demonstration for a higher style of Christianity—something more magnanimous, more heroic than this age affects; God knows with what success." These words, it is said, show how vain he was. For my part, I see no great proof of vanity in them. Surely there was need then, as now, for a higher style of Christianity—something more magnanimous and heroic! We have improved, I believe, since then; but still magnanimity and heroism are not very common things in the Christianity of the day. It is in this direction that our modern religion is chiefly defective. And it strikes me that Irving, in setting this before him as an object worth living for, proposes for himself the most appropriate and important to which a minister can devote his life. Cannot the Christianity of the day, think you, be made more magnanimous and heroic? Look at it as it appears in our great city, where it assumes in many instances as high a type, and is as self-forgetful and benevolent as in any other part of the world, and to how low a key is it generally set! Notwithstanding many glorious exceptions, it is to a very great extent a Christianity which lives for itself rather than for others. It is an essentially prudent Christianity, having an eye to the best of both worlds. It works hard that it may hoard up, and squanders in a lavish manner that it may selfishly enjoy. It obsequiously courts the good opinion of

the world, shrinks from association with the pious poor, and prays only that it may avert the Divine displeasure. It dines out or gives dinners where it makes itself agreeable to fashionable wickedness, while it would not recognize in the street, scarcely even in God's own house, an ill-clad representative of Christ. And for one dinner-party in a style which suits the tastes or accords with the customs of the world, and for one article of dress or of jewellery, it will spend more than it gives in a twelvemonth for the salvation of perishing men. It is less anxious to maintain principle than to conciliate public opinion, and would rather wink at a moral wrong than disregard a conventional custom. It would shun the table at which a poor man sits, however Christlike he may be; and it would sip its wine with wealth or fashion, however steeped in vice or crime. Is not such a religion capable of improvement—might it not with advantage be conformed to a loftier standard? Would not a little magnanimity and heroism infused into it make it altogether a lovelier thing? And is not that what every minister aims at who is worthy of the name? Is not the object of all his preaching and labours to promote a higher style of Christianity, and make his hearers better men? Nor did the lofty aim in Irving's case show any overweening estimate of himself; for magnanimity and heroism were his by nature; and these natural qualities were intensified and sublimated by grace. Both his preaching and his life were a demonstration in favour of a loftier Christianity than was common in the Church.

There are other sayings of his, some of them recorded in his biography, which might be similarly misconstrued. But, looking at them all, I can see no vanity in them which exposes him to censure. His was a vanity which had no wrong in it, if such a thing can be imagined. It was, in fact, but the result and indication of his nobleness. There

was in him, as there could not fail to be, a consciousness of power—brilliant visions of what he might yet achieve, cherished and clung to amid manifold discouragements; no arrogant assumption, but a calm faith in himself, which, I take it, is a characteristic of the truly great, a foreshadowing of their after, and a means of sustaining them amid the trying discipline and discouragements of their early, career. In addition to this—and here you have the whole of his vanity—there was a childlike frankness which expressed all his feelings and thoughts—an absence of the false modesty which depreciates itself lest others should think it proud, and of the voluntary humility by which many seek to attract applause.

A friend of his writes, “He was vain, there is no denying it;” but then, when he proceeds to describe his vanity, you cannot help saying, Would that all were like him! “It was a vanity,” he says, “proceeding out of what was best and most loveable in him,—his childlike simplicity and desire to be loved;—his crystal transparency of character, letting every little weakness show through it as frankly as his noblest qualities; and, above all, out of his loyal, his divine trust in the absolute truth and sincerity, and the generous sympathy and good-will, of all who made friendly advances towards him.” Dr. Gordon of Edinburgh wrote much to the same effect:—“Irving is in Scotland. I have seen him twice for a little. The same noble fellow—and, in spite of all his *alleged* egotism, a man of great simplicity and straightforwardness.”

I shall only add here an extract from a letter of his own, written about three weeks after his settlement in London, and, begging you to remember that in his letters he was accustomed freely to unbosom his thoughts, leave you to judge from that, whether he deserves to be held up as a beacon to warn men against suffering their pride of intellect

to lead them astray. "For my thoughts," he writes, "in which you were wont to take such interest, they have of late turned almost entirely inward upon myself, and I am beginning dimly to discover what a mighty change I have yet to undergo before I be satisfied with myself. I see how much of my mind's *very limited powers have been wasted upon thoughts of vanity and pride*—how little devoted to the study of truth and excellency upon their own account. As I advance in this self-examination, I see farther, until this short life seems already consumed in endeavours after excellence, *and nothing attained*; and I long after the world where we shall know as we are known, and be free to follow the course we approve with an unimpeded foot. At the same time, I see a life full of usefulness, and from my fellow-creatures full of glory, which I regard not; and of all places this is the place for one of my spirit to dwell in. Here there are no limitations to my mind's highest powers; here whatever schemes are worthy may have audience and examination; here self-denial may have her perfect work in the midst of pleasures, follies, and thriftless employment of time and energies. Oh that God would keep me, refine me, and make me an example to this generation of what His grace can produce on one of the *unworthiest of His children!*"

His presentiments as to the impression he would produce in London, it was soon discovered, were well founded. Whether it was that the man himself had improved under the more genial circumstances which afforded unfettered scope and kindly fostering for his intellectual powers, or that in such a city as London there were a larger number capable of appreciating his peculiar gifts,—and, I doubt not, it was partly owing to both,—his popularity was unparalleled. All at once, from being an assistant minister in a provincial town, where his preaching was scarcely tolerated, he became not only the foremost preacher in London, but immeasurably

superior to all his contemporaries, and, in fact, attained to a position which, considering the quality of his audience, has been reached by no one else either before or since. No vulgar rabble, attracted by the preacher's eccentricities—seeking in the pulpit on Sundays the amusement which they found in the theatre during the week,—thronged that little Scotch Church in Hatton Garden, but the intellectual and social aristocracy of the land. "London," says Gilfillan, "rose up to welcome him, as one man, and his pulpit became a throne of power, reminding you of what Knox's was in Edinburgh in the sixteenth century. Not since that lion-hearted man of God had thundered to nobles and maids of honour, to senators and queens, had any preacher in Britain such an audience to command, and such power to command it. There were princes of the blood, ladies high in honour and place, ministers of state, celebrated senators, orators and philosophers, poets, critics, and distinguished members of the bar and of the church, all jostled together in one motley yet magnificent mass, less to listen and to criticise, than to prostrate themselves before the one heroic and victorious man." And in all that crowd, there was no one to wonder at, or to ask, as we have heard them do in other cases, what was the secret of, his wondrous popularity. It was impossible to hear or even to look at him without recognizing his power. Both his matter and his manner were of an order seldom found in the pulpit—not often found either in or out of it in such harmonious combination.

It is time now that we should consider the question, how he bore his popularity, and whether, as has been alleged, it had the effect of unhinging his mind, and leading to the adoption of those peculiar views which he afterwards embraced? The theory is—and it is confidently endorsed

and freely circulated by those who are no more capable of understanding him than a wren is capable of measuring or emulating the eagle's flight,—that he became giddy from his great elevation—that he drank the intoxicating cup of applause, and forgot himself, departed from the simplicity that is in Christ, and so was easily led astray. His vanity, so the theory runs, prepared the way for this. Flattered by his popularity, he was mortified when that popularity waned, and adopted other and unusual means of regaining what he had lost. A sentence of Carlyle's, which I take the liberty of pronouncing altogether groundless, if one may judge from the recorded facts of his life, has been quoted as authority for this, to the effect that fashion had forgotten him, who in his turn could not forget. Unable to forget, he sought by extraordinary and startling measures to recover the attention he was unwilling to lose. Hence the vagaries, as they call them, of his latter years. Hence too, in so far as it was occasioned by mortification and disappointment, his melancholy death, when he was yet in the flower of his days. Such is the manner in which men have misrepresented and aspersed this noblest of the servants of Christ; the head and front of whose offending, in so far as they were concerned, was, that he saw the necessity of, and sought to produce, a higher style of preaching and of Christian life than was then common in the world.

Looking into his life for the grounds of these allegations, I cannot find the shadow of a shade of a reason for their existence. If his vanity were so exorbitant—if he were so fond of applause, and so mortified at losing it,—one would expect to find in his preaching or his life some indications of a desire, some adoption of means, not only to attract it at first, but to secure it when once obtained. Does his preaching show any such signs? Did he cease to be the stern prophet, rebuking the sins and foretelling the doom, and be-

come the man clothed in soft raiment, prophesying smoothly, and pandering to the vices, of the rakish courtiers and bedizened courtezans who were found among the fashionables who crowded his church? Did he modify or conceal evangelical truth to suit the tastes of the literati or the philosophers who were there? On the contrary, John the Baptist in Herod's court did not more pointedly and sternly rebuke sin, Paul before Felix did not appeal more powerfully to the conscience, martyrs of old never contended more valiantly for the truth, than did Edward Irving in the height of his popularity and power. No matter who they were to whom he spake; he addressed himself with equal fearlessness to the consciences, enjoined the duties, denounced the sins of all.

Passages from his writings might be quoted illustrative of this; but, as time is limited, it is better that we should proceed at once to notice the disproof of these allegations which his public and private life supplies. We have glimpses of him in his intercourse with his family and his friends which show that this self-sufficient, egotistical man, as he has been called, was one of the truest, most tender-hearted, and simple-minded men which the world contained. About a year after his settlement in London, he goes to Kirkaldy to bring home as his wife the woman to whom he has been engaged for these seven or eight years, and conveys her in his own chivalrous way to the home prepared for her in London. By-and-by a child is born to them, whom he loves with a love more tender than woman's—such a love as only the strongest natures are capable of. In its infancy, when he and his wife take their daily walk after his morning studies, he carries the child in his arms through London streets, Mrs. Irving walking by his side—a spectacle which must have greatly startled the observers of conventional propriety, but not without its interest now, as showing that he is still the

same childlike man as when he carried the Irish pedlar's pack. Owing to the illness of the child and the delicate health of the mother, he took them for a few months to her father's house, where the child died. His correspondence with his wife afterwards, which he carried on in the form of a journal, was preserved by her as a sacred treasure while she lived, and read many a time, I doubt not, with a tearful eye, though with an overflowing and grateful heart. Seldom, if ever, has the world witnessed such laying bare of a man's inner nature, or such indications of a character truly heroic and devout. The very quantity which he wrote, often near midnight, when mind and body were worn out with the day's engagements, shows how little he was accustomed to regard himself when he could minister pleasure to others. His wailings over the death of the child are as touching as the lamentation of David over the death of Absalom. He refers to it again and again; and though he does so with resignation, and not without thanksgiving that God has made the death of the child a blessing to the parents, it is always with expressions of feeling which show how much the great heart was wrung. "Walking in the garden, as usual," he says,—for his memory hangs on every twig,—“the little darling whom I used to fondle and instruct came to my remembrance, and bowed me down with a momentary sorrow.” At another time, “With difficulty I refrained my tears to think how often, and with such sweet delight, I had borne my dear, dear boy along that walk, with my dear wife at my side.” Wandering by the banks of Loch Yarrow, on the summit of the opposite hill he sees a little bright star which gleamed upon me, he says “like the bright, bright eye of our darling.” “My dreams,” he writes, “brought you and little Margaret before me, and I said, ‘Dear Isabella, it is little Edward;’ and was not undeceived, till I saw her small black eyes, instead of his full-

orbed blue, whose loving-kindness was so dear to me even in death." He is present at the death of a friend: "They closed his eyes," he writes to his wife; "I know not why they do so. I loved to look on Edward's. Dear lovely corpse of Edward, what a sweet tabernacle was that over which thy mother and I wept so sadly! My much-beloved child, my much-cherished, much-beloved child, dwell in the mercies of my God, and the God of thy mother! We will follow thee betimes, God strengthening us for the journey!" There is much more to the same effect which I need not repeat; nor would I have quoted so much, were it not that, unimportant as it may appear, it is part of the man, and in connexion with other things helps to show, that amid all his popularity his heart retains all the tenderness and freshness of its youth, and that he is still the same childlike man that he ever was.

Many other things appear in his journal and elsewhere which are equally significant; among which I may notice his frequent mention of their domestic servant, in whose welfare he takes as deep and tender an interest as if bound to her by ties of kindred; and especially his occasional references to his labours among his flock, and to cases of distress which he thought it his duty to relieve. As the lion of the day, some of the most brilliant and fashionable circles in London were open to him; yet so far is he from being spoiled by popularity, that he mentions the fact in a letter to a friend, only to say that he had been at one time tempted to enter them, and to express his thanks for having been enabled to resist the temptation. In far different scenes he found more congenial employment. He goes to visit an invalid woman in Philpot-lane, and, after he has prayed with her, cannot refrain from still kneeling and holding the hand of the dear sufferer, and is moved to tears for the love of her soul. He attends the funeral of one of his flock, of

whose son he says, "Poor William wept very sore, but always sorest when I mingled religious warnings to him and counsels: then he turned his face and his eyes to me as we walked together in the churchyard and wept without restraint, as if he had said, Oh, forsake me not, forsake me not! *And I will not forsake thee, my orphan boy, God not forsaking me!*" He meets with a poor prodigal widow whose brother was a minister of his acquaintance: "She is now humbled and penitent," he says, "and longing for her brother's bosom, as ever the prodigal did for his father's. . . . So I sat down and wrote for the widow, and rebuked my brother sharply, and told him he ought to make for her a room around his fireside. What may be the issue I know not; *but my part, God helping me, is to help the prodigal widow.*" He receives to his house a poor profligate man, who is a licentiate of the church. He can give but a poor account of himself, and has no claim upon Irving beyond that of a common humanity. But he is in distress, and that is enough. He gives the homeless one a home under his own roof; and when he suddenly disappears, and writes shortly after from some haunt of dissipation and infamy, receives and helps him again and yet again. He sits down and talks with a scoffing errand-boy, the brother of two orphan girls who live by their needle, as patiently as if he were the only one who claimed his care; and when the boy is so far overcome that he offers him some childish present, "I hesitated to accept it," he says, "but perceived it was altogether necessary if I would have any further dealings with this strange spirit."

So he labours among them, anxious only for their souls; and when a few are given him as the fruit of his ministry, he, who was all unmoved by the applause or the censure of the great, is so overjoyed that his delight knows no bounds. Nor has he any higher ambition than to prove a faithful pastor to the souls committed to his care: "Oh that he would give

me food for these sheep, and a rich pasture, and a shepherd's watchfulness, and the love of the Chief Shepherd, that I might die for them if need were!" Verily, never man had his heart more in his work than Edward Irving, when the great ones of the world were sitting at his feet. It was no sentimental pulpit utterance, but the earnest desire of his soul, which he breathed in the following aspiration:—

"I wish I had a dwelling-place in every bosom, and could converse with every faculty of man—that I had an ear to hear their murmurings, their sighings, their groanings, and all their separate griefs; and I wish that I had a faculty to understand all the parts and kindly offices of religion, which, in this present age, seemeth to be in bonds, and to want enlargement; then would I draw near to every repining, grieving, hampered faculty of every spirit, and out of my spiritual guide I would sing over it a soft and soothing strain, sweetly set to its melancholy mood, and aptly fitted to its present infirmity, until each languishing part of human nature should be refreshed, and peace should come, and blushing health arise, and glowing strength spring up hastily, and, like a strong man from sleep, or a giant refreshed with wine, recover a divine strength, and push onwards to perfection, heartily and happily, with the full consent of all her powers."

The best friends of Irving need ask for nothing more than that, in forming an estimate of his character, men should look at such acts and utterances as these. They are utterly at variance with the notion that great popularity, operating on a mind naturally vain, threw him off his balance and destroyed him. I see in them all, indications of a man of whom that was simply impossible;—a man conscious of his powers, certainly, but not elated by the consciousness; formed for friendship, and therefore prizing the esteem and affection of his fellows, but sacrificing no principle, nor deviating a

hair's-breadth from the line of duty in order to secure them ; firm as a rock in his attachment to the right, against those who sought to influence him by the thought of consequences, but docile as a child to any who could unfold to him a truth or indicate a new line of duty—a man to whom you might fairly apply the eulogy which Wordsworth pronounces over Milton :—

“ His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart ;
He had a voice whose sound was like the sea :
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So did he travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness ; and yet his heart
The lowliest duties on itself did lay.”

Irving's elevated position, as may be supposed, was not without its drawbacks. Like every man who rises above his fellows, he became the butt of hostile and envious criticism. Among his principal and most bitter assailants were some of the orthodox periodicals of the day. Though I do not agree with them, the fact does not surprise me. His demonstration in favour of a higher style of Christianity, implying a censure on that which existed, would not commend him much to their sympathy. He expressed, too, his dissatisfaction with the style of preaching which prevailed, and was ambitious to present the Gospel to a higher class of hearers than preachers generally either sought or were qualified to reach. Not long after the commencement of his London ministry, he greatly shocked their prejudices by a sermon preached in Tottenham Court-road Chapel, before the friends of the London Missionary Society. The chapel was so crammed an hour before the service commenced, that the people were literally wedged in, so that they could not move. To this audience he preached more than three hours, pausing twice to take a little breathing-time while the congregation sang.

The sermon contained none of the claptrap laudations of the Society which are often indulged in on such occasions. It said little or nothing about a large collection, but was rather fitted, so the directors seem to have thought, to dry up the liberality of the churches. It was a highly-wrought description, such as only he could give, of the missionary as he ought to be—the missionary as he was in New Testament times. He heard a speaker on a missionary platform say, “If I were asked, What is the first qualification in a missionary? I would answer, Prudence. If I were asked, What is the second qualification? I would answer, Prudence. If I were asked, What is the third qualification? I would still answer, *Prudence.*” Irving was disgusted. He thought faith much more important. And that thought was the key-note of his discourse. Taking the disciples who were sent out by Christ in the 10th of Matthew as his theme, he thus described his model missionaries :—To keep their character clear from all associations of mendicity or meanness, there is no scrip, nor purse, nor obsequious demeanour, allowed them; nothing that might take from the heavenly condition of the men; no demand for food or raiment: what is set before them they partake of; and the spiritual knowledge and power which they possess they as freely give in return. They are kept in close dependence upon God’s assistance, and cannot move a step but in the strength of faith. They are delivered out of the conditions of policy, out of the conditions of force, out of the conditions of gain, out of the conditions of selfishness and of ambition. In prayer and communion with the Spirit of God, they sail along upon an unseen and unpiloted course. They are living models of what they teach; moving epistles of the Spirit of God; incarnations, each one in his measure, of the Divine nature, instead of the Scriptures to those who have them not. They address only the immortal part of the people; they confer upon no news but the good news of the kingdom;

they touch no interests but the interests of eternity, speak of no country but heaven, in no authority but the name of God."

Of the treatment they would be likely to meet with, he says, "Bad as the world is, wild as is its ambition, heartless as is its vanity, proud as are its riches, and mad as they are all—ambition, vanity, and riches,—I cannot but please myself with the imagination that there is no clime so barbarous, or (which, I believe, is the more dangerous extreme) there is no region so polished, as not to possess a gleaming of worthy spirits to welcome these travellers between heaven and earth. . . . The ambitious, I see, would spurn them, and they would be content to be spurned; the cruel, I see, would maltreat them, and they would be content to be maltreated; the hollow-hearted wits and satirists, too, would make merry with them, and they would be content to be made merry withal; and the bustling crowd would pass them unheeded, and they would be content all unheeded to be passed. 'What do these babblers say?' 'They seem to be setters forth of strange gods.' 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians.' 'They set up another king, one Jesus.' 'Away with them! they are not worthy to live.' I hear these sentences echoing round their path; and I see them following it fearlessly onward to the death. But do I not see a Felix trembling, and a royal Agrippa knitting his half-convinced brows, and a judge of Areopagus blessing the heavenly tidings, and a Jason giving pledges for them, and a Gamaliel speaking before senates in their behalf; a Doreas, a Lydia, and honourable women not a few, waiting upon the wants of the all-enduring men? And the thoughtful of the people are pondering the words which they speak, and the serious-minded are applying their hearts to the doctrine, and charity is leading them by the hand, and brotherly humanity is opening to them the gate, and affliction, comforted by their presence, is anointing them

with tears of joy; and the genius of every high and heavenly faculty of the soul is sitting at their feet, well pleased to be schooled and taught by the messengers of heaven."

Impracticable as Irving's theory may appear to some, it is difficult to believe in the scripturalness of any system of operations which is likely to suffer from such utterances as these. His conception of a missionary *may* differ widely from the class of men whom Societies maintain and control; but it does not follow that it is not the true conception, after all. Indeed, I hesitate not to say that it best accords with the missionary of the New Testament, and that those who have resembled it most have been the greatest benefactors of the world. And should it be that modern missionaries differ from it widely, as the Directors seem to have thought, it will still have to be maintained, though at their expense. "The worse for philosophy," said one, who was told that philosophy and the Bible did not agree. "The worse for philosophy, sir." And so say we,—The worse for the missionary, if he does not accord somewhat with the description which Irving has given.

Let me not be misunderstood. I do not censure the many devoted men who are engaged in Missionary work. I do not suppose that Irving meant to censure them. I dare say the thought never occurred to him that the men employed by our Societies did not, in spirit at least, if not in their modes of operation, approximate to his ideal. I doubt not, there is work enough for such men in much larger numbers than are yet available, or than the Church is prepared to employ. But neither can I rid myself of the conviction that another class of agency is required. If ever the world is to be converted—if ever the teeming millions of Burmah, and China, and Hindostan are to be reached,—it will be, not by the quiet and estimable family men, who

settle down in their own residences, and involve themselves in all kind of domestic entanglements, teaching a few children, or preaching the Gospel to a few natives who come to hear, or acting as the pastor of some little church, depending the while on a home committee for support, and obeying the committee's control; but by the enthusiastic, ardent-souled men, to whom preaching is a passion which they cannot restrain,—who, whether they be supported or not, will say, "Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel!"—who, for the sake of Christ, will forego all human comforts, keep themselves aloof from all family and domestic ties, and, taking their lives in their hands, ready either to suffer or to die "for the sake of the Lord Jesus," will go forth, whithersoever Providence may direct their steps, preaching among the Gentiles the "unsearchable riches of Christ,"—who will not settle down where a few disciples have been gathered around them, and think of spending there the remainder of their days, but, adopting as their motto, "Amplius, amplius,—further, still further,"—will continue till life's latest hour to bear the Gospel into the regions beyond.

Where, it may be asked, are you to find such men? You would not go? Perhaps not. Perhaps neither you nor I would go. It may be that God, not designing us for the honour, has not endowed us with either the desire or the qualification for such a work. What then? Perhaps we should be better with fewer, were they men of a higher class. Perhaps the very difficulty of the test would secure for us the class of agency which the world needs. Perhaps the few would do the work better than the many who were forthcoming when the standard was not so high. I cannot, however, bring myself to believe—I dare not think so meanly of the churches of the day as to believe—that when their Christian principles are fairly appealed to, there will be any lack of this heroic

agency. My conviction is, that the way to increase the number of your missionaries is not to add to their worldly comforts and advantages, for in that respect you can never compete with your rivals—in other callings there are competitors that far outbid you. Your strength must lie in an appeal to higher principles—to the constraining influence of the love of Christ, and compassion for the souls of men. The young men of our churches, whom it is most our interest to gain, will be attracted, not by the love of ease or comfort, but by the prospect of self-sacrifice, of heroic efforts, of hardships endured and deeds of daring done for Christ. Set before them as their guerdon and crown the reward which Christ will bestow. But, oh! unman them not, enervate them not, foster not their selfishness, by promising them in an earthly sense “the best of both worlds.” Lift high the standard. Sound the trumpet in the ears of the Church. Summon the best of her sons to take part in this holy war. The men will come. Though love throws its silken ties around them, and seeks to hold them back, *they'll come!* Though the world presents its allurements, *they'll come!* Though formidable obstacles rise in their path, *they'll come!* And when they come, they will not be unsupported. There is wealth enough in the coffers of the Church. And when her heart is stirred by the spectacle of such heroic self-sacrifice, she will not fail to support, by her sympathy, and her prayers, and her contributions, the men who so nobly plead her cause, and push her conquests in the high places of the heathen world.

The divergence from ordinary forms of religious thought of which we have thus seen the commencement, soon extended to various other matters, and widened every day until it led to controversies which were conducted with much

bitterness on the part of his critics, and occasionally with not a little vehemence, though always with manly frankness and often with pathetic earnest appeal on his. A man so much superior to his fellows excited too much envy, and by his inherent nobleness rebuked too keenly the degeneracy of the times, to escape attack when there was any flaw in his armour through which a shaft might enter. In return for his disturbance of their frigid proprieties, they began to mutter charges of heresy which were ominous of the coming storm—charges to which he never believed himself liable, though by-and-by he saw that, through what he believed to be the unfaithfulness of the Church of his fathers, and her defection from the ancient standards which he strove to maintain, sore troubles awaited him. The peccability or sinfulness of the human nature of Christ was the first heresy attributed to him; *though Irving strenuously declared that he not only repudiated, but abhorred the dogma.* The only pretext for the charge was his belief that Christ took to Him our humanity as fallen, that by the union he might redeem and sanctify it; and that the reason of its sinlessness was not anything in itself, but the indwelling and influence of the Divine nature. This doctrine was dear to Irving, because it showed, as he thought, the true brotherhood of the Son of God, and His fitness to be our Saviour, because knowing experimentally the tendencies of the nature which he wore. It was not held nor treated by him controversially, but as a precious portion of the Church's faith. Nor was its soundness questioned when first preached, and heard approvingly by some who afterwards condemned. A minister, out of place, of whose conduct in this matter I cannot speak without reprobation, went into Irving's vestry one night after he had finished his sermon—questioned him as to his views on this matter. The great, unsuspecting soul who believed in all who approached him, spoke frankly, not guarding his

words as he might have done had he known how they were to be perverted. On the strength of this conversation, this man published a letter, charging him with holding and teaching "the awful doctrine of the sinfulness of Christ's human nature." The Presbytery of London, on similar grounds, summoned him to its bar and condemned him.

Before matters came to this issue, he had embraced the doctrine of the pre-millennial advent and personal reign of Christ. The natural bent of his mind, his grief over abounding wrongs, and disappointment at the slow progress of the Gospel, prepared him for receiving this. And when Mr. Hartley Frere propounded to him the doctrine, and explained sundry passages of Scripture in this sense, he not only embraced, but was enraptured with the glorious vision—became an ardent student of prophecy, and the virtual founder, or at least the chief oracle, of a prophetic school which has now adherents, more or less, in nearly all evangelical churches. He certainly gave greater prominence to this doctrine in his preaching than appears to me justifiable, even assuming it to be true. But I can see as yet no signs of moral deterioration—no craving after popularity. On the contrary, his ministry is more powerful than ever, his character more pure and lofty. He rises to a sublimer elevation above all inferior motives,—“becomes,” says his affectionate sister-in-law, “daily more tender, daily more spiritually wise,”—is more devoted to his Master's work, more abundant in labours than before. His new views, whatever effect they might have on others, only increased the intensity and splendour of his own religious life. The close relation which the Lord sustained to him as a partaker of His real nature—the near prospect of His appearance to rectify the wrongs of this disordered world—gave new fervour to his love for Christ, and led him to look with a warmer

affection on the meanest of his kind. His natural chivalry was heightened and etherealized by his religious belief; and he who could never turn away from a needy or suffering brother, had now learned with new tenderness to minister to their wants, and to bind up, if he could not heal, their wounds. I can remember no instance of such strong human sympathy combined with such lofty spirituality of mind—such superiority to all worldly ambition—such nearness to heaven, with such capacity for interesting himself in all human relations, and entering into their sorrows and their joys. With a conception of his calling lofty as ever an apostle entertained, looking for Divine direction and feeling the pressure of a Divine constraint as much as Hebrew prophet ever did, he disregarded not the claims of any earthly relationship, but was most tender as a parent, deferential and dutiful as a son, chivalrous and loving as a husband, affectionate as a brother, true-hearted and faithful as a friend, diligent and devoted as a minister of Christ, a considerate counsellor, and a true son of consolation to the perplexed and sorrowing members of his flock: altogether a Christ-like man, showing both in the spiritual and the social elements of his character a close resemblance to his Lord. His soul-stirring belief, operating on his naturally ardent temperament, intensified while it elevated his natural impetuosity, directing it into loftier channels, and subjecting it to higher rules. All the fervour of his nature ran out in efforts for the advancement of his Master's cause; and caring less for beauties of style, and depending more on Heaven and less on human appliances, his preaching, though less artistic, perhaps, was more powerful than before, and accompanied by greater blessing. For, though fashion had gone its way, as fashion always does when the charm of novelty has fled, the circle of earnest prayerful hearers widened, and greater numbers were savingly impressed. The amount of

work he did was altogether marvellous. With manifold public engagements, he could prepare two or three large volumes for the press in one year, carry on voluminous correspondence, hold conferences with all kinds of people, and enter into all the minute details of a pastor's duties in such a large London congregation, doing everything he did with all his strength, as much as if he had nothing else to do. One wonders not that he died so young, but that human nature could so long endure the stress which was laid upon it. His whole being was strung up to its loftiest pitch, and kept in such a state of tension that it is difficult to understand how, moving with such rapidity, it could nightly compose itself for slumber. He loved more intensely than other men, and could not, like them, moderate his efforts while he saw a world perishing. His zeal for Christ's honour, and regard for the welfare of his kind, compelled him to throw himself with all his soul into the conflict with evil, render what help he could to struggling humanity, and bear testimony to the utmost of his ability to his Master's honour, until, like a faithful soldier, he lay wounded on his shield, and died with his sword in hand—his calling not being to enjoy ease and earthly honours, but to labour, and to suffer and to die.

His great and final deviation from orthodox opinions was in the matter of the supernatural gifts which he believed to have been restored to the Church in the persons of its members. Your time does not permit me to enter into this question, as it would necessarily give rise to lengthened discussion, having little to do with his character. The position I take in the matter is this,—that whatever may be thought of Irving's judgment, his moral and spiritual qualities stand out in the most impressive and illustrious manner. Nowhere does he appear to me so truly great as in the part which he acts in connexion with these spiritual manifesta-

tions. I think he was mistaken in judgment, and I do not attempt to justify his belief; I only venture to suggest, in mitigation of your censure, that it was not such an evidence of madness as a flippant and sceptical generation might suppose—was, in fact, no evidence of madness whatever, but a mistake into which a man of Irving's temperament might very naturally fall. I know that a cold-blooded logic can sit down and, in croaking tones, demonstrate that miraculous endowments are not to be expected in the present age—not because the Scriptures fix a time at which they were to cease, but because they are no longer needed. Irving, however, thought otherwise: he thought, and not without some show of reason, that they were still needed to rouse a sleeping Church, and to startle an ungodly world, and regarded them as accompaniments and heralds of the second advent for which he was anxiously looking. It should be said, indeed, that he did not first discover from Scripture that they were still the privilege of the Church, and had only been withheld from her on account of her unbelief. The thought was first suggested to him by Mr. Scott, now of Owen's College, Manchester, then Irving's assistant,—a man of most acute and independent mind. But the thought once suggested to him, he had no difficulty in believing it. To a man who lived so near Heaven as he did, it was easier to believe in miracles than to believe that God had withdrawn himself so far from the churches as the conduct of the members seemed to show. Believing, then, that these gifts were to be expected, he and his friends met to pray for them—prayed earnestly, and, as they thought, in faith. While they prayed, the supposed answer came, not to any member of Irving's church, but first to a young woman of ecstatic piety in an obscure Highland parish to the north of the Clyde—an invalid who lay in her bed meditating a mission to the heathen. Scott had mentioned the matter to her first of

all—could not convince her, but commended her to read the Acts of the Apostles. After much thought and prayer, the power came upon her, and she spake in an unknown tongue. Then in a few days it appeared on the south side of the Clyde to a pious family of two brothers and an invalid sister—quiet, unobtrusive people, distinguished only for their eminent piety. The power came upon the sister in the morning, when the brothers were absent at their employment; and she, too, spake in an unknown tongue. She rehearsed the matter to her brothers, and concluding with a prayer that the elder of the two might be endowed with the Holy Ghost. “Almost instantly he calmly said, ‘I have got it.’ They looked at him, and almost trembled, there was such a change upon his whole countenance. He then, with a step of indescribable majesty, walked up to his sister’s bedside, and said, ‘Arise and stand upright.’ He repeated the words, took her by the hand, and she arose and was cured. He wrote to Mary Campbell, who had just received the gift, and who was then apparently approaching death, and addressed to her the same command, with the same result. Irving heard of all this, and saw in it the beginning of an answer to their prayers. By-and-by, to his great joy, some of the members of his church were similarly affected, and supernatural utterances became a regular feature in their services. Irving believed in their reality; and, indeed, it is difficult to see how, after having gone so far, he could do otherwise. They had prayed in faith; and, said he, “I, as Christ’s dutiful minister, standing in His room, and responsible to Him, have not dared to believe that when we asked bread He gave us a stone, and when we asked fish he gave us a serpent.” You may think him wrong in his belief, but that is quite immaterial to your forming a judgment on his character. You can see, from that utterance, that it was his very nobleness, not his love

for popularity, which led him to assume the position which he did. Not only did he sacrifice his prospects, and part with his friends and expose himself to the scorn of the world, rather than oppose what he believed to be God's work, but it was his sincerity and childlike trustfulness which led him to believe that it was of God.

His dearest friends remonstrated with him tenderly but earnestly, for they saw that they could not follow him, and yet were loath to be separated from one whom they so fervently loved; and to that great heart formed for affection, it was no easy matter to withstand their remonstrances: but though the sensitive, loving soul was wrung by their entreaties,—though “he foresaw, in his sorrowful heart, all the desertion and desolation that was coming,—he would rather bear these or any other martyrdoms than restrain that voice which to him was the voice of God.” “There is nothing which I would not surrender to you,” he says, “even to my life, except to hinder or retard in any way what I most clearly discern to be the work of God's Holy Spirit.” I question if any man's fidelity to his convictions ever cost him more than did his—if ever martyr had heaped upon him more varied and manifold trials—not so much bodily affliction, as the more painful wounds which enter into the soul. It threatened to leave him without bread for himself or his family. It cast him out of the church which had been built, as he said, mainly on the strength of his name—over whose erection, eight years before, he had watched with such joyful anticipations. The trustees, after much hesitation, sadly felt themselves compelled to take this step. He was forsaken by his elders, all except one; his own brother-in-law even, who loved and adored him, remained in the church from which he was expelled, and looked ten years older the first time he was seen there after Irving left, from the mental conflict and anguish which had pre-

ceded the painful decision. Nor was he without trials among his own people. Some of the manifestations, he said, were very trying to faith; and though he dare not condemn, cannot quite approve of them, and knows not whither they may lead; while, to add to his grief, some of the prophets afterwards declared that they had been moved by an evil spirit—a pretext for abandoning his position, of which any man who thought only of his own reputation and comfort would readily have availed himself. He is subject to ecclesiastical prosecutions. The Presbytery of London condemns him. The Presbytery of Annan, which had licensed him, summons him to its bar, and in the church he had attended when a boy, and among his own people—cruellest stroke, perhaps, of all he had had to bear—deprives him of his status as a minister of the church of his fathers. While thus sore harassed in his ecclesiastical relations, sickness is in his family, and the shadow of death again darkens his dwelling. Two of his children are sick; one of them shortly after is taken away, giving another wrench to his paternal affection. And about the same time—as if God would bring to a climax the sufferings of His servant, and add yet another drop to the full cup—his father-in-law is permitted to wound him by a sharp controversial letter on his views of the humanity of Christ. Thus was this noble soul crushed by sorrow after sorrow—humbled before the world, where his name was bandied about by the scorner—put to shame in the eyes of men—wounded in his affections, wounded in the house of his friends. The cup of martyrdom, filled with the bitterest ingredients, was put into his hand, not to be drunk off at one draught, but slowly sipped that he might the more fully realize its bitterness. But the moral and spiritual grandeur of his character appears in this,—that, light or wrong in his judgment, amidst all these trials he swerved not a hair's-breadth from what appeared to him the

path of duty—took advantage of none of the openings by which, without blame from man, he might have escaped from a position so painful, because, in a matter pertaining to the conscience, the last thing he thought of was saving himself. “Rent asunder,” says Mrs. Oliphant, “as he was by the two companies between which he stood,—the one, whom he would have died to win, importuning him to relinquish his faith for their sake, and, as he resisted, gradually withdrawing from him all the human support upon which he had most leaned—the other, with whom he had no choice but to cast his lot, perplexing often his noble intelligence, sometimes wounding his heart,—it is yet no divided man who moves amid all the agitation and tumult without and within. Constant, steadfast, without a vacillation, he goes on his heroic way. . . . Nothing that he encounters,—not even that hardest trial of all—the anxiety that moves him when faith becomes ‘hard,’ when spiritual accusations begin to arise, and evil influences are suspected to mingle with the inspiration of God,—can disturb the unity of his being or make him waver. He has prayed, and God has answered; he has tried the spirits, and with solemn acclamations they have answered the test and owned the Lord; and now let all suffering, all opposition, all agony come. If his very prophets fail him, his faith cannot fail him. And thus he goes forward, feeling to the depths of his heart all the remonstrances and appeals addressed to him, yet smiling in sad constancy upon those importunate voices, and hearing as if he heard them not.” It was a sad, and yet on his side a truly noble, parting. They might have said of him with the utmost truth—

“ We cannot walk together in this world,
The distance that divides us is too great !
Henceforth thy pathway lies among the stars ;
We must not hold thee back.”

Irving never appears to me so truly grand as now that the world accounts him foolish or something worse. Men of equally great intellect we may have seen. Some we have seen who parted with all they had for Christ. But for sacrifices so painful—for such intellect being content to be counted mad for Christ's sake—to whom in modern times can you look but to himself? I call it, on the whole, the most glorious triumph of principle over interest which our age presents. And I account for all the epithets of scorn and calumny with which he has been assailed, on the simple principle that men could not understand the lofty integrity which, when it might so easily have chosen another course, preferred to part with all that man holds dear, rather than run contrary to what was believed to be the voice of God.

I should like to have noticed other incidents in this grandly heroic life, but your time forbids. The trials of which we have been speaking, by which his sensitive soul was so acutely wrung, had already produced their effect on his fine, manly frame. His raven hair was becoming grey; his face was pale and haggard; internal fever was consuming his strength; the hour of release was at hand. Living so rapidly as he did, entering with such vehement fervour into every engagement, loving and suffering so intensely, it seemed impossible that she should be a long-liver. His pent-up feelings gendered the fever under which he sank. He went out on a tour to Scotland, touching at various places by the way, and wrote home to his wife varying accounts according as his health fluctuated, but felt confident of recovery almost to the last. After reaching Glasgow his strength rapidly failed: he was at times delirious, but in the intervals was heard repeating snatches of Hebrew Psalms, and died almost with these words of his lips—words which in his case were most expressive and appropriate: "Living or dying, I am the Lord's." His death

excited universal sympathy. Men forgot the points on which he differed from them—thought only of his nobleness. They honoured him with splendid rites of sepulture, all classes following his remains to their resting-place in the crypt of Glasgow Cathedral. His old friend Dr. Chalmers, who could not understand and did not always approve of his procedure, did honour both to himself and to his friend when, in his funeral sermon, he described him as a man in whom the Christian was grafted on the old Roman.

He died at the age of forty-two. His London ministry, though it produced such an impression and left such results, lasted only twelve years. You may fancy how much was crowded into these years, when you consider the mark he made. Let us not lament his early death, or speak of his life as wasted. Death was no calamity to him. He has been numbered for these thirty years with God's nobles, and, freed from all contact with the selfishness which pained him, finds more congenial companions among the angels and before the throne. Nor was his life misspent. Few men have ever done their work so well, or rendered the world better service. Such a life, with such wealth of love and lofty endeavour, could not be wasted. For love is never lost.

“ Its streams may gush 'mid swirling, swathing deserts,
Where no green leaf drinks up the precious life.
But love is never lost. Its bitterest waters
Run some golden sands.”

The fable tells how a tear which fell from a lady's eye into the sea was caught by the open shell of an oyster, and imprisoned there. The tear lamented its sad fate, dreaming not of the honour for which it was reserved. But-by-and-by, that little tear was changed into a pearl, and the pearl set in the front of the diadem that encircled a queenly

brow. Truth is stranger than fiction. Such tears as Irving shed over human suffering—such sympathizing efforts as Irving put forth—such words of love as Irving uttered, sink deep into human souls—lie concealed and buried for a time ; but meanwhile the transmuting process is going on, and in the after-years their influence will be seen, not merely in the increased brightness of the worker's and the weeper's crown, but in the augmented splendour of the diadem which sparkles on the Saviour's brow. Far down in the deep blue waters of the Indian Sea, little workers are constantly working, making their deposits and building their cells. One dies, and another succeeds. What myriads perish before any visible result is produced ! But though the worker dies, the work is not lost. In the depths of the ocean the foundations are laid. Gradually beneath the waters the structure is rising. By-and-by, the coral reef towers above the wave. Grass grows on its summit. Trees spring up and swing their branches in the breeze. Birds of the air pluck their fruits and nestle amid their foliage. Man builds his house under their shadow. And in mid-ocean a fruitful and smiling paradise has sprung from the unnoticed labours of those tiny workers.

Even so the fruits of such a life as Irving's are not at once manifest. The worker passes away, and still the results do not appear. But they are not lost. Deep in human souls are laid the foundations of a goodly structure. Unnoticed by the world, its walls are gradually rising amid the surging tides of human life. Many workers perish before the pile is complete. But, each one contributing his share, it surely though slowly advances ; and, ere long, a lovelier spectacle than any material paradise shall reward their labours and greet their sight,—the spectacle of a new moral world, in which the principles they taught amid obloquy and scorn, and for their fidelity to which they suffered a lifelong martyr-

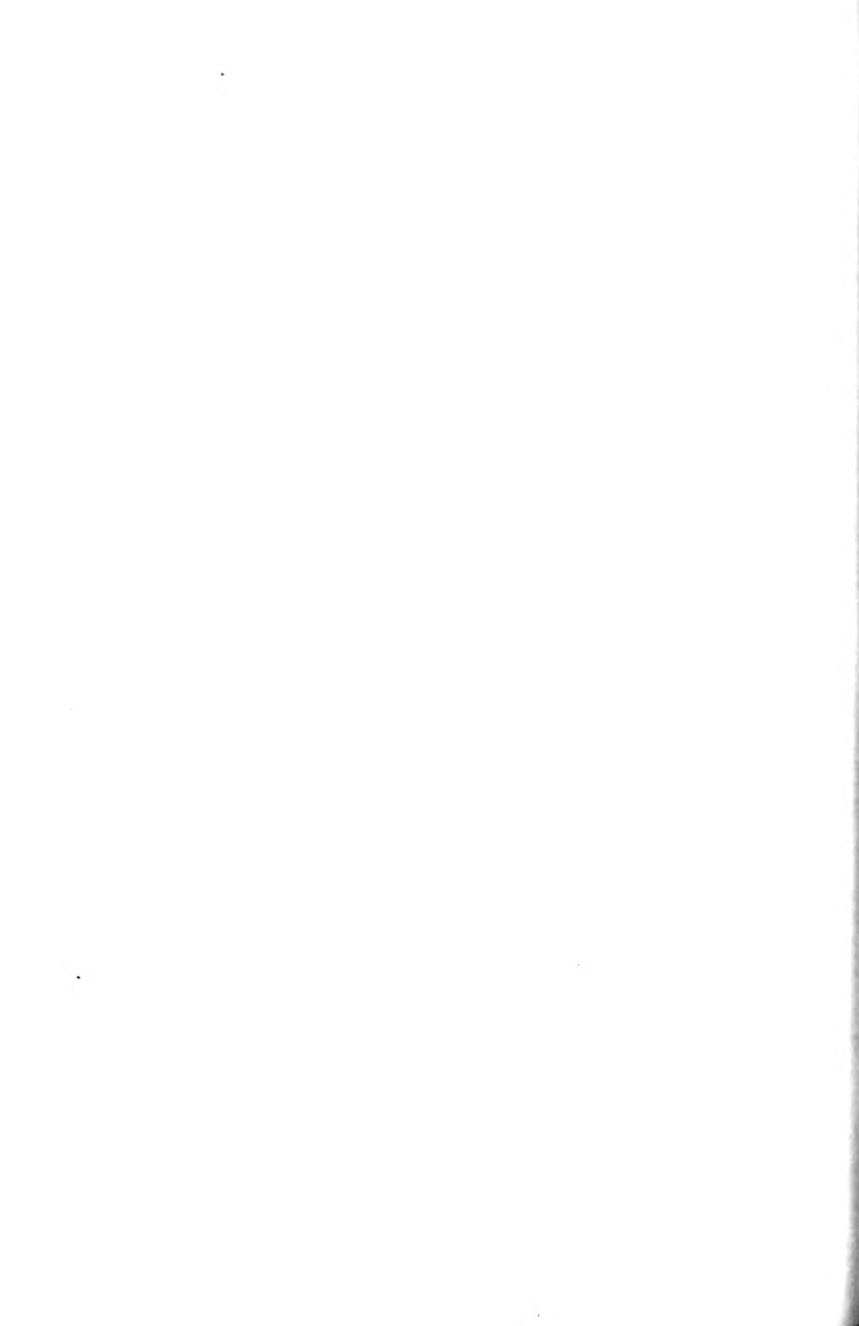
dom, enshrined in human affections, and exalted to a position of supremacy, shall become the common laws of life. Already the world is better for Irving's influence ; and that influence will continue to widen as the years roll away. His history, once known, will be found to have too much good in it for men willingly to let it die. Successive generations will preserve his memory. And even after his memory has vanished from the minds of men, the world will be better for the labours and the teaching and the life of the great, the gifted, the childlike, the heroic, the magnanimous Edward Irving.

Poverty, in its Relations
to Competence and Wealth.

A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. ALEX. RALEIGH.



POVERTY, IN ITS RELATIONS TO COMPETENCE AND WEALTH.

“MONEY answereth all things.” It expresses value—it represents work—it conducts commerce—it tries character—it gives wings to religion itself. There is no one thing of a *material* kind which mingles so constantly with the thought and feeling and multifarious transactions of our daily life as this thing “*money*.” If we have none of it, nor anything equivalent, we are “*poor*.” If we have enough of it for present needs, and a little over for the uses and possible needs of the future, we are competent persons, in that regard—we are “well off,” if we only know it. If we have much of it, we are “rich ;” and we ought to be good and generous, and happy in the use and dispensation of this gift committed to us in trust.

A subject like this has an interest of a personal kind to every young man ; to *you*, therefore, young men—every one of you. Some of you will be poor all your lifetime. Certainly. According to the laws of probability, it is not *possible* that you can all be rich, nor even all possessed of full sufficiency. Some of you, I hope many, will be possessors of competence, and no more ; and some, a few—I can hardly say that I hope very many—will be rich. You have, therefore, all of you, a *personal* interest in this subject. It

concerns you nearly, to form and keep right views, that you may be ready to meet any fortune, and able to hold up your head, and hold on your way through all weathers.

But there are other reasons, of an unselfish and public kind, which ought to draw your attention thus early to poverty, competence, and wealth. You are young citizens—we hope you will all be *Christian* citizens of this State of England, or of some other; and you will find, as you grow up, that many of the great questions which affect the weal of the State, and the social and moral progress of the world, are linked more or less closely with these three words—with *the things*, that is, which the words express.

The subject is large. I cannot hope to do more than give some hints and suggestions—for your own reflection first of all, and for your adoption and following in so far as you judge them to be true.

Poor! I had the curiosity to turn to the dictionary to see what varieties or shades of meaning there might be, and I found, indeed, a long and most melancholy list! There are not less than seventeen meanings given in my dictionary—and only the last one is thoroughly good. I will tell you what it is in a moment. But these are some of the others:—“Wholly destitute of property,”—that is the first;—“barren, mean, trifling, paltry, exhausted, unimportant, unhappy, pitiable, depressed, dejected, spiritless, lean, emaciated, small, uncomfortable, restless, ill.” Who would be poor, if he could help it?—in property, or health, or character, or mind, or anything, except “*in spirit*,” in the Scriptural sense, which is the last meaning and the best: “Blessed are the poor in spirit”—that is, the contrite and humble—“for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.” he last and best! Yes, thus God’s meanings full often come in to redress the dark human meanings: God’s grace makes even poverty shine; makes even pain a medicine and a

purification ; makes even death sing His praise ! But, apart from that, who would not flee as fast and as far as he can from such an army of grim and ghostly meanings, from such a troop of hobgoblins as those ? And all the more that in the Bible, that great moral dictionary of the world, there are other meanings than *the one* I mentioned ; other and ghostlier. Poverty is said to be “the destruction of the poor.” It is figured as coming to meet a sluggard “like an armed man !” as lying in wait for him who “follows vain persons !” as the punishment of the drunkard and the glutton ! as the possible seed-plot of dishonesty itself —“*Lest I be poor, and steal.*”

It would seem, then, to admit of no doubt that the condition of poverty is one of great disadvantage, and in every way most undesirable. But although you perhaps all entertain this conviction, it is likely that you entertain it in different degrees of strength, and that a few words in evidence and illustration may not be without use.

First of all, when it is extreme—when, even, it is fairly within the scope of the term as usually understood, although *not* extreme, it has an injurious effect on the body—on the whole animal and physical life.

Our *whole* life is a complex thing, made up of many parts—some inward and spiritual, but some also outward and visible. We have not only all the inward wealth of thought and feeling—the lights and riches of the soul,—but we have that which contains them—the casket, the shrine, the lamp, the house. “We have a *building* of God, an house not made with hands,” but *made*, visible, *living*,—needing to be kept and nourished. How shall the lights shine out of a darkened lamp ? How shall the worship rise from a ruined shrine ? How shall the treasures be kept in a rending, falling house ? They may, but not so well. We speak sometimes of “the nobler part” of the

man. That is right. The beauty and crown of our existence, no doubt, will be found in those faculties which apprehend truth, deal with morality, rise to God. But the phrase often carries in it a gentle insinuation, reflects some disdain on that which is beneath—suggests, in fact, an antithesis of baseness to set off the grandeur of this “nobler part.” That is *not* right; that is not Scriptural, nor true. No part of a man made in the image of God is base. His thought is noble; so is his flesh, although in a far inferior degree. His religious emotion—his vast soul-desire, soaring upwards to the home of perfection and the realms of glory, is grand. But his sensations, and his appetites, and his physical needs, all craving supplies, are also “good.” All very good. The body of a man is the most wonderful physical structure in the world—perhaps in the universe. It is on the throne of God. “Know ye not that your *bodies* are the temples of the Holy Ghost?” What an argument for purity!—but not for purity *only*: also for *sufficiency*. That ought not to be impoverished, attenuated, starved, which we are exhorted to “present unto God” as a ransomed and regenerated thing. “I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice.” Now, poverty starves the body—deprives it of nourishment, strength, sensation—abates the original organic force of it, and thus narrows the basis which it forms for higher things. I know it is usual for poets to sing, and religionists to say, that the soul is independent of the body: but I don’t find the Bible say anything of the kind, and the whole experience of the poor, fairly judged, goes to prove the very opposite. If there is a famished body, or even one not *fully* nourished, such is the close connexion between the physical and the moral, and between both these and the spiritual, that you may look (with too much certainty of finding them) for intellectual conceptions less clear and firm,

and for a spiritual life less full and joyous. I remember how the angel who came to Elijah in the wilderness to help him, as he lay fainting and famished there, brought with him—what? Not a company of celestial choristers to sing to the disconsolate perishing man, not a fiery chariot hovering in air to carry him any whither—but *food*; “a cake baken on the coals” by angel hands, “a cruse of water” drawn from the spring and carried to the weary man. And then he slept. And the angel watched him *while* he slept, as a mother watches a sick child; and in a while he awoke him, and made him eat and drink *again*; and then he sent him on his way. Jesus *fed* the people on the hill-side while he taught them. Paul said to the company on shipboard, in their distress and alarm, “I pray you to take some meat, for this is for your health.” So it was, and so it is, always. It never can be well, in the *highest* and very fullest sense, with any one who is stinted so that his *body* is affected by his poverty. I know and rejoice to believe that it may be well in the main with any man in any condition of life. It may be well with him in the poorhouse, in the hospital, or dying with famine by the wayside. But it would be better with him if he were *not* in the poorhouse, if he were not in the hospital,—if, instead of dying by the way, he were living, and actively engaged in relieving the wants of others.

Then, farther, poverty, of course, prevents education—beyond, at least, the mere rudiments of knowledge—beyond the first dawns of an intellectual culture.

Education requires *time*; and that is lacking to the poor amid their straits. They are fain to seize upon the young bone and gristle as soon as there is any touch of strength in them, and on the young faculty as soon as there is any sharpness on it, to help to keep gaunt famine from the door. Education requires *money*; and that is as scarce as time.

The clamant needs of the moment seize it as it comes; the possible needs of future life are quite forgotten. Knowledge would seem to them (and justly) a poor compensation for debt; and even if they might have the knowledge by a struggle without the debt, it does not seem so good to them as three shillings a week. For education also requires *taste*,—taste in those who give it—a sight, a *sense* of its value. Few things are more touching than to see the privations that are willingly endured and the efforts that are made by *educated* persons who have fallen upon evil days, in order to give their children that which they themselves know to be beyond all price. In order to accomplish this end—a liberal education for their children—such persons sometimes make themselves, for years, really as poor as the poorest in the land. And one cannot help thinking what a stride would be taken at once in the intellectual development of a nation—probably also in her *moral* progress—if all the poor would make a corresponding effort, with the same relative measure of heartiness, in regard to the education of their own children. Ah! but the impulse is wanting—the sense of the value of the thing! They are themselves often dark in mind; how shall they strive to win light for their children? They know nothing (comparatively, and as a class—of course, as you are aware, there are grand individual souls, which overleap every barrier, and shine out before the eyes of humanity in knowledge, power, virtue); but they know nothing, as a class, of the *pleasures* of literature—of the glow of knowledge—of the tenderness, and elegance, and quiet nameless charms of a general culture: and, of course, you do not expect them to strive to attain those things for their children, of the value and power of which they themselves have no experience,—of which, even theoretically, they have hardly a dim idea.

I know that all this is not pleasant; but it is true. You do

not like it. I do not like it any more than you. I wish I could take the poetical view, and sing with the great bard of poverty—

“ What though like commoners of air
 We wander out we know not where,
 But either house or hal’?
 Yet nature’s charms—the hills and woods,
 The sweeping vales and foaming floods,
 Are free alike to all.
 In days when daisies deck the ground,
 And blackbirds whistle clear,
 With honest joy our hearts will bound
 To see the coming year.
 On braes when we please, then
 We’ll sit and sowth a tune—
 Syne rhyme till’t, we’ll time till’t,
 And sing’t when we hae dune.”

I can only say that I have never *heard* much singing among those who wander out without house or home. I have never chanced to hear a song even from a gipsies’ camp, where there is some shelter, and occasionally some rich food—how obtained we need not curiously inquire. It seems utterly unromantic to say it, but your best chance of a good song is not on brae or hollow, where the homeless wander or rest, or even in the little cottage or dark cellar of the worthy poor man,—but rather in the drawing-rooms of the rich, or, still more, in the homes with which you and I are more familiar—the homes of competency in middle life.

I did hear, not long ago, some rich beautiful singing in the open air. The place, and perhaps the day—a fine day in autumn—gave a higher charm to the music. It was up among the green hills of Yarrow, by the side of St. Mary’s Loch,—one of the wildest, yet most sweetly solitary spots, perhaps, in the whole world. There, amid scenes made classic and immortal by the muse of the Ettrick Shepherd,

stood a company of people gathered around a simple monument which has been erected to his memory on the green hill-side; and they sang together—making exquisite harmony, as if the breezes of the mountain had swept off from hearing all dissonance and jar—some of the sweetest of the Shepherd's songs. I was drawn up to the place involuntarily. It was as if Orpheus, with his golden harp, was the leader of the song. And now comes the point of my little story. Who were the singers? The shepherds of the district, full of the inspiration of the place?—No; they were plodding wearily after their sheep. Or the cottiers of the neighbourhood?—They were busy at their work. These were worthy citizens of Glasgow, who had come out from their warm homes, bringing with them the fruits of their culture—the music, the literary associations—which they threw out that day on the breeze in charm of song. So it always is. We carry *with us*, in a measure, always what we find. The “daisies deck the ground” every year afresh. There are daisies as beautiful in the fields and on the commons around London as any that ever bloomed—as beautiful (if all who tread them had but the eye to see them) as that ideal and immortal daisy which the poet “whelmed” beneath his ploughshare; and there are blackbirds “whistling clear,” and the mavis a still sweeter chorister, and all “nature's charms;” while above are the many-coloured clouds, with all those mystic lights which flit, and change, and play about the sky. But I don't see the poor taking much notice of any of them. The daisy may bloom, and the tree may whisper, and the bird may sing, and the cloud may wander,—*they go* wearily on their way, bearing their own burdens.

A man should try to teach his children to admire all the beauties of nature, in summer and winter, and to look up sometimes to God's great picture-gallery of the sky. Let him try the lesson some day, and he will see that the poor

people who happen to be passing will be rather puzzled to make him out. "It must be a balloon!" they will think. "Or else the poor man is a little touched in the head."

Thus it is that hard work and constant poverty wear out, as it were, the very germs of taste and beauty; long disuse corrodes and exhausts the very faculty of culture within—the organic power and susceptibility on which all the blossoms and fruit of education would grow.

But I must say again—(and I hope you will not weary in listening; this part of the subject, I know, is most unpleasant: my object will be partly gained if I can make you *feel* it to be *painful*)—I must therefore beg your continued attention for a little longer while I say again that poverty, although not inherently or of necessity, yet, as a matter of history and fact, has a continual pressure and tendency towards immorality and crime. You may say that this *ought* not to be. True. You may say that the pressure of it ought to be the other way. True. You may say that the privation and darkness of poverty ought but the more to endear and commend to them the hopes and consolations of religion. True; all true. But I am weary of hearing men preach and talk all the year round of what *ought* to be, in the very face of ten thousand living demonstrations that what ought to be never is, or very, very seldom. Of course, I do not mean to insinuate that you will not find a healthful and beautiful piety amongst the poor. Hundreds of thousands of living demonstrations would arise to confute *that* calumny, if any one were to utter it. But I mean to say that poverty, where it is deep, does not help their piety—does not help them to *get* it—does not help the growing of it when they have got it—in fact, as a rule, is apt to disappear more or less as the piety grows healthful and strong. *Happily so?* Oh, no! It is unquestionable that there is a pressure in poverty towards moral evil, more or less strong,

of course, according to the temperament of the individual, and according to the character of those around, and the nature and aspect of the outward circumstances. But, on the whole, the pressure is that way. Think how difficult it is, how almost impossible, to have decency in anything like its best forms, when a considerable family is thrown together into one or two rooms. We, in middle life, are protected morally, not only by our principles, but by our walls, our partitions, our furniture, our manners, our education, our neighbour's example, outwardly at least. Think how all these things are wanting to the poor. Think how the bloom is ruffled off the youthful modesty almost before it appears,—how hardening habit encrusts the tender feeling—how there is *enforced* familiarity with much, both in act and conversation, that has a tendency to lower the tone of inward virtue. Think how evil has a far nearer neighbourhood, and *therefore* a greater power—how the evil examples, instead of being clad, as with us, in a garb of respectability, kept at greater distance of place, and shrouded often by the darkness,—come past the very door, reeling, swearing, and filling, as it were, the atmosphere of the place, be it alley or lane or highway side, with the blinding and deadening malaria of sin. Then think too, how, as the Wise Man has suggested to us, the straits and needs of poverty, when they are hard and terrible, are so apt to constitute a temptation to dishonesty—"Lest I be poor, and steal." It is sad to think that many a dark career of dishonesty and crime has been *begun* under the pressure of inexorable needs. Nothing in our social life is more mysterious than the circumstance that—not only away in heathen lands "where there is no vision," but—here, where the vision is bright and clear, in many different places near the heart of the social life of England, there are multitudes still born to poverty and crime. Theoretically it is not so; practically it is. The

links of dark necessity are not invincible, for they are often riven or melted away by that grace of God which, among all the powers of the universe, is first in strength as it is in beauty. But those links are very strong; and the dark fact is, that they *do* bind hard and fast many a living soul. Born to poverty, in too many instances, *is* to be born to crime. There is a confluence of the streams of life that way, a concurrence of its influences and powers towards that dark end; and although lights are breaking in, and wholesome forces are being generated, and waftings from the better lives around are passing over those darker places, still the end is not yet. The deliverance *will* come on some glad day of the future, and meantime we have the task, the honour, and shall I say the joy? of working for its coming.

You ask how? I will tell you. First of all, as regards yourselves, resolve that, in so far as the matter is put within your power, you will do your very utmost to flee and escape from the disadvantages, straits, and perils of this condition.

It may not be put in your power so absolutely as that you are sure to succeed; for society is a machine with many wheels, and God's providence is deep and manifold. He has taught and purified many of His children in the school of poverty from the first, and He will do yet for many a long day. If *He* keeps you there, or leads you back after seeming success, then stand up and learn your lesson like a man. Let no flush of shame ever mantle your cheek for being poor, when you have done all you can for an honest success. Shame to you, indeed, if you are ashamed to be poor by the will of God. You are as "rich in faith," or richer, than before. You are still a king of life—still a conqueror of circumstances—still an heir of God, and a joint-heir with Christ.

But none of you should hastily conclude that it is the will of God that you are to be poor. An old man, toil-worn

and weary, might think so; and, bowing in submission to the perfect loving will, the old man would seem beautiful and glorious in his portionless state—set but the more clearly apart for God and heaven. Or even a man in mid-life, or a little past his prime, might be justified in turning his back to the winds that have always blown against him, and in looking, as he never did before, for the streams of *consolation* that flow by the way. But *you*, young gentlemen! with everything fresh and new in you,—the fountains of life only filling, some of you with nerves that have never trembled, with hope in your soul like the rising sun,—while there opens about you and before you fields of life as rich in possibilities as any ever given to man, which wait but the look of your eye and the tread of your foot to come into your actual possession;—that *you* should be driven back by the touch of some passing adversity into a mood of resignation, and a habit of yielding perhaps for life, is a terrible misfortune to you;—worse, a deplorable mistake;—worse, a sinful wrong done to the world and to your own souls. God has given you, no doubt of it, all those fresh strong things that are in you, for action, use—battle if need be; and He has arranged the world so,—and especially the things here in the heart of it,—that we can live and grow only by action and conflict; so, that we *must* die by resilience and disuse. You need to flee from poverty, because she is a handmaid and a harbinger of things far worse than herself. You need a basis of competency for those higher things to which your thought is already climbing; and I say that, if you seek to form that basis with intelligence, industry, and patience, holding inflexibly by the great principles of integrity and honour, you will succeed. Ten to one but you will succeed! I am not speaking of exceptions, or of inherited disabilities, or of accidents, or of mysteries of Divine Providence. Above all those contingencies, and beneath

them all, and through them all, there is certainty. To God all is certainty. This world is governed by law. Amid its most complex arrangements, amid its most shifting scenes, in the busiest hives of its population, there is a calm and settled action of His just, eternal laws. As He has given you existence in the body and in this world, and means you to live and act among men until the day of your death, He must have great laws *in favour* of the life and action He requires. These laws *will* be on your side. They will gird you with strength; they will defend you in peril; they will throw into your lap,—or, rather, raise up slowly as the fruitage of your industry,—the means and the material of comfort and competence.

Remember, however, that these laws, although grand and steady, have the smallest and humblest applications in your actual life, and you will not be in the current of them unless already you are beginning in the *least* things to observe and keep them. Would you stand in sufficiency, still more would you rise to wealth? You must begin to save out of what you have. You must keep your expenditure within your income if it be at all possible. In a few cases it is not possible at first; but in far more cases than we are apt to suppose, it is possible, *even* from the first. Benjamin Franklin would have saved on anything; sixpence a day would have left him something in his pocket. He is one of the models of prudential management—a steady, clear example of the way to rise by thrift, and care, and constant work. Even after he was a man of some standing and means, he was not the least ashamed to take his purchases of paper home in a wheelbarrow. It is grand to think of the man who afterwards drew the obedient lightning from the cloud, and who stood, Titan-like, building at the foundations of a great empire, trundling his wheelbarrow full of paper up to the printing-house. I do not hold him up as a grand man in

the highest sense. He was a builder only for earth and time. He knew nothing of living temples, nothing of the city whose builder and maker is God. But he is a beautiful example of frugality, and patience, and steady onward purpose for this life, and of manly independence and superiority to mere appearance! Fashion, opinion, appearance, what tyrants they are! What clothes they wear! what bills they run up! what burdens they lay on young men's shoulders! what difficulties and what bitter discipline they breed out of a providence that might be comparatively smooth and straight! Don't be afraid of the wheelbarrow! of the parcel although it is rather heavy! of the top of the omnibus if you cannot walk. Don't be ashamed of the coat that is a little worn at the sleeves, and that never saw the west-end of London until you took it there. Don't be ashamed of seeming just what and as you are in regard to means. It may be a little crucifying of the flesh at the moment to seem just so. It may even be a little disadvantage to you for a short time in a worldly point of view. But it will bring you sevenfold compensation. It will give you the great feeling of honesty, of *manhood*. It will fill you with a sense of power; *and* it will put your means into a growing state, so that there will probably be even in that respect in the end and before long, a full compensation for all you lost at first.

I think I hear the whisper of a thought that all this is not the highest Christian teaching. I am trying to put the thing exactly as I think it is put in the Bible, and as I see it put in the providence of life. Do you say that there are men enough in the world to teach this lesson, and that, therefore, it does not need to be ranked in the category of subjects for the *Christian* instruction; that the only distinctive *Christian* teaching about money is the disdain of it, the vilification of it, clear sharp warning against

avarice, and greed, and miserable stinginess, and pomp and vanity, and idle show,—and the other many foolish and hurtful lusts into which the men who *will* be rich fall, and which drown them in destruction and perdition? I say no. That is only one side of the Christian teaching, and perhaps, after all, the least important. For, if men, while young, are taught and learn the worth, the power of money, the uses of it, (the *uselessness* of it also for certain ends,) they will not need so much to be warned as life goes on of the perils which hang around the acquisition and enjoyment of it. Now the Bible teaches all these things, and as I read it, it teaches everything else that respects the principle and temper and moral spirit of our life, reaching to the highest things—bending down also to the lowest. The Bible teaches me to eat, and drink, and sleep, and wake, and work, and laugh, and weep, and speak, and be silent, and love, and hate, and embrace and refrain from embracing, and get and give, and marry, and bury, and live, and die. I get all that education freely from God in Christ, and I will go nowhere else to seek it, for I know that nowhere else can it be found—at least, in quality and measure—as I find it from Him. It is wrong, therefore, to tell me that there are some of those things which *the world* can teach, and that the Church does not need to say anything. The world can *misteach* them, and she does. But that is the very reason why we should learn these lessons in the right school, and why we should learn them rightly. *Not* to be taught of God in these things, *is* to be taught of the world. The world can teach a man to eat without thankfulness, to drink without moderation, to laugh without sincerity, to weep without solace, to *get* without *giving*, and, in one word, to strive after some vain and empty portion which in the end can give the heart no strength or joy. But those are the

strongest reasons that could possibly be for seeking the higher teaching and the more excellent way.

You are not going to send me to vain feast and festival of carnal enjoyment, to get the richest relish of appetite. I have it fresh and pure from God when I do my work in moderation, breathe his nourishing air, and then "eat my meat with gladness and singleness of heart." You are not going to send me to the theatre for my laughter or my tears; I draw them from richer and purer fountains, when in *real* life I "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." And, surely, you are not directing me to the temple of Mammon to know the worth of gold. If I go, it will seem in its glittering fascinations a very god in mine eyes, and I shall bow down my soul as thousands do into meanness, and worship at the degrading shrine. No, no. We cannot safely leave anything which God teaches to another master.

Therefore, I say, expressly, let us learn this lesson of *getting* from Him, and it will be a lesson taught us to profit.

He teaches us to get, that we may not starve, that we may not be a burden to others, that we may escape the disadvantages and dangers of poverty. He teaches us to get, not that we may keep, but that we may *give*: therefore, when some say that "there is danger enough that men shall be avaricious and sordid, that the selfish heart of man is always gripping, and that this selfish world is always teaching by its examples,"—these, I say, are the very reasons why we should listen to the teaching of God. He teaches us that we are to get that we may *give*. And, of course, the giving ought to begin as soon as the getting, and always to keep pace with it in due proportion. This principle apprehended and applied will most effectually prevent the encroachments of a selfish avarice and a miserly greed. The Scriptural

teaching will make us industrious and liberal, careful and frechanded, gatherers and scatterers at once. We shall be equally afraid of "the destruction of the poor, which is their poverty overtaking us." We shall be equally afraid of "the destruction and perdition in which the rich are drowned," who hold their wealth in selfish ownership, and not as a trust from God. I say, then, without the least doubt about the propriety of the teaching, and without the least fear of its consequences, Get, on God's conditions. Lift yourself away from a state which He describes in the Bible, and shows you clearly in his providence to be a state in which you ought not to be if you can help it—a state of narrowness, and pressure, and moral disadvantage. Aspire to a condition in which your whole nature may expand, and where you may wield with the most effect all those gifts and powers which God may put into your hands. We read that "If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." An infidel, an unbeliever, will do these things by the light of nature—he will succour the aged, and nourish the young, and share all his comforts with those about him. But, be a man a Christian or an infidel, he must *get* before he can give. He must gather before he can distribute. He must have the money before he can be guilty of the great sin of covetously keeping it. And that sin of covetousness will be avoided, not by neglecting industry and despising money, but by carefully gathering and giving in the spirit and for the ends prescribed in the Scriptures.

But now, if you will allow me, I wish to bring before your thought and close home to the most Christian sympathies of your heart this subject, this sad fact of poverty in its *widest* range and in its *public* aspects.

After all, it would be a mean and selfish thing if any

young man here, or any number of young men, were so far to act on the advice given, on the mere form of the advice, forgetting its spirit, as to begin immediately a successful career, increasing in comfort and wealth year by year, and shedding the fruits of these fairly and justly through the home circles, at the same time continuing almost wholly blind and insensible to the condition of the myriads who are left in that dark, distressed state from which escape has thus been made.

Anything more diametrically opposed to the spirit of Christianity than this it would be impossible to conceive. Such a man may name the name of Christ, but he is practically serving Belial. He may call on "God the Father, who is without respect of persons," but he is really worshipping Mammon. Think of it! A man coming up from a dark, misty lower ground, where death broods in the very air, by manful exertions scaling the rocks, or rising on the steps of a ladder put down to him by others, then leaping on the green sod of the higher level, and turning his face to the hills of light without one pitiful thought, or one backward look of the heart to those still mourning and dying in the valley below! What would you think of such a man, and especially if you heard him name the name of Christ—the name of Him who for himself would never leave the valley while he lived, who would only go out of it by the door of dark death—who would never climb any of the ladders of kingship which men set up for him, electing to be born, to live, to die among the poor? What would you think of such a man; what would you do to him? If there is one thing more characteristic of practical Christianity than another, it is this—a regard for the fallen, the weak, and the poor. If we receive it—its wonderful forgivenesses, its surpassing love, its hope of immortal glory,—then our heart yearns to show our grateful sense of the Saviour's grace, by

trying to do, in some humble measure, the like. And especially it is expected of us, and well may be, that we cherish a strong practical sympathy and regard for those who are in a state in which we might so easily be, or out of which, by industry and effort, we have just risen. Those borne away on the social heights of human life may be more readily excused if they look at the whole subject more calmly, if they regard poverty as one of the elements to be dealt with in the application of any system of political economy, or in the framing of the legislation by which it is to be regulated. But to us who live nearer its borders—to you, young men, who I hope and pray will nearly all get away from its cold grip, the subject should present itself in much nearer and more affecting aspects. By the memory of all our early straits and struggles—by the thought of the helps, human, and more purely providential, that have come to us—by the sight of the comforts gathering in our house and along our way, by all the hopes of the future for this life, whatever they may be; by the picture your active imagination sometimes limns of the bright wife and the happy children who are coming,—by all these things we are charged and bound over to work as we can for the relief and elevation of the poor, *and for the destruction of their poverty, so that they shall be poor no longer.* To work for less than that, to expect less than that, seems to me to fall quite below the measure of the whole question. Of course, it is well to sympathize, and well to relieve. The amount of sympathy and relief felt and given in this country is something wonderful, and shows clearly that there is a great strength and fulness of Christian faith and feeling diffused among the people. But a process of relief might go on for ever if only the *symptoms* are dealt with, if the disease is not attacked in its roots. For, of course, in that case it will renew itself without limit or stay. Now I want to be of some little use to-night in help-

ing you to this attack on the roots and causes of poverty. Perhaps you cannot do very much just now. No one man can ever do *very* much in a case and question so vast. But it will be *relatively* much, if you acquire the boldness needful to look clearly to the *abolition* of poverty as an end, *the* end to which to work. That, and nothing less. Not the scattering of gift and largess with increasing prodigality from the hand of wealth upon the path of the poor. Not the multiplication of hospitals and charities. Not even a vast increase in the number of instances of pious contentment with the abject condition, since it *is* the lot assigned. Those things are good, but there is something far better and brighter rising beyond them. There is a coming competence which *all* are to possess. There is a social regeneration which is to affect the whole mass of the people. There is a burial-day for the world's poverty, and no resurrection.

To expect clearly the coming of that day is a true and noble faith to which all Christians even do not attain. To work for it very steadily will be a true and noble habit for life which shall in nowise lose its reward.

Many are very faithless on this subject.

There is a philosophical scepticism cherished and expressed by some men of literature on this, and on *all* subjects affecting human progress. The thing seems to present itself to their minds in a fatalistic aspect. They are really Pagans in a Christian land. They are practically swayed by the old principle of dualism. So much of one thing necessitates so much of another—its opposite. So much virtue in the world supposes also so much vice. So much wealth, so much poverty. Each is necessary to the existence of the other. You see the one only by the other. They are like the ordinances of heaven—like the summer and the winter, the day and the night, which shall never cease. You may alter their localities on the earth, and, perhaps, *slightly*

even their proportions, but in the main all things must continue as they were; and ten thousand years hence, if the world lasts as long, there will be intelligence and ignorance, virtues and crimes, the rich and the poor, just as now—poor men then still toiling to weariness in mines and fields and factories, poor children still wandering about in dirt and rags, and beggars still whining out their piteous plaint as you pass them on the way! Do you believe that? I don't. That theory is contradicted by all this world's struggles and attainments—by the knowledge she has gotten which cannot die, held as it is increasingly as an inheritance *for man*—by the virtues which are growing, slowly indeed, but surely, among many peoples—by the renewal of the *battle* with evil over all the earth—by the recognized power of public opinion, not only within a narrow circle, but among the nations—by the working of the spirit of modern progress in the different spheres of human life—but, above all, by the moral sentiments and instincts of mankind, and the Christian teachings of the Bible, that dark, heartless, unfeeling system of viewing human life is contradicted and condemned.

But there is a Christian *scepticism* on this subject as well. People say, "Do you really think that there is a time ever coming in this world, or, at least, under this dispensation, when there will be no poor, and that we ought to be such idealists as to work *for that?*" Yes, I do,—if I did not believe that, my heart would die within me as I look upon some aspects of our social life, and the old question would arise instinctively, "Wherefore hast thou made all men in vain?"

But does not our Lord himself say, "The poor ye have always with you?" Yes; but he does *not* say that they *shall* always be with us. He does not ordain poverty for the future ages. He does not, surely, adopt it as one of the institutions of His kingdom? He simply recognizes its

then existence, and the fact, abundantly evident, that it was not likely soon to pass away. But if recognizing the existence of a thing without condemning it at the time is to give his divine sanction, then concubinage is sanctioned, and Mormonism becomes right; then slavery is sanctioned, and the slaveholder may lift up his head among the foremost of Christian men; then the purest tyranny in civil government is sanctioned, for our Lord recognized *all* governments that existed, and took no part in any political movement for their amendment or their overthrow. We are to interpret Scripture, not in that way—by the isolation of particular texts, by catching at the letter and losing the spirit,—but by the belief and application of its leading doctrines, and by the apprehension of its living principles. Manifestly the kingdom of Christ as established in this world is the grand curative power of God for all that is diseased and wrong in the state of man. It is the earthly fountain of living waters. It is God coming down to “wipe the tears from off all faces,” to give rest and plenty to all peoples. I am not speaking (God forbid!) the language of a sect in this. This faith, as I take it, is universal among all *active* Christian people. “’Tis mightiest in the mightiest.” It is the spring of all missionary enterprize. It is the impulse and the safeguard to all social reformation; and holding this faith, we *cannot* hold the designed perpetuity of poverty: we can only hold that it too is doomed and smitten by the gospel of love and regeneracy, and, like every other bitter fruit from that one dark fountain of our fall and sin, it *must* pass away.

But in order to a perfect society, must we not still have the different ranks and grades? And would not the abolition of poverty, and, therefore, in a large measure of “the lower classes,” be the signal for the advent among us of that which we have been taught to fear and dread—*socialism*?

My answer to that question would be, that I have no

doubt at all that the perfect state of society that is coming will be even *more diversified* than the present. There is nothing in nature or grace which points to a dead level of uniformity, either in earth or heaven, as the consummation of God's ideal plan. In a sense, no doubt, therefore, there will be ranks and grades and classes among men in that bright future time—just as now there are “thrones, and dominions, and principalities, and powers, and the naming of high and mystic names,” in God's perfect heaven above us. And as to “socialism,” in the evil sense, considering it as mere agrarianism, as the violation of individual rights, as the forcing of individual labour, as the appropriation of all private property on the common behoof—I believe we shall be farther from it by immeasurable distance than we are to-day. The real danger of a coming communistic strife will arise from the perpetuation, and still more from the *increase* of poverty, if it is allowed to increase—not from its removal. When men *have* something, they will stand for the right of all *others* who have. When they have nothing, and when all the inheritance they can hope even their children to have is “*nothing*” still, for what can you expect them to stand? Nothing makes a cold background for patriotism. It is a small coal with which to kindle a large enthusiasm, with which to feed all the virtues. Something will be better. More than a million of our fellow-countrymen have nothing—worse, live on charity and alms. I don't like that. The charities of England, considered as fruits of thoughtful Christian sympathy, and as channels through which the gifts and helps of a present love are ever flowing, are, next to the Church of Christ (with which, indeed, they are all more or less related), the noblest things under the sun. But it would be better if we could do without them! More than two millions more of our people, it is said, are always *on the verge* of this lapsed

condition, ready on the least reverse to sink into it. I don't like that. He is no friend of England who does. The truest friends of this country, and of the cause of real progress and happiness all over the world, are they— I name no names, because we are blamed for flattery and idol-worship—the names are familiar on our lips as “household words,”—names not taken from this party or that in political strife, but common to them all,—are they who break through all the trammels of party, and all hindrances and prejudices of a social kind, in order to take a near and a long gaze at the stern and dark realities which are found in the lowest stratum of English life—are all of them more or less associated with *poverty*.

Nobler work for the manhood of your own life, which is coming on, I know not where you will find, than that which will come to you, if you join yourself with these men. Brighter than if you wore coronet or crown will the glory be about your head as life goes on, and eternity draws nigh, if you are found thus engaged in loving toils for the good of the people. The Master will come with the evening shadow, and casting on your face the brightness of His eternal smile, say, “Inasmuch as ye have done it to *the least* of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”

And now, in closing, I will say a *few* words on modes—practical modes and ways for amelioration and relief; because I acknowledge that you may very properly say, “Well, what are we to do, and *how* are we to do it? We see the evil, looming in dark contrast to the brightness of our refinement; we feel it, throbbing like pent-up volcanic force beneath our feet. But how are we to meet it,—how are we to lessen it? Tell us *what* to do, and we will be thankful.” Now it may, perhaps, be some disappointment to those who have not looked at the involutions, complexities, and dark *depths* of the subject, when I answer that I have no

specific,—that in my view there is and can be no *one* thing, nor any easy combination of a few things, which will meet the need and effect the cure. The evil is complex and manifold, and the cure must bear something of the same character. In one view, indeed, the cure may be regarded and described as simple. It lies in the application of the *whole Gospel* of Christ to the whole state of man. That will bring harmony and millennium as surely as the morning brings light,—as the summer, flowers. I believe that—I trust we all believe that—“with heart and soul, and strength and mind.” But that assertion is not quite so simple as it looks. The Gospel is as simple as the unity of human nature, and yet as manifold as human experiences. It has vital relations with everything that concerns a man, a family, a society, a state, a world, and, in a sense, a universe of worlds. It has curative powers for all that is wrong in these several spheres, and the *application* of these powers is not always a simple thing,—is, as we know, sometimes very delicate and difficult. It does not just mean that a missionary shall visit here, or a clergymen or minister shall preach there. It means that, but a great deal more. The Gospel has kindly relations, and purposes to the poor man’s food, to his clothing, to his house, to his neighbourhood, to his body, to his mind, to his spirits, to his social standing and his civic rights, and to his soul’s well-being and immortality. The poor need help, and they need to be taught to help themselves in all these respects. They must have wholesome food for nourishment; they must have homes instead of hovels; cleanliness for dirt; industry for slovenliness. The habits of a thriving economy must triumph over the impulses and outbreaks of a sensual excess. They must have conveyed to them as much of the great inheritance of human knowledge as their minds and circumstances will receive. They must be girded with

temperance, and built up with justice, and fired with an honest independence, and endowed with civic rights, of which they will then be worthy;—and, as the glory of their being, as the *fulness* of that great life of which these things are but the inferior parts, they must have the love of God,—Christ in them, the hope of glory. And *then* the problem will be solved, and the long-sought goal will be won.

In so wide a field of labour there is room *somewhere* for every one of you. You know not as yet,—and no man can certainly tell you,—*where* your place is to be, and what the reach of your power and influence. But you know this: that your personal power to help in this great cause, while no doubt it will be related to your place and to your circumstances,—and in a sense even measured by them,—will at the same time be related far more closely and vitally to the state and temper of your soul, to the sympathy and love of the inner man. If you keep a loyal, loving heart within, no matter where you may be planted, or how conditioned as to outer life. Christ will give you a throne of influence to occupy, and a realm of life to rule.

If you abide in firm fealty by the cause—the cause of Christ and the poor,—He will, for reward, dower you with His own unsearchable riches, and show you also something—I think not a little—of the progress and triumph of the cause for which you thus live. That cause is still blown against by all the winds of earth, still rocked on the tide of her agitations, yet still we see it holding on divinely towards the fair havens of promise. I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet; but this I can tell,—by that gift of second sight, by that teaching of the Spirit, which the great Prophet of the Church gives to the humblest of his people,—that better days are at hand; that it is the morning that cometh, and not the night; the summer, and not the winter of the world, that draweth nigh. The horizon is quivering even now with

richer lights than watcher ever saw. The breath of a holier morning is already on the earth. Those lights of the mountain tops,—those breathings out of heaven,—will soon shed themselves into all the valleys of toil and care; and *then* the mighty multitudes of the poor in every land, and the weary slaves on hot fields, and the down-trodden castes of the Indian plains, will arise as by a moral resurrection, and standing erect in their recovered manhood, will hail the shining of that day with songs, more and better—They will see that while the deliverance has come in many ways — by wise philosophy, by pure literature, by diffused knowledge, by practice of temperance, by justness of law, by everything wholesome and exalting pertaining to this earthly life—yet that there has been *one* thing enriching, vitalizing all; one *royal thing* commanding all these *subject* things into the combinations they have assumed, and filling them from its own exhaustless fountains with that power of regeneracy which they have put forth,—even the love of Him who once stood in the synagogue of Nazareth, and who has been standing in the world's darkest places ever since—“preaching the Gospel to the poor, healing the broken-hearted, proclaiming liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to all who are bound.”

Seeing that all the gladsome light that shines is light from His face, they will say—“Lo! this is our God: we have waited for Him, and He will save us. This is *the Lord*: we have waited for Him; and now we will be glad and rejoice in His salvation.”



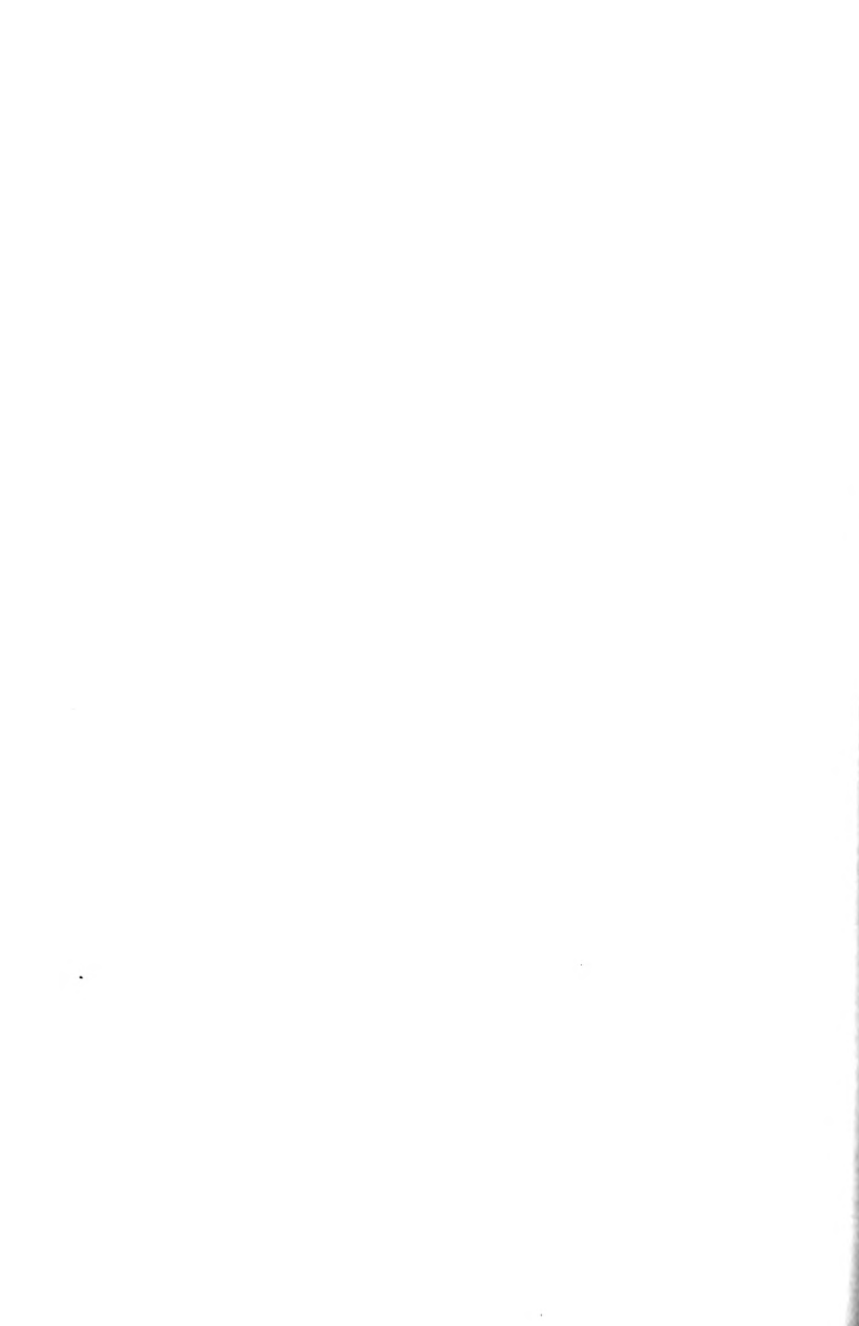
An Evening with the Church
Fathers and Early Christians.

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A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. FRANCIS J. SHARR.



AN EVENING WITH THE CHURCH FATHERS AND EARLY CHRISTIANS.

THE world is a school; man here is in a state of pupilage, and history is one of the means ordained by God to advance and facilitate his education. Without history we should be without experience; for it is upon its pages that we see those influences at work, and those causes in operation, which have brought all the great results in the world to pass.

So that, just as the chymist goes into his laboratory, and analyzes, and tests, and compounds, watching, with deep interest and curious eye, how one substance modifies and transforms another—sometimes even giving birth to a new creation; so the student of history watches the operations of passions, and principles, and ideas, and sees how they blend with, and resist, and modify each other, terminating in consequences most happy or most disastrous to mankind. It is from the past that we account for the present; and it is from the past, also, that we anticipate the future.

There is much that is prophetic resulting from the study

of history. Knox sent, from his dying bed, to tell Kirkecaldy of Grange, at that time strong in power and in possession of Edinburgh Castle, that if he did not repent and turn from his evil ways, he would some day be hanged up in the face of the sun; for the sagacious reformer could foresee the consequences of that double and dangerous game that he was playing. Captain Cook declared that New Zealand would some day become the most flourishing of British colonies, a hundred years before the white man planted his feet upon its shores. A celebrated French statesman foretold the great revolution that happened in his country, while monarchy was seated firmly upon its throne, a whole century before the event took place. In "The Curiosities of Literature," there is a long and interesting chapter of such prophecies as these.

But, let the study of history be as instructive as it may, the *pleasure* derived therefrom is quite equal to the *profit*. Is there enjoyment in watching the drama or the tragedy, where all is mimicry and false show? Then, surely, there is enjoyment here, where all is earnest life and stern reality. Select some stirring movement of the past. Let the geography and the manners and customs of the times supply the costume and the scenery. Then observe the actors as they march upon the stage and play their respective parts,—it may be to love, or hate, or fight, or pray. See the martyr die for truth, or the chieftain struggle for dominion, or the lover attest the fidelity of his love. Mark the plot as it unfolds. Watch the battle as it rages, or the storm as it gathers and bursts on cities and on nations. Pry into the council chamber of princes, and see those secret and hidden causes generate, which, like the forces of the earthquake, have so frequently revolutionized the world. Watch all this—this strife of passion and of principle. Let history supply the facts; and if you have the feelings of a man, if you can identify yourself and sympathize with everything that is

human, all this will become a part of your very self; your whole being will mingle with it, and you will seem as if actually living and moving among these realities; and you will certainly conclude that here is something with which, for fervid interest and deep emotion, no result of the poet's art can for a moment compare.

These remarks have a special force as they relate to the subject of this evening. The Church Fathers are our fathers. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Every member of the household of faith ought to make himself acquainted with the history of his own family. The pen of inspiration has deigned to write the annals of religion. The world exists for the sake of the Church; and ever since the call of Abraham the history of the Church has been, to a great extent, the pith and marrow of the history of the world. Here you see the providence of God unfold itself, and the purposes of God march on from age to age. Here too, the prejudices, and passions, and virtues of human nature come most clearly into view. It will do us good to measure ourselves with men of such different proportions as the Fathers. It will give us a greater love for the truth, to see how much of toil, and tears, and blood it took to keep it pure and hand it down to us. We shall feel a calm, and liberal, but, at the same time, a strong and manly, determination to resist the endeavours of those who would arrest the progress of the world, and send the shadow on her dial back, under the grave and fatal error that the former times were better than these. And, finally, we shall rise from this study with profound thankfulness to Almighty God for our present favourable condition; for, I am certain, that no man, who is not blinded either by prejudice or ignorance, can compare the state of religion to-day with the state of religion even in the first centuries after Christ, without feeling we have little to regret, little to envy, but that we

have a thousand advantages and privileges for which it becomes us to be devoutly grateful.

I shall call upon the Church Fathers to bear witness to all this. But let me observe respecting them—they are of no sect, no denomination. They are the common property of all. The Papist and the Protestant lay equal claim to them. The Churchman and the Dissenter call them brothers. They lived before the different phases of Christian life which we behold were dreamed of; before the Church of England, as such, was thought about; before Popery put forth her pretensions; before the Church of the East was separated from that of the West. Were they alive to-day, I see nothing improbable in the supposition of Augustine being the pastor of an Independent congregation, Cyprian the rector of one of your parish churches, or Chrysostom an itinerant Methodist preacher. I shall call them bishops: but, you must bear in mind, the bishop of their day was, in many respects, a very different individual from the bishop of the times in which we live.

Alexandria, the metropolis of Egypt, must be our starting-point. Perhaps no word stands earlier in our associations than Egypt. She was the first of the nations. Scarcely had the mud left by the Deluge become dry upon the face of the ground, when the first bands of emigrants settled in the valley of the Nile. The country itself is a kind of miracle. A strip of verdure interlacing a boundless desert. Egypt owes its existence to its river, the sources of which are still a mystery. No nation can boast of such antiquities. Its temples excite our astonishment—its tombs baffle our researches—its pyramids are still the wonder of the world. Egypt stands prominent in sacred story. Abraham sojourned here; Jacob and his family resided in its Goshen; Joseph figured largely among its scenes; Moses claimed it as the land of nativity; God smote it with His plagues; Solomon mar-

ried one of its royal daughters ; and the infant Saviour found in it an asylum from the tyrant of Judea.

In the year 332 B.C. one of the greatest geniuses the world has ever produced founded the city I have just named, and called it after himself. It formed the pivot of his vast designs. Here he intended Europe, and Africa, and Asia should meet and hold communion. The advantages of its position can hardly be surpassed. It stood upon a neck of land washed by the waters of two seas. Deinoocrates sketched the plans ; a man in every way sufficient for the task, if you will take what he did, and what he offered to do, into account. He did rebuild the Temple of Diana at Ephesus ; and he offered to carve Mount Athos into a statue of Alexander, holding a city of 10,000 people in one hand, and pouring a river of water into the sea with the other. The Lighthouse of Alexandria was one of the "seven wonders." Sostrates of Cnidos was the architect ; and there is a story connected with its erection that will point a moral well. Ptolemy directed that his name should be inscribed upon its base, that aftercoming ages might appreciate the debt they owed him. The architect, however, inscribed his own name on the stone, and then covered it with stucco, on which he wrote the name of the king. Old Time, with his rough hand, came by and rubbed the stucco off, and the king's name perished ; but this only brought to light the inscription in honour of the builder, who thus reaped the glory of his ingenuity and skill. Here also was the Library founded by the Ptolemies, with its catalogue of 700,000 volumes ; and here stood the splendid Temple of Serapis, the rival of the Capitol, and a host of other things too numerous to mention. When the Turks took the place, it is said, they found 4,000 palaces, 4,000 baths, 400 theatres, and 12,000 shops. When Alexander built the city, he invited the Jews to settle there, and they did so ; and consequently, the largest Jewish population out of Palestine

made this their residence. Here the Hebrew Scriptures were translated into Greek; a work so wonderful, it was thought, that all antiquity ascribed it to a miracle. A temple was erected for religious services at Heliopolis, which competed in magnificence with the ancient seat of worship on Mount Zion. The books of the Apocrypha were many of them written here: and here, just after Christ, Philo, the most celebrated of Jewish philosophers, resided, from whom, it is thought, the Apostle John adopts the term "Word," and applies it to the Saviour.

Christianity was a new life breathed into the nations, and the immense mental activities of Alexandria received from it a wondrous impulse. Mark, the writer of our second Gospel, is said to have brought it here. It is desirable that we set out with correct notions of Alexandria. In the first place, politically it was a second Rome, almost as powerful and almost as independent. Secondly, it was the largest commercial city of the age. And, thirdly, but more especially, it was, in a higher sense than Oxford is to-day, the seat of learning, disputing with and carrying off the palm from Tarsus, and even Athens itself. In the golden age of its literature, Euclid founded its school of mathematics; Hipparchus, the father of astronomy, catalogued the stars, observed the precession of the equinoxes, and calculated eclipses almost as correctly as we do now; Eratosthenes studied geography, and ascertained pretty clearly the circumference of the globe; and Archimedes is claimed as a disciple of this school. Then, in addition to these, we have Callimachus, a sort of cyclopædia, and Theocritus the poet, and a whole galaxy beside. Well, then, learning in Alexandria declined; but it exhibited a mighty resurrection in Neo-platonism. Neo-platonism set itself to marry Revelation and Metaphysics; but the parties were not agreed, so the attempted match turned out a failure. Philo led the

way, but Ammonius Saccas is regarded as the father of the system. Plotinus and a host of others followed, and Proclus "closed the long illustrious line." The New Philosophy was all the rage in Alexandria just as the Gospel was making itself heard. It had schools beyond count, and tutors out of number. Philosophers from all quarters of the globe, in their academic cloaks, herded through its streets as thick as monks at Rome; Grecian, and Oriental, and Christian modes of thought commingled. Thousands of disputants did little else but argue all day long. The dull, matter-of-fact people of this country are always at work for money to spend upon the body: the people of the East lived light and worked little, and spent their energies, physical and mental, in the pursuit of knowledge. Now, you will see at once, that, just as now in the cities of India, where your missionaries labour, preaching, as we have it, would be of little use; they wanted a man to argue, not to preach. It became the servants of the Gospel to meet the demands of this position. If one method will not succeed, another must be tried. He is a miserable apostle of the truth who argues, If my old mode of sermonizing and expounding will not attract and save the people, then leave them to themselves and let them perish. Paul's determination, was to become all things to all men, that he might gain the more. So resolved the believers at Alexandria; and hence they established their school for catechists, as it was called. Athenagoras was the first master, Pantænus was the second, and Clement, one of the brightest names in the early Church, was his successor. This Christian school was a very unique thing in its way. It was a kind of arena, into which intellectual gladiators of every sort were invited to enter and show their skill. It was a place where argumentative tournaments were held. The master stood there as champion to engage all comers, and welcome any one who wished to break a lance. It set itself

to accomplish three things : to instruct the young disciples ; to convince the educated heathen ; and to train young men for the office of Church teachers. Now, the man who takes the headship of such a school as this, it is plain, must be no novice : he must know and feel the truth and power of the Gospel ; he must be up with all the literature of his opponents ; he must meet the heathen, and the sceptic, and the doubter on their own ground ; he must have a good memory, a powerful reason, much patience and self-possession, and a wonderful dexterity in handling the weapons of logic : he must be able to knock the dust out of a fallacy in a few minutes, and to lay a windy disputant gasping on the ground in a trice, or he will soon have his hands too full to hold. All this, and more than this, was Clement. He believed in philosophy. He held that the Grecian sages were to the Gentiles what Moses was to the Jews,—our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ. He was, consequently, by these kindly sympathies, the very man to stride across the border, and bring the philosophic heathen into the fold of Christ. It must have been a pleasing spectacle to see him standing there, erect and self-reliant, delivering a lecture to his pupils, with half a score of eager visages around him, raking his very soul with the cross-fire of their eyes,—impatient to have him finish, that they might pluck his arguments to pieces, while he takes them one by one, or two or three together, and serves them much after the fashion that a sparrow-hawk would serve a brood of chickens. Clement was rather old when he embraced the faith. He had his faults ; but he was, doubtless, earnest and sincere. He travelled much, studied hard, and wrote many books, four of which have been preserved. He is thought to be the author of the oldest Christian hymn extant.

Among the crowds of students that thronged the school of Clement, there was one subtile, active boy, destined to

become one of the leading characters of his times, and to have different parties fighting sore battles over his opinions. Unlike his master, he was brought up a Christian. His father was a godly man, and used to go, as fathers often do, I am told, and look at his son at night before he went to rest himself; and turning down the clothes, he used to kiss the child's bosom as he lay upon the pillow, and pray that that breast of his might some day become the temple of the Holy Ghost. When this boy was only sixteen years of age, a terrible persecution raged against the Christians, and Leonidas was sentenced to die. Imagine ourselves in such a case. How should we have felt, ourselves lovers of the Gospel, the full tide of youthful energy coursing through our veins, and all the generous impulses and dauntless chivalry of nascent manhood swelling in our bosom, and a venerated parent doomed to die for his fealty to Christ? Would not our enthusiasm have burst from all restraint, and our heroism have courted the sufferings of the martyr? And so it was with Origen. He determined to die by his father's side; and his mother only prevented him from doing so, by shutting him up within his bedroom, and taking his clothes away: and when the noble-hearted boy found he could not share his father's fate, he wrote to him on behalf of himself, and six brothers and sisters, "See you that no thought of us induces you to alter your opinion." And it did not, for he sealed his confession with his blood. Other instances of heroism are told of Origen. When he was eighteen years of age, he became master of the school, standing in the place of his redoubtable preceptor. He sold his books of heathen literature, and purchased an annuity of fivepence halfpenny a day: on this he lived, subsisting on the hardest fare, going barefoot, and sleeping on the ground. His toils were unremitting. His nights were given to study, and his days to teaching. He wrote commentaries on every

book of Scripture, except the Revelation. He was the first to collate manuscripts in order to obtain a correct text of the Greek New Testament. He published a Polyglot edition of the Old Testament Scriptures, and he stands before us still as the first biblical scholar of his age. After manifold sufferings and labour, much travel and numerous privations, he died at last in peace upon the bosom of that faith he had done so much to recommend. Firmilian, bishop of Cæsarea, and Gregory, "the wonder-worker," were among his pupils. Heraclas, another pupil, succeeded him as head master of the school, and then became bishop of Alexandria; and Dionysius, another pupil, succeeded Heraclas as bishop, bringing to his office more genius and learning than any of his predecessors. There are other names at Alexandria, but we must hasten on.

The greatest controversy that ever agitated the peace of the Christian world was the Arian controversy. For 300 years its effects may be distinctly traced, but for forty years it raged with unabated fury. The war was waged throughout the East, and not unfrequently it disturbed the West. Emperors, and bishops, and statesmen took respective sides: and it did not stop here,—the masses of people took it up with an enthusiasm never displayed in a similar cause. The discussions were parodied in the Pagan theatres, and tumults were occasioned in many of the large towns. It was the subject of dispute in the drawing-rooms among the ladies, as well as in the streets and barbers' shops. Every corner and alley of the city was full of it. Arius threw his dogmas into songs; and these were sung by the sailors in the harbour, and by the travellers upon the roads. If one asked the price of bread, or went to take a bath, before he got attended to, the question was proposed, "Did the Son arise from nothing? or is He consubstantial with the Father?"

Arius, a presbyter of Alexandria, having the cure of a

parish called Baucalis, was its originator. He seems to have been a man of blameless life, and hardly to have been aware that he was introducing anything antagonistic to the faith. He believed that Christ was God, that He was the Creator, and that He was above all created beings; yet he maintained that He was inferior to and dependent on the Father. He further argued, that, if begotten, He was not eternal; and hence, "there was"—he did not say a time, he did not use that term,—but "there was when He was not." For holding these opinions, he was deposed by his bishop. Other bishops were consulted, and the breach grew wider: some took one side, some another. Three years after this, Constantine became Emperor of the East, as well as of the West; and, professing the Christian faith himself, he determined to establish uniformity of belief among his peoples, and hence he called a council to settle these disputes. From the very nature of theologic truth, and from the very nature of human thought, I hold religious controversy is inevitable and indispensable; and hence, I look back upon this conference as upon one of the most momentous events that ever affected the destinies of mankind. It constitutes a landmark of ecclesiastical history. For the first time, the Church and the Empire are brought face to face. It was a regular pitched battle of opinions,—a great parliament of the representatives of the different religious communities. I know it is the habit of some people to look with contempt upon all such occasions; but the influence which this council exerted upon all succeeding ages is quite sufficient to rescue it from every shadow of disrespect; and inasmuch as it was a contest for the Godhood and Kingship of Christ, all thoughtful men will regard it as of the utmost possible importance. Nice, the second capital of Bithynia, situated on the borders of a lake communicating with the Propontis, was selected as the place of meeting. 318 bishops were present, who, with their

attendants, numbered some 2,048. But these were by no means all, for the occasion attracted crowds of eager spirits from all parts of the empire. The quiet provincial city was thronged with strangers. The disputes inside the place of meeting were prolonged outside. Even the heathen philosophers took part. Groups collected to discuss the highest problems of divinity in the streets, and Nice, for the time being, became the arena of fierce theological contention. For what I shall say about the council, I am much indebted to Dr. Stanley's Lectures on the Eastern Church,—a book which should be in the hand of every person interested in the history of religion.

The council began about Whitsuntide, in the commencement of the summer. The bishops travelled partly in the public conveyances, and partly on horses, and asses, and mules. They came in a frenzy of excitement. Most of the older members looked as if they were the broken remnants of an army just escaped from some dreadful siege or battle. There were few of the elder ones that had not lost a friend or brother. Many bore marks of their ill-usage. Some uncovered their sides and shoulders to show the marks left by the instruments of torture. Others had lost an eye; and of others the sinews of the legs were cut, to prevent them escaping from the mines. At first they met in a building in the centre of the town, and then the meeting was transferred to a room within the precincts of the palace. Let us try and call up the scene before us. First of all, there is the Egyptian group, at the head of which stands Alexander, pope of Alexandria, the most learned see in Christendom, and the only person in the council who bears that title; for the Bishop of Rome was not designated pope till four hundred years after this period. In the treasury at Moscow is a scarf which he is said to have worn on the occasion. He is an old man; the shadow of death is on his brow, and he

only survives the council a few months. Close beside the Pope of Alexandria is a small, insignificant young man, about five-and-twenty years of age,—so dwarfish, indeed, as hardly to be a man at all,—with handsome face, an exquisite mouth, bushy whiskers, and auburn hair, quick in speech, subtile in debate, and vehement in argument. That little deacon is the great Athanasius, the master-spirit of the assembly. Belonging to the same group is one upon whom all eyes are fixed. He is about sixty years of age, very tall and very thin. When he is talking, he has a queer way of contorting and twisting himself, which his enemies liken to the wriggling of a snake. His face is emaciated and deadly pale. He never looks at you while he is speaking, but drops his eyes upon the ground: this arises from a weakness of the sight. He is evidently an ascetic; for he wears a long coat with short sleeves, and a scarf only half the usual size, such as ascetics wear, and his hair hangs in a tangled mass about his head. He is generally silent, but when he speaks he gets very much excited; yet there is something sweet about his voice, and winning in his manners. There must be much that is attractive about him, for he is said to have fascinated no less than 700 ladies in Alexandria. That strange, captivating being is Arius, on whose account the council has been called. In the background of the Egyptian group are some genuine Copts from the interior of the country, whose ancestors figured in the times of the Pharaohs. For instance, there was Potammon, bishop of Heracleopolis, far up the Nile, and Paphnutius, bishop of the Upper Thebaid. Each of them has had his right eye dug out with the point of the sword, and the socket seared with a red-hot iron. Paphnutius, too, is limping on his right leg; the left is ham-strung. Next to those from Egypt, we have those from Syria and the interior of Asia; foremost among whom is Eustathius, famous for his learning, and Eusebius

of Cæsarea, clerk of the Imperial closet, and at heart an Arian, as are many of the bishops from Palestine beside.

Then we have Paul, from the banks of the Euphrates. His hands are all stiffened and contracted, for the muscles have been burnt during the recent persecutions. With him is Jacob of Nisibis, in Mesopotamia. Before he became a bishop, he lived as a hermit in the woods, and wore a coarse hairy garment, and since he became a bishop he has neither changed his dress nor manners; but wherever he goes he inspires awe, for it is supposed he has the power to work miracles: for instance, he is said to have changed a washer-woman's hair from black to white. From still further eastward came John the Persian, and with him two or three beside.

In addition to these, we have the bishops from Asia Minor: Leontius of Cæsarea (Cappadocia); Eusebius of Nicomedia, the residence of the Emperor, to whom also he is personally related, and from whose hand Constantine at last received the rite of baptism; Maris of Chalcedon, and Menophantus of Ephesus: and most of these are on the side of Arius. Metrophanes of Byzantium is ill, and cannot be present; so he has sent Alexander, his presbyter, a man seventy years of age, and with him a little secretary, named Paul, only twelve years old, the youngest member of the council, and who will some day become a great man and a patriarch. Silvester of Rome is old, and cannot attend; and so he is represented by Victor and Vincentius, two of his clergy.

Next to these, we may refer to Spyridion, from the island of Cyprus. He was a shepherd both before and after his ordination. Strange tales are told of him. Indeed, he is quite a character. As he journeyed to the council with a single deacon in attendance, one riding on a white mule, and the other on one of a chestnut colour, they fell in with some

brother-bishops, who, thinking it a pity that so simple a man should take part in so grave a controversy, determined to prevent his going to the council altogether. They halted at a certain place for the night, and turned the mules out to pasture. During the darkness some one was sent to cut the heads off the two beasts. The journey was to be resumed before daylight next morning; but when the servant of Spyridion went to catch the mules, he found them dead, with their heads dissevered from their bodies, and hastened back in great distress to tell his master. Spyridion at once proceeded to the spot, and ordered the servant to put the heads of the animals to the trunks; and, touching them with his mystic staff, the creatures at once sprang upon their feet, and shook themselves as if just awakened out of a deep sleep. The bishop and his deacon mounted and proceeded on their journey. About daybreak they overtook the others, who were much surprised at seeing them; but it soon became evident a wonder had been wrought, for in the dark the servant had committed a great blunder,—he had put the wrong head to the wrong trunk; so there was the chestnut-coloured mule with a white head, and the white mule with one of a chestnut colour. Let us hope they played no more tricks of this sort with the Bishop of Cyprus. Spyridion is the only member of the council that, in a certain sense survives. He has become the patron saint of the Ionian Isles, and twice a year his remains are carried in solemn procession through the streets of Corfu.

It will give us some idea of the distant quarters from which the members came, if we remember, there was John the Persian from the confines of India, and Theophilus the Goth from the extreme north; Hosius from Cordova in Spain, to whom was accorded the honour of first subscribing to the canons; and Cæcilian from Carthage in Northern Africa.

Well, the bishops have all arrived, and they have taken

possession of the hall within the palace. The prelates are arranged in two rows along the room, and their attendants are accommodated behind them. In the middle is a table, on which are laid the four Gospels, to intimate that Christ is present in their midst; and at the upper end of the apartment stands the throne of the successor of the Cæsars. We can easily imagine them, as they sat there in highest expectation, on the morning of the day when the Emperor should come and open the council in person. There is all that restlessness and feverish excitement so common when some great event is expected to come off. Sometimes all is hushed and breathless stillness; and then there is that shivering rustle of nervous agitation which shows how intense the pent-up feelings are. They are waiting to see, not merely the hero of a hundred fights or the mightiest potentate on earth, but the first emperor that professed the Christian faith, and who not unfrequently, indeed, stood forth as a preacher of the same. He was to be there as a bishop among bishops, while his flatterers styled him "equal to the Apostles." There were facts connected with his history which seemed to point him out as the special favourite of Heaven. In him the old prophecies appeared to be fulfilled, and by him the reign of peace would seem to be begun. Beyond question he was, above all others, that earthly object upon which their hopes and expectations centred. All eyes were riveted upon the door, watching with palpitating eagerness for every sign of his approach. At length there are assuring signs that he was drawing near. The door was thrown wide open. The bishops sprang upon their feet, and in another moment Constantine entered the apartment. His majestic figure, his handsome features, and his lion-like eye, at once inspired admiration mingled with awe. His long hair, of which he was rather vain, was held back from his ample brow by a diadem of pearls. His purple

mantle was covered with precious stones and gold embroidery, and on his feet he wore a pair of scarlet shoes. As soon as he beheld the assembly, a crimson blush mounted to his forehead, his eye averted to the ground, he stumbled, and seemed to lose his self-possession. At length he reached the place assigned him; and, after a few preliminaries, he addressed them in a short Latin speech, and pronounced the council opened. I cannot dwell at large upon the proceedings. It lasted two months. Arius was condemned; and, the time for holding Easter settled, twenty canons or resolutions were agreed to. The twentieth set forth, that "meekly kneeling on your knees" at prayer was not the proper attitude, and so standing during prayer was strictly enjoined. It was with difficulty the Arian members could be induced to subscribe the document. During the council, two of the bishops died; but, that nothing might be wanting to make it perfect, the canons were laid upon their tomb, and the night was spent in prayer; and, the next morning, their endorsement by the two dead men was found in proper form. When all was over, the Emperor invited the prelates to a banquet; and thus terminated one of the most important conferences recorded in the annals of the Church.

Five months after the council closed, the Pope of Alexandria died; and Athanasius is elected to fill his place. For six-and-forty years he held the office, twenty of which were spent in exile; for he was banished from his see five different times. Let us follow, for a moment, the fortunes of this wonderful man. There are three aspects of his character to be kept in view. He is a great divine—"the father of theology." He is called a saint; and if the admiration of such an enemy to religion as Gibbon—if the fact that all the charges brought against him by his personal foes remain disproved—if such graces as fidelity to the truth, a blameless

life, a rare degree of Christian charity, and untiring effort in the cause of the Redeemer, constitute a claim to such an honour, then Athanasius will ever rest securely in its possession. But, in addition to all this, he is a hero. The council by no means extinguished Arianism; it was still a mighty power in the earth. Athanasius headed the opposition, and had a perilous task in hand. Constantine soon changed his mind, and ordered Arius to be reinstated in his office. This Athanasius refused to do, and hence he was brought into collision with the Emperor. Look, on the one hand, at that diminutive young man of twenty-five, and, on the other, at that veteran warrior and mature diplomatist of sixty-two. Look at that humble ecclesiastic with no weapon but the truth, and at that potent monarch backed by the legions of a mighty empire. Look at that dauntless champion of the cross, firmly taking his position, while almost every one of his companions had forsaken him and veered round in the direction of fashion, and self-interest, and popular applause; so that it is the world against Athanasius, and Athanasius against the world. Is not that a noble instance of right resisting might—a glorious declaration of the supremacy and power of conscience? No doubt, religion commands us to respect the laws, and yield due obedience to properly-constituted authority. But when human laws clash with the Divine law—when the authority of the state comes into antagonism with the authority of conscience, then rebellion becomes a virtue, and the old answer must be returned, “whether it be right to hearken unto man more than unto God, judge ye.” To compass his destruction, Athanasius was summoned to a council at Cæsarea; but he refused to go. Then he was ordered to appear before one convened at Tyre, and he ventured to be present. Some eighteen charges were brought against him. One was, that he had broken a chalice in an Arian church in his diocese; but he proved that

there never was an Arian church existing upon the spot. Then he was charged with the murder of an Arian bishop; but the far-seeing prelate had concealed Arsenius in his train, and just at the moment when they were about to condemn him for his death, he produced the murdered man alive and safe before his judges; so, of course, that count breaks down. He finds, however, they are determined upon his ruin; so he abruptly leaves the council, leaps into a boat, and makes all haste across the water to see the Emperor. He meets him on horseback crossing one of the squares of the city; he seizes the horse's bridle, announces himself to Constantine, and demands justice. Constantine is persuaded of his innocence; but his enemies bring new charges: they say he has too much power in Alexandria, and that he has threatened to stop the supplies of corn; and so a decree of banishment is passed against him. His place of exile is the West. Twenty-eight months after this the Emperor dies, and Athanasius is restored to Alexandria. The welcome he received from his loving people is without a parallel. The whole city poured forth its inhabitants; the air was laden with perfumes; the road was covered with carpets of the gayest colour; the strains of music and the tumults of congratulations were almost deafening; and tens of thousands of people, of all conditions and ranks, were literally intoxicated with delight. But the triumph was of short duration. The bishops contended that one deposed by a council can only be reinstated by the same authority; and hence he was banished a second time, and he spent the next three years in Rome. Here he comes into frequent contact with Constans, the emperor of the West; for you will remember that when Constantine died the empire was divided between his sons. Athanasius soon secures the esteem of Constans. A council is assembled at Sardica, and the Bishop of Alexandria is reinstated in his office; and Constans sends his brother word that, unless

Athanasius is admitted to his see, he will come with an army of men and a fleet of ships, and do it with his own hand. So again he enters his cathedral in triumph. Soon after this his patron lost his life, and Athanasius is again driven into exile. An army of five thousand men was commissioned to arrest him. The bishop and his people were holding a nocturnal service in the huge church of St. Theonas. About midnight the shouts of rage and cries of terror interrupted the devotion. The intrepid bishop gave out a psalm, and strove to calm the panic-stricken congregation. Presently the doors were battered open ; a shower of arrows was discharged among the people ; soldiers with drawn swords hewed down all before them, and rushed towards the upper end of the sanctuary, their armour gleaming in the light of the lamps that blazed around the sacred edifice. The undaunted bishop stood his ground, and would not stir till he thought most of the congregation had made their escape ; then he fled for his own safety ; but so great was the confusion and the tumult, that he was carried out at last in a swoon. The bodies of the slain were piled upon the floor of the sanctuary, the pavement overflowed with streams of blood, and for four months Alexandria was in a state of frightful anarchy : churches were violated, the clergy were assaulted, the consecrated virgins were brutally ill-used, the citizens were plundered, and every hateful passion of lust and rage was gratified without control. Athanasius escaped. A price was set upon his head ; whole armies were employed to take him captive ; but "he that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps." The monks of the desert received him into their bosom, and gladly sacrificed their lives to make his safe. His escapes are among the most romantic events in history. Once he concealed himself in a cistern, and just got out in time to elude his pursuers. On another occasion he gave himself up to the protection of a young and beautiful lady, who, of course, was faithful to her

great trust ; and who used to tell, in after-life, how she hid him in her room, and supplied him with books and food with her own hand. One day he was in a boat, coming down the Nile, while his enemies were going up the river in hot pursuit. So they hailed him. "Do you know where Athanasius is ?" they shouted. "All right" was the reply ; "he is not far off : " and so they pulled up the stream, and he pulled down, while every moment made the distance wider. While Athanasius was thus a fugitive, the Emperor determined to instal another in the chair of Alexandria. The selection fell on George of Cappadocia. George was born in a fuller's shop, which trade his father followed. He was himself a bacon-factor, and obtained a commission to serve the army with pork. He grew rich through every device that fraud could stimulate, and had to fly his country to escape the pursuit of justice : he collected a valuable library, and became a bishop. So odious did he render himself by his oppression to the people of Alexandria, that they rose against him, and expelled him ; and the military had to be employed to reinstate him. At last, when Constantius, his patron, died, and Julian assumed the purple, he was imprisoned. After twenty-four days' confinement, the mob broke open the prison, and dragged him forth and killed him. They paraded his dead body through the streets upon a camel, and then threw it into the sea. Time is a great wonder-worker. He has converted this monster into a martyr and a hero. For, will you believe it ? this low-bred bacon-merchant of Cappadocia, this Arian tyrant, is the George of England, the tutelary saint of our native land, the patron of the most noble Order of the Garter. So much for courtly honours, and so much for consistency ! The Papists, who swear by a creed they call the Athanasian, have canonized this vile usurper, and orthodox Englishmen select him as their guardian genius. Depend upon it, there is

a day approaching when few things will call up a deeper crimson upon our cheek than the discovery of what reptiles we have been beguiled to worship, and what beautiful images of true divinity we have treated with cold indifference and contempt. After the death of George, Athanasius was again restored, but only for two short years. Julian, who hated everything that bore the name of Christian, had a special hatred for the Bishop of Alexandria. "The meddling demagogue," "the odious Athanasius," he used to call him; so that a fourth time he was driven into exile. And yet again he is restored, and yet again he is banished. At last, as life's feverish dream draws near its close, we find him living in the bosom of his loving people. The last public act he did, was to endeavour to effect a reconciliation between two religious factions; and one of the last letters he ever wrote, was to comfort a young clergyman in his afflictions. And having done this, the great father of theology breathed out his soul in peace, leaving to posterity a reputation which has brightened with the erosion and attrition of fifteen hundred years. Athanasius was not the only victim of Arian intolerance. Paul, the little secretary we saw at Nice, was driven from his see five different times. Hardly was there a city in the East that did not witness its violence. Women and children were torn from the bosom of their friends, and baptized into the alien faith. A wooden instrument was used to set open the mouth, while the sacramental elements were forced down the throat; and others were subjected to various tortures—for those former times were not quite so perfect as they have been represented.

The great Athanasius was succeeded (but not immediately) by Theophilus, a man of intolerant temper and ferocious disposition, who took a prominent part in the banishment of Chrysostom; and he was succeeded by Cyril, his nephew; and once more the chair of Alexandria is filled

by a tyrant and a villain. But, as it is a profitless task to search into antiquity for baseness, we pass them by. There are other names at Alexandria; but we must hasten on.

Let us now shift the scene of our investigations, and make our next halting-place Antioch, the capital of Syria. Antioch was built upon the banks of the Orontes, a river strongly resembling the Wye in Monmouthshire. Its distance from the sea was about sixteen miles in a straight line, forty-one if you follow the windings of the stream. The city was four or five miles long and two wide, surrounded by a wall fifty feet high and fifteen feet in thickness. Herod, the celebrated Jewish king, constructed one of its streets, which he paved at his own expense, and on either side of which he built a magnificent colonnade. Five miles south-west of the city were the world-famed Gardens of Daphne, ten miles in circumference. Here stood a temple dedicated to Apollo, covered with gold and blazing with jewels, regarded as one of the most splendid shrines of pagan worship in the world. A thousand streams watered the groves of cypress and of myrtle; the senses were regaled by the sweet sounds of music and the rich perfumes of the flowers. Here was an oracle that rivalled that of Delphi; and hard by was a stadium, in which the Grecian games were celebrated. Thirty thousand pounds a year were spent to furnish pleasures to the people; and under the impenetrable shades of those green trees a licentiousness was practised that might have made the sun avert his eye rather than behold it. Antioch was the third city in the Roman empire, and one of the most famous centres of heathen worship, if the term worship can be applied to every species of abomination. But Antioch has other claims than these on our attention. What Jerusalem was to the Jewish converts, Antioch was to the Gentiles. It was the earliest sphere of the missionary labours of Barnabas.

Paul made it the centre of his operations ; and long after his decease the spot was pointed out in Singon-street, near the Pantheon, where he used to stand to preach. The followers of Christ were first called Christians here. In after-times it was designated "the city of God;" and few cities could put forth an equal claim to be regarded as the mother church of the Gentiles with the city of Seleucus. There are many names of interest associated with Antioch ; such as Ignatius, the disciple of Polycarp, himself a disciple of the Apostle John ; Theophilus, the bishop, a thoughtful, worthy man, to whom we are indebted for the word "Trinity;" Paul of Samosata, the heretic ; and Babylas, the martyr, who was buried at Daphne, and whose remains were thought to consecrate a spot perhaps as much polluted as any other spot on earth. But we pass by these, and pause for a moment to contemplate the life of one whose surpassing genius and transparent goodness reflect a glory, not only upon Antioch, but upon the Christian religion throughout the world. Those of you who are familiar with the Prayer-book will remember the last short prayer just before the Benediction. I introduce to you the author of that collect, John Chrysostom,—*i.e.*, John the "golden-mouthed," as, for his powerful and bewitching eloquence, he was called,—first a presbyter of Antioch, and then the patriarch of Constantinople. John was born A.D. 347. His father, Secundus, held a high military position under the Governor of Syria ; but, dying when John was quite an infant, he left him to the care of his widowed mother, herself being not much above twenty years of age. Young, beautiful, and accomplished, she had many inducements to enter the second time into the marriage state, but she refused them all, determining to devote her life to the training of her son. She was a woman of deep and genuine piety, and John was early brought to know the Lord. In

after-life, we find him dwelling with tender fondness on her memory, declaring his mother made him all he ever became. It was of Anthusa the heathen exclaimed, "See what wives these Christians have!" for it was manifest to them how the religion of the Gospel sanctified and ennobled the female character, and gave woman her proper position in the community. He was sent to the school of one of the most renowned professors of his age; and it speaks volumes for the integrity of the boy's heart, that though his tutor was a heathen, and he was every day in contact with that which might have tainted and corrupted him, he nevertheless preserved his simplicity, and never faltered in his purpose to devote himself to the service of the Redeemer. Libanius was asked one day, "who was the most promising pupil that ever entered his academy;" and he answered, "John of Antioch, if the Christians had not stolen him away." Having finished his education with his pagan master, he then studied theology three years under the bishop of his native place; and after that he received baptism. At twenty-one he became a reader in the church; at twenty-seven (probably at this time his mother died) he became a monk, and spent six years in seclusion. He then came back, and was ordained; but, it seems likely, he did not preach a sermon till he was some forty years of age. But when he did begin, he did his best to make up for the time that he had lost. Beside his toils on Sundays, he preached twice or thrice a week; and during the festivals he preached every day. Something like a thousand of his discourses have come down to us. When Chrysostom began his ministry, Antioch contained about two hundred thousand people, one-half of whom were professing Christians. For twelve years he dispensed the word of life, to the countless thousands that hung upon his lips, with an energy and a charm that have never been surpassed. During his pas-

torate here, a circumstance occurred which brought his powers into fullest play. A fresh tax was imposed upon the city, and the people rose in fierce rebellion. In their ungovernable fury, they tore the statues of the Emperor down, and dragged them about the streets. This was deemed as great a crime as if they had so served the Emperor himself. The military were called out, an indiscriminate slaughter began : the innocent and the guilty fell together ; blood ran down the streets in streams ; the wail of orphans and widows was heard on every hand ; and the Queen of Eastern cities lay prostrate in the dust, bemoaning herself as in sackcloth and ashes. Then the citizens repented, and implored the pardon of the Emperor ; while the Bishop hastened to the Imperial presence to intercede on behalf of his sinning flock, leaving Chrysostom in charge of the church. For one-and-twenty days that huge Basilica was crowded with bewildered and affrighted thousands. The faithful pastor endeavoured to turn the circumstance to the best account. Now he censures and condemns, and now he strives to comfort and to soothe. He exhorts them to put their trust in God. He puts before them such instances of faith as the Old Testament supplies. He asks them, if they are thus overwhelmed with apprehension because of the wrath of a feeble man, why are they not filled with alarm at the anger of the Almighty Jehovah ? He implores them to repent and turn to God. He conjures them, should their life be given them, that henceforth they devote themselves to the glory of their Saviour ; and the impression produced must have been very surprising. At length the Bishop returned, and the announcement was made that the Emperor had granted them forgiveness. Shortly after this, Chrysostom is carried from Antioch by stealth, and elevated to the patriarchate of Constantinople. I wish I had the ability to give you a just idea of this city. All are agreed that for situation it is unequalled by any city

in the world. Constantine founded it not long before this period. He disliked old Rome for its paganism, and because it reminded him of his own crimes ; so he determined to build a metropolis for himself, and call it after his own name, which should surpass in costliness and beauty every other city upon earth. The whole empire was plundered of its treasures to enrich and embellish the new favourite. Millions were spent in payments to architects and sculptors, and as wages to the multitudes who toiled in the forests bordering the Euxine, or laboured in the marble quarries of the Proconnesus. Palaces and churches, and places of amusement, rose on every side as by enchantment. The Imperial city sat like a dignified and youthful queen upon her throne of seven hills, and seemed to ask no higher felicity than to gaze upon the reflection of her own peerless beauty as it imaged itself upon that mirror of translucent waters which spread itself beneath her feet. Constantinople was in the perfection of its pride and glory when the great preacher first found himself within its walls. For a time his popularity was unbounded. The court and the city were enraptured. The superb cathedral of St. Sophia was literally crowded with the rank, and wealth, and fashion of the day. Slaves were sent over-night to keep places for their superiors till the next morning. The pen, it has been said, is a mightier weapon than the sword ; and, beyond question, the orator wields a power the warrior cannot boast. Imagine for yourselves a rather short and thick-set man, with a large, bald, Socratic head, and florid countenance ; his forehead crossed with the deep lines of thought ; a restless, piercing eye, and every feature quivering with sensibility. Listen to him as he begins to address himself to that imposing and august assembly. At first a few loose sentences are thrown off like clouds of skirmishers before an army ; but soon there is a flashing of artillery, and presently the contest becomes

serious. Now he argues ; and the judgment is arrested and taken captive, all barriers are broken down, and all objections trampled beneath the feet, and the soul is forced and hurried on without the power of resistance. Then the feelings are addressed, the emotions kindled, and the heart is set on fire. A strange vivifying influence comes down upon the multitude, as if some mighty spirit had taken possession of them ; all differences dissolve and melt away, and soul is made to blend and fuse with soul, till, like a stream of burning lava rushing down the sides of a volcano, it sweeps every obstacle aside, or bears it onward upon the bosom of its headlong and resistless current. Now all is still and silent as the sepulchre, and men forget to breathe—they bate their breath to catch the thrilling cadence of his syllables, and now their pent-up feelings burst in tempests of applause. Now he declaims against some crying sin, some principle of wrong, some object of contempt and execration ; and withering invective, and irony, and scorn, rush like furies upon their victim : there is thunder and hail, and the fire runs along the ground ; bolt after bolt is hurled at the hated thing till it is crushed and broken, and the heart-strings of the guilty tremble. Then, again, he is persuasive ; and now his words are “as soft as the evening wind as it kisses the sleeping flowers ;” his sentiments distil upon the heart as dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass : he woos with pathos and he warms with love. Virtue is placed before us like an angel just alighting from the skies, her face radiant as the sun, and her garments as many-coloured as the rainbow ; so that by her invincible charms we are subdued, and fascinated, and won, and can do nothing less than fall down at her feet and worship. No subject affords such scope for every variety of power as the Gospel, and no man was more capable of expatiating upon that theme than Chrysostom. His sermons

and homilies abound with pictures of his times extremely interesting. It seems the preacher sat, the people stood while the sermon was delivered—and some of his were at least two hours long. He never read his sermons, and seldom made use of notes. Notwithstanding all his eloquence, some were inattentive; and when the man came in to light the lamps, they watched him instead of listening to the preacher. Some will do such things as these: a pearl is still a pearl, and a swine is still a swine; and, no matter by whose hands the pearls are scattered, the swine will ever show but small appreciation of their value. He complains that, after sermon, they left the church instead of staying for the prayers; for in those days, it seems, the sermon came first, and the devotions after. The girls would sometimes nudge and titter; and this greatly disconcerted him, and brought down his reproofs. In those days, too, as the discourse went on, the people signified their approbation by waving of handkerchiefs and clapping of hands. It would appear that the Christianity of this golden age was not quite perfect, after all. Chrysostom complains because the church is often not more than half full, and that professing Christians carried on their business on the Sabbath, pretending they could not afford to set the day apart; and yet these same people would close their shops and hurry to the circus on the Monday. He complains, too, that they were in the habit of dancing, and singing licentious songs, and that they made it a rule to get drunk on New-year's Day, because they thought it unlucky to be sober. They had a passion for the theatre; and yet the drama of that day was horribly corrupt, for nude performers used to act upon the stage. I should outrage all sense of decency if I were to give you his description of the flagrant immorality in which he says the monks were living. Even the ordinary worshippers were scandalized at what they saw going on in the

church itself, and that during the administration of the sacrament. In short, the conversion from heathenism was very incomplete. Religion had become a fashion. Her honours won more converts than her evidences. Pomp and ceremony had usurped the place of vital godliness; and a sweeping reformation was needed, even at this early period. Such was the state of things when Chrysostom became patriarch of Constantinople. At first, as has been said, he was immensely popular; but this did not continue long. He was too stern, too good, too faithful. He began at once to lay the axe to the root of the evil tree. He covered no sore. He daubed no wall with untempered mortar. He was the last man to

“Smooth the stubborn text to ears polite,
And snugly keep damnation out of sight.”

He inveighed against the rich. He hurled his denunciations against the clergy, deposing thirteen bishops in Asia Minor for simony and such like offences. The heretics and monks came in for their full share of his rebukes. He upbraided the females for extravagance in dress. He satirized the ladies of the court for using paint and paste, to give colour to their cheeks and hide the wrinkles in their faces; and then he came into collision with the Empress. He likened her to Herodias and to Jezebel; and he took part with the monks against Theophilus of Alexandria. And for these offences he was sentenced to be banished.

On the night he left the city, an earthquake happened, and the people insisted it was because their bishop was deposed; and, consequently, to pacify the populace, he was recalled. His return was the occasion of unbounded joy. The Bosphorus was covered with dancing vessels. The shouts of welcome rang from shore to shore, and, amid blazing torches and flaunting banners, he was borne upon the shoulders of the

multitude in triumph to his cathedral. But the restoration was of short duration, and he is driven into exile again. A bleak, cheerless region, on the furthest borders of the empire, amid wild, lawless clans, was selected as the place of his imprisonment. No comfort was allowed him. He was often ill, but no physician might attend him. His hut was so miserable, that while he shivered with the cold, he was almost suffocated with the smoke. Three years were spent in this forlorn condition; but he sustained himself with noblest fortitude, and never murmured. "Glory to God for everything," was the sentence that dwelt upon his lips. Cut off from the privilege of ministering in the capital, he at once became a missionary to the heathens among whom his lot was cast, and strove to bring them to a knowledge of the Saviour. He was then ordered from this place to another. The journey was one of three months long. The soldiers were offered a reward if he died upon the road. They forced him over snows, where he trembled like a leaf, and over burning sands, without a draught of water to refresh him. They made him travel through the wet, and took a brutal pleasure in seeing his bald head battered by the rain and blistered by the sun. At length his feeble limbs could carry him no further, and near the town of Comanes he yielded up his soul to God, on the 14th of September, 407.

Thirty years after, his remains were carried to Constantinople, amid great solemnity and pomp. Theodosius, the emperor, headed the procession: he threw himself upon the coffin and embraced it, while he passionately implored the forgiveness of Heaven for the wrongs done by his parents to the servant of the Lord. Again his ashes were removed to Rome, and they repose to-night beneath the shadow of St. Peter's. The Sistine choir chant its daily requiems over his grave, while his brave and lofty spirit, I have no doubt, is hymning its joyous anthems before the throne of the Eternal.

As a man, no question, he had his failings: his temper was irascible, and his zeal sometimes hurried him into indiscretion. But it is difficult to handle pitch without getting one's fingers soiled. As an expositor, he takes a foremost place among the Fathers. We have twelve folio volumes of his writings; and you may form some notion of the esteem in which they have been held when I remind you that the greatest of the schoolmen used to say, he would give all Paris for his homilies upon St. Matthew. As a preacher and reformer, he has never been surpassed. When he ascended, it is hard to say who caught his mantle. It seems to me to have been held up by the winds, and to have been long in coming down; and, perhaps, it was torn to pieces in its descent. Knox caught a corner, and so did Luther; while the man that appears to me to have secured the largest portion, at any rate in modern times, is the glorious and immortal George Whitefield.

There are three names that generally cluster round each other in those early times: Gregory Nazianzen, Basil the Great, and Gregory of Nyssa, his brother. The first two were schoolfellows and bosom-friends. Gregory Nazianzen was born in the year 325, the year in which the council of Nice was held. His father was a bishop; and he is said to have been brought to Christ through the influence of his wife Nonna, one of those pious and devoted females whose lives adorn the annals of the early Church. When Gregory was but an infant, his mother took him one morning to her husband's church, and, placing a roll of the Gospels in his hand, she laid him on the altar, and, like Hannah with her Samuel, she dedicated him to God. In time he was ordained; then he became a bishop, in his father's stead; then he went to Constantinople, while Arianism was raging there, to take charge of the few faithful; then he was made patriarch of the Imperial city; but, his elevation being disputed, he retired

into seclusion, and spent the remainder of his days in contemplation and writing poetry. Gregory was twenty-two years old when Chrysostom was born, and yet he witnessed the end of his career; he was four years older than his friend Basil, and yet he outlived him twenty years. His life is a sort of connecting link that joins two epochs of the Church together; for he was not gathered to his fathers till the changing suns of one hundred summers had passed over his head.

Basil, to whom the admiration of after-ages has applied the epithet of "Great," was a native of Cæsarea, in Cappadocia. His ancestors were Christians, and suffered greatly during the persecutions; at one time living in a cavern among the mountains. He was brought to embrace the truth as it is in Jesus through his grandmother Macrina, who used to sit under the ministry of Gregory the wonder-worker,—the good old man who went to his diocese and found but seventeen Christians, but when he died and left it there were but seventeen heathens. We can easily imagine the old woman gathering the young Basil about her knees, and telling him of Gregory, and giving him bits of the old man's sermons; and then telling him tales of the cruel persecution, and of that savage forest, with its wild beasts and dreary winters, and that rock-ribbed cavern in which they dwelt for so many years: and you can see how all this sinks into the bosom of that bright-eyed listening boy, laying the foundation of that firm and truthful character which he afterwards displayed. We need not go through his history. He travelled much, studied hard, became a monk, and then became a bishop and a bold defender of the Nicene faith. A circumstance took place while he was bishop, which shows what metal he was made of. Valens, the emperor, a zealous Arian, went on a kind of visitation tour through his dominions, for the purpose of bringing his subjects to confess the same faith as himself; so

he and his prefect came to Caesarea. The prefect sent for Basil; and, after a little altercation, he asked him if he was not ashamed to profess a different creed from that of the Emperor. Basil intimated that he thought it better to stand alone by the side of truth, than with all the world on the side of falsehood. The prefect lost his patience, and began to talk of other weapons than those of argument. "Are you not afraid to oppose me?" he said to Basil. "Why should I fear?" said Basil, "what will happen?" The prefect, bloated with rage, and almost choked with passion, gasped out convulsively, "Confiscation, banishment, torture, death!" "Have you nothing else?" asked the undaunted bishop; "for nothing you have spoken has any effect on me. He that has nothing to lose is not afraid of confiscation. Save these threadbare, tattered garments, and a few books, I have nothing you can take: and as to banishment! you cannot banish me, for the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof, whose stranger and pilgrim I am: and as to torture, the first stroke would kill me; and to kill me is to send me to glory." "No man ever spoke to me like that before," said the crest-fallen official. "Perhaps you never met with a Christian bishop before," was the reply. A widow, one of Basil's flock, threw herself under his protection, and he risked his life to insure her safety. The Emperor, with a body of soldiers, went to the church and demanded the sacrament at Basil's hand; and he determined to die rather than dispense the emblems of Christ's death to one who repudiated his divinity. At last a day of clouds and storms was followed by a calm and tranquil sunset: Basil closed his eyes upon this scene of trouble, to open them upon the unbroken calm that slumbers on the everlasting hills. "Into Thy hand I commend my spirit," were the last words he uttered. So greatly was he beloved, that at his funeral many were trampled upon and killed. Since Elijah's day, the

Church has had few sterner champions for the truth than Basil. Of his brother Gregory, of Nyssa, we will say nothing.

In the year 374, death, the unsparing foe, took off the Bishop of Milan, and the people crowded to the cathedral to make choice of a successor. Elections are often turbulent affairs; I believe they are seldom promotive of good morals; and these old episcopal elections were no exception to the rule, the bishops themselves being our witnesses. When Damasus, bishop of Rome, contested the election to his office, only eight years before this very time, blood ran down the streets in streams, and one hundred and thirty-seven corpses of persons killed were found in a single church. Party spirit ran high on this occasion also. There were two candidates for the vacant chair. The church was the scene of intense excitement. One cried one thing, one another. At last Ambrose, the provincial governor, with a band of soldiers, went to quell the uproar. He delivered a short address, exhorting them to observe order; and when he finished, a little girl (I dare say she enjoyed the fun) clapped her little hands, and with her tiny voice called out, "Make Ambrose bishop!" and, will you credit it? that fickle, thoughtless multitude took up the notion and insisted that it should be so. He made all sorts of objections. He said, "I am not baptized." "Then you must get baptized," they said. "But I know nothing of theology." "Then you must learn it," was the answer. It is said that he left the city one evening in order to escape, and that, wandering about all night, at early dawn he found himself before the city gates. This he took to be an intimation from Heaven that he should take the office. So at length he yielded his assent, and was ordained. And it is a singular fact, that though born out of the due time of church formalities, few have discharged the functions of the sacred

calling with more fidelity. The *Te Deum*, in its present form, has come to us from him.

If you had been worshipping in the great church at Milan at a given time, among the crowds that sat and listened to the faithful preaching of its bishop, you might have seen a remarkable young man, about twenty-nine or thirty years of age, restless and perplexed, and yearning after truth, and an uncommon genius withal. Till he was nineteen years of age he was very profligate; then he plunged into the dark sea of Oriental metaphysics, and now he is turning to the Gospel for relief. I refer you to Augustine, the greatest Father of the West. In one sense he is not ignorant of religion, for he was blessed with a truly godly mother. There are many lessons to be learned from the Church Fathers of special value; but the lessons to be learned from the Church Mothers are no less so. I have told you how the character of the great Chrysostom was fashioned by the care of the good Anthusa; how the fearless Basil received the truth from the old Maerina; how Nonna, the mother of Gregory Nazianzen, carried him in her arms to church, and, with the Gospels in his hands, laid him on the altar and dedicated him to God. And now we shall hear Augustine making the confession, that whatever of goodness he possessed, humanly speaking, he owed it to Monica, his holy and devoted mother. She had a vile, faithless husband, and a wild, ungodly son. It is said, she went one day to her pastor to speak with him of the burden that lay upon her heart. After having described her misery at the wicked course her son was taking, she asked the bishop what she must do. "Do! my good woman," said the bishop: "you must be sharp with him, and admonish him, and use severe correction." "I have done all that," she said, "till my words have lost their power, and fall as idle sounds upon his ears." "Well, then, you must set him a good example: nothing is

more powerfully convincing than a godly life." "God is my witness," she responded, "I have endeavoured to adorn the doctrines of Christ my Saviour in all things." "Well, then, you must pray for him," rejoined the pastor. "Pray for him!" she exclaimed; "I have prayed for him till my knees are callous, like the knees of the camel that kneels in the desert." "Then go thy way, woman, and never fear," said the bishop: "the child of such an example and so many prayers cannot be lost." He was not lost, and I am glad his mother lived to see him saved. Listening to the Gospel as preached by Ambrose, he became convinced of sin. The deep abyss of his own heart was uncovered. He was in great agony of mind—in great distress of spirit. In this state of misery and unrest, he was sitting one day in his garden, almost swallowed up of despair. As he sat there brooding over his wretchedness, he heard a little child singing in a neighbouring house, what was very likely the refrain of a Latin hymn. The words were these: "*Tolle lege, tolle lege,*"—"Take and read, take and read." It startled him as a voice from Heaven might have done. In a fit of almost desperation he seized a copy of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans lying at his feet, and his eyes fell upon these words: "Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof." Perhaps these words might not mean much to us, but they were full of all wisdom for Augustine. The spell of unbelief was broken; his heart rejoiced in a new-found liberty. From that moment he was born again of God, and his whole being was consecrated to his Saviour. Soon after this he was baptized, and shortly after that he became Bishop of Hippo Regius, a town 100 miles south-east of Carthage. Augustine was the first of the Fathers to propound that scheme of doc-

trine known in modern times as Calvinism. I tell you candidly, I do not agree with him upon these points. It is pretty evident he did not always believe himself. Yet this does not prevent me doing homage to his piety and genius. He was not as learned as Origen or Jerome ; he was not as eloquent and versatile as Chrysostom ; he lacks the fiery energy of Tertullian, and the logical precision of Athanasius : but he has as rich a fulness of heart and a mightier grasp of understanding than any of them. No man, Paul excepted, exerted such an influence on the Reformation as he did. Luther and Calvin made him their constant study. Throughout the middle ages, from Gregory the Great to the Council of Trent, he is the highest theological authority. In the Romish Church, Jansenius spent twenty years in systematizing his doctrines ; and the Jansenists and Dominicans, wide as they are apart, find a common centre in Augustine. Men of all creeds will find something in him to prize. His Confessions, in particular, will be read with pleasure and with profit as long as books endure. His end was somewhat tragical. The Goths and Vandals invaded Africa ; Hippo was besieged. In the third month of the siege he died. His heart was almost broken, because of the utter ruin which he saw impending over his fatherland. Soon after his death the strongholds were taken : Africa was lost to the Romans ; her Christian communities were scattered, and from that moment she almost vanishes from the page of Church history.

But we must bring this lecture to a finish. We have been wandering to-night, as it were, in a grand cathedral where the remains of our illustrious ancestors are interred. We have been tracing their heraldry, and admiring their effigies, and reading their epitaphs, and rummaging a little among the fragments they bequeathed to us ; and now the verger comes, and tells us the hour has struck and the door must be closed. The time fails me to tell of Clement,

the first of Christian writers, and of Ignatius, and Polycarp, who sealed their confession with their blood. Something, too, might have been said of Justin, the apologist and Jerome, the translator of the Vulgate; Tertullian, an author who figured largely in those early times; and Cyprian, the martyr bishop of Carthage. But want of space forbids. I hope the subject that edified a Martyn, amid his Indian toils, will not be lost on us. In many respects we may take the Fathers for our examples. They were not perfect. It is as weak to idolize them, as it is wicked to despise them. Doubtless, they had many faults. There was hardly one of them sound in the faith. They were some of them miserable interpreters of the Word. Their notions of inspiration were very lax. They misrepresented the Sacraments, and magnified above all warrant the virtues of fasting and celibacy. They indulged in dangerous fancies, offered prayers for the dead, had strange preferences for monkery, and insisted too little upon the cardinal truths of our holy religion. The Atonement is too often buried amid heaps of rubbish. Yet, with all this, they were very sincere. Their virtues were their own, their faults often belonged rather to their age. Their toils were almost superhuman. Their lives were pure. Their liberality to the poor, their redemption of captives, their stern hatred of the corruptions of heathenism, their fortitude in suffering for Christ, and their readiness to die for Him, are abundant evidences of the exalted character of their religion. It is not fair to compare them with the men of our times. They must not literally be imitated, they cannot be reproduced. Let us be as true to our privileges and duty as they were. Let us carry forward the work they so gloriously began. The kingdom of heaven is progressive. Let us see to it, that our "path be like that of the light, which shineth more and more to the perfect day;" so that, just as the sun, rising in

the morning behind the hills, shrouded in clouds and mantled in fogs, continues to ascend the firmamental steep till neither mists nor vapours can abide his presence—so we, climbing up to the high noon of our religious heaven, may shine down upon the world with all the resplendent lustre of the Christian's character, without a single particle of mist to bedim our glory.

Calvin.

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A LECTURE

BY

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CALVIN.

THE subject of my lecture this evening is Calvin. It will not, therefore, be my object to transcribe a page from history, nor to discuss a school of theology, nor even to draw a biography ; but simply to present the portraiture of a man. My subject is not even John Calvin, but Calvin ; not the private friend, not the master of a religious denomination, not even the founder of the most theocratical commonwealth known in modern times ; not the divine in his study ; not the confessor witnessing in banishment and amid danger to the truth of Christ ;—but the man whose memory is the inheritance of the Church of the Reformation, and his history the history of his times. All these elements must, indeed, enter into the picture which it is my object to present to you this evening ; for without them the picture would be a spectral outline devoid of all the vivid colouring of actual life. It is in these details that the men of the past are brought within the living practical sympathies of the men of the present ; and there is not one of them which has not materially influenced either the character of the man, or the work which he was called to do. None of them must, therefore, be forgotten : they form parts of the whole,—I must not say, grouped around the central figure, for they are

themselves parts of the figure, and must all be taken into account in forming our conception of the man.

Neither is it possible to separate the personal portrait from the circumstances of the times. In one point of view, a man is greater for being before his times ; but even here it is the advancement of one who otherwise has his place amid the conflicts and interests, and has a share alike in the trials and in the moral and mental characteristics of those among whom he lives. A divine portrait has, indeed, been left to us of a man whose elevation of character and perfection of wisdom not only outgrew all the influence which the ignorance and superstition and low moral standard of his day would have exercised over others, but reached the perfect ideal of man. One such portrait there is ; but then he was a Divine man, and it is in a Divine book and by a Divine wisdom that the wondrous lineaments have been drawn. But all other men, without exception, have ever reflected, in some direction or other, the moral and mental characteristics of their times. They would have ceased to be human if it were not so. The modes of thinking and feeling which belong to a generation sit as naturally upon a man as the garments of his period and the peculiarities of its social manners, and are as unconsciously adopted. To forget this, and apply our own standards to the ages that are past, is to commit as great a solecism as the painters of a past time, who dressed the men and women of the days of our Lord after the latest and most approved fashions of the twelfth or fourteenth centuries. At whatever epoch of the world it had pleased God that a man should live, gifted with the acute genius and grand spirit of the Reformer of Geneva, such a man could never have failed to be great. But he would not have been Calvin. The circumstances of his times, and the conflicts of what I cannot forbear calling that heroic period, made him what he was. The stern

discipline reacted on the natural bent of his genius, and confirmed the calm, self-contained, and severe type after which his character was formed, till the times and their characteristics grew into his heart and became a portion of his very self. Nor have we any right to complain; certainly, no right to decry the heroic element of his character and life; because with him, in common with all other men, qualities really great in themselves ran into extremes, till they took the character of vices. It is a matter of familiar experience, how readily commanding energy runs into self-will, firmness into obstinacy, zeal into vehemence, justice into severity; and in this poor nature of ours we must be content to take them together. With less vigour of will and a less rigid and unbending energy than that which characterized his conduct towards himself as well as toward others, Calvin could never have accomplished the work he did. What wonder if, with such a tendency, he caught the faults of his age as well as its virtues, and shared its harshness as well as its heroism?

But we cannot enlarge our view so far without carrying it further still; nor regard Calvin in relation to the definite sphere in which he acted without looking higher still, even to the God in whose hands Calvin was but an instrument. Of the mysterious Providence which hemmed him round and forced him against his will into one open path of duty, Calvin himself ever retained, as I shall have occasion to show you, a most profound impression. Such a feeling was natural to a man in whose theology the absolute sovereignty of the Divine will held the prominent place; but a recognition of an exact Providence overruling all events, and making history itself to be but the record of His accomplished purposes is not peculiar to Calvinism. It is the clear doctrine of Scripture; it is the devout belief of every pious mind; it is the conclusion of all enlightened experience,

and a lesson which stands blazoned upon the history of mankind in characters indelible. The great men of the world have been the turning-points of its history—their presence or their absence at certain times and in certain positions has made all the difference between triumph and defeat, glorious success or ignominious failure. In the recent history of our own country we have had more than one conspicuous illustration of this truth. During the terrible mutiny, for instance, which shook our Indian empire and watered the soil of Hindostan with the blood of England's noblest and bravest children, the genius and heroic spirit of our own countrymen stood in singular contrast with the absence of a single illustrious man in the ranks of our opponents, by whom not one spark of military genius was exhibited during the events of that stirring period. Had it pleased God to raise up some great captain to guide the counsels and rule the hosts of the mutineers, what a fearful weight had been thrown into the balance against us! Should we not see the merciful Providence of God as clearly in this marked absence of genius at a juncture when the odds were in all human calculation fearfully against us, as we see it in the mysterious Providence which raised up an Attila to be the scourge of God, or a Napoleon to stride, as it were, across the world, and make nations or unmake them as he pleased? The genius and power which makes men great is peculiarly a gift of God; and when in signal crises we find men of a very destructive type raised up to do a destructive work, the stamp of the Divine will becomes still more conspicuous.

Now, the place which Calvin filled at the period of the Reformation was far wider and more conspicuous than is ordinarily considered to be the case. His career does not present the romantic interest which distinguished that of Luther, nor was it marked with the same personal enter-

prise and danger. The difference between the careers of the two men is strikingly similar to that which distinguished their characters. Calvin exhibited little of that fervid energy and flowing imaginative zeal which belonged to the great German reformer: at least, it was much less demonstrative. At first sight we do not perceive in him the moral grandeur which so wonderfully fascinates the mind in the history of Luther, that to read the records of his life is like reading a romance. We require to study Calvin more closely and patiently before we recognize the greatness of the man, than we do with Luther. He was not less strong—perhaps he was stronger; not filled with a less intense zeal; not less courageous; not less deeply taught by a personal experience than his illustrious contemporary: but his strength was calmer, quieter, more steady and constant. It was exercised, moreover, on a wider sphere, and, for all these reasons, less catches the eye and fires the imagination than does the Apostle of Germany. But a calm survey leads to the conclusion, that if the career of the two men is to be measured by the width and permanency of the influence exercised on the opinion and faith of the world, the niche of Calvin must be, to say the least, not less lofty than that of Luther. The devout mind which gratefully recognizes the wisdom of the great Head of the Church in the struggles of the monk at Erfurt, and the dauntless courage which astonished the world at Wittenberg and Worms, must not less devoutly recognize the same wisdom in the poor student at Paris, the exile at Strasburg and the indomitable reformer of Geneva.

The work of Calvin, moreover, was peculiar: he occupied his own separate and distinctive place in the religious movements of the sixteenth century. The very peculiarities of his genius were exactly adapted to his mission; and that mission was one which he and he alone of the men of that day

was qualified to fill. Neither the grand strength of Luther, nor the somewhat over-gentle and polished genius of Melancthon; nor the clear views nor cautious temperament of Zwingle, nor the burning eloquence of Farel; nor the other great and learned men who made the epoch of the Reformation illustrious by their labours,—were sufficient for all the work that God willed to be done. They still left a vacant sphere unfilled. But God had the instrument in store for it; and that instrument was Calvin. It is not in the history of Calvinism, considered as a school of theology, that alone he stands prominent. We must look far wider than this, even to the entire Reformation movement over every part of the world affected by it; and of this universal uprising of the Church of Christ from her long abasement, more prominently and distinctively than any other single man, Calvin was the apostle.

The elements of human society were emerging from the chaotic confusion of the middle ages, and were beginning to crystallize themselves into that permanent form which they have more or less retained till our own day, when the early dawn of the Reformation brightened into its perfect day. The condition of Europe was that of the sea after a storm, when every wave is still uneasy and agitated, heaving beneath the lingering breath of the tempest. The time was exactly ordered. Had the Reformation come earlier, it would neither have found the mental preparation nor the social and political conditions under which it could live and grow. Had it come later, it might have found the evil too inveterate for remedy—the mind of mankind fixed and hardened beyond influence. It actually came at a time when men were neither too agitated for reflection, too stagnant for inquiry, nor too corrupt for conviction.

The throbs and convulsions which followed the destruction of the old Roman civilization, and inaugurated the civiliza-

tion of modern Europe, are too familiar to need more than a few words just to recall the epoch. At first all was confusion, and it can scarcely be said that even nations existed. The picture which the genius of Sir Walter Scott has depicted in "Ivanhoe" of the condition of England under the feudal system was equally true of all Europe. Society consisted of independent chieftains, each paramount in their own territory; jealously asserting, and constantly exercising the right of private war among themselves; united to their retainers from the obligations of military service; exercising justice in their own domains, but owning little law but their own will, little right but that of the strong hand. Nations consisted rather of a federation of independent barons, than of compact and organized communities. The power of kings was just what they could enforce, and no more,—and either enlarged or diminished according as the personal qualities of the monarch enabled him to cope with the powerful nobles who surrounded him by means as violent as their own, or compelled him to submit to their usurpations. During the conflicts which existed with great uniformity everywhere,—so widespread were the causes and so uniform were the instincts of policy,—a third power, unrecognized before, grew into existence and strength,—the power of the middle classes—the power engendered by commercial wealth and independence. It became necessary for kings on one side and nobles on the other to give immunities to the cities which, under the instinct of self-preservation, sprung up and multiplied, and to cultivate alliances with those commercial bodies whose wealth and independence rendered them valuable as allies and formidable as foes. The cities thus became the centres of liberty and progress. The commerce which demanded consideration, itself grew from the privileges it claimed. The middle class took its own recognized place in the State, and began to claim more or less distinctly its rights and privi-

leges. Cities entered into alliance with each other. Inter-course expanded on every side; and it became the interest of all to suppress lawless violence, and to secure protection for person and for property. The law was more and more widely recognized, and more efficiently executed. The different portions of the human race entered into communication with each other; and all found something to give, something to acquire. Not least, standing armies came into existence; and an institution which has been the subject of many an eloquent philippic, as being a standing menace to liberty, really became a further step in the progress of civilization. By giving strength to the central executive, it promoted public order and private security, and opened the way for that division of labour which is as efficient in the higher branches of human employment,—the lawyer, the divine, the physician,—as it is in the province of the artisan. War became itself a science, and assuming its own province, left learning and industry and commerce undisturbed in theirs. Such was the general progress of events, though the habits of the ruder ages which had preceded still existed everywhere. The noble still held with his retainers his fortified hold, carrying violence and pillage far and near,—as we see, for instance, in the combination of the local chieftains against Geneva. The strong hand still held its own. Life and property were still insecure. Cities were still oppressed by strength without, or torn by factions within. Rude passion readily flamed into fierce violence, and the sword had not lost its last appeal even between man and man. Yet still, upon the whole the progress went on, and at the beginning of the sixteenth century society had definitely assumed, however roughly, the order and organization which have culminated in the rights and liberties of our own day.

The same progress had taken place in nations as in

individuals. In earlier times, when national disorganization and strife engrossed the whole policy of princes, there was neither leisure, inclination, nor opportunity for extensive alliances with other nations. Europe was a conglomeration of separate units, every one of which was too distracted within itself to concern itself very largely with others. But when nations became consolidated within, they became in the same degree formidable without, and the weak began to seek in alliances with others that protection against the strong which they were no longer able to secure for themselves. The intercourse of man with man, and of nation with nation, naturally grew together; and from a thousand different channels, the modes of thinking and feeling among any one people began to make themselves felt far and near. The isolation of other times was broken, and at the period of the Reformation Europe had already become a community, in which, with a common life pervading it, each member became intimately concerned both with the external policy and the internal condition of all the rest.

But all these processes involved a great movement in the human mind. The Crusades—those strange outbreaks of religious fanaticism, which, judged in a human point of view, seem the most futile of events, but, judged in relation to an over-ordering Providence, the most effective and significant,—first gave the impulse to the mind of the Western nations. The ruder West was brought into contact with the refinement and luxury, industry, science, and learning of the East. The ancient classic writers, lost to Europe during the dark ages, were brought forth again; and a free spirit of inquiry began to stir within the human mind, after its long slumber of centuries. Men began to think, and to think for themselves, and, in the ever-growing intercourse between man and man, to propagate their opinions among others. The stimulus thus supplied was intensified by the invention of printing;

and the thirst for knowledge, and especially on those points which most deeply touched men's hearts, was such,—stimulated, perhaps, by the comparative scarcity of books,—that the writings of the reformers were no sooner issued, than they found their way with singular rapidity through the length and breadth of Europe, stirring everywhere the same spirit of religious inquiry and free thought which animated the writers.

It was impossible, amid this awakening of the human mind, that the sphere of religion should remain untouched by its influence. Everything combined to make this the most prominent of topics. The authority even over kings, assumed by the Papacy during the times of Gregory VII., seemed to culminate to its most dangerous height, when the Emperor Henry IV. spent three days and three nights in the ditches of the castle of Cannusion humbly suing for forgiveness at the hands of Hildebrand. Such a circumstance illustrates the extraordinary hold which Rome had gained over the consciences of men : for if her power was felt to be so formidable to the greatest monarchs, what must not have been the absolute sway with which she ruled over the minds of ordinary men ? But the very excess of the evil tended to cure itself. It became intolerable ; and men were led to question the right by which a bishop of the Church of Christ assumed prerogatives over temporal things so wide and absolute. The intriguing ambition and shifting policy of the Popes irritated men in high station, while the scandalous lives of the clergy disgusted and provoked men of lower rank. Of the evils openly recognized at this time by the Church, it is utterly impossible in an address of this kind even to convey an idea. It must suffice to say, that morality and religion were openly and avowedly separated. There were, indeed, many illustrious exceptions ; both among the dignitaries and the lower orders of the Church,—many

men of such simple piety and blameless consistency as would adorn even the brightest times ; but they were the exceptions. The profligacy of priests and popes had become the scandal of the world, and it was scarcely possible that the sense of mankind should not be conscious of the monstrous inconsistency and be scandalized at it. The pecuniary necessities of the Papacy, and the expedients to which they had recourse in order to replenish the coffers which profligate corruption had emptied, added the last climax to these evils. For all the offices of religion, and the very absolution for sin, became an object of shameless traffic. The sale of indulgences filled a prominent place in the Reformation movement in Switzerland, as it did in Germany. Men who were not themselves acquainted with spiritual truth, nor actuated by any true zeal for God, were yet offended at all these outrages upon liberty and morals ; and witty lampoons and satires on the one hand, and the schemes of politicians and the sword of the warrior on the other, were united in the effort to rid Europe of the ecclesiastical despotism which afflicted her.

Amid this effervescence of men's minds on the subject of religion, the undefiled Word of God became the seed of a purer life and a holier reformation. All through these dark periods the light of God's truth had still shone from the valleys of the Alps, and Vaudois preachers had spread the knowledge of the primitive faith in France and Germany. We catch glimpses, during these periods, of small bodies of persecuted men, such as the Paulicians, who protested even to death against the doctrinal corruptions of their time. Our knowledge of them has come to us from Romish sources, and there is great reason to think that the accusation of gross heresy brought against them is but a misrepresentation of the same kind as that which libels Protestant truth, even to our own day, and that their heresy was simply their belief

in the Christianity of the Bible and of the Apostles. If these scattered bodies of men were indeed the disciples of a scriptural Christianity, it will indicate the existence below the surface of an outward conformity of a wide-spread religious movement prior to the actual era of the Reformation. The truth was there; and the Spirit of God, working upon men's hearts and consciences, must have been there likewise. The labours of Wickliffe and the Lollards in our own country—the preaching and martyrdom of John Huss, in Germany, were instruments to foster the same work. It is a cheering thought that thousands of devout believers amid those dark times may have found peace in Christ,—such thousands as we shall never be able to compute till the great judgment; men like the monk Martin of Chartreux, who concealed within the walls of his cell his confession of Christ, to lie there unseen by any mortal eyes, till the pulling down of the walls revealed, long after, the poor monk's secret faith. “Precious Jesus! my whole salvation is in thy hands; and though I cannot confess these things with my tongue, I will confess them with my hand, and in writing.” In such men it was a real work of the Spirit of God which touched their souls; and it was a true scriptural faith they held, such as had been the life and strength of the Primitive Church during the first ages of Christianity. Of this Divine life the mere politician was ignorant. Some ridiculed, some were unable to understand it, some looked down upon it with contempt, some opposed and persecuted it; yet it grew and spread nevertheless, and was the real strength of the sixteenth century—the real power and life of the Reformation.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, the number of such men, known to us by name, and honoured by us for their work's sake, was very considerable. Some loved the truth in secret, and yet continued to hold office in the

Church of Rome, like the Vicar-General Staupitz, whose counsel and instruction were so valuable to Luther during the struggles of his mind at Erfurt. Some were openly prepared to avow their sympathy with the truth directly some stronger mind had given shape and expression to their secret convictions, and some more vigorous spirit had led the way. Some were prepared to accept the truth of a free justification through faith, but shrank back, alarmed at that open disruption with the Church of Rome, which even Luther's heroic mind could not at first face without alarm. Some, feeling their own souls fired with the love of Christ, boldly began to preach him to others, and, fully conscious of the risk they ran, went boldly forth to work, and, if God so willed it, to die for Christ. Such men were widely spread both in France, and Germany, and England; and many an heroic life was lived, and many a martyr's death was suffered, and many a deed of noble constancy done, of which human history has kept no record; but they are all written above, and every one such life and death had its place, and did its work, and had its appointed influence in what, next to the first propagation of Christianity, must be considered the greatest religious movement that has ever stirred the mind of man.

Thus was the way prepared for the great men who should follow. As yet, however, the work was desultory,—widely spread, but in each spot feeble, hesitating, and disorganized: the men who had been the instruments of it had neither the genius, nor the learning, nor the heroic strength, nor the opportunities which could enable them to guide the movement into a definite course, or mould it into unity and order. But now the time was come, and the men arose who should tower above the rest—the spiritual giants of their day. Two of them arose together, totally independent of each other, yet called to do the same work: Zwingli in Switzer-

land, Luther in Germany. Both found the truth for themselves, or rather the Spirit of God led them both to the same knowledge, though by very different roads. It was amid the smiling slopes and in view of the snow-capped summits of the Alps that the soul of Zwingli was led to know God; and it was amid the labours of a quiet pastorate that the study of the Word of God unfolded to him the true grounds of a sinner's hope, and the corrupt and superstitious innovations with which the Church of Rome had overlaid it. Luther was to act upon a wider sphere, and to pass through rougher conflicts. A nature of a yet loftier and more heroic mould was needed for his work, and it was through a more strong discipline that he was trained for it. He seemed to gather up, as it were, into himself the hopes and aspirations of his day, and in his single voice to re-echo the indignant accents of an awakened humanity. He it was who, daring to stand forth in the single strength of truth, gave shape and direction to what was previously undefined and aimless; he who, strong in God, did not shrink from that open contest with the Papacy from which mighty monarchs had quailed; he who first broke the bonds that enslaved the world, and proclaiming the sole supremacy of truth, gave to the Reformation its substance and its shape.

That must be a cold heart which is not touched by the greatness and dignity of Luther—that a dull eye which fails to see in him a signal instrument in the hands of God. And yet, when we look back from our own stand-point, we must see that something more was wanted for the permanency of the movement than either of these two men were competent to supply. The cautious policy of Zwingli could never have ruled an age like that. The genius of Luther himself was rather calculated to destroy error than to construct the perfect fabric of truth. His soul was fired by

one great and precious truth, of which he became, as it were, the very impersonation ; but, with all his vigorous intellect, he failed to work out even that one truth into its full results. It was little by little, as the stormy conflict brought before his mind one truth after another, that his system of belief was formed. On some points it is well known that he never threw off the influence of Romish teaching, as in the doctrine of the Sacraments ; for consubstantiation is weighted with almost all the difficulties of transubstantiation, and has some others of its own. The very vehemence and impulsiveness of genius which made Luther great as the Reformer, detracted perhaps from his greatness as a theologian. Had the work been left such as Luther made it, it would have been manifestly defective. A constructive genius was needed, who should gather out of God's word a completed and consistent theology, and give to the faith of the Reformed that definite and positive shape without which it could not have survived.

There were two circumstances which made this especially necessary. The one was, that there existed a wide and deep-seated wish among many whose souls were touched by the love of Divine truth for a reformation within the pale of the Church of Rome, and not a separation from it. The advocates of this kind were many, powerful and active. Among them stood prominent one of the most engaging personages of the time, Margaret, Queen of Navarre, and sister to Francis I. It was the darling object of her life to effect this reformation ; and all the influence of her lofty station and vigorous intellect, all the fascinations of her personal character, and all the great and signal services she rendered to the cause of the Reformation, were employed for its accomplishment. A considerable portion of the German Reformers were prepared to accept it with open arms. Melancthon made repeated efforts in this direction. When Francis I.

sent an ambassador to Strasburg to propose a union between Catholicism and the Reformation, so as to maintain the unity of the one and the truth of the other, Bucer and his pious colleague received the proposals with enthusiasm. The tendency to use the assistance of human policy and human arms was as great as it was dangerous. It would have fatally compromised the whole movement by mixing it up with the schemes of human policy; such a reformation would have been a most imperfect work, and the very attempt would have been dishonourable to God's will, and a fatal distrust of His promises. It was, therefore, peculiarly necessary that some complete scheme of Protestant belief, resting on the sole authority of God's word, and yet proved to be in harmony with Primitive Christianity, should be produced. It was necessary that it should be placed side by side with the system of the Church of Rome, and that men should learn by the contrast of the two that the true differences between Protestantism and Popery are not ecclesiastical, but doctrinal, and that they are deep, fundamental, irreconcilable.

The same need arose from a different quarter. It could not be expected that so great an awakening of the human mind should take place and not run into extravagances in some form or another. It was the policy of the Church to identify adherence to herself with orthodoxy—to represent all divergence as heretical, and the pregnant spring of heresy. Take away the authority of the Church, it was argued,—as it is indeed argued still, *usque ad nauseam*,—and all security for soundness of doctrine will be lost. Thus they stigmatized the disciples of the Reformation as being alike heretics in religion, anarchists in government, socialists in morals. All this we know to be a false libel. And yet in the first experience of liberty there was danger lest the human mind, in its very rebound from absolute authority,

should run into extremes. Amid this common effervescence the spirit of heresy was already active. The detestable doctrines of the Anabaptists were, indeed, subversive of all human society, and its fanatical followers of M \ddot{u} nzer had already rushed into acts of melancholy violence and confusion. On the one side, men asked for liberty without religion; on the other, for religion without morality. The leaven of Socinus was already at work, and was about to assume a more active and dangerous shape. On all sides was needed the skill to construct anew the fabric of Christian truth on the principles of the Reformation, as well as the energy and courage to pull down the fabric of Popish superstition. The constructive and conservative element was loudly called for. The world needed some definite system of faith, which should present truth on its objective side, so fully, so prominently, so publicly, that all its friends might understand, and even its enemies acknowledge it. For this work God first made Calvin, and then, with His mighty hand, forced him against his will into the very fore-front of the conflict.

The country which gave birth to Calvin was that which, of all others, might have been expected to stand forward as the champion of the Reformation. For the Gallican Church had ever been jealous of its liberties. It might have been expected, therefore, that at this period of excitement, France would have been found in the van in defence of the liberties of the human conscience. At the time when Calvin first became known, it was still doubtful to which side of this great battle the weight of France would be decisively thrown. Many eminent men had witnessed for Christ, and a spirit of religious inquiry was widely spread in consequence of their labours. At first, the adherents of Rome looked on with comparative indifference; but between 1520 and 1530 they had become thoroughly alive to the magnitude

of the danger. Paris was divided into two great parties. The friends of learning and of the Reformation were on the one side; the doctors of the Sorbonne, strong in the authority of their position and in the prestige of the Papacy, were on the other. With the one was reason and Scripture; with the other, the prison, the sword, and the stake. Francis I. himself stood vacillating doubtfully between the two. His desire to be a patron of learning, his jealousy of priestly interference, his political tendencies, all made him tolerant towards the disciples of the new doctrine. But his fits of superstition, his dread of popular disturbances, his jealous self-will, and his unrestrained licentiousness of morals, led him, every now and then, to throw his weight on the other side. Hence, between these contending influences the scales hung doubtfully in the balance. Now some eminent victim would be snatched from the bloody hands of his persecutors; now some batch of unhappy Christians would be given to the flames. At one time, the King's wrath would fall only on the Sorbonne, and such encouragement be given to the preaching of the Gospel, that the Protestants were filled with glowing expectations of triumph, and the Romanists would be in despair. A few weeks later, and the feelings of triumph and despair would be exactly reversed. These constant alternations of success and failure, of hope and fear, on the part of the two great parties who stood in open conflict with each other, made the period one of the most exciting interest. It was amid these conflicts that Calvin was reared into manhood. The times were calculated to make men either cowards or heroes, and to sweep away somewhat of the gentler graces of Christianity amid the stern questions of life and death with which they were forced to stand face to face. On none did they impress their stamp more indelibly than on the young student from Picardy, who, recently emerged from the struggles of his own

conversion, was indefatigably engaged in preaching and teaching the Gospel of Christ in the families and homes and secret meeting-places of Paris.

This lecture is not a biography: I therefore make no attempt to describe in chronological order the particulars of Calvin's early life, or even to trace the stages of development through which he passed before he reached the perfect stature of his greatness. I can only take the man as he was once for all—the man with all his graces and his faults together, such as he became the ruling spirit and centre of the Reformation. It is impossible to distinguish exactly what he was by nature from what the times made him, for the two acted and reacted upon each other. The whole type of the man was wonderfully accordant with the circumstances of his day; but it was a type which on a first and superficial view must be confessed to appear somewhat harsh and unloving. Further examination removes this first impression, and we well may doubt whether a nature more delicately balanced and endowed with more acute sensibilities could have endured the wear and tear of the work which he accomplished. As it was, he died exhausted by the bodily and mental labours of his career. If he was somewhat rigid in exacting their full duty from others, at all events he never spared himself, but exhibited from first to last a self-devotedness worthy of the highest admiration.

I have already said that every type of human character has its correspondent faults; and the faults of Calvin were just those which were inseparably associated with his graces. Doubtless, he would have been still greater without them; but with them he still towered above his colleagues to the very highest grade of human dignity. His acute and penetrating genius, his indomitable energy, his inflexibility of will and unchanging constancy of purpose, his singular disinterestedness, his elevated piety and unbounded zeal for God, enabled

him to leave his mark upon the history of the world so deeply, that it remains to our own day, and, I believe, will remain while the world lasts. The eagerness with which his memory has been attacked, and the base and unfounded misrepresentations which have been heaped upon him, are but a kind of unconscious homage to the greatness of his mission and the success with which he accomplished it.

I have said that the character of Calvin, and the whole bent of his genius, was of a severe type; but the sources of this must not be mistaken. We should be very wrong if we imputed it to any coldness of heart, incapacity for the tenderer affections, or insensibility of feeling. His affection for his father was so warm and deep, that he quitted his studies, his friends, his labours at Orleans, without a murmur, to watch beside his father's sick-bed. The act was wholly voluntary, and his agitation at hearing of his father's illness indicated the depth and sincerity of his feeling. The warm and cordial friendship formed by him with his tutors, companions and colleagues, the fond affection which he received and reciprocated, and the intercourse he delighted to maintain with them, indicate the same thing. His letters to his friends—those true pictures of a man's inner nature—reflect the liveliness of his feelings. While they are mainly occupied with the absorbing matters of the moment, there are few of them which do not contain some simple homely references, which show how truly his kindly heart beat in response to the affections and sympathies of home. I give a simple and characteristic specimen by way of illustration. His letter to Viret, written from Geneva, August 19th, 1542, concludes thus:—"Adieu, my excellent and highly-esteemed brother! Greet all my brethren; my maternal aunt also, and also thy wife, to whom mine returns her thanks for so much friendly and pious consolation. She is unable to reply, except by an amanuensis; and it would be very difficult for

her even to dictate a letter. The Lord has certainly inflicted a severe and bitter blow in the death of our infant son; but He is himself a Father, and knows what to do with his children." Such language is not the utterance of a cold and unimpassioned nature, but has a grave tenderness about it which is truly apostolic.

But if Calvin shows no defect of feeling in his private relationships, he exhibits a passionate warmth of it in the manner in which his whole soul went out in sympathy with the suffering and persecuted saints of Christ. What a depth of feeling is expressed in his grief at the martyrdom of Couralt! "The death of Couralt has overwhelmed me, that I can set no bounds to my grief. None of my daily occupations can so avail to engage my mind as that they do not seem to turn upon that one thought. Distress and wretchedness during the day seem only to prepare a lodging for the more painful and excruciating thoughts of the night." Then, after some further expressions of the same character, his burning indignation flashes into words:—"They have not gained the worth of a single hair by his death; for there stands before the judgment-seat of God a witness and avenger of their villany whose voice will proclaim their destruction more loudly than if it shook the earth."

The same deep capacity for feeling was evidenced in the struggles of his conversion. It has been thought that Calvin was all intellect, clear and cold as an icicle, and his very religion a conception of the mind rather than an impulse upon the heart. But no: the mental struggles and the agonies of conscience which shook Luther's iron soul in the earlier part of his life were not sorer or greater than those of Calvin. When, in 1527, Calvin first heard the truth of Christ from the lips of his cousin, he indignantly rejected it. "I will have none of your doctrines," was his reply; "their novelty

offends me: I cannot listen to you." Yet violent struggles of conscience followed this rejection. "O God!" was his secret language, "Thy glance freezes me with terror." And again, "Every time, that I descend into the depths of my heart—every time, O God, that I lift up my soul to Thy throne,—extreme terror comes over me. . . . I see that no purification, no satisfaction, can heal my disease; my conscience is pierced with sharp stings." He would pace his room in the most extreme anguish of soul, which found vent in moans and tears:—"O God, thou keepest me bound down, as if Thy bolts were falling on my head." Then, when he found everywhere in the Scriptures Christ, and Christ alone, he exclaimed, "I have not sued Thee by my love, O Christ; Thou hast loved me of thy free will—Thou hast shone into my soul." The same struggle attended the conviction which opened fast before his eyes, that a true faith was incompatible with all allegiance to Rome. Like Luther, he trembled at the idea of separation from the Church. "The majesty of the Church must not be diminished," he exclaimed: "I cannot separate from it." And it was only when he perceived the paramount authority of truth, and that the Church of Rome had no foundation on it, that these fears passed away. Such struggles are wholly inconsistent with the idea that Calvin was cold-hearted. His personal relationships indicate a most warm and affectionate nature, and his religious struggles a depth and fervency of emotion rarely exceeded. If, therefore, in his life and in his writings a severer type prevailed, it was not that he was less sensitive to the gentler affections than other men, but only that he was filled with other and loftier thoughts. It was not that his affections were weaker, but that the higher faculties of his nature were stronger and more absorbing, and threw the gentler elements comparatively in the shade.

For over these natural affections there ruled, in the first place, an overmastering energy of will. To whatever he devoted himself, he did it with all his might, and everything gave way. Thus, he devoted himself to study, during his early life, with such intense energy as to lay the foundation of the diseases which hastened his death. He permitted himself only the most abstemious diet, lest the clearness of his head should be affected by it. Absorbed in his books, he often forgot food and sleep together. His application and industry were prodigious, and utterly unsparing of his own strength; for it was the strong soul triumphing over the feebleness of the body. The same characteristic marked him during life. Shortly before his death, his friends, seeing the effect of these immense labours upon his strength, ventured to expostulate with him. "What!" he answered, "would you have the Lord find me idle?"

But this force of will was itself the minister of a great intellect. The genius of Calvin has been acknowledged fully by his enemies. "What a wonderful genius!" exclaimed his tutor at Paris, during the early times of his student life. "A wonderful mind!" exclaimed one of his greatest adversaries; "a mind keen and subtle to the highest degree." In every branch of learning Calvin was a master—not only on the scale of the sixteenth century, but equally in the scale of the nineteenth. He outstripped all his comrades, and astonished his masters by the rapidity of his acquirements. He traversed all classic literature, storing his capacious and retentive memory with its treasures. He mastered philosophy, and, from the natural bent of his genius, devoted himself to dialectics with singular ardour and delight. When, after his conversion, his attention was turned from theology to law, his progress was so rapid, that the pupil became the master, and within a year of commencing the study he was qualified to teach. With patriotic literature and

scholastic science he was equally at home. Yet thus traversing every sphere of learning with a sure and swift foot-step, these studies did not spoil him for one higher than them all. To commune with God in the pages of His word was Calvin's highest delight; to search and comprehend the Scriptures, the most anxious object of his study.

But the peculiarity of Calvin's intellect, lay in the rigid logic which ruled all its processes. The methodical instincts of the French mind were all his to their highest degree; and the attribute was at once his strength and his weakness. It was his strength; for, in the controversies of the day, it made him the most formidable of antagonists. It was this, moreover, which distinguished his theology from that of Luther,—that, working out his principles to their full and necessary results, he formed his scheme of belief at once, complete in all its parts, and never swerved from it. The "Christian Institutes," in the four known editions which were issued during Calvin's life, grew in bulk, till the work, which at its first edition consisted of six chapters, contained in its last no less than eighty-four; but the system of truth which it contained remained the same throughout. There was vast strength in this rigid logic; but there were likewise the elements of weakness in it. It gave to his controversial writings a caustic severity which his eager and vehement temper by no means tended to modify. It was also a dangerous quality in an interpreter of Scripture; for, however much we may be able to square human things to exact method and system, we cannot do so with Divine. Our acquaintance with all God's plan, and even with the very conditions of the Divine actings, is necessarily imperfect. Hence we find truths presented on diverse sides which it is utterly beyond human power to reconcile as yet. No doubt, they are perfectly reconcilable, and their apparent contrariety only arises from our ignorance; but still the difficulty

remains. Thus we have the two natures of Christ: we believe in them both, but the mode of their union is at present inconceivable by us. Thus we have the truths of man's moral responsibility and God's undivided sovereignty of will. And we believe both; but we cannot easily harmonize them to our philosophy. So long as we are content to limit inquiry to what the Bible teaches, we are safe; directly we pass over this line, and try to search out those secret threads of connexion which God has not revealed, we stand on the verge of difficulties into the abysses of which we cannot look. In such a case system is baffled, and we can but be thankful for what is revealed, and submit to be ignorant of what is unrevealed. But Calvin's logical intellect craved for system; and I believe, for one, that in carrying one grand truth to what appears to be its logical consequences, he crossed over the true line, and incurred the risk of overlooking other truths. In the theology of Luther, free grace is the predominant thought: the sovereignty of God is the predominant thought in Calvin's. The truth itself is most precious, and can never be lost sight of without danger. It is a truth which cannot be got rid of by any device, for it pervades every domain of the Divine activity without exception; Providence as well as grace, nature as well as Providence. The Church of Christ is deeply indebted to the French Reformer for the prominence with which he held it forth. Yet I do not hesitate to express my own belief that Calvin applied too rigidly the rules of human logic to those Divine dealings which are high above its reach, and deep beyond its measurement. But the mode in which this prominent doctrine acted on the personal character of Calvin is my present subject, and will become apparent when we take one further step.

I have shown that above the natural sympathies of an affectionate nature there ruled in him an iron and inex-

orable will, which admitted of no compromise, and made even weakness to be its minister. Above this will was a genius astute and logical to a fault, and that never hesitated to push to its full consequences any principle that it adopted. But now we must view Calvin as a converted man, in whom natural affection, strength of will, and acuteness of intellect were all brought into the captivity of Christ. When the Divine Spirit had once turned the will of Calvin to God, his whole undivided soul was poured in that direction with characteristic vehemence. His very energy of will and inexorably logical intellect, once enlightened by grace, made the surrender of himself full, complete, unhesitating: there must be no reserve, no holding back, no faltering, no division of thought or of affection. God was his sovereign, sovereign of his body and of his soul; and should he hold anything back from Him? The work of Christ became his all, his passion, his very life; it absorbed all his nature, and left no room for weaker indulgences. His very self was given to the work. He never asked for rest, never knew recreation. To work in any way that God should call him, and to be spent in His work, was all he cared for; and to the inexorable sense of duty everything must bow. Thus he worked and toiled to the last, and died working. Never did his own chosen motto receive a more signal illustration than in his own life—"Lord, I offer unto Thee as a sacrifice my heart, immolated to Thee."

Instances of this absorbing self-devotion are frequent in the life of Calvin. When the plague raged at Geneva in 1542—and its dreadful presence was never wanting in that age in one city or another of Europe—and a minister was needed to attend the dying, Calvin frankly expressed his sense of the terrible danger involved in the service, and at the same time his readiness to face it:—"The plague rages so violently, that few persons who are stricken escape from

death. One of us having to be chosen to attend the sick, Blanchet has offered himself. If woe befall him, I fear I must be his substitute." Thus when he lost his wife, of whom he said that "she was the best companion of my life, and one who, had it been so ordered, would not only have been the willing sharer of my indigence, but even of my death," this was his great thought. "I must subdue myself," were his words to Viret; and to Farel, "I do what I can to keep myself from being overwhelmed with grief. I at present control my sorrow, so that my duties may not be interfered with. May the Lord Jesus strengthen you by His Spirit, and may He support me also under this heavy affliction, which would certainly have overcome me, had not He who raises up the weak and refreshes the weary stretched forth His hand from heaven to me."

It was in the same feeling that he subdued the native timidity of his disposition. Naturally, his disposition appeared to coincide with the weakness of his body. As a pupil he is described as shy, bashful, and reserved; though the pale, stern, severe face indicated full well the fiery soul within. In the Preface to the Commentary on the Psalms—the only occasion on which, with characteristic self-forgetfulness, he has ever spoken much of himself,—he describes himself as simple, and always fond of the shade and retirement, as having the one great object of living retired and undistinguished, as conscious of the bashfulness and timidity of his nature, and being naturally of a timid, yielding, and lowly mind. It would be a very superficial view to doubt the sincerity of these expressions, for lowly modesty and heroic strength are frequently coincident. No doubt, Calvin was all this; and yet, when he recognized the sovereign will of Christ calling him to any work, he stood forth at once the most dauntless of mankind. There is, to my mind, something truly sublime in that simple surrender of himself which changed

the timid man into the hero; so that, without any parade, any show of assumption, any apparent self-consciousness, he stood boldly in the fore-front, rebuking monarchs, writing apostolic letters to persecuted peoples, strengthening martyrs at the stake, rebuking the timid, constituting churches, launching his writings throughout the world as if they were the proclamations of a spiritual monarch; and doing it all, not as if it issued from himself, but as the voice of truth, the utterances of Christ ruling as a sovereign over His Church on earth.

Lastly, it was part of the same devotedness that Calvin was never satisfied with the amount of his own diligence and labours. In forming our estimate of him, we should never think of charging him with defect of zeal and energy: and yet it is the fault which he charges most frequently upon himself. We should condemn his sternness and severity: and of this fault he was not himself unconscious. Thus, in his last address to the magistrates of Geneva, delivered from his dying bed, he said, "I also certainly acknowledge that on another account also I am highly indebted to you by your having borne patiently with my vehemence, which was sometimes carried to excess. My sins in this respect, I trust, have been pardoned of God also." To the pastors he spoke in still more touching language:—"If, while under this disease, you have experienced any degree of peevishness from me, I beg your pardon, and heartily thank you that when I was sick you have borne the burden imposed upon you." But it was his defect of zeal which evidently pressed most upon his conscience. Thus in his last will, in which, standing face to face with the heart-searching One, he may be supposed to have poured out his most inmost thoughts, he writes,—“Woe to me, my ardour and zeal (if indeed worthy of the name) have been so careless and languid that I confess I have failed innumerable times to execute my office properly; and had not He of

His boundless goodness assisted me, all that goodness had been fleeting and vain. Nay, I acknowledge that if the same goodness had not assisted me, those mental endowments which the Lord bestowed upon me would at His judgment-seat prove me more and more guilty of sin and sloth. For all these reasons, I testify and declare that I trust to no other security for my salvation than this, and this only,—that as God is the Father of Mercy, He will show Himself such a Father to me, who acknowledge myself to be a miserable sinner." Zealous as Calvin was, his own standard of absolute self-devotion was higher still. His view of the Divine sovereignty was not that of the fatalist, but of the hero; not that of passive acquiescence, but of active service,—a service which absorbed every faculty, every gift, every power—emptied the man of himself, and has almost put out of view the affectionate tenderness of the son, the husband, and the friend, in the concentrated devotedness of the preacher, the Reformer, and the Confessor.

Such I believe to be the secret of Calvin's character, and the explanation of that somewhat harsh and severe type after which it was formed. There was a gentle and affectionate nature below; but it was checked and restrained by an overmastering will, subdued by the tendencies of an intellect logical and exact to a degree, and absorbed by a zeal for God which knew no bounds. How the stern conflicts of the time and the struggles which made up this very life fostered this resolute fortitude even to an extreme, is easily understood. That thus Calvin's graces ran into grievous faults, I have already said. As a controversialist he was bitter and personal, as a ruler stern and exacting, as a judge harsh and severe. But I believe these faults, however lamentable, were but the shadows of his greatness, and had their origin in those qualities for which Calvin must ever be held in undying reverence and honour.

Such was Calvin; and the God who made the man shaped also by His irresistible hand the sphere which he should fill. During his student-life, his genius brought him into notice, and every observant eye foresaw the future greatness of the man. After his conversion, he was forced, almost against his will, to assume immediately the position of a teacher. All the inquiring minds among the young men thronged to him for instruction; and it speaks much for their eager and sincere desire for knowledge in Divine things, that the solid learning of Calvin so won their confidence and fascinated their attention. He himself shrank back from the prominent position in which he was involuntarily placed, but was constrained by the eagerness of his pupils to give up the retirement he loved for the active labours of an apostolate. It was at Orleans, after his own solemn dedication of his heart to God, that this work was first forced upon him; and he was so pressed by persons thirsting for instruction in the Word of Life, that, in his own words, "all my hiding-places are turned into public schools." At Bourges, where he went after the death of his father, the sphere widened around him more and more. Still, it was no act of his own will which led him on, but a power acting from the outside and overruling the retiring timidity of his natural disposition. The idea of dedicating himself wholly to the work of Christ was pressed upon him by Melchior Woolmar, who recognized the strength of Calvin's character, and saw in him the power to accomplish a work of reformation for which he felt himself inadequate. Little by little he was led on in this course. He was invited by private families to instruct them, called to preach in neighbouring hamlets and in the private houses of the *noblesse*. The work begun at Orleans and Bourges was continued at Paris. It was a moment of alarm and terror to the Protestants when Calvin returned to the Metropolis. The martyrdom of Berquin had struck terror on

every side, and it needed some dauntless soul to reanimate their fainting courage. Such a man was Calvin. He joined their secret assemblies, which met in remote quarters under the shadow of night. He instructed the ignorant, strengthened the weak, confirmed the timid, and became the quickening and guiding spirit of the movement. In the words of Beza, he was wholly given up to divinity and to God, to the great delight of all believers. In the prisons, from house to house, and from place to place, in and around Paris, Calvin was indefatigable; and the more ominously the thunders of persecution rose upon the ear, the more daringly did he defy them. It was impossible that such a labourer should remain unknown; and the keen eye of the Romish party singled out the man who was already the most formidable of their antagonists, though he had as yet no recognized position, and simply wielded the power and exercised the influence which sanctified genius ever possesses over the hearts and minds of others. The occasion which should direct attention still more prominently to him soon arrived. When the Rector of the University, Nicholas Cop, delivered his inaugural address on All Saints' Day, his discourse was wholly occupied, not with the saints, but with Christ,—and, to the amazement of the University, was directed to set Him forth as the only ground of peace and the only intercessor with God. Such was Calvin's reputation, that the universal voice ascribed the address, not to Cop, but Calvin; and this was literally the truth, for Calvin prepared it. The Parliament seized the opportunity to arrest him; and, in common with Cop himself and other friends, Calvin barely escaped with life. For a time he returned; but the dreadful persecution which shortly afterwards broke out again drove him to flight in 1635, and he never visited Paris again.

For a year Calvin moved from place to place. During this time he published his "Institutes," in answer to the

calumnies which charged upon the French Reformers the monstrous errors of the Anabaptists. The profound impression which this work produced, and the service it did to the cause of Christ, was immense. In the eloquent words of a recent writer, "By that clear and concise exposition of Apostolical Christianity, that vigorous appeal to Scripture, and that haughty firmness in tracing the limits between human tradition and revealed truth, Calvin in some sort sealed with God's seal all that the Reformed Faith had done, and started it in its new confidence towards the conquests which offered themselves to its zeal." But there was a greater work in store for him. It was not that on which his own heart was set; for a life of study at Basle, and of literary labour in defence of the faith, was his own scheme for himself. But God willed it otherwise, and suddenly and permanently turned all his life in another direction. In 1536, he started for Basle from Noyon by way of Germany; but the roads being unsafe in consequence of the war between the French Monarch and the Emperor Charles V., he retraced his steps through France, and, weary with the fatigues of his journey, turned aside to rest for a day or two in the little city of Geneva, by the side of the blue Lemán, and beneath the shadow of the snow-crowned Alps.

The state of the city was peculiar. Ever since 1513,—for a space, that is of twenty-three years,—Geneva had been struggling for liberty; and many a suffering had been borne, and many a precious life sacrificed, before she secured it. She was oppressed on the one side by her Bishop Princes, who had little by little usurped her hereditary rights; on the other side, threatened by the Dukes of Savoy, who longed to add this jewel to their crown. Within she was afflicted with one of the most corrupt and demoralized priesthoods that ever scandalized religion, and not less by the turbulent passions and lawless violence of her own

citizens, who were enamoured of liberty, but wholly ignorant of that true foundation of liberty which is laid in religion and morality. It was the policy, during this period, of the Court of Savoy to corrupt the leading citizens of Geneva with every extravagant form of licentious enjoyment; and long and fatally did the deadly poison work within her vitals. The struggles for independence made by Geneva during this period—the factions within, the violence without, the bad deeds done, and the martyrdoms suffered—read like a romance. Admitted into Swiss citizenship, and protected by Swiss arms, she succeeded in asserting her liberties; but the fierce passions engendered by the long strife still survived, and tore her to pieces. She had learned to hate Popery, but not to love truth; and a negative Protestantism was incompetent to check the excesses of passion, curb the violence of party, overthrow the power of superstition, and lay in personal morality and virtue the deep and permanent foundations of civil and religious liberty. Geneva needed the Gospel to give her life and strength, and the instrument of the work was Calvin.

I have said that he was planning a life of study at Basle, when he stopped to rest upon his way for a day or two at Geneva. The vehement and impetuous Farel, who was preaching at Geneva, but felt his own strength incompetent to master the evils which festered at the very heart of Genevan society, heard of the arrival of the author of the "Institutes," and recognizing in him just the heroic instrument which was needed for the work, sought him out at the inn, and, in the name of Christ, claimed his help. Calvin refused, pleading that he was not qualified to accept so great a work as the charge of the church at Geneva. If he had done service, it was by means of a book, the fruit of silence and study: let him go, that he might write others. Farel insists and expostulates. Calvin again refuses, and is as

obstinate in his refusal as Farel is urgent in his request. At last, provoked by his pertinacity, Farel broke out,—“Thy studies are a pretext. I tell thee, if thou refusest to associate thyself with my work, God will curse thee for having sought thyself, and not Christ.” Calvin’s own words in his Commentary on the Psalms are,—“I was detained at Geneva, not so much by the counsel and exhortation as by the terrible imprecations of W. Farel if I refused, as though God out of heaven had laid His mighty hand upon me. Subdued by terror, I abandoned the journey I had undertaken.” Thus God fixed Calvin at Geneva; and there for thirty stormy years he lived and laboured, and there he died.

The details of these labours can find no place here; and yet it is necessary, for a proper estimate of his genius and the great position he assumed before the world, that some idea should be given of their result. He succeeded in reducing the disorganized elements of Genevese society into order; he established the authority of Divine truth over the interests of parties and factions; by his spiritual weapons he made Protestantism supreme, wedding liberty and religion; he gave to the Church a formal organization, and filled her with such vitality and power, that she became more than a coincident power: she absorbed the force of the State into herself—religion and the government became one. He restrained outward vice among the highest classes in Geneva with the same fearless rigour as among the lower, and succeeded in establishing, as a duty of citizenship, not only the outward forms of religion, but even submission to personal examination in faith and practice. In short, upon the whole fabric of government, as well as the general character of the governed, he not only stamped the impress of religion, but framed it after his own severe and unbending type. All this was accomplished with no outward appli-

ances of wealth, or power, or political influence, but by the simple force of an indomitable will. To so stern a discipline of freedom the people were not formed without many a struggle and many an effort of resistance. They complained loudly that they had only escaped the tyranny of Rome to suffer under the tyranny of Calvin; and it was not all at once that even the noblest minds among them submitted to his influence. Once he was banished, and found refuge at Strasburg, where he was received with open arms. But Geneva could not do without Calvin: directly his firm will was removed, all the elements of civil and social disorder sprang into life again, and he alone could rule them. He was not only formally recalled, but his return was humbly supplicated; and when he again yielded to their wish, he was brought back amid the honours of a conqueror. Repeatedly, in the course of the years that followed, the most formidable efforts were made against his authority, and repeatedly to his own eye all seemed lost. Yet the strong man never quailed. The idea of compromise, and of disarming opposition by yielding part in order to save part, never appears to have even occurred to him. It was sovereign truth which spoke by him; and he would not have been Calvin, had he been willing to abate one jot of her imperious claims. He had to contend against the advocates of licentious liberty on one side, and the teachers of religious heresies on the other. He was exposed, moreover, to those petty taunts and insults which sometimes gall a heroic mind more than greater injuries, and to which he was subjected to a degree that seems incredible. Ribald and insulting songs would be sung beneath his windows by men prepared for imprisonment, and equally prepared when they came out to repeat the insult. Groups of men, ostentatiously making as if they did not see him, would press against him in the streets, even to the danger of his life. Men would call their dogs by his

name, and then, as they ran near Calvin, call them back with opprobrious epithets to their names. Every conceivable difficulty lay in his way, and his sole strength was in his own inflexible will, and in God; yet he persevered and conquered.

Great was that victory, and far more important than the mere value of a little city cradled amid the Alps could appear to make it. Geneva, free and independent, and strong in its theocratical constitution, became the home of the Reformation. There, as on a secure seat, Calvin surveyed the progress of the great battle between truth and error, as success ebbed and flowed all the world over. Not an event took place which his eagle eye did not watch, and very few in which he did not, more or less, take a part. Now advising and consoling a queen; now strengthening by his letters the confessor in his cell, and the martyr at his stake; now warning and reproofing, now counselling, now stimulating the chieftains of the Reformation, wherever the battle raged most fiercely. He extended his influence in Germany and France, in Scotland and in England. Did Charles of France complain of the multitude of preachers who carried the tidings of the Cross throughout his dominions? it was to Geneva that he despatched his threatening letters. Was a question of policy at stake? it was at Geneva that advice was sought. Were Christians obliged to fly for their lives? they found refuge at Geneva. Were men's minds thirsting to know the Word of God more perfectly? they thronged to the schools and colleges of Geneva. Did they go forth in the deep enthusiasm of a strong faith, with their lives in their hands, to proclaim the truth of God far and wide? it was from Geneva they came, and to Geneva they turned back for encouragement. Did councils sit, or bishops and princes slander or threaten? the reply, in burning words, came from Geneva. Yet all this was one man,—a man whose labours, and the strain upon his fortitude, it is

impossible for us, who look back to the events already dim in the distant past, adequately to appreciate. In short, the Reformation became identified with Geneva, and Geneva was Calvin. In the eloquent words of the Editor of his Letters, "From his bed of suffering and of continued labours, Calvin followed with an observant eye the great drama of the Reformation, marking its triumphs and its reverses in every State of Europe. Invested by virtue of his surpassing genius, with a universal apostolate, he wielded an influence as varied and plastic as his activity. He exhorts, with the same authority, the humble ministers of the Gospel, and the powerful monarchs of England, Sweden, and Poland. He holds communion with Luther and Melancthon; animates Knox, encourages Coligny, Condé, Jeanne d'Albret, and the Duchess of Ferrara; while, in his familiar letters to Farel, Viret, and Theodore Beza, he pours the overflowings of a heart filled with the deepest and most acute sensibility. The same man, worn by watchings and sickness, but rising in the energy of the soul above the meanness of the body, overturns the party of the Libertines, lays the foundations of the greatness of Geneva, establishes foreign churches, strengthens the martyrs, dictates to the Protestant princes the wisest and most perspicuous counsels; negotiates, argues, teaches, prays, and with his latest breath gives utterance to words of power which posterity receives as the political and religious testament of the man."

The completeness of the supremacy which Calvin established at Geneva is amusingly exhibited in the petty trifles upon which he was consulted. It seemed that they had become so accustomed to rely on his genius, that they could do nothing without him. Robert Stephens, the printer, owed his success partly to Calvin's advice. If any novel trade was brought to Geneva, the workmen had to work under Calvin's inspection before the council would authorize it. A surgeon

comes, and Calvin is set to examine him ; a dentist—and the profession was new in those days—and Calvin first submits himself to his skill. Some of the most lucrative trades at Geneva were introduced and established by him. Is it not a true sign of mental greatness, to be attentive to the little, as well as to grasp the great ?

Nor must we forget those voluminous writings, contained in fifty-three solid volumes, by which he enriched for all time the literature of the Church of Christ, a *κτῆμα εἰς αἰὲν*. So pure and vigorous was his style, that he is allowed by his opponents to be the father of modern French ; so enlightened and devout was his erudition, that he gave to the interpretation of Scripture a new method and scope which it had not before. The tone of these writings, is nearly without exception, grave and severe. Yet there is one notable exception which proves that Calvin's intellect was not devoid of the lighter qualities of satire and humour. I allude to his treatise on Relics, in which he proposes with grave irony the advantages which would accrue to Christendom by reducing to a formal inventory these tools of superstition. He then proceeds to classify and enumerate them, so far as his retentive memory, tenacious even of trifles, could retain the particulars. The evil still lasts in our day, but probably in a more modified form. Calvin duly enumerates them :—the blood of our Lord existed in one hundred places ; the manger, in one ; the swaddling-clothes, in two ; the water-pots, in no less than five ; the table used at the Last Supper, in three places ; the linen towel, in two ; the bread had multiplied beyond calculation ; the cross was enough to load a ship. The nails of the cross from two had increased miraculously to fourteen ; the soldier's spear multiplied into five ; the thorns of the cross were no less than thirty-six ; the purple robe existed in three places, the dice in two, the napkin in six ; and so on with a peculiarity of detail which is as amusing as it is melancholy. I

give one passage in his own words, that you may mark the quiet humour, logical even in its sport, which pervades this treatise :—"Everybody knows that the inhabitants of Toulouse think that they have six of the bodies of the Apostles,—

James the Great, Andrew, James the Less, Philip, Simeon, and Jude. The body of Matthias is at Padua ; that of Matthew, at Salerno ; of Thomas, at Ortona : of Bartholomew, at Naples, or somewhere in that district. Now let us attend to those who have had two or three bodies. For Andrew has another body at Melfi ; Philip and James the Less have each another body in the church of the Holy Apostles, and Simeon and Jude in the church of St. Peter ; Bartholomew has another body in the church dedicated to him at Rome. So here are some who have each two bodies and, by way of a supernumerary, Bartholomew's skin is shown at Pisa. Matthias, however, surpasses all the rest, for he has a second body at Rome, and a third at Treves. Besides, he has another head, and another arm, existing separately by themselves. There are also fragments of Andrew existing at different places, and quite sufficient to make up half a body. For his head is at Rome in the church of St. Peter, a shoulder in that of Grigson, a rib in that of St. Eustathius, an arm in that of the Holy Spirit, and some other part in the church of St. Blaise : there is also a foot at Aix. Were all these put together and properly fitted, they would make up two quarters of the body. But, as Bartholomew left his skin at Pisa, so also he has left one of his heads at Treves. He has also a finger at Frene, and some other relics at Rome. . . . The others are not so well supplied, yet each of them has somewhat to spare : for Philip has one foot at Rome in the church of the Holy Apostles ; also, in the church of St. Barbara, he has I know not what relics, besides those which he has at Treves. In these two last churches he has James for his companion : for, in

like manner, he has a hand in the church of St. Peter, an arm in that of Grisgon, and another in that of the Holy Apostles. Matthew and Thomas have been left poorer than the rest; for the former has only one body, together with a few bones, at Frene, an arm at Rome in the church of St. Marcellus, and a head in that of St. Nicholas, unless there be some which have escaped me."

There is one dark passage on which I propose to say but little—not because I wish to extenuate the act for a moment, but because on the character of the act we are all perfectly agreed, and it seemed to me more important to dwell on those tendencies of Calvin's character which are less manifest in themselves, and yet supply the true explanation of the act. I allude to the death of Michael Servetus. We shall all be equally agreed, in admiring the gallantry with which Servetus met his death, and in detesting the sentence which condemned him to it. Such acts are not more contrary to the rights of human liberty than they are to the spirit of the Gospel of Christ. The human conscience is amenable to God, and to God only; and it is a sinful arrogance to usurp this sphere of his prerogatives. Luther clearly saw both the inconsistency and the danger of invoking the civil sword in matters of conscience, but the logical severity of Calvin's mind led him to work out the principle of the sovereignty of truth without limit of qualification. It was a part of his avowed creed, that it was lawful to use civil power in enforcing matters of religion—a principle which he drank in from the lips of his master in the study of law, and from which he never emancipated himself. Accordingly, he openly avowed that if Servetus ever came to Geneva, he would take care that he never left it alive. On these facts and their true character we are all agreed, and why should we enlarge upon them? I only pause, therefore, to protest against the injustice which would

judge the reformer of the sixteenth century by the more enlightened principles of the nineteenth, and heap the whole opprobrium upon the single shoulders of one man. Calvin condemned Servetus to death for blasphemy,—not for a simple difference of opinion in religious faith, but for an insult, as he esteemed it, to religion altogether. That Servetus was blasphemous, few of us will be disposed to question. When it was objected by Calvin, that, on his principles, the dull wood of the bench, and even the devil himself, was God, he jeeringly replied, “Can you doubt it? all things are part and parcel of God.” Calvin was responsible for the death of Servetus, but not for the mode of his death; but in this responsibility he only acted on the universal principles of his day. Before sentence was pronounced, the whole matter, including the memorial of Servetus, and Calvin’s answer, was remitted to the Swiss churches for their advice. There was an awful unanimity in the reply. It was sentence of conviction; and that sentence, death. So completely was this decision in accordance with the feeling of the age, that, for a century afterwards, no accusation was ever brought against Calvin on this ground by the many enemies who attacked and blackened his memory. The crime was a great one; but why charge it to Calvin alone? His fault was the fault of the age; but all his greatness was his own.

It is better for us to turn the light of truth upon ourselves, and, perceiving how largely personal feeling and passions mingle with the motives of the best of us, in those matters which most deeply touch our convictions and stir our hearts, to be gentle in judging others in proportion as we are severe in judging ourselves. Or if even still our hearts flame out with somewhat over warmth and indignation against Calvin, let us go to the death-bed side of the Reformer, and, in the sight of the calm faith and deep humility of the departing saint, quench all our spite in the

thought, May our death be like his! His sufferings were extreme. He lay for days incapable of taking food, and only swallowing with extreme difficulty a little water. Yet he never murmured. "I was silent, O Lord, because Thou didst it," was his exclamation; sometimes in the words of Isaiah, "I did mourn as a dove." The characteristic thought of his life was present, as Beza records, in his last hours, namely, the sovereignty of God: "Thou, O Lord, bruise me; but it is enough for me that it is Thy hand." Thus, on May 27, 1564, Calvin breathed his last, just as the sun went down, poor in worldly goods, but rich in honour. The writing which inscribes his character and work in the brightest colours of human history, is only second to a grander record—that of the Book of God, where his name is written in heaven.

To two great lessons I would venture to give a few brief words. First stands the example of personal devotedness. Appointed early, through his father's influence, to a cure sufficiently lucrative to suffice for his competent maintenance, he at once resigned it when the change of his opinions took place. From this time onwards, till his exile from Paris, he was always poor, and sometimes pressed by painful difficulties. When he left Strasburg to return to Geneva, he refused to accept the money which the Strasburgers, out of respect and affection, were anxious to pay. During his last illness he refuses a present of money from the council, and when at last it is forced upon him, gives the same amount away. But it is not alone the disinterestedness in money matters which characterized Calvin, but something higher: it was the devotedness with which he gave himself,—time, strength, talent, life—all to Christ, and never flinched for a single moment from the completeness of the sacrifice. Is it not men like Calvin, and breathing his spirit, that we want in our own day? men of apostolic heart, a manly grasp of

truth, a dauntless courage to defend it in evil report or good report, because it is God's truth; constancy to do and bear, and readiness, if God wills it, to suffer for His cause?

And, to strengthen the heart of every man of God, there is another truth that shines from Calvin's history with the lustre of a sunbeam: it is the supremacy of truth, and confidence in its final victory. It might be difficult to generalize too boldly on this subject; for political movements, and even force of arms, have sometimes signally concurred in the triumph of the truth of Christ. Yet, on the other side, we have clear warning instances, that where the spiritual work has been mingled up with human policy, it has signally failed; when it has gone on with a simple reliance, in faith and prayer, upon its spiritual weapons, it has signally prevailed. Such, at all events, was the anxious conviction of all the Reformers of the sixteenth century; and distinctively it was the conviction and experience of Calvin. The picture ever before his mind's eye was that of the personal Word in the Apocalypse riding on in His strength, conquering and to conquer. The duty of the Church was to preach and suffer, and to leave the Spirit of God to do His own work in the hearts of men, and the power of God to open His own way for the truth through the passions and policy of mankind. The headship of Christ over His Church was the strength of the Church of the Reformation—the final victory of His truth her confidence. Have we not need to comfort ourselves with this lesson amid our own conflicts and anxieties? The external fences which Christian policy may draw around the faith are not to be despised; but if it is God's will to deprive us of them, and leave His Church to fight with the simple weapons of inspired truth, let not our hearts be troubled, neither let us be afraid. "He who is with us is stronger than they that are against us." He who was

mighty in His working in the days of the Reformation, is as faithful and as strong now as He was then. It is ours to work and pray, to do, and, if need be, to suffer ; but the rest is with God. The truth is His—the cause His—the power His—the promise His ; and with Him let us not be afraid to leave the issue.

The Psalmody of the Reformation.

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A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. HENRY ALLON.

THE PSALMODY OF THE REFORMATION.

IN the lecture which I delivered to you two years ago, I attempted a cursory review of Church Song, through the entire period of its history—an attempt to compress volumes into paragraphs; and in order to make history our practical teacher, it seemed necessary to introduce this review by some general remarks on worship-song, setting forth its place and power in the culture of the religious life.

The great interest happily now felt in worship-song by every section of the Protestant church—even by those the most jealous of their puritan or covenanting traditions—gave a value to the lecture far transcending its intrinsic merits. In some places it was as a match applied to a prepared train. It awakened inquiry, stimulated desire, and afforded suggestion; and in this way contributed something to the healthy impulse which is rapidly exalting worship from the slovenly disregard or offensive vulgarity into which, at the commencement of the present century, it had fallen, into its place of rightful supremacy above every other exercise of our public religious assemblies.

A recognition of the public interest and importance of worship song, as vitally affecting the strength and joy of

religious life, has induced your Committee to request a second lecture on the same subject ; a request with which I very gladly comply.

Not only, however, will the lecture this evening labour under the proverbial disadvantages of "sequels," but we must of necessity return to a quiet and patient examination of one particular part of the surface over the whole of which, swallow-like, we flitted before.

Just as a rapid traveller recognizes only the salient features of a landscape—the palaces amongst its buildings—the monarch of the forest amongst its trees—the bolder headlands or towering mountain amongst its elevations—and passes unobserved its quiet nooks of rest and beauty, its hidden riches, its minuter characteristics of both surface and inhabitant—so it was with us: to-night, therefore, we must be contented to retrace old footprints, but with more leisurely pace, a more limited range, and with a closer and more careful examination.

And that we may secure for the department selected as much time and investigation as possible, I will, at some risk of obscurity, venture to assume your acquaintance with the former lecture, and simply supplement what was said then by ampler information,—directing your attention to the rich fields of investigation, of which I then pointed out but the landmarks, and to the treasures in them, of which the chorals then given were but specimens.

More than upon any other means our religious life is dependent upon the spirituality, adequacy, and inspiration of our worship-song. The hymnology of the church aims at the perfect expression of all that is purest and noblest in its spiritual life. If prayer express its lower moods of need and sorrow, praise expresses its higher moods of satisfaction and joy; prayer seeks, praise proffers; prayer is a beseeching and a wail, praise is a worship and a pæan; prayer asks

God to come to us, praise seeks to go to God. The soul that prays falls prostrate with its face to the ground, often being in an agony; the soul that praises stands with uplifted brow and transfigured countenance, ready to soar away to heaven. And the instinct of worship is deeper than that of prayer; song is earlier in the human soul, and will be later than beseeching. Poetry, too, is the natural clothing of worshipping feeling: the instinct of worshipping feeling, therefore, is to express itself in song.

Thus religion makes large provision for worshipping song. No true thing is intolerant of any other true thing; and if Christianity were to prohibit as illicit any art or any beauty, this would be a presumption against itself. Hardly, however, can it be amenable to the reproach of disparaging worship-song while the great epic of the Apocalypse shall remain.

Of course, church song is restricted to the lyrical form of poetry, for this alone can express the consentaneous emotion and worship of a congregation. It does not, therefore, tolerate didactic poetry—hymns which are merely disguised sermons, which expound doctrines, or analyze feelings. It is the expression of feeling, not the description of it. A congregation cannot sing a creed or a homily. It may not preach to God—it cannot preach to itself.

For temporary and justifiable reasons, Luther often wrote didactic hymns: he versified creeds and catechisms—the Decalogue, and even the Confession of Augsburg. Song was for a while the chief theological teaching of the people. But the true idea of worship-song is the expression of devotional feeling.

Neither can church-song admit dramatic poetry, which expresses passion by action,—as in the mediæval mysteries. Its lyrics, moreover, must be more than mere religious poetry. The pure truth of God must be held in solution by them—

truth must inspire the soul that utters its worship to God : but they must also be full of a genuine devotional feeling, and instinct with a fervent religious life. Indeed, the pureness of its truth being assumed, the three great conditions of a hymn are, that it be inspired by a rich and fervid spiritual life ; that it have strength and beauty of poetical expression ; and that its form be such as to fit it for use as a musical song.

Like a prayer, a hymn is an outburst, not of eloquence, but of life. Hence, it often happens that the hymns of great poets, or hymns written of premeditated purpose, utterly fail. Genius is not necessarily allied to spiritual life ; nor can inspired moods of spiritual life be bespoken and calculated. On the other hand, most precious hymns have been born of less gifted men, whose spontaneous outbursts have combined a fulness of life with an adequate power of poetical expression. Sometimes the richness of the spiritual feeling that has found expression has overpowered the sense of inferior poetry. And the delicate instinct of the church, while rejecting the production of mere genius, has enshrined the inspiration of piety in the place of its most cherished song. Hence, the hymnody of the church can boast but few names of genius, although genius has often essayed to minister to it ; for where genius has not lacked piety, it has lacked the inspiration of fervid moods. Every true hymn must be an incarnation, and must express the passionate life of some devout soul. And it must express this so as also to express the spiritual life of the worshipping people that adopt it : this some of the very greatest of the Latin hymns failed to do. Peerless, therefore, as is the beauty of the "Stabat Mater"—the "Pange Lingua"—the "Dies Iræ,"—they have never become the worship-song of the people.

In this way, too, we account for the hold which some of the

hymns of Watts, and Wesley, and Toplady have taken : such hymns as—"Come, let us join our cheerful songs," "Jesus, lover of my soul," "Rock of ages, cleft for me;" they are wonderful forms for the expression of popular religious feeling, and hence they are so precious to all Christian hearts.

Hence, too, the remarkable fact that hymnody has always fluctuated with the spiritual feeling of the church; a dead age has never produced living hymns. By an instinct as strong as it is infallible, the church has always indicated a quickened life by a larger use of psalms and hymns. From Wycliffe and Huss, whose followers were nicknamed "Psalm-singers," to the last "Revival," excitement of spiritual life has always found expression in an outburst of song. "It was a sign," says Bishop Burnet, "by which men's affections to the Reformation were measured, whether they used to sing David's Psalms or not." "Geneva-jiggs" and "Beza's Balletts" were the alliterative reproach of the songs of the French Huguenots, who were often betrayed to their enemies by their irrepressible psalm-singing; so it was with the early English Independents, and the Scottish Covenanters. Puritanism, and psalm-singing were synonymous. After the battle of Dunbar, "the republican soldiers, with their general, Lambert, halted near Haddington, and sung the 117th Psalm;" and in a contemporary comedy, "the Round-heads" are represented as being "used to sing a psalm and then fall on."

In the natural exercise of their liberties, most of the churches of Protestantism freely incorporate into their worship whatever of sacred song successive generations may produce, which their spiritual instincts recognize as a worthy expression of their worship and of their ever-varying life. The canon of revealed truth is closed,—that which God has given to man as a sufficient instruction for every life; but not the canon of worshipping song,—that which successive lives give

to God. Who may presume to write "Finis" upon any human form of prayer, or collection of song? When Ambrose has brought his contributions to worship-song, is Gregory to be forbidden? When Gregory has completed his Hymnarium, is Luther to be interdicted? When Luther has filled the churches of the Reformation with sacred song, is Gerhardt to be declared contraband? When Sternhold and Hopkins have presented their version of the Psalms, is Watts to be delivered over to "uncovenanted mercies"? When Watts has completed his wonderful canon of psalms and hymns, are the contributions of Wesley and Cowper, Montgomery and Keble, to be put into an Apocrypha? Who will presume to discriminate the inspiration? Blessed be the Great Head of the church its hymnody has hitherto been a perennial inspiration of its spiritual life. The great gift of sacred song has been restricted to no one age or nation: some great voice has ever been heard attesting its endowment also with "the gift and faculty divine." And it were as foolish as it would be presumptuous to refuse its latest products. The ever-varying and ever-developing spiritual life of each generation will necessarily adapt and create its own hymnody; and the presumption is, that the inspirations of the later Christian ages will be more precious than those of the earlier. The ever-enriching thought—the ever-enlarging experience—the ever-deepening sanctity of the church, will produce a richer, nobler song.

Some few of the songs of the church,—such as the "Gloria in Excelsis," the "Te Deum," and some of later days,—will be so felicitous and so catholic, will so deal with universal truths and experiences, and deal with them so grandly, that they will be hymns for all time, and will bear transference into all languages. The heart of humanity will enshrine them—the venerableness of age will gather upon them—antiquity will

clothe love with reverence—and association with the past will give meaning and intensity to the experience of the present; and with a reverent joy we shall take upon our lips words used by martyrs, confessors and fathers, and through which the hopes and fears, the love and faith of their great heroic souls struggled up to God.

With peculiar feelings, we in quiet churches and homes shall sing hymns once sung in furtive places—in deserts and catacombs—in fortresses and prisons—on fields of battle or in the blazing pyre:—hymns sung in the holy places where our fathers worshipped—in “upper rooms” or in “places by the river’s side:”—hymns that Pliny heard “sung to Christ as God” in the morning prayer meetings of the primitive church; that Jerome heard in the fields and the woods, from “the plowman, the mower, and the vine-dresser:”—hymns sung as lullabies over the cradles of pious homes; as praise when the incense of domestic sacrifice ascended; as lullabies again when in the second cradle of life the childlike soul sleeps the sleep of God:—triumphant hymns, when kings and multitudes have done homage to Christianity,—in the cathedral of Ambrose, in the capital of Charlemagne, in the processions of the Reformation, by the thousands at Paul’s Cross, of whom Bishop Jewel speaks:—pentecostal hymns, in which a thousand times the church has shouted its praise for a fresh descent of the Holy Spirit, which has “shaken” more than “the *place* in which it was assembled,” and crowned the worshippers with more than tongues of fire.

With such songs upon our lips, worship becomes an inspiration of other hearts besides our own. We speak and feel what our fathers spake and felt; and our confidence in the feeling that we express is strong, inasmuch as it was their feeling as well. Their heart was as our heart, our speech was also theirs; so that the scene of Pentecost

again is realized, and again there "come together devout men out of every nation under heaven, each speaking in his own tongue the wonderful works of God."

In respect of the more ordinary, or more individual song of the past, the true use of it is to transmute it into the forms of the present, adding thereto whatever of larger experience or accumulated wisdom succeeding generations may have contributed; and if it be incapable of this, to let it fall into disuse. So we use the theology of the past, transferring its spirit into modern forms. So we use the creeds of the past, often the weapons and fortresses of various polemical ages, retaining the precious truths of which they were special defences, but putting them—as we put chain armour into the Tower—into the museum of the church, amongst things that were great and glorious in their day, but are unfitted for the uses of modern life. We do not disallow early church hymns, and early church music, but neither do we exalt them to a place of pedantic idolatry; so far as they are capable of it, we utilize them; so far as they are not, we dismiss them. No doubt the rudiments of all worship are contained in them, just as the rudiments of modern English are contained in our old Saxon speech; but we are not so foolish as to insist upon the implicit retention of all their forms and limitations, and to disallow all the maturity of development, and all the rich contributions and moulding power of genius. It were surely a foolish thing so to reverence the embalmed dead of the past, as to turn away from the living forms of the present. Those are surely but fanatics who make the virtue of things to consist in their being old. Their's is surely but a dull pedantry that regards things ancient as necessarily sublime: their's is surely but an antiquarian piety that would stereotype the worship of the church according to the fashion of a Gregory, a Luther, or a Cranmer, and would recognize no validity in that which

had not upon it the stamp of centuries. He only reverences the past who accepts all its fruitage; who recognizes the spirit of Ambrose in the latest sacred poet, and the spirit of Gregory in the latest sacred musician. The alternative of a present that knows no past, is surely not a past that allows no present.

Hence there will be a constant flux and reflux of worship-song;—a constant decay and birth; the old will pass away, the new will take its place. As in the creations of the pre-Adamic world, as in the life of men, as in every work of God that we know, “one generation passeth away and another generation cometh.”

The hymnody of the church has generally had its birth in times of struggle and change, and has borne their various impress, in its freshness, reality, force, but also in its pug-nacity and one-sidedness; reflecting as in a mirror the progress of the conflict, and the various passions excited by it; incongruously blending statements of doctrine with deeply-moved feeling. Hence, too, the necessity for its constant reconstruction. All that goes beyond the most general spiritual experiences, of necessity becomes anachronous.

The actual hymnody of Protestantism dates only from Luther, and from him only in very small part. That of England is not older than Dr. Watts; and even he is beginning to succumb to the wants of a new missionary age. That in his song which is permanent is being rapidly dis-integrated from that which was conventional. More than half his hymns have already fallen into disuse. And this the noble singer himself understood: “Whensoever,” he says in the Preface to his Psalms, “there shall appear any paraphrase of the book of Psalms that retains more of the savour of David’s piety, discovers more of the style and spirit of the Gospel, with a superior dignity of verse, and yet the lines as easy and flowing, and the sense and language as level to the

lowest capacity, I shall congratulate the world, and consent to say, 'Let this attempt of mine be buried in silence.'” Sternhold and Hopkins are wholly consigned to the sepulchre, and Tate and Brady are “turning their faces to the wall.” The individuality of every age seeks congruous forms of expression. New life demands new songs; and assuredly the great Head of the church will not permit it to pine or suffer for lack of them. The singer will come whenever a new and distinctive life requires him; while the old song that has served its generation shall pass away. And thus, according to the great law of growth, the past will fall and decompose, and become the compost of a newer life, more rich, more beautiful, more fruitful than itself.

The Reformation of the sixteenth century was an epoch in the history of the church, when psalmody developed itself with unprecedented affluence and power. After a long and unconscious preparation, during which the great spiritual field had lain fallow, there was a sudden and surprising outburst of life, of which song was the chief vocal expression: “Their tongue being loosed they spake and praised God.” And this was the birth-hour, or rather after the long death of a dozen centuries, the resurrection-hour of that congregational worship, which we deem so vital and precious. Long had the church been in the wilderness, parched and weary; and Luther was the Moses whose rod struck the rock, whence leaped forth the mighty stream of song which has invigorated and gladdened it ever since. And in its glorious freshness and fulness it was not perhaps unnatural that the churches of the Reformation should have been satisfied with it, and should unduly have forgotten that it had also an inheritance of the past, an accumulated wealth of many generations, to which Clement and Sylvester, Hilary and Ambrose; Sedulius and Prudentius, Gregory and Bede, Bernard and Abelard,

Adam de St. Victor and Aquinas, Thomas of Celano and Jacobus de Benedictis, and many others had contributed. As with many reformers, in the excitement of their regenerated life, they almost forgot that they had a past: they thought that all things must be made new. The fatal retention of a dead language for the worship of the Romish church largely conduced to this; and although, as we shall see, Luther endeavoured to retain for Protestant worship whatever of the old was good, yet on the whole he found it easier to write new hymns than to transfer old ones. Gradually, however, the relations of the present to the past have been recognized, although even yet, the contributions of the pre-Reformation church to the mighty stream of Protestant song have been but as trickling rivulets.

At the time of the Reformation the hymnology of the Romish church was amazingly scant. The worship-song of the people was not its solicitude. Save the Vulgate psalms, the Scriptural hymns in the service-books, and a few Latin hymns, there was no church-song for congregational use. In his great collection of German church-song,* Wackernagel has been able to bring together only 183 pre-Reformation hymns.

Germany, however, has been the classic land of Protestant song. From Germany all Protestant lands have caught its inspiration; and in Germany, through three and a half centuries of culture and contribution, it has grown to an excellency and richness hitherto peerless. It would scarcely account for this to attribute it to the musical genius of Luther. One singer can no more make a singing church than one swallow can make a summer. It would perhaps be more just to say that Luther was a poet and musician because Germany itself was so much the land of song.

* "Das Deutsche Kirchenlied," Stuttgart, 1841.

And yet the beginnings of German worship-song were very small.

During the latter part of the ninth century, in religious processions, at funerals, at the consecration of churches, and on festival occasions, the people began to chant, in the vernacular, short verses, having the "Kyrie Eleison" as their invariable refrain; whence this came to be called "Leison singing." A fragment of this kind of singing, in the old high German dialect—part of a hymn in honour of St. Peter, is still extant. Gregory's ordinance, that the chanting should be performed by the clergy only, was in this way broken in upon. Religious compositions, both in Latin and in the vernacular, increasingly spiritual and national in their character, began to appear. Those in the vernacular were very simple and emotional, and were of course restricted to social uses.

In an age when the language of worship was different from that of the people, the former could be invaded by the latter only gradually, and, at first, with but partial success: accordingly we can lay our hand upon a class of hymns in which the beginning of the conflict is indicated; the Latin struggling to maintain its domination, and the vernacular struggling against it, and making good a first position in its fortress. These are hymns in which lines of the vernacular irregularly alternate with lines of Latin; such, for example, as the "Puer natus in Bethlehem," and the "In dulci júbilo," the latter of which, with the German translated into English, ran thus:—

"In dulci júbilo,
 Let us our homage show;
 Our heart's joy reelineth
 Couch'd in præsepio:
 And like a bright star shineth
 Matris in gremio,
Chorus. Alpha es et O!

"O Jesu parvule!
 My heart is sore for Thee!
 Hear me, I pray to Thee,
 O puer optime!
 My prayer—let it reach Thee
 O princeps gloriæ!
Chor. Trahe me post te!

" O patris caritas,
 O nati lenitas,
 Deeply were we stained
 Per nostra crimina !
 But Thou hast for us gained
 Cælorum gaudia.
Chor. O that we were there !

" Ubi sunt gaudia—where,
 If that they be not there ?
 There are angels singing
 Nova cantica.
 There the bells are ringing
 In regis curiâ.
Chor. O that we were there !"

This kind of verse was originally written in Italy, and has since been imitated in all languages. It is called Macaronic poetry, and is most commonly used in burlesque.

Another impetus to vernacular psalmody was given by the Flagellants, an ascetic sect which sprang up in the Romish church in the twelfth century; and were so called from their practice of self-inflicted scourgings in public processions, during which they chanted rude vernacular hymns, which found a ready response among the people. Another thing was, the introduction by the priests of legends written in rhyme, in lieu of the Scriptures, which, in 1229, the Council of Toulouse prohibited to laymen. The oldest of these metrical legends in the German language consists of 100,000 lines, treating of Christ and Mary, and other Scriptural characters, also of the saints of the church; it is full of wild apocryphal stories, which, as the people were unable to read, wandering minstrels were employed to recite; the recitations being given in the form of a chant. By-and-by these metrical legends became dramas, and under the name of mysteries were on stated occasions acted by the clergy. In the fourteenth century, this was a very popular means of religious instruction.

Contemporary with these was a class of popular songs hostile to the clergy, and keenly satirizing their rapacity, hypocrisy, and vices. The famous legend of Reynard the Fox is a specimen of these. They were sung through the land by the troubadours or minnesingers, who in the

character of religious minstrels easily passed from celebrating the glories of Mary and the saints, to themes of another kind. Some of them became famous for their songs of love and battle, others were employed by heretics and reformers for the diffusion of their religious notions. As in the fourth century, church heretics soon discovered the popular power of a vernacular hymnology. Thus St. Francis of Assisi wrote hymns in the Italian language for the use of his disciples. Thus Wyelyffe, the "morning star of the Reformation," sought to diffuse the Reformed doctrine by means of congregational psalmody.

The popular hymnology of this pre-Reformation period, therefore, consisted of four classes or elements:—

First, of doggrel verses, half German and half Latin

Secondly, of rude translations into the vernacular, and adaptations of Latin hymns; a collection of which was published in 1494.

Thirdly, of original German hymns for social or festival uses.

And, *Fourthly*, of adaptations or parodies of secular or miine-songs.

This latter has been a practice of every age. Every revival hymn-book will furnish specimens; as, for instance, "The saints' sweet home," "Homeward-bound," &c.

Henry of Laufenberg, a priest of Friburg, about the year 1450, seems to have been the first to attempt this very objectionable kind of parody. Of course these were often little better than burlesques; but they prepared the people for the congregational singing of the Reformation. In all cases the secular melody was retained for the spiritual parody. Many of the chorals of the Bohemian Brethren and of the Lutheran Reformation were thus derived.

The chief impulse to popular hymn-singing prior to the Reformation was, however, given by John Huss. "The

voice of the turtle," says an old writer, "began to be heard in the land of Bohemia, as a token that the spiritual winter was passing away, and the time of the singing of birds was come." By a true instinct of spiritual life, Huss, in the fifteenth century, was led, for the first time, to introduce the singing of vernacular hymns into public worship. He insisted upon the people taking part in the service of song. He was no mean poet himself, and wrote several hymns,—some of them in Latin, and some of them in the Bohemian language. Two of his Latin hymns were translated into German, and adopted by Luther; and are in use to this day. The one, "Jesus Christus, unser Heiland," is known as John Huss's Easter Hymn. To the other, "Ich ruf' zu dir, Herr Jesu Christ," Paul Speratus wrote a fine choral.

In this way many precious hymns were accumulated by the Bohemian brethren, who, if Luther were the father of Protestant song, were unquestionably its grandfathers. At length, in 1504, these were collected, and the first hymn-book of the brethren in the Bohemian language was published under the editorship of Bishop Lucas, president of the Council of Bishops, and became the hymn-book of the 200 congregations of the brethren which then existed.

In 1531, this book was translated into German, under the editorship of Michael Weiss, one of the brethren. "It pleases me well," said Luther, "and is the work of a good poet." It passed through many editions in the course of the century, and was the progenitor of the present Moravian hymn-book. In the later of these editions, the music was always printed with the words. In the edition of 1566, the editor says that the melodies had been in general use in Bohemia for upwards of a century. This is confirmed by Tucher, who, in the preface to his "Schatz des Evangelischen Kirchengesangs," says that the first melodies were taken either from Romish or from secular sources.

These chorals are quaint and uncouth, and have most of them passed into that region where the servants of past generations sleep. Some few, however, have lived unchanged, and are still in use. Others have lived in spirit, but have been transfigured in form.

In a letter to the Elector Palatine, from the Seniors Stefan and Kalef, written in the year 1574, the hymns of the Brethren are described, as being some of them written by Huss and his Taborite* followers; others of later date, written by men of rank and learning. "Our tunes," they say, "are either the Gregorian of which Huss also made use, or such as have been derived from our own nation, and others, especially the German, including some to which secular words are also adapted. At this practice strangers are apt to take offence. Better would it certainly be, if the writer of a hymn were always able to compose a tune to suit it. But the same man does not possess all gifts."†

Concerning the Hussite psalmody generally, the early reformers speak in terms of high praise. Camerarius writes from Leipsic, in 1567, to one of the Bohemian Bishops, and tells him that he used the Brethren's hymn-book in the daily worship of his family. And his son-in-law, Rudiger, writing to Baron Zerotin, in 1579, says, "In church-psalmody your congregations would seem to excel all others. For where are any to be found that sing more in the way of praise and thanksgiving, of prayer and doctrinal teaching,—or that sing better? The new edition of the Bohemian hymn-book I find to contain as many as 743 hymns; and twice as many are said to be still unpublished. Of this number 346 are translated into the German language: I would that the rest were likewise. Did I understand Bohemian, I would neither ask nor wish, but do the work myself. As to *what*

* The purest of the sects into which the followers of Huss divided.

† "Historische Nachricht vom Brüder-Gesangebuche," p. 22—25.

is sung and *how*, the general opinion is no doubtful one; you sing what you teach, and your hymns are real homilies. And why should not every doctrine be expressed in verse, since hereby the people are most effectually instructed? It is also an advantage that with you the whole congregation sings, and thus takes an active part in Divine service. What is accounted inimitable in the Hebrew Psalms appears to me to be attained to a great extent in the Brethren's hymns. Hence, when, as a stranger, I was permitted to be present, not only in your public assemblies, but also at your domestic worship; and when in your house, and in the houses of other noble families, I heard the hymns that were sung at morning and evening prayer, and likewise before and after meals; I confess I was greatly edified and affected by these evidences of the prevailing piety.* And amid all their vicissitudes, even to the present day, the Brethren maintain their characteristic love of psalmody: "The statutes of the Lord have been their song in the house of their pilgrimage."

Of the song of this pre-Reformation period, you shall now hear three specimens.

The first is the "Christus ist erstanden," which dates from the twelfth century, and is the oldest German Easter Hymn: beyond its undoubted antiquity nothing is known about its origin. It has some resemblance to the old Latin sequence, "Victimæ Paschali." †

It is remarkable that a jubilant hymn should be set in a minor key; but one of the characteristics of old church psalmody is the singular predominance of tunes in the minor key. Of the ninety-eight tunes in Ravenscroft's Psalter, fifty-five are in the minor. This reminds one of old

* Quoted in La Trobe's Preface to the "Moravian Tune Book," London, 1854.

† No. 1, Appendix.

Froissart's characterization of the English, that "they take their pleasures sadly." These minors in the rejoicing song of the Germans, however, would intimate that this was not peculiar to us.

The second dates from the fourteenth century. It is one of the venerable melodies that have come down to us from the Hussite brethren.*

The third is one of the secular melodies that I have referred to. Originally it was a popular ballad, written for wandering apprentices, commencing thus:—

" Innspruck, I now must leave thee,
And bitterly it grieves me,
To go to foreign lands," &c.

John Hesse spiritualized it thus:—

" O world, I now must leave thee,
But little doth it grieve me :
I seek my native land," &c.

The melody is by Henry Isaac, a German musician, who was born in 1440, and about the year 1475 was the maestro di capella of the church of St. John, in Florence, and afterwards organist to the Emperor Maximilian. He was the teacher of the famous Romish musician, Ludwig Senfl, Luther's correspondent. The original melody was harmonized by Forster in 1539, and reconstructed as an ecclesiastical choral by Michael Praetorius, in 1610.†

Luther's qualifications for being the creator of Protestant Psalmody were manifold and great. His natural musical sensibilities were very keen. No characteristic of him is more familiar than his love of song. His life was remarkable for manifestations, and his writings abound in expressions of this peculiarity. The following illustration of it occurs in a MS. biography, by Matthew Ratzeberger, surgeon to John Frederick, Elector of Saxony, preserved in the Ducal Library

* No. 2, Appendix.

† No. 3, Appendix.

at Gotha.* In a chapter entitled "On Dr. Luther's Weakness, and his being quickened and exhilarated by means of Music," the writer says, "Once came Master Lucas Edenberger, preceptor of John Ernst, Duke of Saxony, with certain of his associates, all good musicians, and George Rhau (a famous composer of music), to visit him. It was told them that Luther had shut himself up in his cell, and had kept himself there for some time, and had eaten and drunk nothing to speak of, and would let no one in to him. Then Master Lucas thought it could not be well with him, and knocked at the door, but got no answer; whereupon he looked in at the key-hole through the door, and seeth that Luther is lying upon the ground on his face, with outstretched arms, in a swoon. He then forced open the door, and shook him, and lifted him up, and prepared for him some refreshment; and then he and his companions began to sing, and to play upon their instruments. Hereupon, Luther began gradually to come to himself, and his melancholy and distress began to leave him, and he soon began to sing, and became right joyous thereby, and entertained Master Lucas and his companions most pleasantly. So they would often visit him when they had a desire for music, and would not be turned away, whatever work he had to do. So soon as he heard good music, his temptations and his gloom flew away. So he said, the devil specially hates music, because thereby men are made joyful; for he loveth nothing better than to make men unbelieving and cowardly, by means of melancholy and gloominess."

Upon this natural musical genius a good deal of culture had been bestowed. In his early youth he had been trained as a chorister. When about fourteen he was sent to the school of the Franciscans at Magdeburg, where he was treated with great severity, and in play-hours, with children

* Quoted from the "American Biblical Repository" for April, 1846, p. 197, from which also some of the following quotations are taken.

as poor as himself, sang about the streets begging his bread. "I was accustomed," says he, "with my companions to beg a little food to supply our wants. One day, about Christmas time, we were going all together through the neighbouring villages, from house to house, singing in concert the usual carols on the infant Jesus born at Bethlehem. We stopped in front of a peasant's house which stood detached from the rest, at the extremity of the village. The peasant hearing us sing our Christmas carols, came out with some food which he meant to give us, and asked us in a rough voice, 'Where are you, boys?' Terrified at these words, we ran away as fast as we could. We had no reason to fear, for the peasant offered us this assistance in kindness; but our hearts were no doubt become fearful from the threats and tyranny which the masters then used towards their scholars, so that we were seized with sudden fright."

A year after, he went to the "currend" or charity-school at Eisenach, where he had the same experience. "When the young scholar was pressed with hunger, he was obliged, as at Magdeburg, to go with his schoolfellows and sing in the streets to earn a morsel of bread. This custom of Luther's time is still preserved in many towns in Germany. These young people's voices sometimes form a most harmonious concert. Often the poor modest boy, instead of bread, received nothing but harsh words. More than once, overwhelmed with sorrow, he shed many tears in secret; he could not look to the future without trembling. One day, in particular, after having been repulsed from three houses, he was about to return fasting to his lodging, when having reached the Place St. George, he stood before the house of an honest burgher, motionless, and lost in painful reflections. Must he, for want of bread, give up his studies, and go and work with his father in the mines of Mansfeld? Suddenly a door opens, a woman appears on the threshold; it is the

wife of Conrad Cotta, a daughter of the burgomaster of Eilfeld. Her name was Ursula. The chronicles of Eisenach call her 'the pious Shunamite,' in remembrance of her who so earnestly entreated the prophet Elijah to eat bread with her. This Christian Shunamite had more than once remarked young Martin in the assemblies of the faithful; she had been affected by the sweetness of his voice and his apparent devotion. She had heard the harsh words with which the poor scholar had been repulsed. She saw him overwhelmed with sorrow before her door; she came to his assistance, beckoned him to enter, and supplied his urgent wants."* The result was that Conrad took Martin into his house, where he continued to reside in great happiness until he had completed his studies at Eisenach. There "he learned to play on the flute and on the lute. He often accompanied his fine alto voice with the latter instrument, and thus cheered his heart in his hours of sadness. He also took pleasure in expressing by his melody his gratitude to his adoptive mother, who was very fond of music."†

Well might Luther say, in memory of these happy years, "There is nothing sweeter than the heart of a pious woman." Well too might he say, "Do not despise the boys who try to earn their bread by chanting before your door—'Panem propter Deum,' Bread for the love of God. I have done the same."

Luther frequently speaks of his own delight in music, and of his high conceptions of its religious value.

"Music," says he in his 'Table Talk,'‡ "is one of the best arts; the notes give life to the text; it expels melancholy, as we see in King Saul. Kings and princes ought to maintain music, for great potentates and rulers should

* D'Aubigné's "Reformation," vol. i., p. 149

† Ibid., p. 151.

‡ § 840.

protect good and liberal arts and laws; though private people have desire thereunto and love it, yet their ability is not adequate. We read in the Bible that the good and godly kings maintained and paid singers. Music is the best solace for a sad and sorrowful mind; by it the heart is refreshed and settled again in peace."

"I would not for any prize lose the little musical power I possess. . . . By its aid, a man forgets his anger, his lust, his pride, and other vices, and expels many temptations and evil thoughts. The devil cannot abide good music; he hates it. It is the best soother of a troubled man, whereby the heart is again quickened, refreshed, and made contented,—as it is said in Virgil,—‘Tu calamos inflare leves, ego dicere versus?’ that is, ‘Do you play the flute, and I will sing the words.’ Music is a great disciplinarian; she makes people tractable, kindly disposed, modest, reasonable. Singing is the best art and exercise. He who knoweth this art is well off, and fit for any good work. Singers are not melancholy, but cheerful; they drive away care and sorrow by singing. Music is a beauteous, lovely gift of God; it awakens and moves me so that I preach with pleasure."

Writing to a friend afflicted with melancholy, he says, "If you are melancholy and will conquer, then say to yourself, Up! I must strike up a song on the organ to my Lord Christ; it may be the ‘Te Deum,’ or the ‘Benedictus,’ or what not; for the Scripture teaches us that He loves to hear a joyous song with musical accompaniments. Then strike on to the keys, and sing away as David and Elisha did. And if the devil comes again and puts gloomy thoughts and cares into your head, say, Out, devil! I must now sing and play to my Lord Christ; then run to your organ, or call in your good friends, and sing a tune or two, till you learn to defy the devil."

When he visited, or had visitors at his own house, sacred

music was always introduced. One day, when out riding, he alighted from the carriage as it was passing through a wood, and walking among the trees, he began to sing with great heartiness. "Our singing," says he, "distresses the devil, and hurts his feelings amazingly; but our impotence, and complaining, and groaning, please him mightily, and make him laugh in his sleeve." Sending his son to school at Torgau, he commends him to his musical friend, John Walther, begging him to give him a thorough musical education. "I am," says he, "a father of theologians; but I would gladly be also a father of grammarians and musicians."

Writing from the castle of Coburg, in 1530, to Louis Senfl, he says, "I believe entirely, and am not ashamed to confess, that next to theology, there is no art or science to be compared with music; since this alone, besides theology, does that which otherwise theology alone can do: namely, it gives a quiet and joyful mind; a clear proof that the devil, who everywhere stirs up gloomy cares and disquieting alarms, flees before musical sounds, as he does from the word of God. Therefore, the prophets used no art so much as music; and they illustrated their theology, not by geography, or arithmetic, or astronomy, but by music; so that they held music and theology in most intimate connexion, teaching the truth in psalms and songs. But how can I praise music on this little bit of paper, and thus attempt to paint, or rather daub, so great a matter? But my affection overflows and gushes out toward it, so often has it refreshed me, and relieved me from great sorrows." "Since," said he, "our Lord God pours out upon us in this life such noble gifts, what will it be in that eternal life, where everything is to be most perfect and joyous?"

In a merrier mood, he writes, a little before this, to John Agricola, to incite him to a practical joke against Master George, a conceited musical clergyman of his acquaintance:—

"I send to you a little tune for you to exercise yourself upon. When for four days I could neither read nor write, I by chance found, in an outhouse, a bit of paper, on which this old tune was written, set to three parts. This I took, expurgated, corrected and amended it, added to it a fourth part, and wrote impromptu some words for it; principally with this object, that I may put a joke upon your chaplain, Master George. Let him receive it as a new song lately composed by the choir at Augsburg, on the solemn entrance of the Emperor and his brother Ferdinand, and sent by you to me. He will more easily be hoaxed if you will praise it a little to me, and say you have heard it praised by many, especially for its simplicity, and that you will soon send me the remainder of the words. When you perceive that it pleases me, then I will send it all to him; and if the joke succeeds so that I can impose upon that fine critic and most mal-à-propos Momus of music, I will for ever take away from him that authority of judging in musical matters, on which he values himself so much. Perhaps, too, we may in this way get rid of the Sirenes. Do your duty in this, and manage the matter cunningly."

Luther's estimate of his own musical abilities was, however, a very modest one

Concerning an anthem by Senfl,* which he had just heard, he says:—"Such an anthem I could not compose, if it were to save me from being torn in pieces; on the other hand, Senfl could not discourse upon a psalm as well as I could; for the gifts of the Spirit are manifold."

Luther's contemporaries, however, had a far higher estimate of his musical gifts. Alberus says, "He was a fine musician, and he loved the noble arts of the painter and the organist." One of his students testifies that he was a beautiful singer, and that, even in his old age, he charmed by

* Music Director to the Elector of Bavaria.

his fine alto voice all who heard him. On his way to the Diet of Worms, he frequently excited great admiration by playing upon his German flute or his lute.

In 1581, Cyriach Spangenberg published in Mulhausen a series of sermons on Luther's hymns, entitled, "Cithara Lutheri; or the beautiful, christian, consoling Psalms and Spiritual Songs of Dr. Martin Luther, expounded in Sermons," in four volumes, which reached a second edition.

In it he says, "We must confess that this is true and will remain true, that of all the master-singers since the Apostles' time, Luther is the best and the richest, and will so remain. In his songs you will scarcely find a careless or an inappropriate word. It all flows and falls from him in the most lovely and most delightful manner; full of spirit and doctrine, so that every word is almost a whole sermon, and, at the least, gives a special admonition."

The hymns of Luther were inspirations; hence their vital perennial character; true expressions of his great life, they are true expressions of all lives like his. They were the irrepressible outbursts of his own vigorous passionate moods. Like David's Psalms, they were inspired by his own experiences; his spiritual biography is devotionally expressed in his hymns. In the agony of a great spiritual conflict, he pours out a version of the 130th Psalm. In the desperate faith of a great exigency, he shouts his version of the 46th Psalm. In his exulting worship, he re-creates the "Te Deum." In the tenderness of his domestic joy, he writes an exquisite Christmas hymn for his little son Hans. In the great ardour of his work, he versifies creeds and catechisms. In the perfect faith of a great childlike heart, he expounds Christian doctrine in a hymn for Trinity Sunday ("Wir glauben"), as also in his first "hymn of Christian faith;" in the calm confidence of a man who waits while he works, he puts a wonderful soul of Christian hope into Notker's funeral sequence—"In the

midst of life we are in death." Nothing was more natural to him in moments of exultation—nothing a greater solace to him in moments of depression, than to pour out his feelings in bursts of passionate song. He rightly deemed song to be the chief means of nurturing religious feeling, increasing religious knowledge, and perfecting religious joy.

Hence Luther's hymns differed so greatly from the earlier Latin hymns. They had in them nothing of the spiritual sensuousness—nothing of the subjective sentimentalism of the monk or the mystic. Lutheran hymnody did not produce a single passion-hymn, nor, if we except Luther's Christmas hymn for his little son Hans, a single festival-hymn. It was not until the "churches had rest" that the subjective, mystic spirit of Bernard rested upon Paul Gerhardt; and in his emotional, meditative hymns, doctrine and experience found a true devotional harmony.

Hence, too, the contrast between Luther's Psalms and the versions of Clement Marot and Thomas Sternhold. These courtly poets versified the Psalms as poetical exercises; at any rate, without any notable degree of passionate spiritual necessity. Therefore the cold insipidity of their versions, their utter lack of throbbing life, and their early and rapid disappearance before such living songs as those of Watts and Wesley. Luther's hymns were full of struggling life, forceful, rugged, and passionate; and they were full therefore of the life of that period, exactly expressing what was in all men's minds and hearts; teaching in rude elementary forms the new doctrines that were revolutionizing society; giving a strong expression to the new aggressive life that the new truth had called into existence.

Luther's hymns are not always of a high poetical character. They rank rather with the old English ballad, many of the characteristics of which they have; they are objective, historical, rapid, telling a straightforward story without

comment or reflection. They are utterly destitute of self-analysis. They are a gospel of Christ in verse, not a human experience. They tell God's message to men; they do not speculate upon the feelings that it is calculated to excite. Luther sang of Christ's redemption; it was left for us, of this later age, to sing about ourselves.

Luther did not aim at originality, but simply at that which was useful. It mattered not to him whether he translated or adapted an old hymn, or created a new one. Whatever would serve his purpose he appropriated. Hymn or tune, wherever he found a good one, he took it. The Breviary, the Hussite collection, the old German hymnology, all were made to pay tribute to his genius. He did not content himself with reducing even the Psalms to metre. Like Dr. Watts, he imitated and Christianized them; made the substance of them his own, and then reproduced them. And in them he rises to his greatest poetical heights: like their divine originals, his versions are full of vigour and inspiration; the outburst of a grand, powerful, godlike soul; and he clothed his materials in the rugged, idiomatic, old High German speech; which lent itself much more readily to the robust than to the beautiful, to the vehement than to the tender, to the passionate than to the sentimental:—a speech full of bone and muscle and life, which in using, the mighty hand of the reformer moulded into the noble modern German language.

In this way Luther created German hymnology, and that peculiar choral which is so fine a musical expression for versified psalms.

And such was the inspiration of his colleagues, and, for a while, of his successors. German church-hymns became her creed and liturgy both, and did more for the maintenance and spread of her doctrine than even her sermons. Like a fountain in the desert, the hymn burst forth, and myriads drank thereof and were refreshed.

Luther's first difficulty was, how to provide the hymnody

which the reformed churches needed. Hymns were very few, and hymn-music very corrupted. As in the times of Ambrose and Gregory, the latter had become painfully elaborate and intricate. Luther, therefore, at once set about reforming this, using all the resources of his art to make it simple. The first practice of the Lutheran churches was, for the congregation to sing the tenor part in unison, while the choir sang the harmony, or the organ played it. Hence, as in all early Protestant hymn-music, the tenor or plain song is very simple, while the other parts are artistically elaborate.

Thus Luther himself describes it: "When," says he, "natural music is elevated and polished by art, we first see and acknowledge with admiration the great and perfect wisdom of God in his wondrous creation of music; wherein this is especially strange and astonishing, that a single voice utters the simple air or tenor, as musicians name it, and then three, four, or five other voices join, who, as it were, play and leap exultingly about this plain tenor, and marvellously deck and beautify it with manifold change and sound as if leading a heavenly dance, meeting one another in good will, heartily and lovingly embracing; so that those who understand a little, and are hereby moved, have to marvel, as thinking there is naught in all the world rarer than such a song with many voices." *

He tried to adapt some of the old Latin hymns; also to enlist in the production of new ones such of his contemporaries as had poetical or musical gifts.

Thus, in 1524, he writes to Spalatin, and urges him to try his hand at vernacular hymns:—

"Grace and peace. It is my purpose, after the example of the prophets and ancient Church Fathers, to compose some vernacular psalms for the common folks, that is, some

* Quoted in the "British and Foreign Evangelical Review," vol. ii., p. 164.

spiritual songs, by means of which the word of God may dwell among the people, even during the singing. We are looking everywhere around for poets. Since you have great copiousness and eloquence in the German language, and have, by practice, highly cultivated it, I intreat you lend us a helping hand in this labour, and try to turn some of the Psalms into German hymns, as here you have a specimen from me. I would that new and courtly words might be avoided, and that the language be all suited to the capacity of the people, as simple as possible, yet pure and plain, that the meaning may stand out with the utmost clearness, and that it be the true view of the psalm. The translation should not be servile, but the true meaning should be given in the most suitable language. I fear that I have not the grace for this, sufficient to be able to do what I could wish. And now I will try you, whether you may not be a Heman, or Asaph, or Jeduthun. I would ask the same of John Dolziko, if there be leisure to him and you, of which I suspect you have not much. You have my seven penitential psalms, with the commentary, from which you can get the sense of the psalm. If you choose to take the first in order, to wit, 'Domine, ne in furore,' or the seventh, 'Domine exaudi orationem,' I assign to John Dolziko the second, 'Beati quorum:' the 'De profundis' I have already versified myself, and the 'Miserere mei' is assigned to another. If those are thought too difficult, then just take these two, 'Benedicam Dominum in omni tempore,' and 'Exultate justi in Domino,' that is, the 34th and 33rd; or the 103rd, 'Benedic anima mea Domino.' Write and tell me how much hope I may have of help from you. Farewell in the Lord.

“MARTIN LUTHER.

“Wittenberg, 1524.”*

* Luther's "Vermischte Schriften." V. Gerloet, Stuttgart, 1848. Vol. i., p. 116.

In Luther's first preface, prefixed to the "Wittenberg Hymn Book," 1525, he says, "That the singing of spiritual songs is good and pleasing to God, methinks, is known to all Christians; since every man is aware of the example of prophets and kings in the Old Testament, who, with voice and joyful noise, with poetry and all manner of harping, praise God; and more especially the Psalms of common Christendom from the beginning. They are set for four voices, because I greatly desire that the youth, who should, and must be brought up in music and other proper arts, may have something to do away the foul songs and carnal ballads, and, at the same time, be learning somewhat healthful, while they enter on what is good with the delight which becomes their time of life. For I am far from thinking that the Gospel is to strike all art to the earth; but I would have all arts, and especially music, taken into that service for which they were given and formed."*

Their new congregational singing greatly delighted the people, and produced great results in the promotion of the Reformation.

Luther was sustained by what Hallam calls "a prodigious force of popular opinion." Militz, the envoy of Leo X., confessed to Luther, even as early as 1519, that 25,000 men would not suffice to make him a prisoner. With such a prepossession, the slightest word, the slightest suggestion, is a power. The hymns, too, took a great hold upon the religious heart of the people. Luther's own religious experience had been very deep and varied. Even now, as we read his hymns, we find them full of a deep and rich Christian feeling; full, too, of a strong and earnest man's inspiration, and clothed with music full of devotion, in which sweetness

* "British and Foreign Evangelical Review," vol. ii., p. 161.

and majesty wonderfully combine in the perfect expression of the sense. Even Handel was a great student of Luther's tunes, of which he possessed many of the autographs; and from which, as he publicly acknowledged, he derived some of the very best of his own ideas.

"His hymns," says Hallam, "possess a simple dignity and devotedness, never probably excelled in that class of poetry, and alike distinguished from the poverty of Sternhold or Brady, and from the meretricious ornaments of later writers."* However justly, or otherwise, his reply to Henry VIII. might be described by this accomplished critic as a "bellowing in bad Latin," the pure and forcible German in which his hymns were written cannot be denied.

At the same time, Luther's reverence for antiquity was very great, so that he would destroy nothing that he could preserve. A great lover of simplicity in worship—he yet, with admirable tact, forbore all needless innovation. He had indeed, the conservative spirit of a true reformer. He resisted the attempts of Carlsbadt and other rash reformers to strip the churches of pictures and ornaments, lest he should produce a feeling of revulsion in the people. Due allowance, he thought, should be made for the weakness of the less advanced.

On the other hand, he retained certain portions and customs of the old service, such as bowing at the words—"ex Maria virgine, et homo factus est." "It is," said he, reasonable and right that men should bow the knee at the words 'et homo factus est,' and sing with prolonged notes as they formerly did. It pleases me to have the 79th psalm sung in responsive choirs as formerly. Let one boy, with a good voice, sing alone the verse, 'Deus venerunt Gentes;' another the 'Ne memineris;' and the whole choir, kneeling

* "Literature of Europe," i. 370.

chant 'Adjuva nos, Deus,' just as it was sung in the festivals of the papacy, for it both appears and sounds very devotional."

An amazing power and proof of moderation and wisdom when we think of Luther as the leader of the revolt from Rome, and contrast with this the blind destructiveness of reformers generally!

"We have," says he, "in many cases taken the beautiful music used for masses and for funeral services, appending to it other words concerning not purgatory, but the resurrection."

His admiration of some of the old Latin hymns was so great, that he retained not only their music, but their untranslated words. Others he translated, altering such as were unsuitable for the worship of the Reformed churches, either modifying their old tunes or else writing new ones. Some which he thought dangerous he sternly rejected.

"Since," said he, "God's word has been silent, such a multitude of superstitious fables and lies have been brought in by means of legends, hymns, and sermons, that it is horrible to think of. Mary, the dear Mother, has more and better hymns sung to her than her son Jesus." Hence he uncompromisingly excluded all hymns that countenanced the worship of Mary or the intercession of the saints, such as the "Salve Regina," in which Mary is celebrated as the queen of heaven; the "Crux Fidelis," or adoration of the wood of the cross; the "Lauda Sion Salvatorem," of Thomas Aquinas, in honour of the body of Christ, which he called "a fool's song."

He did not think that, as a rule, the old Latin chants were adapted to the German language. "I would," he writes, in 1524, "gladly have a church service entirely in German, and I am labouring for that purpose, but then it must be

thoroughly and consistently German. The literal translation of the Latin text into German, and the singing of the old Latin tunes, is not in good taste, nor is it right. The words, the note, the accent, the mode, the movement, must all come out of the right mother's speech and voice, otherwise it is a mere imitation, such as monkeys make."*

One of his old biographers says of him, that—

"One time he came into the church at Eisenberg on Easter-day, and they were singing the Introitus, in German, with the old Latin tune; whereupon, he turned up his nose and looked very sour. When he returned to the inn to dine, the landlord asked him what had been the matter with him in church? 'I thought,' said he, 'I could have spit upon their ridiculous singing. If they wish to sing in German, then let them sing good German hymns and tunes; and if they wish to sing the old Latin chants, then let them retain the old Latin text for which they were made, as scholars ought to do. I hate people who are making these little puny innovations. In the Latin schools, let them sing the Latin, text and tunes; and in the German churches, let them sing German words and music; then all goes right.'"[†]

Luther often thanked God that amid all the corruptions of the Romish church, fine singing had not perished. He valued the old Latin hymns as embodying much of the church's purer creed—as being instinct with the church's purer life—and as both in thought and feeling, keeping the people near to God, when, in ritual and life their teachers had departed from Him.

Luther rightly regarded such grand hymns as the "Veni Redemptor Gentium" of Ambrose, and the "Veni Creator" of Charlemagne, as a possession for all time.

* "Biblical Repository," 201.

† "Biblical Repository," 202.

“Most of the singing in the mass,” he said, “is very fine and glorious, breathing nothing but thankfulness and praise; such as the ‘Gloria in Excelsis,’ the ‘Alleluia,’ the ‘Sanctus,’ the ‘Benedictus,’ the ‘Agnus Dei.’ In those pieces you will find nothing of the superstition of the sacrifice, but only praise and thanksgiving. Especially the ‘Agnus Dei,’ above all hymns, is appropriate to the Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper; for it clearly sings and praises Christ, that He hath borne our sins; and it lovingly and powerfully brings up the memory of Christ in few and beautiful words.”

He published his translation of the “Te Deum,” as a tract at Wittenberg in 1543, with this remark:

“This third symbolum is said to have been written by Ambrose and Augustine, and to have been sung at Augustine’s baptism. This may be so, or it may not be so. Whether we believe it or not is no matter. It is, nevertheless, a fine symbolum or confession, whoever may have been the author; and it is set to music, not only that we may therein profess the true faith, but may also thereby thank and praise God.”

He preserved the old custom of singing the Decalogue, the Lord’s prayer, and the Nicene creed; and composed and set to music German versions of them. He also translated into German the “Patris Sapientia,” and the hymn of Cœlius Sedulius “Herodes hostis impie.” He declared the “Rex Christe, Factor omnium” of Gregory I. to be the best of all hymns. Concerning the “Victimæ Paschali,” he said, “Let the author be who he may, he must have had a sublime and truly Christian intellect, especially in the stanza ‘Mors et Vita duello,’ where the image of death and the devil is painted with most exquisite art.” One old Christmas hymn, “Eia recolamus laudibus piis,” was an especial favourite with him. The peace of the Gospel is

said first to have come to him while singing the stanza, "O beata culpa quæ talem meruisti redemptorem." It was his Christmas hymn through life.

He disliked very much, as opposed to both taste and devotion, some of the old vernacular German hymns. Others of them he admired: for instance, the old Easter hymn "Christus ist erstanden," which we have sung. Some half dozen of these were inserted in his first hymn-book, concerning which he said in the preface, "These old hymns which follow, we have gathered up as the testimony of certain pious Christians who have lived before us, amid the great darkness of the ancient doctrine; in order that we may see that there have been people at all times who have truly known Christ, and who, by God's grace, have wonderfully persevered in the knowledge of Him."

He greatly objected to undue length in hymns. "Let those who like them sing them at home if they will, but let not the spirit of devotion be wearied out with them." And it must be confessed that he had cause for remonstrance. The old hymns were often systems of divinity, as dry and prosaic as they were orthodox;—sermons in rhyme; valuable in their uses—for they had often taught the people when they had no other teaching; precious in their associations—the "smell of fire" had passed upon them. They had been the household songs of the witnessing church through many generations; and songs of the battle-field in many a godly struggle; and of the prison-house in many a cruel captivity. The Bohemian forests had heard them; and churches in the "wilderness." They had strengthened men in life, and comforted them in death; but they were rugged and prolix, and wearisome notwithstanding; and Luther was not the man to permit any associations of the past, however precious, to hinder the higher and nobler worship of the present.

He declared the long chanted service of the Romish church to be "a burden for an ass." He remembered, no doubt, the long cold winter nights when, as one of the singing boys, he had been kept shivering in church for three long hours,—a service which often crippled boys for life. He contended for freedom, brevity, and variety in worship, as opposed to a dull, protracted, monotonous ritual.

In everything he was very jealous for the freedom of the church, and would permit no imposition of unscriptural restrictions. Once he directed that Sabbath-keeping should be violated, if, by that means alone, a superstitious observance of it could be avoided.

He was bent upon nothing more earnestly than the restoration of the ancient congregational singing of vernacular hymns; but when Carlstadt wished to make this obligatory, he resisted. "I should like much," said he, "to have the singing all in German; but Carlstadt would impose it upon us as a matter of duty. This I will not submit to. I will not suffer the Latin to be prohibited as sin, when it is no sin. I will take time to introduce the German, and hurry less than I have done, if for no other reason than to defy the fanatic and soul-murderer, who would force us to this work, as if it were positively commanded, when it is not commanded."*

Luther's hymns were printed at first with the music on single sheets, one or two perhaps upon a sheet, and distributed amongst the people.

They were written generally in his leisure moments, and filled up the interstices of the great tessellated pavement of his life. "I send you here," says he, writing to Melancthon, from the Wartburg, on Trinity Sunday, 1521, "a psalm to be sung at this festival, which, if you please, and

the printers are at leisure, you may have printed, and dedicate it to whomsoever you can and will. I have composed it here in my idle time, for I have no books. If you do not think best to print it, pass it over to my friends Christian Aurifaber or Amsdorf."

Luther was very scrupulous and sensitive about the proprieties of public worship. One bad habit of his time was, as sometimes of ours also, whispering and moving about during service, especially during singing. One Sabbath this so annoyed and amazed him that he said,—“Christians with God-fearing hearts come to church to thank God and pray to him, and not to whisper and mutter. If any wish to whisper and mutter, and fluster and grunt, it is better that they go out into the fields with the cattle and swine, where they will find fitting answer, and leave the church of God undisturbed.” Next Sunday, however, there was a recurrence of this; whereupon, in great indignation, Luther walked out of the church, and left Dr. Pommer, one of his colleagues, to give the people a strong exhortation on the impropriety of such conduct, and this had a good effect.

Of course he was equally scrupulous about the manner of singing. In his preface to the hymn-book of 1533, he says concerning the passages or paraphrases of Scripture which it contains:—“Above all, I would have these pieces sung with seriousness and devotion; not as men at this day blast and howl them in the cathedrals and cloisters, without any understanding of them, or even the will or disposition to understand them,—to say nothing of singing with devotion or for the edification of others; with such singing God is angry rather than well pleased.”

Many surreptitious copies of Luther's hymns, and sometimes spurious hymns bearing his name, were circulated. This produced, in 1543, a characteristic protest from Luther, as follows, on the title page of an edition of his hymn book.

WARUNG, DR. MART. LUTHER'S.

“ Viel falscher meister itzt lieder tickten,
 Silte dich fur, und lern sie recht richten;
 Wo Gott hin bauet sein Kirch und sein Wort.
 Da wil der Teufel sein mit Trug und Mord.”

Which may be thus translated—

“ Many false masters now hymns make,
 Learn to judge right, and good care take;
 Where God builds with his Word and His Church,
 There comes the devil to cheat and to lurch.”

In his preface, he says :—

“ Many have lately published hymns and tunes in which they show themselves far superior to me, and may well be my masters; and others have published very inferior and useless things in my name. . . . Men will never be done mixing mouse-dung among the pepper. To prevent this as much as possible, I have now revised this book anew, brought all my songs together with my name, which out of modesty I did not do before, but now must do, lest the unfitting songs of others should continue to be published as mine. Now I beg and exhort all who love the pure word, not to be improving or enlarging my book without my knowledge or consent. But if they will persist in their improvements, let every one know that it is not my book which is published here in Wittenberg.”

Again, in 1557, he says, “The piece to be sung at the grave, ‘ Nun lasst uns den Leib begraben ’ (Now let us the corpse inter), has borne my name, but it is not mine, and my name must henceforth be separated from it; not that I reject the piece, for I like it much; . . . but I will have no other man’s labour attributed to me.”

The hymns of Luther and of his colleagues produced prodigious effects. The first hymn that Luther published, “ Nun freut euch,” sung by wandering minstrels, was the

means of converting thousands to Protestantism and to Christianity. "I doubt not," says Tilemann Hesshus, one of Luther's contemporaries, "that that one little hymn has brought many hundred Christians to the faith. . . . The noble, sweet language of that one little song, has won their hearts so that they could not resist the truth."

Cardinal Thomas à Jesu says : "The interests of Luther were furthered to an extraordinary degree by the singing of his hymns, by people of every class, not only in schools and churches, but in dwellings and shops, in markets, streets, and fields." *

Seinecker says, that some of Luther's hymns having been introduced into the papal-chapel service of Duke Henry of Wolfenbüttel, a priest complained to him. The Duke enquired what the hymns were. "May it please your highness," replied the priest, "they are such as 'Es woll uns Gott genädig seyn,'" (O that the Lord would gracious be.) "Hold," rejoined the Duke, "must the devil then gracious be? Whose grace are we to seek if not that of God only?" And the singing of the hymns continued.

In 1529, a Romish priest was preaching at Lubeck ; as he was concluding, two boys struck up one of Luther's hymns, "O God from heaven now behold ;" when the whole assembly joined as with one voice ; and if ever any of the priests ventured to inveigh against Luther's doctrine, the congregation would answer him and drown his voice by singing one of Luther's hymns.

At Heidelberg, the Reformation was sung into the people's hearts. Fearing the anger of the Emperor, the Elector Frederick did not suppress the saying of mass so soon as the people wished. On one occasion, therefore, just as the priest was about to begin the service at the high

* "British and Foreign Evangelical Review," vol. ii., p. 163.

altar, a solitary voice in the congregation led off Speratus' famous hymn, "Es ist das Heil uns kommen her," of which I gave you a specimen in my last Lecture; the vast congregation instantly joined. The Elector took the hint, and mass was said no more.

A beggar lad once sang the same hymn before Luther's door. It greatly moved him; taking out of his pouch his last crown-piece—a crown of St. George, he said, "Come here, my St. George, the Lord Christ is here," and gave it to the boy, asking him to sing the hymn again. When it was finished, Luther asked him where he had learnt it. "In Prussia," replied the boy, "where they sing it in church." "It is," said Luther, "a voice from Germany," and with a full heart he thanked God, and took courage. It is said that the same hymn is still sung in some churches in Austria, at the close of the Romish worship;—a singular tradition of an evangelical past. Melancthon and two of his friends, Jonas and Cruciger, exiles from their country, were standing in the streets of Weimar: a little girl began to sing Luther's "Ein' feste Burg." "Sing on, my little maid," said Melancthon, "you do not know what famous people you comfort."

In 1524, a poor weaver sings Luther's version of the 130th Psalm, "Aus tiefer Noth," through the streets of Magdeburg, offering it for sale. The burgomaster, Rubin, orders "the old rogue to be sent to jail for distributing heretical songs among the people;" but the hymn came before the imprisonment, and two hundred sturdy Magdeburgers marched to the stadthouse and demanded the release of the singer. This same hymn was sung, or rather sobbed, by the crowd when Luther's body was carried to the grave. As the hearse was slowly making its way through the streets of Wittenberg, a voice in the crowd began to sing the first line. The whole multitude joined, but could scarcely complete a line before they were

choked with sobs, and then they wept aloud; then they tried to sing again, and thus alternately singing and weeping, they at length deposited the body in St. Mary's church; then they would not disperse, but stood round the church all night. This was also the last Protestant hymn sung in Strasburg Cathedral.*

The papists, finding that the people would sing hymns, published hymn books of their own, in which they inserted almost all Luther's pieces. They commissioned Michael Vehr, with the help of John Hoffman and Wolfgang Heintz, two good musicians, to prepare a German hymn and tune book. This was published at Halle in 1537, but it did not make psalmody popular in Romish worship.

Luther's hymnody was so powerful an agency in the accomplishment of the Reformation, that, as might have been expected, it has largely engaged the attention of German scholars who have investigated everything that can be known about it, every particle of evidence that attests it, and every influence of it that can be recognized. And this has been all the more necessary, inasmuch as Luther's adaptations of hymns and tunes already in existence have often been confounded with his original compositions; and, although both hymns and tunes are found in all German hymn collections, yet scarcely any one collection has included them all, and very few have given them in their original forms.

Two of the principal recent attempts to do this have been those of Wackernagel,—who collects all the hymns of the Reformation, and Winterfeld; and these collections leave nothing to be desired. Winterfeld's book was published in 1840, as a literary offering on the fourth great celebration of the invention of printing. He carefully collects every scrap,

* "Biblical Repository," Ap. 1845, p. 209.

both of verse and tune, that has any claim to be regarded as Luther's composition; investigates its history, and determines its form.

We will take two specimens of Luther's adaptation of older hymns,—one of the old Latin, another of the old German.

The following is the melody of his version of the "Veni Sancte Spiritus." The hymn is not a Latin translation, strictly so called, but a free German paraphrase of the Latin hymn. It first appears in the Erfurt Enchiridion of 1524, and the melody in Johann Walther's Gesangbuch of 1525. The antiquarian stamp of the melody, and its appearance in the first Lutheran hymn-book, warrant the conclusion that it was contemporaneous with the Latin hymn, which dates from the twelfth century, and was adapted to suit the translation, although it is actually found in no older form. Concerning both the Latin hymn and its melody, Luther used to say that they were worthy of having the Holy Ghost for their author.*

The next illustration, "Nun bitten wir," is an enlargement and enrichment of an older German Whitsuntide hymn and melody of the 13th century. In a Gesangbuch of 1537, it is entitled, "A hymn for the holy day after Whitsuntide." In the present form both words and melody first appear in Walther's Gesangbuch, 1524.†

The following adaptation of it, making a fine long metre tune, has of late years become popular in England.‡

The first of Luther's original hymns, "Nun freut euch lieben," was composed in 1523. It is a full delineation of his own experience in passing from death unto life. It is the hymn to which the melody so well known in England under the name of "Luther's hymn" was sung. Both words and music were printed on a broad sheet under

* No. 4, Appendix.

† No. 5, Appendix.

‡ No. 6, Appendix.

the title of "A Christian hymn by Dr. Martin Luther, comprehending the unspeakable grace of God and of the right faith."

As further specimens, we will take first, Luther's noble version of the old German Easter hymn, "Christus ist erstanden," a hymn which he greatly admired, and which Goëthe has introduced with such fine effect into the *Faust*. It first appeared in Walther's book, 1525.*

Next, a very fine melody also written in 1525 to Luther's first hymn, "Nun freut euch," the hymn to which "Luther's hymn" is also sung.†

Next Luther's "child's Christmas song concerning the child Jesus."‡

And last, the very fine melody to his noble version of the Lord's prayer, written in 1544. It is not, however, quite clear whether this is Luther's melody or not, inasmuch as Klug, in whose *Gesangbuch* it appears, gives the words to another melody in 1543; and in 1551, after Luther's death, the words appear without the melody in an edition of Walther's book. Whoever composed it, it is very fine.§

Luther's hymns and tunes were repeatedly published during his lifetime; were repeatedly claimed by him, and were attributed to him by hundreds of his contemporaries. Indeed, his own autographs of some of them still exist; there can, therefore, be no doubt of their genuineness.

His hymns were rapidly translated, and his tunes adopted in the reformed churches of other countries. Coverdale and the early English reformers brought many of them to England. Franc and Goudimel introduced them into France.

The following melody was formerly well known in England as the Old 113th,||—it is well known, also, in Germany and

* No. 7, Appendix.

† No. 8, Appendix.

‡ No. 9, Appendix.

§ No. 10, Appendix.

|| In an edition of Luther's "Choral Book," Frankfort, 1565, the 113th psalm is adapted to the Gregorian melody "Conditor alme."

France ; it is supposed by some to be of French origin, but is more probably of German, as it first appears in Köpfl's Strasburg Gesangbuch, 1525.*

Of the long list of Luther's coadjutors who have contributed to the unrivalled richness of German hymnology, I can mention only a few. They were great, godly, self-forgetting men, speaking out of the fulness of their hearts, and lifting up their rejoicing souls for the great light that had arisen upon them.

The first is Hans Sachs, the poetical shoemaker of Nuremberg, born in 1494 ; the prince of the artisan *meister-singers* with whom Germany at that time abounded. He was a wandering journeyman, and, alarmed at the moral perils of the society in which he found himself, he fled to the little town of Wels in Austria, where he lived quietly, cultivating his gifts. The Emperor Maximilian happening to pass through the town, Hans, forgetting his good resolutions, joined his hunting establishment and led a gay life at Innsbruck ; but his conscience again getting the victory, he betook himself to Munich, where in 1514, he sang his first hymn "to the honour of God" to a secular melody. He instantly became popular, returned to Nuremberg, where he settled, declared himself a Protestant, and from his humble workshop, sent forth some 6,000 poems of various kinds, which rapidly spread all over Germany, and exerted an influence in favour of the Reformation second only to that of Luther ; his name is as dear to Germany as that of Bunyan is to England, or that of Burns to Scotland, to both of whom he has been compared, and if Bunyan had been a poet, or Burns a saint, there would have been fitness in either comparison. He was, says Hallam, "a man of brilliant fancy and powerful feeling." His poems, consisting

of dramas, songs and hymns, were thoroughly songs for the people, full of that honest cordiality, waggish simplicity, satiric strength, and forcible and rapid delineation, combined with rich imagination and deep human pathos, which so mightily move all hearts. Many of his dramas were coarse satires upon the vices of his time. His works were collected and published in Nuremberg in 1578, in five folio volumes. Several of his hymns, of which Wackernagel preserves twenty, are yet in popular use. One sacred song of his is as grand a hymn as Germany has produced.*

Hans Kugelmann was capell-meister to the Prince of Prussia about the year 1540; he is by some said to be the author of the melody to the fine hymn of Nicolas Decius, "Allein Gott;"† others, however, attribute both music and words to Decius, who had been prior of a monastery at Steterburg, in Wolfenbüttel, and had early become a reformer. He died parish minister in Stettin; it is supposed, of poison. The "Allein Gott" is a Trinity hymn, or "Gloria in Excelsis," derived or imitated from the ancient church, amazingly popular to this day. The choral has been introduced by Mendelssohn into his St. Paul.†

Michael Weiss was a minister of the Moravian Brethren, near Fulneck, in Moravia. He was one of the deputies sent, in 1522, to congratulate Luther upon his conversion to the truth of the Gospel. In 1531 he published the first German hymn-book of the Brethren, having himself translated many of the old Bohemian hymns; although, it must be confessed, very prosaically. He was a better musician than poet. The following is a choral to a hymn by Johann Horn (taken from the old Church "Ave hierarchia" of the fourteenth century), another of the Bohemian Brethren,

* No. 12, Appendix.

† No. 13, Appendix.

also a deputy to Luther, and joint editor with Weiss, of the hymn-book.*

Another very grand choral, introduced by Mendelssohn into his *St. Paul*, is the "Wachet auf," (Sleepers, wake) one of two hymns written by Philip Nicolai, a pastor at Hamburg at the close of the sixteenth century.† The other is the beautiful "Wie schon leuchtet der Morgenstern,"—Scheidemann's beautiful melody to which was sung at the last Lecture. Both are amongst the finest specimens of lyrical poetry, but defy translation. Whether Nicolai composed the noble melody to this hymn is not certain.

Melchior Teschner, cantor of the church of the "Manger of Christ," at Fraustadt in Silesia, in 1613, is the author of the very telling melody to Herberger's hymn, "Valet will ich dir geben," (Farewell, henceforth for ever), one of the most commonly used in the German churches. It is entitled, "A devout prayer wherein the evangelical community at Frauenstadt in 1613, at harvest time, softened the heart of God the Lord, so that He in mercy laid down his sharp anger, under which 2,000 men had fallen asleep; also a comfortable confiding song wherein a pious heart bids this world farewell."‡

Johann Schop was organist at Hamburg about 1640; he was full of musical genius and feeling, and produced some of the finest chorals of the early part of the seventeenth century. The two following are by him.§

A still greater master than he was Johann Crüger, music director in Berlin from 1640 to 1643. He is the author of the melody to Rinkart's hymn, "Nun danket alle Gott," introduced into the last Lecture, and said to be the best known tune in the world. The hymn is sung in every

* No. 14, Appendix. † No. 15, Appendix. ‡ No. 16, Appendix.
 § Nos. 17 and 18, Appendix.

orthodox German household as the clock strikes twelve, and the old year passes away. Crüger's collection of Lutheran hymns, "Praxis Pietatis," went through thirty editions. We will take two fine specimens of his melody, the first of them hardly to be surpassed.*

The original of the following melody is supposed to be a choral composed by the Electress Louisa Henrietta. There was a kind of dilettante style about it, which did not please Crüger, and he transformed it as follows.†

Another of the grand chorals in Mendelssohn's St. Paul is by George Christian Neumark, librarian at Weimar, born in 1621. A baker's boy first sang it in the streets of New Brandenburg; the people listened as they always did listen to a new hymn; they caught its glorious strain, "Leave God to order all thy ways." It flew as on the wings of the wind; it was the timely utterance of a great feeling, and it was soon sung in every household.‡

Johann Rudolph Ahle was born in Mulhausen in 1625, where he was first organist, then senator, then burgomaster. About the year 1664 he composed the following fine choral to a baptismal hymn of Schmolck's.§

The next is by Johann Rosenmüller, music director at Leipsic, born about the year 1650.||

Johann Pachelbel, born in 1653, was a celebrated organist and composer in Vienna or Gotha. Winterfeld thinks that he was the composer of the following fine melody—others attribute it to Severus Gastorius, cantor at Jena, in 1675—which of them was the author is not certain. One story is, that Gastorius was sick, his friend Samuel Rodigast, a neighbouring pastor, came to visit him, and finding him depressed

* No. 19, Appendix

† No. 20, Appendix.

‡ No. 21, Appendix.

§ No. 22, Appendix.

|| No. 23, Appendix.

wrote a hymn to comfort him, to which, on his recovery, Gastorius composed this beautiful and expressive choral.*

The following is by Johann Anastasius Freylinghausen, son-in-law and friend of Francke, the founder of the Orphan Institution at Halle. In connexion with Francke and Spener, he was one of the principal leaders in the pietistic movement. Just as Francke may be regarded as the father of Modern German Pietism theologically, so Freylinghausen may be regarded as the father of it poetically and musically. He wrote many of the Halleschen melodies; and in 1704, he published a book of psalms, in which he collected "the best that other musicians had composed, and some of the most mournful of the older melodies." The following, however, is a cheerful strain. †

The last specimen of Lutheran song that I will trouble you with, is a fine anonymous choral from the choral book of the Bohemian Brethren of 1784. ‡

Germany has seen many vicissitudes since the tramp of battle was in her streets. The paralysis of heresy has fallen upon her churches, revolutions have overturned her thrones, and storms swept over her homes, but her hymns have remained an abiding inheritance;—a creed and a ritual indelibly written upon the hearts of the people, the incense of her domestic altars, the watchword of her champions, the solace of her manly hearts. Many a hero have they inspired in patriotic battle, many a saint when the shadows of death have dimmed his eye and caused his tongue to falter, and his grasp to relax. The songs of men's souls, they abide still, fresh and real and beautiful, and they will abide while heart answers to heart, or God's truth speaks to it.

As it has passed from Luther's time to ours, German

* No. 24, Appendix.

† No. 25, Appendix.

‡ No. 26, Appendix.

song has had many moods ;—the lofty lyric of Luther changing into the tender beauty of Paul Gerhardt,—the Shakspeare of Protestant hymnody, in whom German hymnology culminates—then into the pietistic raptures of Francke and Spener,—then into the mystic musings of Tersteegen and Zinzendorf, whose strains touched the souls of the Wesleys, and inspired the hymnody of modern Methodism ; and, in our own day, the fervour of Bonar, and the pensiveness of Keble.

For a sufficient account of the psalmody of the Genevan and French Reformation, I must refer you to my former Lecture. The psalter of Marot and Beza, as far as then completed, was published in Strasburg, in 1545 or 6, with melodies by Guillaume Franc,—partly original and partly adapted from the Latin church. The first known version of the completed psalter with music, also by Franc, is that of 1561. In the same year, Louis Bourgeois published, in Paris, harmonies in four, five, and six parts, to eighty-three of Franc's melodies. In 1565, Claude Goudimel published fresh harmonies to them, adding some new original tunes. In 1578, Claude Le Jeune published harmonies to twelve of Franc's melodies in elaborate counterpoint. And in 1627, simpler harmonies by him, to the whole psalter, were published by his sister.

The result of the whole is, the psalter music as we now possess it ; the melodies of which cannot, of course, always be assigned to their true composer.

It is remarkable that, for three centuries, the French psalter should have undergone no change, and should have held an undisputed place in the reformed church. Lutheran worship-song has undergone constant change, and received constant additions. French church music remains—without modification—without supplement. Perhaps it is because no church poet or musician has been given to the latter, whi'e

the former has had many. Guillaume Franc, who first provided melodies for the French psalter, was a fine musician: to him probably belongs the authorship of the Old Hundredth tune.

Claude Goudimel, the principal harmonizer of Franc's melodies, was said to be the best musician of his day. He was, too, a man of fine general culture: some of his Latin letters evince a pure and elegant Latinity. He was born in 1510, at Besançon. He opened the first music school in Rome; and in 1540, Palestrina became his pupil. He remained in Rome about fifteen years, when he removed to Paris, and became partner in a music-printing establishment. He was then engaged to harmonize the psalter music, and it is supposed that this led to his becoming a Protestant; before which he had composed many masses and motets, and had also set to music a selection from the Odes of Horace.

His arrangements of the psalms do not appear to have been intended for public worship, for they are expressly stated to be for private devotion. Goudimel perished for his Protestantism in the massacre of "Black Bartholomew." He was, at that time, music director at Lyons, and was an object of special hatred because of his Huguenot tunes. He was dragged from his house—shamefully treated in the streets—then beheaded and cast into the Rhone,—one of "the noble army of martyrs,"—the martyr of Protestant song. Several excellent tunes are attributed to him, of which we will take three specimens.

First, his setting of the 66th psalm.*

Next, the 124th psalm.†

Some suppose that this was the tune sung in 1580, during Durie's progress to the church of St. Giles', in Edin-

* No. 27, Appendix.

† No. 28, Appendix.

burgh, on his return from his exile. "As he is coming from Leith to Edinburgh," says Calderwood, "there met him at the Gallow Green, two hundred men of the inhabitants. Their numbers still increased till he came within the Netherbow. There they began to sing the 124th psalm, 'Now Israel may say,' &c., and sang in four parts, known to most of the people. They came up the street till they came to the Great Kirk, singing this all the way, to the number of two thousand."

The next is Goudimel's choral to the 42nd psalm.*

To the French psalter also the old Hundredth tune belongs, the simple facts concerning which are these. Its name is peculiar to England: in all the French and German psalters it is set to the 134th psalm. About a century ago it was commonly called "Savoy." Handel supposed the tune to be Luther's, but it is found in none of the collections published by Luther, and to this day is little known in Germany. The earliest known copy of the melody is found in a Genevan edition of a portion of the English psalter, preserved in the library of St. Paul's Cathedral. It is next found in a copy of the Genevan psalter, printed in 1562. In a harmonized form it is first found in John Day's harmonized psalter, published in 1563, where it appears as a supplemental tune. Afterwards it appears generally in the psalters, with various modifications. Whether it first appeared in the psalters as an original tune, or was an adaptation borrowed from some foreign source, cannot be ascertained. After a patient investigation of dates and facts, Mr. Havergal† comes to the conclusion that no one has so good a claim to its authorship as Guillaume Franc, who first put melodies to Marot's psalms. Ravenscroft calls it a French tune.

As this old melody has occupied a very prominent place

* No. 29, Appendix.

† History of the Old Hundredth Tune.

in our English psalmody, we will sing four versions of it to the four verses of the 100th psalm : the first, the oldest harmonized English version of it, by W. Parsons, in Day's psalter : the second, the oldest harmonized French version, by Claude Goudimel : the third, the version of it in Ravenscroft's psalter, harmonized by John Douland : and the last, the French version of it, by Claude Le Jeune.*

The English Reformation was less purely religious in its origin than the German or the French : a more predominant political and personal element inspired it. In Germany and France, the Reformation sprang from the people,—an outburst of their gathering religious life : in England it sprang from the monarch,—an expediency of his political and domestic position. In both, however, there was an efficient response. In Germany, the princes, with more or less of religious sympathy, responded to the appeal of Luther. In England, the instinctive and yearning religious life of the people responded to the political appeal of the monarch. Led by Crammer and other sincerely religious men, the popular movement became much more deeply radical and religious than the king himself conceived of, and, under the guidance of God's loving providence, issued in the freest, most manly, most spiritual, and most fruitful form of European Protestantism.

But this difference in the origin of the English Reformation caused a corresponding difference in the forms of worship. The popular song of Germany became much more dominant in worship than the popular song of England. For although, in 1523, Luther drew up a liturgy for public prayer and the administration of the sacraments, differing but little from the service-books of the Romish Church, yet he did not impose this upon his followers : every church was at liberty to provide for its own worship. The English Liturgy

occupied a far more prominent and imperative place. It was imposed by authority, and the public worship of Protestants in England was more exclusively restricted to its use. Germany had no "Head of the Church," like England, by whose authority forms of worship were imposed. Her churches freely incorporated into their worship, from time to time, whatever they thought most for edification. Hence, popular hymnody obtained a far more important place in the Lutheran churches than it did in the English.

The history of early Protestant worship in England therefore, is chiefly the history of the Prayer Book, with its fluctuating forms and modifications, as Papal or Protestant influences were in the ascendant. Hymnody has never been authoritatively recognized as part of the worship of the English Church; and it has contracted only a morganatic marriage with even its two metrical versions of the Psalms. Herein, I think, it has suffered loss in not having retained the liberty of appropriating whatever contribution of song the sweet singers of our country have proffered; and it would have suffered still more, had not the use of congregational hymns been tacitly permitted.

Still, the "infectious frenzy of sacred song," as Warton calls it, became a very prominent characteristic of the early English Reformation: whether in church or not, the people would sing psalms; and the records of that period abound with testimonies to the extent and fervour of their psalm-singing. Wherever the Reformation made its way, this was its invariable symptom. It was not, as has been flippantly said, "a habit learnt in Geneva;" it was a simultaneous instinct of newly-awakened spiritual life.

"A change," says Bishop Jewel, in 1560, "now appears visible among the people, which nothing promotes more than inviting them to sing psalms. This was begun in one church in London, and so quickly spread itself through the city and

the neighbouring towns. Sometimes, in St. Paul's church-yard, after sermon at the cross, there will be 6000 persons singing together."

But for many generations the Protestants of England were restricted to metrical versions of the Psalms, and of a few other parts of Scripture. As was the case in France, no sacred poet appeared in England to provide hymns for the sanctuary, until Dr. Watts wrote his first hymn. In the reign of Henry VIII. the Liturgy was said in Latin, except the Creed, the Paternoster, and the Ten Commandments, which, in 1536, were translated by the king's command and placed to be read in churches. In 1545, the king's Primer was published; and this contained, in addition, the Litany and a form of morning and evening prayer.

The whole Liturgy was not translated until the reign of Edward VI.; who, soon after his accession, appointed a commission, consisting of Cranmer, Ridley, and eleven others, to draw up a Liturgy in the English language. In 1548 this was ratified by Act of Parliament; and in 1549 was published Melancthon, Bucer, Calvin, and others, assisted in its preparation. This was revised in 1551; again revised in the first year of Elizabeth, 1559; again by James in 1603; and finally, after the restoration of Charles II., in 1662.

Henry VIII. was an accomplished musician and composer. Erasmus testifies that "he did not only sing his part sure, but also compose services for his chapel of four, five, and six parts;" and a short anthem for four voices, "O Lord, the maker of all things," is found in his Primer, and supposed to be his composition. He attached almost as great importance to his reputation as a contrapuntist, as he did to his reputation as a politician.*

His daughter Elizabeth was also a cultivated musician.

* Fuller's "Worthies," vol. i., 41.

“Two little anthems, or things in metre,” were published by her in 1578. Her version of the 13th and 14th psalms are still extant, and a volume of her poetry is preserved in the Hatfield MSS.* The desire to shine as a poet was one of her weaknesses. But her efforts, and those of her father, for the improvement of worship-music were directed to the choral service rather than to hymnody.

Already, indeed, there were two elements in the religious reformation of England leading, in this respect, in opposite directions. There was the element of conservative Anglicanism, which afterwards developed itself in a superstitious reverence for the Liturgy to the disparagement of hymnody. And there was the element of embryo Puritanism, which afterwards developed itself in a rabid and unreasoning repudiation of every form of worship but hymnody. Both are extremes, engendered and exasperated by a mutual antagonism; and which every lover of peace, order, and devotional fulness ought to seek to modify. The worship of the Anglican would be none the worse for the hymns of Watts, Wesley, and Keble; and the worship of the Puritan would be all the better for some elements of the Liturgy of the Anglican.

The result of this conflict was a compromise. No authoritative provision for popular hymnody was made; but when Sternhold and Hopkins' version of the Psalms appeared, it was “*allowed to be sung in churches of all the people together.*” Cathedrals and collegiate churches, however, were restricted to liturgic singing.

Ultimately psalm-singing became as characteristic of Puritanism in England, as it had been of Protestantism on the Continent: and it became, therefore, a vexed question between the two ecclesiastical parties of English Protestantism—and, alas! is so yet. The passions of that age

* Holland's “*Psalms of Great Britain.*”

have not wholly passed away in ours. The Puritan still abhors the Liturgy, and the Anglican still denounces psalm-singing. Nay, even the psalm-singers and the hymn-singers became rival sects. A paraphrase of a psalm of David was a less obnoxious thing than a hymn, and was, therefore, strenuously maintained against the hymn. To Watts unquestionably belongs the honour of establishing the orthodoxy of the hymn in English worship. Not only had worship-song been confined to versions of Scripture, but, however rude, the more literal the version, the more excellent it seemed; a feeling that often finds expression yet in vindication of the Scotch psalms, and in resistance to all invasions of hymnology. I remember being myself once seriously taken to task by an elder of a Scottish church for choosing a paraphrase rather than a psalm. Watts asserted a larger liberty. He not only freely paraphrased the Psalms themselves, "imitating them in the language of the New Testament, and adapting them to the Christian state and worship," but he wrote "Hymns and Spiritual Songs" for worship-use; and by his first hymn sung at Southampton he revolutionized the worship-song of the Puritan churches. "Though," says he, "there are many gone before me who have taught the Hebrew psalmist to speak English, yet I think I may assume this pleasure of being the first who hath brought down the royal author into the common affairs of the Christian life, and led the psalmist of Israel into the church of Christ, without anything of a Jew about him." But then he says he cannot understand why "we under the Gospel should sing nothing else but the joys, hopes, and fears of Asaph and David;" that "David would have thought it very hard to have been confined to the words of Moses, and sung nothing else on all his rejoicing days, but the drowning of Pharaoh, in the 15th of Exodus."

Those who contend for the exclusive use of the Psalms of David, forget that these include a great deal of miscellaneous poetry never designed for use in worship; and that, according to Lightfoot, not more than forty of them were probably so used.

Watts's principle is a great and important one,—that not even Scriptural hymns were intended to exercise a restrictive influence upon worship. The "Gloria in Excelsis" and the "Te Deum" are illustrious instances of the benefit of exercising this liberty.

Now, however, hymnology, has everywhere triumphed, except perhaps in Scotland, where Francis Rous's version of the Psalms still reigns, and where hymns are still looked upon as illicit things: but there are indications of change even there.

The conceptions of congregational worship entertained by the compilers of the Liturgy were good and noble. Thus, in the preface to his metrical version of the Psalms, Archbishop Parker, quoting from St. Bernard, says, "If song be had at any time, let it be full of gravetie; that it neither sound out wantonness nor rudeness; let it be so sweete, that it be not light; let it so delight the eares, that it move the heartes in asswaging heavines, and tempering ire. Let it not deprive the letter of the sence, but rather augment it; for it is no light loss of spirituall grace to be carried away from the profitableness of the sence with the lightnes of the notes, and to be more careful upon chaunting of the voice than to give heede to the matter."

Writing to the king (October 7th, 1545), concerning a Litany which he had compiled and translated, Cranmer says, "If your grace commands some devout and solemn note to be made thereunto (as it is to the Procession [Litany] which your majesty has already set forth in English), I trust it will much excitate and stir the hearts of all men to

devotion and godliness. But, in my opinion, the song that shall be made thereunto would not be full of notes, but as near as may be for every syllable a note, so that it may be sung distinctly and devoutly, as be in the Matins and Evensong, Venite, &c."

And in her injunctions of 1599, Queen Elizabeth directs "that there be a modest and distinct song so used in all parts of the common prayers in the church, that the same may be as plainly understood as if it were read without singing, and yet, nevertheless, for such as delight in music."

The revolt of the Puritans from the ritual of the English Church was, perhaps, not unnatural, but yet it was unmeasured and iconoclastic. Their crusade against ritualism extended, not only to robes and ceremonies and pictures, but to chanting and organs, and every form of liturgical prayer: an excess as foolish and injurious as the excess of ritualism which led to it.

Cromwell, however, was a great lover of music. "In 1648," says Mr. Edwards,* "a provost-marshal was appointed, with power to seize upon all ballad-singers and to suppress stage-players. Nevertheless, Oliver Cromwell was a great lover of music. He is said to have entertained the most skilful in that science in his pay and family; and it is known that he engaged Hingston, a celebrated musician, formerly in the service of Charles, at a salary of one hundred a year—the Hingston at whose house Sir Roger l'Estrange was playing, and continued to play, when Oliver entered the room, which gained for the virtuoso the title of 'Oliver's fiddler.'"

Anthony à Wood also tells a story of Cromwell's love of music. James Quin, one of the senior students of Christ Church, "with a bass voice, very strong and exceeding touching," "had been turned out of his place by the visitors; but,

* "History of the Opera," vol. i., p. 32.

being well acquainted with some great men of those times that loved music, they introduced him into the company of Oliver Cromwell, the protector, who loved a good voice and instrumental music well. He heard him sing with great delight, liquored him with sack, and, in conclusion, said, 'Mr. Quin you have done well: what shall I do for you?' To which Quin made answer, 'That your highness would be pleased to restore me to my student's place;' which he did accordingly."

During Cromwell's rule, genuine Puritan psalm-singing was sometimes heard even in cathedrals and under Cavalier auspices. Thomas Mace, the author of "Music's Monument, or, a Remembrancer of the best Practical Music, both Divine and Civil, that has ever been known to have been in the World," speaks of the eleven weeks' siege of York by Fairfax in 1644, just before the suppression of organs by Cromwell, during which he describes the grand old minster—the queen of our English cathedrals—as being every Sunday "cramming or squeezing full." "Sometimes," he says, "a cannon bullet has come in at the windows, and bounced about from pillar to pillar, even like some furious fiend or evil spirit." "Now here you must take notice that they had then a custom in that church, which I hear not in any other cathedral; which was, that always before the sermon, the whole congregation sang a psalm, together with the quire and the organ: and you must also know that there was then a most excellent, large, plump, lusty, full-speaking organ, which cost, I am credibly informed, a thousand pounds. This organ, I say, when the psalm was set before sermon, being let out into all its fulness of stops, together with the quire, began the psalm. But when that vast concording unity of the whole congregational chorus came, as I may say, thundering in, even so as it made the very ground shake under us, oh! the unutterable, ravishing, soul's de-

light! in the which I was so transported and wrapt up in high contemplations, that there was no room left in my whole man—my body, soul, and spirit—for anything below divine and heavenly raptures; nor could there possibly be anything to which that very singing might be truly compared, except the right apprehension and singing of the glorious and miraculous quire recorded in the Scriptures at the dedication of the Temple.”*

The first known English Psalter is the one published by Bishop Coverdale, to which I referred in the former Lecture, which, however, contained only a few of the Psalms. The oldest known English tune is contained in the second English Psalter, the first containing a metrical version of all the Psalms, published by the Rev. Robert Crowley, vicar of St. Giles', Cripplegate, “printer and preacher.” This curious psalter is very rare: only three copies of it are known to exist. From one of these† I have transcribed the title:—

“The Psalter of David, newly translated into Englysh Metre in such sort that it maye the more decently, and with more deleyte of the mynde be reade and songe of al men. Whereunto is added a note of four partes, wyth vther thynges, as shall appeare in the Epistle to the Reader.

¶ “Translated and Imprinted by Robert Crowley, in the yere of our Lorde M.D.XLIX., the xx. daye of September. And are to be solde in Eley rentes in Holbourne.”

Crowley seems to have had very parsimonious notions of the musical requirements of psalmody, for he provides only one tune for the whole Psalter, and that a semi-chant. Concerning it he says, in his preface,—

“Thou hast also in this boke, a note or song of iiij partes, which agreth with the meter of the Psalter in suche sorte that it serueth for al the Psalmes therof, conteynyng so

* “Bib. Sacra,” Jan. 1859, p. 197.

† Kindly obtained for me by J. T. Puttick, Esq.

many notes in one parte as be syllables in one metre, as appeareth by the dytte that is printed with the same."

Here is the "dytte."*

For notices of other early Psalters I must refer you to my former Lecture. From Day's Psalter of 1562—the first complete metrical English Psalter, being the one begun by Sternhold, and completed by Hopkins and others, and published "with apt notes to sing them withal"—we take the following fine specimen. It is the choral to the old 81st psalm, and is the earliest known specimen of our tunes in triple time.†

Este's Psalter was published in 1592. The following fine C. M. tune is amongst the tunes which he describes as being "newly added." It is set to the 84th psalm.‡

Ravenscroft's great Psalter was published in 1621. The following fine tune, almost equal to Dr. Croft's "Hanover," is set to the 104th psalm.§

Amongst other writers of sacred songs, was George Wither, who in 1623 published his "Hymns and Songs of the Church," for which he sought and obtained a royal patent, giving him not only "full and free license to imprint said book," but declaring it "worthy and profitable to be inserted in convenient manner and due place into every English Psalm-book in metre:" in other words, empowering him to insist upon its insertion in every copy of the Psalter usually bound up with the Bible. Against this the Stationers rebelled, "the truth being that nobody would buy the Bible with such a clog at the end of it." Neither would churches use Wither's songs: whereupon, in a tract called "The Scholar's Purgatory," published in 1625, he bitterly complains—"I wonder what divine calling Sternhold and Hopkins had more than I have, that their metrical psalms may be allowed of more than my hymns."

* No. 31, Appendix.

† No. 32, Appendix.

‡ No. 33, Appendix.

§ No. 34, Appendix.

Wither's hymns were honoured in being set to music, in two voices, treble and bass, by Orlando Gibbons. Among the sixteen tunes which Gibbons wrote for them, is the one so popularly known as the "Angels' Hymn;" so called from the words of one of the hymns to which it was set. This is the original form of it.*

It would be scarcely congruous were I to profess to give specimens of the church-song of the English Reformation, and restrict myself to metrical psalmody. The Episcopal Church is the elder branch of English Protestantism, and its liturgical service is therefore an important form of English church-song.

The preparation of a liturgy in the common speech of the people, of course necessitated a music for its use. As we have seen, Crammer wrote about this to the king; and it is generally supposed that Crammer himself set the first translated Litany to Gregorian music.†

In 1550, the year after King Edward's first Prayer-book was published, a musical service for the entire liturgy was prepared by John Marbecke, one of the heroes of "Foxe's Book of Martyrs." Marbecke was a zealous reformer, and a devout student of the Scriptures, to which he made a concordance. For this, on the accession of Mary, he was condemned to be burned; but, possibly on account of his musical skill, certainly not on account of any recantation of his opinions, he escaped, and lived to almost the end of Elizabeth's reign, "singing merrily and playing on the organs." He wrote music to "so much of the order of Common Prayer as is to be sung in churches:" all, that is, that constitutes a full choral service; setting it to the various Gregorian tones. We will take the "Sanctus," singing it as Marbecke intended, in unison; with an instrumental accompaniment.‡

* No. 35, Appendix. † See the Litany in the "Parish Choir," vol. i.

‡ No. 36, Appendix.

Concerning the desirableness, or otherwise, of what is called the full "choral service" of the Episcopal Church, I cannot here speak further, than to say—First, that the early service-books were written for the singing of the people, not for the performance of choirs. The minister sang his part of the service, and the people responded by singing theirs. Hence the service-music was of the simplest possible character. In this, however, as in hymn-singing, choirs have usurped the functions of the congregation; and a "performance of service" has been substituted for worship—than which nothing can be more incongruous and ungodly.—And next, that were the choral service the worshipping act of the entire people, and preferred by them as the form of their worship, I do not see who would have any right to object. Whatever a congregation can sing, and chooses to sing, that let it sing. While no wise man will force any form of song upon a reluctant congregation, and while no church has a right to dictate to other churches, every church has a perfect right to do that which is most edifying to itself. One church can worship more devoutly, using a liturgy, another, using extemporaneous prayer. One prefers reading his liturgical prayer, another prefers singing it. "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind:" an apostle's only injunction would be, "Let everything be done decently and in order." Such were the liberties of the early and the mediæval churches. Let but the devotional feeling of the worshippers be the end sought, and whatever does best is best. Why, in the name of Christian liberty and charity, are we to be ever judging and condemning one another, making our preferences the law of other men's consciences? If a congregation is most edified by a full choral service, why should I prohibit it because the congregation to which I belong is most edified by a simple psalm? Is not the liberty that we claim too often the liberty to coerce others to conform to our choice? Does not

true liberty permit a man to be a Conservative or a Ritualist, as well as a Radical or a Puritan?

It was reserved for Thomas Tallis, or Talys, to prepare *the* service-book of the English Church. Tallis is one of the great fathers of English sacred music—one of the greatest of English musicians. He was born about the year 1520, and died in 1585. He was gentleman of the Chapel Royal, and partly organist under four sovereigns—Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. He appears to have been a pious man. “The studies of Tallis,” says Sir John Hawkins, “seem to have been wholly devoted to the service of the Church, for his name is not to be found in any of the lighter kinds of music framed with a view to private recreation.” To the Liturgy, as settled under Elizabeth, Tallis composed his superb service; that is, he arranged and harmonized the services previously existing, chiefly Marbecke’s. Thus, for the “Venite” he adapted the first Gregorian tone, commonly, but erroneously, called Tallis’s Chant. The preces and responses are simply those of Marbecke harmonized. For our illustration we will take the “Suffrages,” as being not only within our compass here, but also the most exquisite morsels of devotional harmony ever written. And with the singing of these we will conclude; all of us, I trust, feeling the great religious value of the song whereby we worship the Most High, and practically resolving, that as a fitting homage to Him, and as a precious ministry to our own souls, no qualification for it that we can attain shall be lacking on our part; and that, so far as we can hinder it, neither verse nor music shall intrude into this holy place of spiritual souls that is not dignified, reverent, and inspiring; full of worshipping life, and adorned with worshipping beauty; an offering of joy on earth, and a sacrifice acceptable in Heaven.

APPENDIX.

1.

Christus ist erstanten.

Moderate.

OLD CHURCH MELODY
(probably 12th Century).

TREBLE.



1. Christ the Lord is risen a - gain! Christ has bro - ken eve - ry chain!

ALTO.



TENOR.



2. He who gave for us His life, Who for us en - dured the strife,

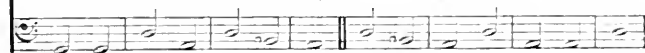
BASS.



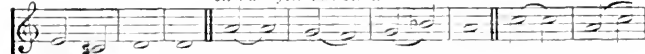
Hark! the an - gels shout for joy, Sing - ing e - ver - more on high,



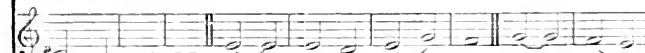
Is our Pas - chal Lamb to - day; We too sing for joy, and say,



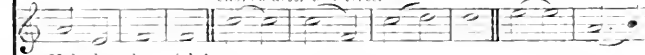
Chorus after last verse.



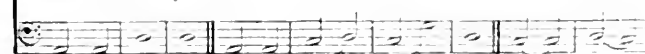
Hal - lo - lu - jah! Hal - lo - lu - jah! Hl - lo -



Chorus after last verse.



Hal - lo - lu - jah!



- lu - jah, Hal - lo - lu - jah! Hark, the an - gels

shout for joy, Sing - ing e - ver - more on high, Hal - le - lu - jah!

2. Christus, der uns selig macht.

Bold.

OLD CHURCH MELODY.
"Patris Sapientia." 14th Century.

1. In the tomb be - hold He lies, Who the dead a - wak - eth;

2. Vain - ly shall His foes re - joice, Vain - ly death de - tain Him.

Christ, our strick-en sac - ri - fice, Of sweet rest par - tak - eth.

La - zarus heard His migh-ty voice, What shall then re - strain Him?

Fear we then no more the gloom Of death's narrow dwell - ing;

What shall bind His conquering arm, Who the mountains rend - eth?

Je - sus died! the wondering tomb Of His praise is tell - ing.

Who, that death He may dis - arm, To the tomb de - scend - eth.

3.

D welt, ich muß dich lassen.

Bold.

HEN. ISAAC, 1490.

1. O world, I now must leave thee, But lit - tle doth it grieve me :

2. So, on His word re - ly - ing, I know, while I am dy - ing,

I seek my na - tive land : True life I then in - he - rit,

I soon shall see His face ; Thro' Christ, whose death hath bought me,

And here I yield my spi - rit With joy to God's all graecious hand.

The Fa - ther's love He brought me, And now pre - pares for me a place.

4.

Comm. heiliger Geist. Dritte Welt.

Old Latin, "Veni Sancte Spiritus."
Adapted by LUTHER.

Moderate.

Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, God and Lord, Be all thy gra - ces

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 3/4 time, with lyrics: "Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, God and Lord, Be all thy gra - ces". The second staff is the alto line, the third is the tenor line, and the fourth is the bass line. The music is in a moderate tempo and features a simple harmonic setting of the Latin text.

now out - poured, On the be - liev - er's mind and soul, And

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics: "now out - poured, On the be - liev - er's mind and soul, And". The second staff is the alto line, the third is the tenor line, and the fourth is the bass line. The music continues the harmonic setting of the Latin text.

touch our lips with liv - ing coal. Thy light the day shone

The third system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics: "touch our lips with liv - ing coal. Thy light the day shone". The second staff is the alto line, the third is the tenor line, and the fourth is the bass line. The music concludes the phrase with a final cadence.

forth so clear, All tongues and na-tions gathered near, To

learn that faith for which we bring Glad praise to Thee, and loud-ly,

loud-ly sing, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah!

5.

Nun bitten wir den heiligen Geist.

Bold.

JOHANN WALTER'S Gesangbuch, 1534.

1. Now pray we God, the Ho - ly Spi - rit, That we may trust in

2. Spi - rit of love, do Thou pos - ses us, Thrice ho - ly fire, O

Je - su's me - rit; That His boundless grace, our weak souls de - fending,

purge and bless us! May we, joined in heart, love each one his brother,

ritard.

We to Christ may rise to life un - end - ing . . . Lord, have mer - cy!

One in the Lord . . . and one with each o - ther . . . Lord, have mer - cy!

6.

THE SAME (reduced to a L. M.)

Bold.

commonly called "SOLDIER."

1. Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows, On this Thy day, In this Thy house,

2. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love, But there's a no - bier rest a - bove ;

Ac - cept, as grate - ful sa - cri - fice, The songs which from the des - ert rise.

To that our labouring souls as - pire, With ar - dent hope and strong de - sire.

7.

Christ lay in Todes-banten.

Slow.

JOHANN WALTER'S Gesangbuch, 1525.

1. { In death's strong grasp the Sa - viour lay, For our of -
But now the Lord is risen to - day, And brings us

2. { Then let us keep the feast to - day, That God Him -
And His pure word shall do a - way, The old and

- fen - ces gi - ven; } Where - fore now let us all re - joice,
 life from Hea - ven; }

- self hath gi - ven; } For Christ to - day will meet His own,
 e - vil lea - ven; }

And praise our God with thank - ful voice, And sing loud

And faith will feed on Him a - lone, The li - ving

Hal - le - lu - - jahs. Hal - - le - lu - jah!

bread from Hea - - ven, Hal - - le - lu - jah!

8.

Nun freut euch, lieben Christen gmein.

LUTHER, 1524.

Joyful.

1. } Let eve-ry Christ ian heart and voice Ex - ult in high - est
In Christ the Lord let us re - joice, The Father's great est

2. } Bound in the chains of sin we lay, No help nor hope re -
To death de - liv - ered for a prey; We made our sad com -

mea - sure; }
treas - ure; }

- main - ing; }
- plam - ing; }

And dai - ly worse, in sin and shame, Our guilt - y

bound - less mer - cy flowed, O praise Him with thanks - giv - ing.

hearts and lives be - came, Hope - less was our con - di - tion.

9.

Vom Himmel hoch, da bin ich her.

Bold and Joyful.

LUTHER, 1535.

1. From Heav'n a - bove to earth I come, To bear good news to eve - ry home;

2. To you, this night, is born a child Of Ma - ry, cho - sen mo - ther, mild;

Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring, Where - of I now to you will sing.

This lit - tle child of low - ly birth Shall be the joy of all your earth.

10.

Vater unser im Himmelreich.

Moderate.

LUTHER, 1544.

Harmonized by MENDELSSOHN.

1. Our Fa - ther, high in Heav'n a - bove, Thou bid - dest us to dwell in love,

2. All hallowed be Thy name, O Lord; Oh, let us firm - ly keep Thy word,

As brethren of one fam - i - ly, And cry for all we need to Thee.

And live ac - cord - ing to Thy name, A ho - ly life, untouched by blame.

Teach us to mean the words we say, And from our in - most hearts to pray.

Let no false teachings do us hurt, All poor de - lu - ded souls con - vert.

11.

O Mensch, beweine dein' Sünde groß.

Joyful.

Strasburg Gesangbuch, 1525.

1. O God, the worlds of light on high, To - day and night Thy
To us they tell of power and love, That gra - cious pow'r which

ma - jes - ty Aro e - ver - more de - clar - ing; } And shall we
 reigns a - bove, For us all good pre - par - ing; }

not Thy name a - dore, Who on our souls dost e - ver pour Thy

choicest con - so - la - tion? On us the Sun of Rightcousness Doth

shine! oh, let all tongues confess The name that brings sal - va - tion!

12. Warum betrübst du dich, mein Herz?

Grave.

HANS SACHS, 1552.

1. Why art thou thus cast down, my heart, Why trou-ble-d, why dost

2. Dost think thy prayers He doth not heed? He knows full well what

mourn a - part, O'er nought but world - ly wealth? Trust in thy

thou dost need, And heaven and earth are His; My fa - ther,

God, be not a - fraid, He is thy friend, who all things made.
 and my God, who still Is with my soul in eve - ry ill.

13.

Allein Gott in der Höh sey Ehr.

Bold.

HANS RUGELMANN, 1540.

To God on high be thanks and praise, Who deigns our bonds to
 se - - ver; His cares our drooping souls up - raise, And harm shall

se - - ver; His cares our drooping souls up - raise, And harm shall

reach us no - - ver; On Him we rest, with faith as - sur'd, Of

all that live, the mighty Lord, For e - ver and for e - - - ver.

14.

Gottes Sohn ist kommen.

MICHAEL WEISS, 1531.

Cheerful.

Harmonized by Dr. FILITZ.

1. Lo, from high-est Hea - ven, God's own Son is gi - - ven;

2. Soon a - gain de - scend - ing, Soon thy sor - rows end - - ing,

Earth His home He mak - eth, All our need He tak - eth;
Christ shall thee de - li - ver From these ills for e - ver;

Nought to man He seem - eth, Who the world re - deem - eth.
In yon heavenly re - gions With th'an - gel - ic le - gions.

15.

Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme.

Bold.

PHILIPP NICHOLAI, (?) 1599.

1. { Wake, oh wake! for night is fly - - - ing!
Mid - night hears the wel - come voi - - - ces,
2. { Zi - on hears the watch - men sing - - - ing,
Now He comes, tho Lord, all glori - - - ous,

The watchmen on the heights are cry - ing: A wake Je -
 And, at the thrilling cry, re - joice: Come forth, ye

And all her heart with joy is spring - ing, She wakes, she
 In grace and truth, o'er all vic - tori - ous! Her star is

- ru - sa - lem, at last! The Bride-groom comes, a - wake! Your
 vir - gins, night is past. f

ri - ses from her gloom! Wel - come, Thou bles - sed Lord, Je -
 risen, her light is come! }

lamps with gladness take; Hal - le - lu - jah! And for His

- sus, Thou Son of God! Hal - le - lu - jah! We fol - low,

mar-riage feast pre - pare, For ye must go to meet Him there.

till the halls we see, Where thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

Detailed description: This block contains a musical score for a song. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics: "mar-riage feast pre - pare, For ye must go to meet Him there." The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics: "till the halls we see, Where thou hast bid us sup with Thee." The third and fourth staves are instrumental accompaniment. The music is in a major key and 4/4 time.

16.

Valet will ich dir geben.

Cheerful.

MELCHIOR TESCHNER, 1613.

1. Fare - well, vain world, I leave thee, A - bove thy life I soar,

2. O Son of God, my Sa - viour, Now be thy love my guide;

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the song "Valet will ich dir geben". It consists of four staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics: "1. Fare - well, vain world, I leave thee, A - bove thy life I soar,". The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics: "2. O Son of God, my Sa - viour, Now be thy love my guide;". The third and fourth staves are instrumental accompaniment. The music is in a major key and 3/4 time.

Im - mor - tal joy and plea - sure, Heav'n on - ly hath in store,

And for the hour of tri - al, The strength I need, pro - vide.

Detailed description: This block contains the continuation of the musical score for "Valet will ich dir geben". It consists of four staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics: "Im - mor - tal joy and plea - sure, Heav'n on - ly hath in store,". The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics: "And for the hour of tri - al, The strength I need, pro - vide." The third and fourth staves are instrumental accompaniment. The music is in a major key and 3/4 time.

There God, with joy e - ter - nal, Ful fills each pure de - sire;

O haste Thee, to de - li - ver, Strength to my heart re - store,

To you a - bodies of glo - ry My spi - rit doth as - pire.

Bless me, when this life's end - ed, With life for e - ver - more.

17.

Werde munter, mein Gemüthe.

JOHANN SCHOP, 1642.

Harmonized by BACH.

Bold.

1. Sink not yet, my soul, to slumber, Wake, my heart, go forth and tell,
All the mercies, with-out number, That this bye-gone day be - fell;

2. Fa - ther, mer-ci - ful and ho - ly, Thee to-night I praise and bless;
Who to la-bour true and low-ly, Grantest e - ver meet suc - cess;

Tell how God hath kept a - far All things that a - gainst me war,
Ma - ny a sin and ma - ny a woe, Ma - ny a fierce and sub - tle foe

Hath up - held me and de - fend - ed, And His grace my soul be - friended.
Hast Thou check'd, that once alarm'd me, So that nought to - day hath harm'd me.

18.

Alle Menschen müssen sterben.

Plaintive.

JOHANN SCHOP (?), 1646.

1. Death o'er all his sway maintaineth, All are as a fa - ding flower,
2. Je - sus yield - ed up His spi - rit, And His death is now my gain

O - ver all the law ob - tain - eth ; But, be - hold, a bright - er hour :

He for me did life in - he - rit ; Death, his fears ar rays in vain.

Then o'er death shall rise vic - to - rious, Our frail dust, in forms more glorious,

Hence with joy my soul as - cend - eth To that world, whose day ne'er endeth,

To a bet - ter life re - stored, Who in truth their God a - dored.

There I shall for e - ver rest On my glo - rious Saviour's breast

19.

Schmüde dich, O liebe Seele.

Moderato.

JOHANN CRÜGER, 1646.

1. { Deck thy - self, my soul, with glad - ness, Leave the gloomy
 { Come in - to the day-light's splen - dour, There with joy thy

2. { Je - sus, Bread of Life, I pray Thee, Let me glad - ly
 { Ne - ver to my hurt in - vi - ted, Be Thy love with

haunts of sad - ness, } Un - to Him, whose grace un - bound - ed,
 prais - es ren - der }

here o - bey Thee, } From this ban - quet let me mea - sure,
 love re - quit - ed; }

Hath this wond'rous banquet found - ed; High o'er all the

Lord, how vast, how deep its trea - sure! Thro' the gifts Thou



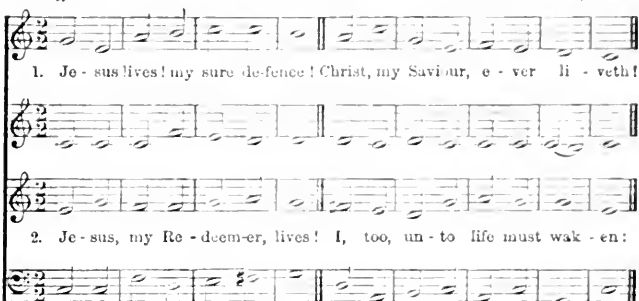
heavens He reign - eth, Yet to dwell with thee He doign - eth.
here dost give me, As Thy guest in heaven to - ceive me.

20.

Jesus meine Zuversicht.

Joyful.

JOHANN CRÜGER, 1650.



1. Je - sus lives! my sure de - fence! Christ, my Savi - our, e - ver li - veth!
2. Je - sus, my Re - deem - er, lives! I, too, un - to life must wak - en:



Knowing this, my con - fi - dence Rests up - on the hope it gi - veth,
He will have me where He is. Shall my cou - rage then be sha - ken?

Though the night of death be fraught Still with many an anxious thought.

Shall I fear? Or could the Head Rise and leave its members dead?

21.

Wer nur den lieben Gott läßt walten.

Slowly.

GEORGE NEUMARK, 1657.

To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spi - rit, Who breaks't in

love this mor - tal chain; My life I but from Thee in - he - rit,

And death be - comes my chief - est gain. In Thee I

live, in Thee I die, Con - tent, for Thou art e - ver nigh.

22.

Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier.

With repose and slowly.

JOHN RUDOLPH AHLE, 1664.

1. { Bless - ed Je - sus, at Thy word, We are gath - ered
 { Let our hearts and souls be stirred, How to seek, and

2. { Glo - rious Lord, Thy - self im - part! Light of light, from
 { Op - en Thou our ears and heart; Help us by Thy

now to hear thee, }
love, and hear thee, } By Thy teach - ings sweet and

God pro - ceed - ing, }
Spi - rit's plead - ing, } Hear the cry thy peo - ple

ho - ly, Drawn from earth to love thee sole - ly.

rais - es, Hear and bless our prayers and prais - es.

23.

Siegeshfürst und Ehrenkönig.

J. ROSENMÜLLER, 1610-1680.

Harmonized by BACH.

Cheerful.

1. { Conquering Prince and Lord of Glo - ry, Ma - jes - ty en -
All the heavens are bound be - fore Thee, Far be - yond them

1. { As I watch Thee, far as - cend - ing, To the right - hand
{ See, the host be - fore Thee bend - ing, Prais - ing Thee in

- throned on high, spreads Thy might! } Shall I not fall down be - fore Thee,
of the throne, sweet - est tone; } Shall not I too, bow - ing low - ly,

And with ho - ly joy a - dore Thee? Now Thy glo - ry
Hear the an - gel's song most ho - ly, And re - joice that

is dis - played, Thine ere yet the worlds were made.
heaven doth ring With the tri - umph of my King?

24.

Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan.

Bold and Joyous.

J. PACHELBEL, 1690. (?)

1. { The will of God a - lone is good, Most just His will a -
 { To Him I will my all sub - mit, And fol - low where He

2. { The will of God a - lone is good, He ne - ver will de -
 { He leads me in His own right way, I know He will not

bid - eth, } He is my God, Though dark my road, I
 guid - eth; }

ceive me, } On Him I lean, His hand un - seen, In
 leave me; }

trust in His pro - tee - tion, And seek His wise di - rec - tion.

eve - ry woe be - friends me, From eve - ry foe de - fends me.

25.

Auf, Triumph, es kommt die Stunde.

AGNI PUGNA ET DRACONIS.

J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN,
1704.*Joyful.*

1. Praise Je - ho - vah, bow be - fore Him ; O be joy ful, saints a - dore Him,

2. By His pro - vi - dence di - rect - ed, We are guid - ed and pro - tect ed,

E - ver - more His deeds pro - claim. He is might y in cre - a - tion,

We re - ceive our dai - ly bread ; He sus - tain - eth all that liv - eth,

He is good in His sal - va - tion, E - ver mag - ni - fy His name.

All that we en - joy He gi - veth, From His hand we all are fed.

26.

D tu Liebe meiner Liebe.

Joyful

Choral Book of the Bohemian Brethren, 1784.

1. { O, the love that us re-deem-ed, Who can all that love ex-ple-re?
From the cross on us it beam-ed; An-gel hosts that love a-dore;

2. { Ho-ly Lamb of God, we bless Thee; Thou our sins hast borne a-way;
King of kings, our songs confess Thee, Light of e-ver-last-ing day!

Wond'rous love, from heaven de-scend-ing, Men to raise to life on high!

What though still the world dis-own Thee, Thou o'er heaven and earth dost reign.

Be our praise on Him at-tend-ing, Who for sin-nors deigned to die.

In our hearts, Lord, we en-throne Thee, Thou wilt not our love dis-dain.

27.

PSAUME LXVI.

MAROT and BRZA's Psalm.
GODEFROY, 1562.

Moderate.

1. Oh, sing the great Je - ho - vah's glo - ry, Oh,

2. Oh come, Geod's might - ty power con - fess - ing, Come,

spread a - broad His match - less fame; Sound forth a - loud the

and with hum - ble glad - ness know, What rich sup - plies of

won - drous sto - ry, Till all men know His bless - ed name!

grace and bless - ing He doth up - on His saints be - stow.

Say un - to God, Thy power ap - pall - ing, In all Thy

How oft - en hath He heard my cry - ing, And made my

migh - ty deeds we see; Thy foes be - fore Thy foot - stool

sad - dened heart re - joice! Hence - forth up - on His love re -

fall - ing, Their ho - mago ren - der un - to Thee.

- ly - ing, I'll sing His praise with cheer - ful voices.

28.

PSAUME CXXIV.

MAROT and BEZA's Psalms.
GOUZIMEL, 1562.

Cheerful.

1. Oh, well may Is - rael now re - joice and cry: Had not the

2. But now, as break - ing from the fow - ler's snare, The bird, once
 Lord ap - pear - ed from on high, Our right - eous cause with
 free, soars high in - to the air, So have our souls re -

pow - er to main - tain— When all the world at - tacked us fu - rious -
 - gained their li - ber - ty! God, our Cre - a - tor hath re - ceived our



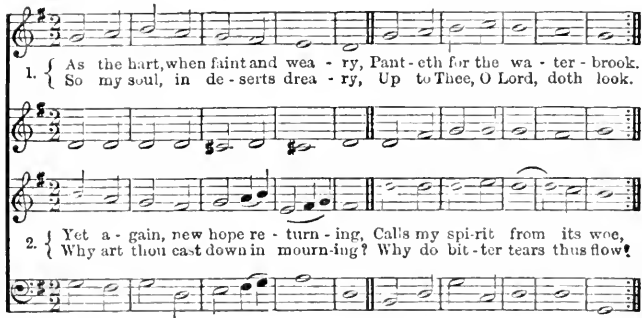
ly, Then had we, sure-ly been o'er-come and slain!
 prayer, And sent us timo-ly suc-cour from on high.

29.

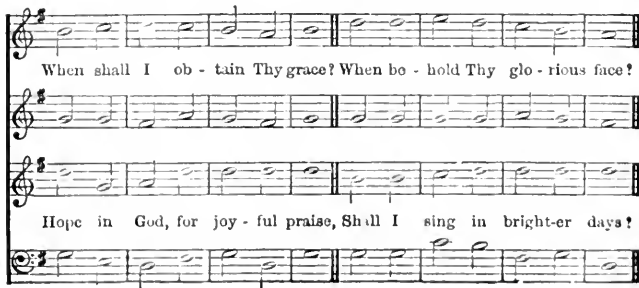
PSAUME XLII.

MAROT and BEZA'S Psalms.

Goudimel, 1562.

Moderate.


1. { As the hart, when faint and wea-ry, Pant-eth for the wa-ter-brook.
 So my soul, in de-serts drea-ry, Up to Thee, O Lord, doth look.
 2. { Yet a-gain, new hope re-turn-ing, Call's my spi-rit from its woe,
 Why art thou cast down in mourn-ing? Why do bit-ter tears thus flow!



When shall I ob-tain Thy grace? When be-hold Thy glo-rious face?
 Hope in God, for joy-ful praise, Shall I sing in bright-er days!

Oh, re - gar! my bit - ter an - gul - h, See how for my God I lan - guish.

When, once more, my Sa - viour near me, With His gracious help shall cheer me.

30. SAVOY, or OLD HUNDREDTH.

No. 1.

GUILLAUME FRANCO.

As Harmonized by W. PARSONS in the copy of DAY'S
Harmonized Psalter, 1563, in Brazenose College.

Bold

All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice!

Him serve with mirth His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice!

No. 2. 134 Ps. CLAUDE GOUDIMEL.

Printed at Paris, by ADRIAN LE ROY, 1565.

Bold.

Know ye the Lord is God in-deed; Without our aid He did us make;

We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.

No. 3.

100 Ps. From RAVENSCROFF'S Psalter, 1621.

J. DOULAND, MUS. DOC.

Bold.

O en-ter then His gates with praise, Ap-

proach with joy His courts un - to; Praise, laud, and bless His

name al - ways, For it is seem - ly so to do.

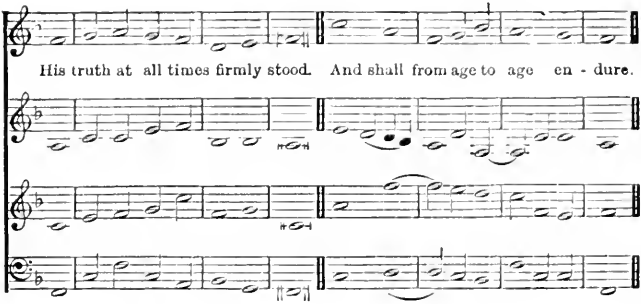
No. 4.

134 Ps. From the French Psalter, Geneva, 1627.

Harmonized by CLAUDE LE JEUNE.

Bold.

For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer - cy is for e - ver sure;



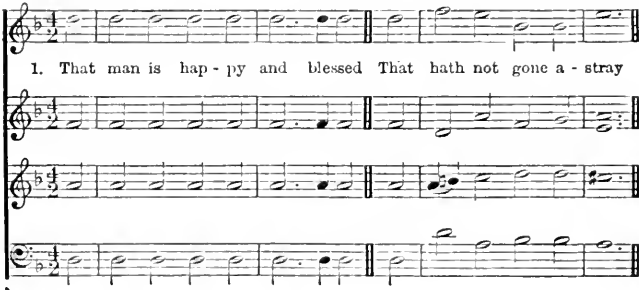
His truth at all times firmly stood. And shall from age to age en - dure.

31.

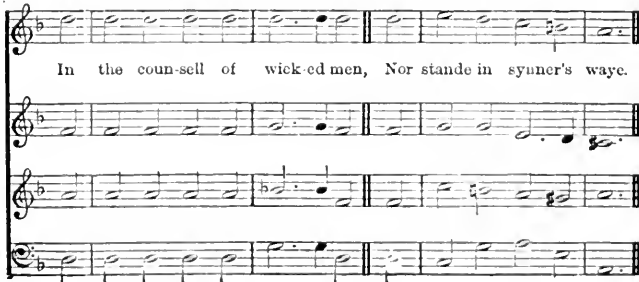
CROWLEY. C.M.

From the English Metrical Psalter,
by R. CROWLEY, 1549. (Oldest English Tune.)

Moderate.



1. That man is hap - py and blessed That hath not gone a - stray



In the coun-sell of wick-ed men, Nor stande in synner's waye.

32.

OLD LXXXIst. D.C.M.

FROM DAY'S PSALTER, 1562.

Arranged by the Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.

Cheerful.

1. Be light and glad, in God re - joice, Who is our strength and stay;

2. Blow, as it were in the new moon, With trumpets of the best;

Be joy - ful, and lift up your voice To Ja - cob's God al - way.

As it is u - sed to be done At a ny so - lemn feast.

Pre-pare your in - stru - ments most meet, Some joy - ful psalm to sing:

For this is un - to Is - ra - el A sta - tute which was made

Strike up with harp and lute so sweet, On ev - ry plea - sant string.

By Ja - cob's God, and must full well Be e - ver - more o - beyed.

33.

LXXXIV PSALM.

ESTE'S PSALTER, 1592.

Joyful

Arranged by H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.

1. How plea - sant is Thy dwell - ing place, O Lord of hosts to me;

2. My soul doth long full sore to go In - to Thy courts a - broad,

The ta - ber - na - cles of Thy grace, How plea - sant, Lord, they be!

My heart and flesh cry out al - so, For Thee, the liv - ing God.

34.

OLD CIVth.

RAVENSCROFT'S "Whole Book of Psalms," 1621.
 Arranged by the Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL, M.A.

Joyful.

1. My soul, praise the Lord, speak good of His name; O Lord, our great

2. To this Lord and God will I sing al-ways; So long as I

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of the hymn. It features a four-staff musical score with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of text, and the second line of music corresponds to the second line of text. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with clear note values and rests.

God, how dost Thou appear! So passing in glo-ry, that great is Thy

live my God praise will I: Then am I most cer-tain, my words shall Him

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth lines of the hymn. It continues the four-staff musical score from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves. The music maintains the same key signature and time signature, with a consistent melodic and harmonic flow.

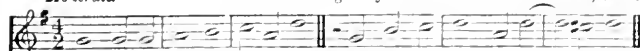
fame, Ho-nour and Ma-jes-ty in Thee shine most clear.

please: I will re-joice in Him, to Him I will cry.

Detailed description: This system contains the fifth and sixth lines of the hymn. It concludes the four-staff musical score. The lyrics are written below the staves. The music ends with a final cadence, marked by a double bar line and repeat dots.

35. WITHER'S "SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

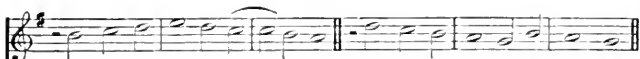
(VENI CREATOR) No 44.

*Moderate.*ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1623.
Arranged by the Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL, M.A.

1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, the Maker, come; Take in the souls of Thine Thy place.



2. Thou, in Thy gifts art ma-ni-fold; God's right-hand fin-ger Thou art, Lord:



Thou, whom our hearts had be-ing from, Oh, fill them with Thy heav'nly grace.



The Father's promise made of old; Our tongues en-rich-ing by Thy word.



{ Thou art that comfort from a-bove, The Highest doth by gift in-part;
 { Thou spring of life, a fire of love, And the a-noint-ing Spi-rit art.



{ Oh! give our blindel sen-ses light; Shed love in-to each heart of our,
 { And grant the bo-dy's fee-ble plight, May be en-a-bled by Thy pow'r.



36.

SANCTUS.

Slowly.

MARBECK'S COMMON PRAYER, NOTED, 1556.

VOICES IN
UNISON.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God of Hosts!

Heaven and earth are full of Thy glo - ry! Ho - san - na

in the high - est! Bless - ed is He that cometh in the name of

the Lord. Glo - ry to Thee, O Lord, in the high - est!

37.

THE SUFFRAGES

OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

Harmonized by THOMAS TALLIS, 1570.

Ministr.

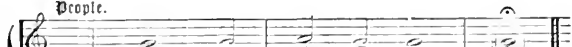
O Lord, open Thou our lips.

People.

And our mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.

Minister. 


O God, make speed to save us.

People. 

O Lord, make haste to help us.

Minister. 

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost ;

People. 

As it was in the be-gin-ning, is now, and



e - ver shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

Minister. 

People. 

The Lord's name be prais - ed.

Praise ye the Lord.

Minister. 

The Lord be with you ;

People

SOPRANO.
ALTO.
TENOR 1.
TENOR 2.
BASS.

And with Thy Spirit.

pp Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, *cres.* Christ, have mer - cy up -
pp *cres.*
pp *cres.*

- on us. *f* Lord, have mer - cy up - on us. *pp*

Minister.

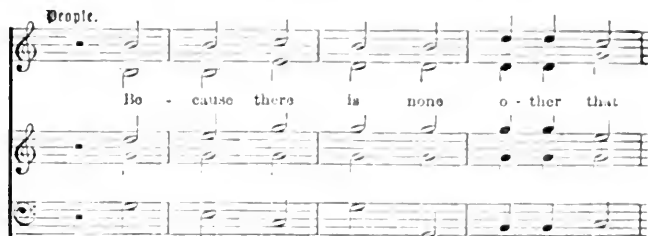
O Lord, shew Thy mer - cy up - on us.

People.

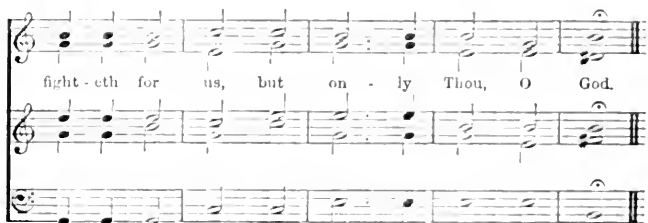
And grant us Thy sal - va - tion.



Give peace in our time, O Lord

People. 

Be - cause there is none o - ther that



fight - eth for us, but on - ly Thou, O God.



O God, make clean our hearts with - in us.

People. 

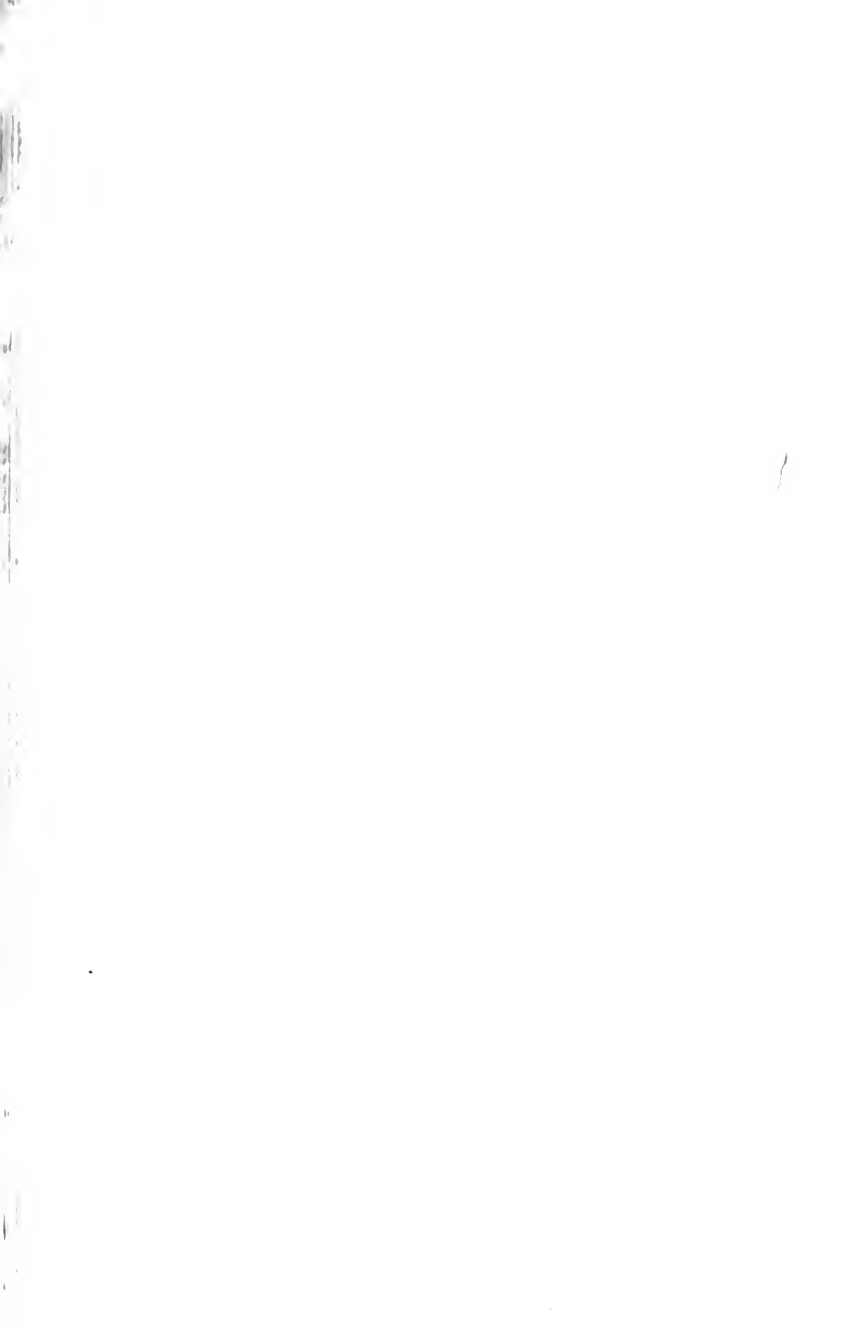
And take not Thy Ho - ly Spirit from us. A - men.

Israel in Egypt; or, Monumental
Testimonies to the Pentateuch.

A LECTURE

DELIVERED BY

THE REV. DR. CUMMING.



ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

CERTAIN divines have lately maintained that the whole story of the Pentateuch as narrated in Genesis and Exodus is not historical ; that, for instance, the beautiful story of Joseph is a splendid romance—that it is somewhat doubtful if Moses ever existed—that, if he did exist, it is almost certain he never was in Egypt—and that it does us of the nineteenth century no little discredit to retain the old-fashioned creed, and to believe that “all Scripture is given by inspiration of God.”

What is very much wanted, and what I have been led to try to supply, is evidence of the historical existence of the persons referred to from witnesses who cared nothing for them or their religion ; and I think I shall be able to show that there is external and disinterested evidence of the most conclusive kind to the effect that Moses was an actual person—that he was really in Egypt—that Joseph’s history is not a myth—that Abraham’s life is not a fable—that the books of the Pentateuch, Genesis and Exodus, are accurate and reliable histories ; leaving it to others to demonstrate, on grounds irresistibly conclusive, that, as a revelation, these books are inspired of God.

Of course I am not here in order to convince you, as members of this most excellent Association, that the Books

of Moses are inspired—you need no conviction of the kind ; but I trust I shall be able to give you some additional reasons for the faith that is in you, and enable you so far to tell the neo-septic school of the nineteenth century that there are evidences of the historic accuracy and truthfulness of the Bible so conclusive, that, if Moses were to be silent, the stones from the banks of the Nile would open their lips, and, with irresistible eloquence, proclaim that the word of God is true.

I will make an assumption that some of you will perhaps think impertinent. When I was a student of divinity, the late Dr. Mearns, a most eminent and accomplished professor, said to me, “When you preach on a subject, assume that everybody you address is absolutely ignorant, and that you know everything about the subject which everybody listening to you does not know. By so speaking,” said he, “those that know little will learn more, and those that know more than yourself will be pleased with the candour and clearness with which you try to enlighten and instruct others.” Assuming that you are all very ignorant on this subject, I will tell you, first of all, that the ancient Egyptians, nearly two thousand years before the Christian era, were in the habit of writing or sculpturing on the granite and the limestone from their quarries, and painting on their mummy-cases and sarcophagi, the names and persons of their kings, their most brilliant exploits, and anything in their biography or national history that was calculated to excite the interest and the admiration of mankind. Then, by a special providential arrangement, it happens that the extreme dryness of the air of Egypt—so dry that the victims of consumption go there with full and perfect confidence that, if they shall not be absolutely cured, their complaint will be, at least, greatly mitigated,—prevents that defacement of inscriptions constantly exposed to the air which

invariably occurs in other latitudes, and in colder and damper climates. Hence, in Egypt, seeds, bread, linen, metals, &c., have been preserved as if deposited a very few years ago. Sculptures in the rocks are there so sharp, that one would have supposed the sculptor had just laid aside his chisel. Paintings on the sarcophagi, and elsewhere, are so perfect and beautiful, and their colours remain so vivid, that you would suppose the painter had laid them on but yesterday. In consequence of this most admirable providence, we have the sculptures, and figures, and paintings of ancient Egypt, finished some eighteen hundred years before the Christian era, in all their perfection, purity, and beauty.

You are aware that the written language of Egypt is known by the name of hieroglyphics. It consists of figures and limbs of men and animals, and wings of birds, pictures of the sun, &c., each of which is either the symbol of a thought or the conventional exponent of an idea. Great difficulty was felt up to the year 1799, by what course or by what key men could read this mysterious writing, or solve these enigmas, and explain their mysteries, so that ancient Egypt should be heard to speak in modern ears. There was found by an officer in the French army—and it is remarkable in the history of the world how often war, which we dread and deprecate so sincerely, has been overruled by God to the turning up of monuments and facts and scenes that affect the literature and advance the science of the nations of the earth,—there was found, I say, by an officer in the French army, at a place called Rosetta, a stone, which is now known by the name of the Rosetta stone. If, on the first Saturday half-holiday—and I assume every sane head of a house of business lets his young men go free after two o'clock on Saturday—when you have a little leisure, go to the British Museum, turn to the left as you enter the main door, and then advance to the right a good way, and you

will find, facing you, the Rosetta stone. This stone is what is sometimes called tri-lingual. It is divided into three compartments. The first compartment, or the first third, is covered with hieroglyphics—that is, figures of animals and wings of birds, and cartouches enclosing proper names. The second third is covered with what is called the enchorial or demotic language of Egypt. The third section of this stone is covered with Greek writing. It occurred to Champollion, Young, and others, that on this tri-lingual stone, the Greek at the bottom might be the translation of the hieroglyphics at the top. They set to work with this view, and, first of all, identified the name of Cleopatra, which frequently occurred in the Greek, while a corresponding symbol as frequently occurred among the hieroglyphics. They then turned their attention more minutely to the study of these records, and were at length able to translate the hieroglyphics on the uppermost part of the stone. They thus discovered the key that unlocks all the hidden mysteries of ancient Egypt.

The first investigation of Egyptian remains excited the fears of Christians, which was most absurd, and stimulated the expectations of infidels, which were most unfounded. Amongst others, for instance, Volney maintained that the discoveries in Egypt had completely upset the Mosaic cosmogony and chronology. There were discovered three zodiacs—two in the temple of Dendera, and one in the temple of Esneh. These were interpreted on astronomical principles by modern scientific men, and the result of their investigations was the conclusion that these zodiacs were composed, one ten thousand years before the birth of Christ, and two of them at least four thousand years—that is, long before the Flood in the one case, and in the other long before the Creation. When this was made known, the fears of Christendom were aroused, however absurdly, and infidelity

appeared to triumph. I quote this just to give you a lesson on the way in which you ought to receive phenomena either from the heights or depths supposed to militate against the word of God. Come to no conclusion on the instant. The light shed by the Bible on your hearts is proof of itself that it is God's word; and be assured that it is unripe science, not mature investigation, that seems to be in collision with that word.

Mr. Banks, an eminent naturalist, in a letter to Mr. David Baillie, expressed a belief that these zodiacs were much more recent than they were generally supposed to be. First of all, he noticed that the columns of these temples of Dendera and Esneh were fluted and elaborately covered with foliage; whereas the columns of the most ancient temples of Egypt were plain, with a simple bell on the top. At length he discovered an inscription on the temple of Esneh—an inscription that had previously been totally overlooked; to the effect that this beautiful temple, with all its contents, was built and executed in the tenth year of Antoninus—that is, 147 years after the birth of Christ—whilst the other was stated to have been dedicated to the memory of Tiberius Cæsar. Champollion also discovered on the pronaon of the temple at Dendera the Greek word *αυτοκρατωρ*—the Egyptian title of the Emperor Nero. This controversy was thereby settled.

Some scientific men in France have recently discovered some old bones and flint arrow-heads near Abbeville, and have rushed most precipitately to the conclusion that these were the weapons used by men who lived long before Adam was created—barbarous weapons indicating a barbarous age, surely suggesting to every one that sees them the inference, how strange that the God who delights in the beautiful, the just, and the perfect, should have made the human family a race of savages, warring with each other, instead of a race of perfect men—perfect in holiness, perfect in character, perfect in happiness.

May it not be that, just as the planispheres of Dendera and Esneh, at first supposed to be evidence of a vast antiquity, were, by more exact investigation, shown to be comparatively recent; so Sir Charles Lyell, when he has searched a little more—when he has explored the earth and its subsoil, the drift and the various strata, a little more, may discover, in 1864, what will upset the rash conclusions of 1863, and teach him, what it is so important to teach to every one, to be, in such seeming collisions, slow of speech, swift to hear, and patient in investigation?

What I will now proceed to show is this: that there are some inscriptions on the monuments which, when deciphered, can only be filled up by the light of the Mosaic history; and that there are incidents in the Mosaic history which can be illuminated and proved to be historical by the records of the monuments.

Just as the drift-wood floating on the sea indicates the wreck of a noble ship, so the distorted traditions of Egypt, as these traditions are discovered on the monuments, indicate some grand historic facts from which they must have been broken and drifted down over the waves of subsequent ages. For instance, the name of Egypt on the monuments, and its name among the Arabs at this moment, is Mizraim. Mizraim was the son of *Ham*. The name of the god of Heliopolis—that is, the city of the Sun—is on the monuments Athon, or Adam; and his wife is there said to be EVE, or Eve-hor. Where did the Egyptians, who never had a revelation, get these names? The god of the Nile, and of the flowing of its waters, is given as *Noah*; and the principle of evil on the monuments, and among the Egyptians, was Sathon. Thus the very gods of Egypt are the historic persons of the Bible—the idolatry of the Egyptians is the traditional history of Genesis, or the perverted representations of historic persons and facts.

Another instance of this is to be found in the attributes of Osiris, the great god of the Egyptians. He is described as the "manifestor of faith," the revealer of truth, the opener of good, "full of grace and truth." These are the attributes that are applied to the Saviour. Where, then, could the Egyptians have got them? Noah must have been acquainted with their immediate ancestors, and Noah was a preacher of Christ. They must have heard through him that the Shiloh should come—that "the woman's seed should bruise the serpent's head." Abraham also visited Egypt; and as Abraham saw along the dim perspective of two thousand years "Christ's day," he may have left lessons of the Gospel, which the Egyptians remembered, and applied to their god. Broken and distorted shadows refer back to actual substances.

Having noticed these points, I proceed to show what proofs we have in Egypt that Abraham was a person, and that Abraham was there: and I think you will all agree with me that there is no reason to doubt that Abraham was not a myth, but an actual historic person.

First of all, it is objected by some, that Abraham could not have been welcomed to the court of Pharaoh, as stated in Genesis, seeing that it is recorded in the same book that shepherds were an abomination to the Egyptians. The answer is very remarkable. The monuments prove that there were at that time two contemporaneous dynasties in Egypt—one the lower, the other the upper. The Pharaoh of Lower Egypt formed an alliance with the people of Canaan, and expelled the upper dynasty. The upper and expelled dynasty, however, tells the story of their expulsion; and in doing so it denounces the Lower Egyptians as foreigners, and the rulers of the Delta, or Lower Egypt, as shepherd kings. Now, it was at the court of Lower Egypt that Abraham was received; and therefore the monumental records of the facts

of the case tally with the incidents of Abraham's visit to Egypt.

The monuments say Pharaoh was the generic term of the kings of Egypt in the days of Abraham, that name being also given in Scripture. The Scripture, too, speaks of Pharaoh giving Abraham men-servants and women-servants. The monuments of that day prove that slaves existed in Egypt; and on some monuments you will see the representation of a mistress beating her slave with a rod, because the slave had incurred her displeasure. It may be asked, as the Scripture states there was a famine in Canaan in the days of Abraham, how there could be a famine in Canaan, not very far distant, while there is shown to have been plenty in Egypt. The answer is, that the condition of the two countries warrants the distinction. Canaan depended upon its rains; and if they ceased to fall, it was all over with its crops. Egypt, on the other hand, depended for its fertility on the Nile; and thus there might be plenty in Egypt, whilst there was famine in Canaan.

Sarah is said to be very fair. Let me remind you that the Nubians and Ethiopians were all very dark—the Egyptians less so; but the people of Mesopotamia, of which Sarah was a native, were almost as white as Europeans.

It is said, again, in Genesis, that Pharaoh saw the princess Sarah. This seems at first an incidental and worthless remark, and yet it instantly suggests the objection that Eastern women universally veiled their faces. But the Egyptians, it is known, formed the alone exception; and Sarah, with a good sense worthy of that illustrious princess, in things indifferent conformed to the customs of the country, whilst, we believe, in things essential she held fast to the religion of the God of Abraham.

Josephus, too, tells us that Abraham taught the Egyptians astronomy: and it is a remarkable fact, that on all the monu-

ments previous to the time of the Pharaoh whom Abraham visited, not a trace of scientific attainment is to be seen; but on the monuments subsequent to that period the evidence of immense progress in astronomical science appears.

Let me now turn to the history of Joseph. That beautiful and touching narrative at every point so synchronizes with the inscriptions on the monuments, and the customs of Egypt which have been deciphered from those monuments, that it is impossible to doubt that it is an actual and literal history. First of all, we read that Joseph was sold to the Ishmaelites, who imported into Egypt "spicery and balm and myrrh." How should it happen that there were importers into Egypt of spicery and articles of a similar nature at this remote period? Why was it that these formed such prominent articles of commerce? Most nations bury their dead, but the Egyptians embalmed their dead; and hence these merchantmen were but trading in the articles that would find the readiest market, and bring the largest percentage to those who imported them.

We read in Genesis that Joseph was sold for twenty pieces of silver. That seems a mere incidental circumstance; but on the monuments we discover rarely gold as representing the value of a thing, and generally silver; and we have evidence that silver was preferred by the Egyptians to gold, by reason of its whiteness and purity.

The purchase of Joseph by these merchants shows also that they trafficked in slaves. Let us see if there is anything on the monuments to justify this. I have seen an engraving taken from a monument representing thirty-seven stibium-makers purchased by the excavator of the tomb from a prince of the Jebusites; and these are shown as being presented to the reigning Pharaoh; thus proving that slaves, or captives taken in war and made slaves, were well known, and that slavery was frequently practised by the Egyptians.

Pharaoh said to Joseph, "If thou knowest any men of fitness, set them over my cattle." On one monument we find written in hieroglyphics, "the superintendent of the king's cattle;" and on another, "the *royal scribe* of the bodies of the cattle." These inscriptions are upwards of fifteen hundred years old. Among the cattle brought to Joseph were horses, but among the cattle given to Abraham the horse is not mentioned; and accordingly on the monuments contemporary with Abraham no trace of the horse is to be found, but on those contemporaneous with the days of Joseph the horse frequently appears.

It is said that "Joseph made a mourning for his father seven days." The Hebrew word rendered mourning is *abel*, and it means literally what is explained on the monuments—the funeral rites connected with the dead.

We read—and you all well recollect the circumstance—that Joseph had a coat of many colours. Coats of various colours, resembling Highland plaid, were worn by the most distinguished Egyptians. My countrymen will of course see here a high sanction for the kilt, the special distinctive dress of the Highland clans, the colours of which at all events can be traced to a remote antiquity. On the tomb of Pihrai, a military officer of Osartasen I., we find a number of captives, or, as there are no chains about them, more probably visitors, presented to Pharaoh; and the chief leader of them, described as chief of the Jebusites, wears a tunic, like the royal Highland plaid consisting of various colours interwoven.

It was during the reign of Aphophis, a king of the eighteenth dynasty, that Joseph came into Egypt. Joseph's title, as given him by the Egyptians, was Zaphmath-Paenaha. The first means, "he who received Neith, the Goddess of Wisdom," or, as in Scripture, None so wise as thee: the other, viz., Paenaha, means "one who flees from adultery." Joseph was purchased by Potiphar; and Potiphara, the priest whose daughter he

married, was the priest of the city of Heliopolis. It was the practice in Egypt to name the inhabitants after the local gods: thus all that belonged to Memphis, or Lower Egypt, had the title of Ptaha to their names—all that belonged to Thebes had the title of Amun added to their names; and as the Israelites were in Lower Egypt and came into contact with persons there, we find the names of those referred to in Genesis correspond with the practice of the locality wherein the Israelites dwelt. Potiphar and Potiphara accordingly are names we should expect to meet with in the city of Heliopolis, meaning, in Greek, the City of the Sun, or the City of On, two of the chief cities of Lower Egypt, and seats of the most accomplished and varied learning. There were various reasons for Pharaoh inducing Joseph to marry the daughter of the priest of On; for thus he would ally to himself and his dynasty the powerful sacerdotal class, and give increased dignity, permanence, and prestige to it.

Pharaoh, as recorded in Genesis, gives Joseph a ring. That ring was a seal; and in Eastern countries, seals are still used in the place of signatures. If, for instance, the Sultan of Turkey wished to draw such a document as a cheque, he would not sign his name to it, but append his seal: and to imitate the seal of an Eastern potentate, is just as great a crime as to forge the signature of a London merchant. Joseph then being raised to the highest authority of premier of the land, takes the seal of his office, and with it as his signature verifies all documents issued by him.

It is said that Pharaoh clothed Joseph with a linen garment, and put on him a necklace. It is found from the monuments, that whenever a high officer was invested with his dignity, he not only received a seal signet ring, but was clothed in linen; and pictures exist of official persons having necklaces put round their necks as marks of investiture.

The baker dreamed that he carried his basket on his head. Herodotus makes the remark, that men carried burdens on their heads in Egypt, and the women on their shoulders, contrary to univereal usage; and this we accordingly find in the story of the baker and his dream, which is thus so far shown to have been just as it must have occurred in Egypt.

We read, in the next place, that when Joseph was introduced to Pharaoh, he shaved off his beard. The Hebrew and most Oriental nations wore the beard, but the Egyptians universally shaved off the beard; and among the Egyptians the wearing of a beard would have caused its owner to be denounced as a slovenly and unrepresentable person.

The people of Eastern nations usually reclined at their meals: for instance, at the great sacramental festival, the Saviour and apostles reclined; and in Eastern countries they do so still. We find, however, from the monuments, that the Egyptians never reclined at their meals, but always sat: and if I address here any one connected with furniture, either in the making of it or the artistic drawing of beautiful designs for articles of furniture, or any who have a taste or talent or interest in that direction, they could not do better than study well the pictures of chairs and tables on the monuments of Egypt; for they are exquisitely beautiful, having a form and a symmetry of which our modern chairs and tables are destitute. The Bible record, then, agrees with Egyptian habits in this particular; for we find it there stated, that in the banqueting-hall Joseph *sat* by himself, his brethren *sat* by themselves, and the Egyptians by themselves. The reason, too, given in the sacred record for this separation is, that the Egyptians would not eat bread with the Hebrews. We find on the monuments that this was invariably and universally the case. The highest dignitary sat upon the throned seat, the next dignitary upon another seat, and so on downwards. The Egyptians invariably refused

to eat at the same table or to partake of the same repast with foreigners and strangers. We read also in Genesis, that Benjamin's mess was five times as much as that of either of his brothers; and Herodotus tells us that in Egypt it was always the custom to apportion the quantity of food according to the dignity of the person.

We find numbers of Egyptian words in these early Scriptures which afford evidence of their authenticity, and of Israel in Egypt. If one of us had dwelt, say in Scotland or Ireland or France, for any length of time, he would have caught the idioms of those countries, and returning, would have imported many of their words into his speech or language. Thus, by our intercourse with America, numbers of words and phrases have come to us from the other side of the Atlantic, many of which are rather objectionable, and reflect no additional splendour on our noble English tongue. In the same way, we find that among the Israelites, many words of Egyptian origin came into use. Almost all the words that apply to measures, either liquid or solid—words indicating a fixed and a high civilization—are Egyptian words. In the Bible, for instance, we find *epha*, an Egyptian word for a dry measure. You remember also the word *hin*, a liquid measure: that, also, is pure Egyptian. *Beth*, in Hebrew, means a house: *Beita*, in Egyptian, also stands for a house. What, however, is more remarkable is this, that we find the name of the race of Israel on the monuments. The name Children of Israel is a spiritual, not an ethnographic name, and does not occur in the Book of Genesis; hence the word Israel never appears in the Hieratic papyri written about the time of the exode, but the word Hebrew does. For instance, one of the scribes writes to his master, "I have obeyed the command which my master gave me, to provide subsistence for the soldiers, and also for the HEBREWS who carry stones for the

great Bekhem, or building or treasure-city of Pharaoh." Again, Lepsius, who was engaged by the Prussian Government to investigate the monuments of Egypt, found evidence of a great rise of the Nile during the elevation of Joseph. Now mark, that too high rise of the Nile is as disastrous to the crops as is too defective a one. Lepsius then found that in the days of Joseph—that is, as shown on the monuments under the reign of the king whom Joseph served—the Nile rose 27 feet 8 inches higher than the highest elevation to which it had previously risen in the greatest flood: so that this historic fact gives us at least a possible cause for the famine which is recorded in the Bible. Lepsius also found an inscription on a tomb, stating that while a great famine prevailed in all other districts, "there was corn in my district," writes the person entombed. Josephus also mentions a famine lasting seven years; and the date of that can be traced to the time when Joseph was in power. During the previous seven years of plenty, we are told that Joseph collected the corn, and stored it; and on a tomb in Egypt, a man is represented taking an account of the numbers of bushels stored up, while another man is making a registry of the quantity in each. On the monuments there are also pictures of vast storehouses into which men are gathering large quantities of corn, giving us, as it were, a practical sculptured illustration of the words, "Joseph gathered corn as the sand of the sea, very much, until he left off numbering, for it was without number."

We read, in the next place, that "Joseph said to the people, Behold, I have bought you this day and your land for Pharaoh. Lo, here is seed for you, and ye shall sow the land. And it shall come to pass in the increase that ye shall give the fifth part unto Pharaoh, and the fourth part shall be your own." This is the first instance we have of an historic income-tax; and a masterly stroke it was in

Joseph to devise it. Here was a tax levied by him of no less than twenty per cent. Hence, *after* the time of Joseph, the prime minister of Pharaoh, we find unprecedented traces of the greatness and accumulating wealth of the Pharaohs. Previously to the time of Joseph, the monuments and sarcophagi were comparatively mean; but after that period—after the levying of this extraordinary tax—we find tombs and monuments of the utmost magnificence, composed of porphyry and granite,—pictures also representing scenes of splendid pageantry, with Pharaoh in each of them as the central object; whereas in the times preceding Joseph, Pharaoh never—or certainly rarely—appears.

You will be interested to hear that a great search was a long time made to discover, if it were possible, the tomb of Joseph. You will also recollect, he gave instructions for his bones to be carried into the promised land of his people. Joseph died 144 years before the exode of Israel from Egypt, and all that is said in Genesis of his remains is that he was put in a coffin in Egypt. We know, however, what all precedents show, that so illustrious a benefactor—so eminent a prime minister of his country—would not be left without a monument, or tomb, or sarcophagus of porphyry or granite, or some other precious material. At last this was, I think, incontestably discovered. There was found at Sakkara, near Memphis, a tomb on which was deciphered the name and titles of Joseph, and the word *abrecht*, “bow the knee;” and again, what would have startled the good Bishop of Natal, they found this Joseph actually described as the director of the granaries of Egypt: and coupled with this, we find full particulars concerning the irrigations of the Nile, &c.;—so far proving by this simple discovery that Joseph was an actual and living person in Egypt, who lived a life of illustrious usefulness, and who died and was honoured by the Egyptians, whilst 144 years afterwards his bones were

carried by his beloved countrymen to that land on which his heart and affections were continually set.

I turn from this to the king that knew not Joseph. We read that there arose up a new king over Egypt, that knew not Joseph. That king was unquestionably Pharaoh-Rameses; for his name occurs on every monument in the land of Goshen, where the Israelites dwelt. We are told that he employed no less than 500,000 slaves to work in mortar and bricks; and consequently, from this available labour the monuments of this Pharaoh vastly exceed in number and splendour all the monuments of all the Pharaohs of Egypt put together. Andracontes, sphinxes, statues, and other monumental remains of this period, are countless in number; and Diodorus Siculus, who visited Egypt sixty years before Christ, states that this Pharaoh made enormous additions to the Temple of Pthah in Memphis, and built fortifications to the extent of 166 miles. Now in these great and costly works, composed of granite and limestone and bricks, he must have employed vast numbers of labourers, seeing that they were executed in a comparatively short reign. The priests, however, told Diodorus Siculus that not a single Egyptian was employed in the construction of these works; while the monuments absolutely prove that no captives taken in war could have performed them. Who, then, were the slaves referred to? The Bible only gives the answer, they were the Israelites: and this is the only account that fits the case, and shows us the historic truth of Scripture illustrated by the facts and historic incidents of Egypt.

Again, according to the Mosaic account, Pharaoh said, "Ye shall no more give the people straw to make bricks as heretofore: let them go and gather straw for themselves." And the taskmasters compelled them to fulfil the daily task as when there was straw. The meaning of this was, that

formerly straw was gathered by persons specially appointed to that task, who brought it to the brickmakers ; but afterwards the brickmakers were compelled by Pharaoh to collect the stubble themselves, and yet to produce as many bricks as before. We find *brick* pyramids built at that period, and also that the bricks used in these pyramids were made of mud of the Nile compacted with straw, which straw is visible at this moment. In the next place, in the pictures of the slaves employed we can see the marked characteristic Jewish profile, as well as the marked Egyptian profile of the task-masters, standing over them each with a stick, and beating those who did not accomplish the required number of bricks.

In the midst of this period of distress, we read, Moses was born, and laid for safety in an ark on the Nile. On the monuments we constantly find pictures of baskets of papyrus; and the name given to them in Egypt is the very name given in Exodus, viz., *tebah*; which means an ark, and is a purely Egyptian word. The princess who rescued Moses was the daughter of Pharaoh Rameses, and wife of Septha, to whom she was united although he was a mere child. On her tomb we find her described as "priestess of Eve or Hathor, wife of Athom or Adam." The name of the child she rescued from the Nile is in our Bible Moses. The Egyptian name was given because he was drawn from the waters of the Nile, or, literally, because plucked from Noah of the waters of the Nile. It is remarkable that the name of Moses should have the name of Noah included in it. Pharaoh's daughter had the government of Egypt at that time, during the absence of Rameses. Evidently, too, there must have been some lightening of the persecution of the Israelites at that period. You remember reading of their wishing they had remained in the land of Egypt, when they sat by the flesh-pots, and did eat bread to the full, as though there was a period when their labours were lightened and

their troubles lessened. Now, under Pharaoh's daughter, there evidently was a lightening of their condition. Her womanly feeling would probably lead her to mitigate their hardships; and probably some sympathy with the Israelites made her still more compassionate towards them. When Moses was rescued by her, he was educated, we are told, in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. This princess died; and before she died, it appears probable that she proposed to Moses that he should be her successor to the throne; for this alone would explain the language of Scripture, which states that "Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season," seeing that a person cannot refuse what he is not asked to be or accept. In connexion with this princess, it is also remarkable that on an obelisk erected by her at Thebes, she is called, among other titles, "the daughter of Pharaoh,"—the very epithet so constantly employed in Scripture.

I turn to the period of the exodus. The account given by Manetho, an Egyptian historian, who lived 200 years before Christ, of the exodus is this: "The whole of the country was afflicted with leprosy, and the king was ordered by the gods to clear the country of certain strangers *to whom the leprosy was confined*. He therefore set these strangers to work in quarries as slaves; and they afterwards chose one Moses as their leader, and with him at their head were expelled by Pharaoh." That is the distorted story of this pagan writer of the Exodus. Hecateus of Abdera writes that "a plague broke out in Egypt, which was generally believed to be a punishment sent by the gods for the sin of keeping foreigners in the country, who were therefore expelled, and the great mass of them withdrew to a country now called Judea, under their leader, whose name was Moses, and who, being distinguished by his wisdom and courage,

captured a country called Judea, and built a city, Hierosolyma, which since that day has become very famous."

This is the kind of history of these remote ages which is given by persons who were not Christians; but you will perceive in the distorted traditions which they give, grains of the ancient and everlasting truth which go very far to vindicate the claims of the Pentateuch to be held as a literal and historic work.

We now come to the close of the Israelites' sojourn in Egypt. Certain divines say that as the Israelites never were in Egypt, they never marched out of Egypt, never had lambs for the celebration of the Passover, and that Pharaoh did not pursue them into the Red Sea, and perish therein. Have we any evidence from Egyptian sources that these persons are mistaken in these particulars?

I give the following evidence, which I think most important. We find the Pharaoh before whom the Israelites marched out of Egypt was Amaris or Thothmosis the Fourth; and we find this Pharaoh had two sons. On a monument, a copy of which I have seen, the queen of Thothmosis the Fourth is represented as seated on a beautiful Egyptian chair, with a lady on either side of her, each of whom is chafing one of her hands, while an Ethiopian slave is presenting a new-born infant. This infant is recorded to be the eldest son of Thothmosis the Fourth; but, strange to say, as we proceed to decipher the monuments, we find it was the second or younger son of Thothmosis the Fourth, that, contrary to the law and usages of Egypt, succeeded to the throne. We can show that there were two sons, that they were not twins, that the youngest mounted the throne, and that the eldest ceased to be spoken of. The explanation of what seems an Egyptian incident is found in the old-fashioned but glorious book, which tells us that the Angel of Death passed through Egypt that night and smote all the first-born of Egypt, from

the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne to the first-born of the captive that was in the dungeon.

This Thothmosis the Fourth is the only Pharaoh of his dynasty who has no tomb. It seems a very remarkable fact that those who preceded him, as well as those who succeeded him, had tombs, but that there is nothing like a sarcophagus or pyramid, of granite or limestone, or tomb of any sort, for Thothmosis the Fourth,—that is, the Pharaoh of the exode. Great search has been made for it; and the only thing approaching to it is a slab between the paws of the sphinx at Ghazeh, and another opposite the island of Phile on the Nile. The inscriptions on these slabs go to show that his reign was a troubled reign. I may here mention that the Egyptians never or rarely recorded anything discreditable to their country or their monarchs. The inscriptions on these slabs, therefore, simply state concerning this Pharaoh, that he conquered both Egypts, that he reigned so long, and then that his reign was troubled; and the sculptor ends with the words “and then ——” after which there is a deep blank line, as if something had occurred which the sculptor well knew, though he would not record it. Let us hear what fills up the long, deep, blank, dumb line :—“And Pharaoh, and his chariots and horsemen, pursued the Israelites to the Red Sea :” and that sea, which was a promenade for Israel, collapsed, and became a grave for Pharaoh and all his chivalry.

I might go on from incident to incident of a similar description, all of which tend to the one great point before us, viz, the vindication, from a new and disinterested source, of the Scripture as an historic record. We appeal, if I may so speak, from Moses, the ancient servant of his afterwards rejected Lord, to the Pharaohs of every dynasty of Egypt, for evidence that God’s word is historical or true. The ancient mummy comes forth from the realm of the silent dead, holding in its hand the ancient but expressive papyrus; and on

that papyrus appears emphatic testimony to the truth of the word of God.

Osborne, Wilkinson, Lepsius, Rossellini, roll away the stone from the mouth of the pyramidal tomb. God's word, the lamp from off the everlasting throne, lets fall its light, and you see the shadows of Moses, of Abraham, and of Joseph, projected from the living originals of three thousand years ago, demonstrating, as shadows prove substance, that these persons were living and historic, and actual persons. Depend upon it, there is no charm that will avail against what is coming out every day with greater lustre, power, and effect—the strict and full inspiration and the historic accuracy of God's holy word. The tube of the astronomer can neither detect nor reveal any speck in the Sun of righteousness; the hammer of the geologist can never chip a fragment from the Rock of Ages; the crucible of the chemist will disperse the mere alloy, but the gold, seven times purified, will come out brighter than ever; no boulder from pre-Adamite ages can ever overturn a text in the word of God; the shortest beatitude of Matthew will yet outlive the pyramids of Egypt; in no strata of the earth have any fossil remains of a departed age been discovered older than the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob; on no coast or reef or shore will ever be wrecked that freight of life, and light, and love, and beauty, which the Bible carries sublimely across the waves of ages; dissection will only reveal its beauties, opposition will only give impulse to its spread; it will mount with a wing that will not be numbed amidst the regions of polar realms, or relaxed amid the fervour of equatorial suns; demonstrating in its results, that

“Truth crushed to earth will rise again;
Th' eternal years of God are hers;
But error wounded writhes with pain,
And dies amidst her worshippers.”

Missions and Missionaries of
the last Half-Century.

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A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. MARMADUKE C. OSBORN.

MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES OF THE LAST HALF-CENTURY.

A FEW months ago the Bishop of Oxford delivered an address on Missions in the city of Manchester. It was an address eminently characteristic, and in every way worthy of his lordship's high reputation. This address brought out an article in the *Times* on the subject of Foreign Missions, which appeared on the 14th October, 1863. In this article the writer affirms that Missions to the heathen do not excite the interest and command the support to which they are entitled, and asks how it is that whilst merchants and manufacturers from the heart of the black country build and endow handsome churches, and others spend immense sums for purposes of mental and social improvement, and are always forward in every good work, very few are troubling themselves much about the propagation of the gospel; the richest and the most generous being content to give "the merest trifles towards the extension of that heavenly kingdom which, besides its sublimer aspects, is, beyond a doubt, the great political power, the civilization, and the hope of the world." In reply to his own question, the writer goes on to say that the reason for all this is to be found in the "absence of those facts, those details, that account of results which Englishmen require in every matter they take in

hand." "The people at large do not care for the matter because they cannot realize that anything is done. One seems to hear them say—'Tell us what is done. How many converts have you made? What sort of men were they? What sort of men are they now? Describe this new offshoot of the Primitive Church, planted and thriving in a new soil. Tell us all about it. We want to be introduced to our new relations.'"

The writer then proceeds to affirm that on these points there is no satisfaction to be had: that very few people can obtain any information about Missions or Missionaries, or converts: that the reports of the various societies are unreadable and unread, and indeed that they were never intended to be read; and that it is the almost universal belief that there is no work in progress worthy of the name. "As it has been calculated that in the Peninsular war, for every Frenchman killed we had sent out the weight of a man in lead and eight times that weight in iron, so it is believed that the conversions bear no proportion whatever to the means and agency employed. If this be not so—if multitudes hear and gladly believe—if pentecostal wonders are repeated in city after city—if there is any considerable success anywhere, why are the British public not made thoroughly acquainted with it in language which they can read, believe, and feel? If there is anything worth telling, it can always be told, and there are always those who will read it."

One scarcely knows whether to feel pity or indignation,—whether to laugh or be angry, on reading this article, in which such astounding ignorance is so audaciously paraded. It is difficult to understand how educated men can be such utter strangers to the religious literature of the day: and it is equally difficult to appreciate the modesty which prompts them to pronounce so oracularly on subjects about which

they obviously know so little. I am here to affirm that, on the subject of Christian Missions, there is something to tell; that it is worth telling: that it can be and is told in language which the British public can read, believe, and feel; and that there are those who read what is told, although it is very evident that there are some who ought to read it, but do not.

In the *Morning Advertiser* of the following day there was an article on this curious diatribe in the *Times*, in which the writer says:—"This is only a new variation of Mr. John Wilson Croker's ignorance of the whereabouts of Bloomsbury; and of Beau Brummell's exquisite reply to the beggar who asked him for a halfpenny. 'A halfpenny!' said he; 'really, my good woman, I can't say that I ever saw one: will a shilling do?' In certain circles it is thought a chief point of good taste and good breeding to be intensely ignorant of everything that is deemed low and vulgar. 'You have never been to Exeter Hall, I suppose,' says one club loungee to another. 'No, indeed: God forbid that I ever should,' is the prompt reply. Thus these people are first 'willingly ignorant,' and then they coolly justify themselves by asserting that there is nothing to be known."

It may be the misfortune, but it certainly is not the fault of the various Missionary Societies, that some people are ignorant of their existence and success. All have not succeeded equally perhaps. Sometimes results have been remote; but patient and persevering toil has invariably been crowned with success, and the uniform testimony of the messengers of the churches is:—"Now thanks be to God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of his knowledge by us in every place." These successes are duly chronicled, and in such a form too as to make the records profoundly interesting to all who have any real spiritual sympathy with the lofty enterprize.

It may be that in the judgment of some persons annual reports are "unreadable and unread," but it has been well said, "So are the Blue Books of the House of Commons, upon which the nation spends £100,000 every year. Documents of this kind are not light reading. They are neither poems nor romances: they have neither completeness nor ornament. They are only chapters in a long history. An indifferent and uninterested person cannot understand them, because they require and assume a previous knowledge of the subject. Accordingly he soon throws them down, pronounces all such books to be unreadable, and assumes them to be unread."

Reports are for the most part business documents, and abound in what, when taken alone, may be deemed dry details. But there is other missionary literature, and I do not hesitate to affirm that for power, poetry, romance, thrilling incident, and sterling interest, there is nothing in modern literature to surpass the records of missionary adventure and enterprize. Let any unprejudiced person read the published journals of the missionaries, the intelligence contained in the regular monthly and quarterly papers of the various societies, and the records of the labours of missionary heroes and martyrs who have gone to their reward, and I greatly mistake if he will not come to the conclusion that there is something to tell,—that it is told, and told well,—and that they who will not and do not read it are very seriously in fault, and ought to be silent on a subject which they do not understand, and on which they are not qualified to pronounce.

Very soon after the subject of the present Lecture was determined, I found myself in difficulties. I discovered that my purpose and plan had been to some extent anticipated by the Rev. W. B. Boyce, in a valuable pamphlet entitled "Statistics of Protestant Missionary Societies."

But that has not proved an unmixed evil, for the pamphlet in question has been of great service to me in the preparation of this lecture, and I hereby acknowledge my indebtedness. I have also availed myself of the published documents of the societies named, and of every other reliable source of information to which I could obtain access. This subject has assumed proportions as I have proceeded, which have greatly embarrassed me. I have been cumbered with superabundant material. My difficulty has been in selection. I have been obliged to cultivate the art of blotting, and to learn what not to say. I have reluctantly passed over many inviting fields, and omitted the mention of many honoured names. To have given the barest outlines of the operations of the various Missions conducted under the auspices of the different sections of the Church of Christ, would have been to swell this Lecture into the dimensions of a volume, and to trespass unduly upon your patience.

I propose briefly to mention the various societies, and to furnish statistics of their agency and operations; and then to sketch the history and condition of existing Missions in different parts of the world, reserving two or three for special and more extended notice. In doing this, I intend to tell a plain, unvarnished tale, and shall not attempt any flights of oratory or rhetorical embellishments.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts commenced its labours in 1701. It has extensive Missions in India, employs 800 agents, including catechists, teachers, and students, has upwards of 6,000 communicants, and enjoys an income of £66,000.

The Baptist Missionary Society was originated in 1792. Its operations in India have been greatly blessed. It has been distinguished by the part its agents have taken in the translation of the Word of God into the languages of India. It has at present 66 missionaries, 148 other agents, nearly

6,000 communicants, as many scholars in its various schools, and an income of upwards of £30,000.

The London Missionary Society took its rise in 1795. It was originally composed of persons of various Protestant denominations, but is now conducted by the Congregationalists. It has large and prosperous Missions in the South Sea Islands, in South Africa, India, and China, and its work in Madagascar has contributed one of the most brilliant and yet one of the most bloody chapters in the annals of modern Church history. It employs 170 Missionaries and 700 native agents. It has upwards of 20,000 communicants, 36,000 scholars in its Mission Schools, and is sustained by an income of more than £80,000.

The Church of England Missionary Society was organized in the year 1800. Its agents have laboured with much success in Western Africa, Malta, Greece, Egypt, Abyssinia, India, New South Wales, New Zealand, and the territory of the Hudson's Bay Company. It has 270 ordained Missionaries, upwards of 2,000 other agents, more than 20,000 communicants, 54,000 scholars in its schools, and an income of £138,000.

The various Churches of Scotland have all flourishing Missions. India has been the field of their choice, and their labours have been largely devoted to the cause of Christian education.

The Missions of the United Brethren, or Moravians, were commenced in 1732. The congregation originating the first Mission consisted only of 600 persons, most of them poor despised exiles: and yet, in the short space of nine years, they sent Missionaries to Greenland, to the West Indies, to the Indians of North America, to the Negroes of South Carolina, to Lapland, Tartary, Guinea, the Cape of Good Hope, and the island of Ceylon. But these early Missions were of a very simple and inexpensive type. The Mission-

aries started without knowing how they were to reach their destination, but trusting in God, and frequently supporting themselves by the labour of their own hands. From the commencement they have sent forth 2,000 agents. They have now 180 Missionaries, and 120 other agents, some of whom are employed in Greenland, where their congregations and communicants a few years ago amounted to one-fourth of the whole population; others are labouring in the West Indies, North America, South America, Tartary, Persia, Egypt, Labrador, the Nicobar Islands, and South Africa. These Missions are sustained at an annual cost of £45,000.

The time would fail me to tell of the various Missionary Societies of Germany, France, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Holland. Suffice it to say, that the Churches of these lands have extensive agencies, and are labouring diligently and successfully in the vineyard of the Lord.

Our brethren in America have not been backward in this enterprize. They have some twelve or fourteen separate Missionary organizations, employing nearly 2000 Missionaries and other agents; having upwards of 50,000 communicants; 20,000 scholars under instruction in their schools, and an annual revenue of £180,000. Their operations are spread over India, China, the Sandwich Islands, North America, Greece, Turkey, Syria, Persia, and Western and Southern Africa.

And now it may be permitted me modestly to mention that Society with which I am myself more immediately identified. The Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society took its rise just fifty years ago. The Methodist Churches had Missions before that time, but not a Missionary Society. In the year 1769 a Mission was commenced which has resulted in the establishment of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America—the largest Protestant Church in the whole world—and in 1785 Missions in the West Indies

were originated by Dr. Coke; but it was not until 1813 that a Society was formed, and that was not for the whole connexion, but only for the Leeds district. In 1817, however, the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society proper was duly constituted, and since that time it has taken no mean part, and occupied no unworthy position. It has established Missions in Ireland, France, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, Spain, Ceylon and Continental India, China, South Africa, Western Africa, the West Indies, Canada and Eastern British America, Australia, New Zealand, and the Friendly and Fiji Islands. It has now 605 stations, 4618 chapels and other preaching places, 889 Missionaries and Assistant Missionaries, 1300 other paid agents, such as catechists, interpreters, and day-school teachers; upwards of 15,000 unpaid agents, such as local preachers, sabbath-school teachers, &c.; 140,000 full and accredited church members, with 13,000 on trial for church membership; 146,000 scholars in its various day and sabbath-schools, and a number of printing establishments from which millions of pages of Bible truths are issued annually. During the last fifty years the Methodist people have contributed nearly four millions sterling for Missionary purposes. The Society enjoys an annual income of £140,000, and is just celebrating its jubilee and raising a special fund which will be devoted to the consolidation and extension of the Society's operations in various important departments. "Not unto us, O Lord; not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory, for Thy mercy and for Thy truth's sake."

It is gratifying to know that the labours of all these various organizations have been crowned with success. No one Society has enjoyed a monopoly in this respect. All have in a greater or lesser degree given proofs of their Apostleship, and been blessed with tokens of the Divine approval. "When John had heard in the prison the works

of Christ, he sent two of his disciples, and said unto Him, Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another? Jesus answered and said unto them, Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see: The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them." When the Lord Jesus gave sight to a man that was born blind, the Jews came to Him and said, "Give God the praise: we know that this man is a sinner." The man shrewdly replied, "Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not: one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see. Since the world began was it not heard that any man opened the eyes of one that was born blind. If this man were not of God, he could do nothing." The Missionaries of the various societies I have named can gather about them multitudes who were once sitting in darkness and in the region of the death shade, victims of the most debasing superstitions, and addicted to the most abominable idolatries; and after describing the profoundest depths of degradation to which unsanctified humanity ever stooped, they can say, "And such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." "Ye are our epistle written in our hearts, known and read of all men." "If I be not an apostle unto others, yet, doubtless, I am to you, for the seal of mine apostleship are ye in the Lord."

In attempting a sketch of the various Missions conducted in different parts of the world, I can only give the very barest outlines of their toils and triumphs, in the hope that you will be prompted to fill up the outlines for yourselves. I must pass over much that is interesting and instructive in the history of Missions in France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Greece, Turkey, Persia, and elsewhere, which

have been mainly directed to the revival and reformation of the nominal Christian churches of these lands, and direct your attention to those Missions which have been originated and prosecuted among pagan people.

CHINA.

Dr. Morrison, of the London Missionary Society, was the first Protestant Missionary to the Celestial Empire. He landed in Macao in 1807. His enterprize was regarded as quixotic, utopian, and hopeless. It was thought to be a case of "absurdity in hysterics, preposterousness run mad, illusion dancing in the maddest frenzy, the unsubstantial dream and vision of a dreamer who dreams that he has been dreaming." But, nothing daunted by the unbelief of friends and the derision of foes, he steadily persevered. He laboured diligently in the acquisition of the language, and then proceeded to prepare a grammar, lexicon, and translation of the Scriptures, and thus laid the foundation for future evangelistic operations amongst a population of four hundred millions of souls. For many years China was all but inaccessible to the Christian Missionary. Now, however, there is a wide breach in the great wall. More than one hundred European Missionaries are labouring in China, and the Chinese churches contain 3,000 native Christians, whilst the word of God and other Christian books are being circulated by millions throughout the empire. But that which affords the greatest hope for the Gospel in China is the extensive emigration which has been going on for some time. Thousands of Chinese, attracted by the gold discoveries, have emigrated recently to California and Australia. They have thus been brought into more intimate contact with Europeans; their prejudices have greatly abated; in many instances they have heard of

and been led to embrace "the common salvation;" and they are now going back as Missionaries to their own countrymen, and are engaged in proclaiming amongst them the unsearchable riches of Christ.

The agents of the London Missionary Society have been followed to China by the Baptists, the Church of England, the various American churches, and, about twelve years ago, by the Wesleyan Methodists.

The last-named Society was almost forced into the field. Its managers had long contemplated a Mission in China, but were not then prepared to enter upon such a gigantic undertaking. Just at this time the Lord touched the heart of a young man named George Piercy, the son of a Yorkshire farmer, and filled him with an irrepressible desire to go as a Missionary to the Chinese. He presented himself at the Wesleyan Mission House in Bishopsgate Street, and announced his desire and purpose; at the same time declaring that he was so satisfied that it was his duty to go to China, that, if they would not send him, he would devote his own little property to the expenses of his outfit and passage, and that, on his arrival, he would work for his living during part of the week, and spend the other part in preaching the Gospel to the people. The secretaries expostulated with him, pointed out the difficulties of the enterprise, and begged him, at any rate, to wait for further light and clearer indications of the Divine will. They were not prepared to commence a Mission in China, and it was by no means clear that they would have selected him for the work if they had been so prepared. They had no alternative but to decline his offer. This, however, did not disturb his conviction or shake his purpose. He solemnly believed that it was his duty to go as a Missionary to China—and go he would—and go he did. The Missionary Committee gave him letters of introduction, and assisted him so far as

they could, without committing themselves or incurring any responsibility. In due time he arrived safely at Canton, and at once enquired for Dr. Legge, of the London Society, who received him with Christian kindness, and subsequently treated him with paternal affection. He next made his way to the garrison, and gathered about him a few Methodist soldiers stationed there, and then began to study the language with untiring industry and zeal. Shortly afterwards he proceeded to examine himself as a candidate for the Christian ministry. He sent home written answers to the accustomed questions relating to personal piety, doctrinal views, and church polity: and formally offered himself to the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of 1851. His offer was accepted; during the year two brethren were appointed to join him; and in the Minutes of the Conference of 1852 there appears for the first time in the list of the stations of ministers, this appointment:—

“China—George Piercy; W. R. Beach; Josiah Cox.”

The Lord has graciously sustained and blessed his servants in the midst of much privation and peril incident to insurrection and war. Their number has been increased to seven, and eleven more are “earnestly requested.” Houses have been purchased or built for the Missionaries and their families: five small chapels have also been erected: schools have been established, and the nucleus of a vigorous Methodist Missionary organization is now in existence in China. Now, Sir, I maintain that the story of George Piercy and the commencement of the Wesleyan Mission in China is scarcely surpassed in the annals of modern Missionary enterprise. George Piercy is surely entitled to take rank amongst the most heroic and devoted men whose names shine conspicuously on the bead-roll of the churches: and his career serves to cheer us by the indication that the spirit which animated the fathers and founders of these Missionary or-

ganizations has been transmitted to their son's, who have been baptized for the dead, and, Elisha-like, have caught the mantle of the departed Elijahs. The Spartans had an annual custom, something like the following :—They met at some given place, and formed in order of procession. The old people went first, the middle-aged followed after, and the young folks brought up the rear. After walking thus for some time, they ascended a platform erected for the purpose, still retaining their relative positions. The old people, then turning to the middle-aged, said,—

“ We have been in days of old,
Wise and generous, brave and bold.”

To which the middle-aged replied—

“ What in days of old ye were,
We at this present moment are.”

And then the young folks chimed in—

“ Hereafter, at our country's call,
We promise to excel you all.”

Now, it seems to me that this language might be appropriately adopted by the messengers of the churches to foreign lands. There are, in connexion with the various societies, grave and reverend signiors who may justly take up the language of the old Spartans; and there are heroic men, now bearing the burden and heat of the day in the high places of the field, who may fairly respond in the words of the middle-aged; and there are young men of piety and promise rising up amongst us, of whom George Piercy is a type, whose conduct seems to say,—

“ Hereafter, at our Church's call,
We promise to excel you all.”

SOUTHERN AFRICA.

The Missions in Southern Africa are amongst the most interesting of modern times. The first Mission to the Hot-

tentots in the Cape Colony was commenced by the Moravians in 1737. In 1798, the London Missionary Society commenced its labours in the colony. The name of Dr. Vanderkemp will always be remembered gratefully as that of the first Missionary to the Kaffirs. Robert Moffat and David Livingstone have also earned for themselves imperishable names in these lands. The Wesleyan Mission to the western portion of the Cape colony was commenced in 1812, and, in 1815, Barnabas Shaw began his labours in Little Namaqualand. He was sent out to the Cape of Good Hope to preach the gospel to the slaves of that colony, and also to the pagans of Africa, as opportunity might serve. The Dutch farmers opposing his wishes to preach to the slaves, he determined to push into the interior. He feared at first to name his wishes to his wife, until, on one occasion, whilst one of the Missionaries of the London Society was speaking to them of the state of the Namaequis, and their desire for teachers, Mrs. Shaw said, "We will go with you." And then, turning to her husband, added, "The Lord is opening our way to the poor heathen: if we refuse to go we shall offend Him. If expense be a difficulty, tell the committee we will bear as much of it as we can ourselves. We have each of us a little property in Yorkshire: let it go for this."

Accordingly they started,—Mrs. Shaw deeming it a small sacrifice to sleep in a waggon for months together, to travel through a dreary wilderness, and to endure heat and cold, hunger and thirst, weariness and pain, if the poor dejected sons of Ham might but be taught the way of salvation. Their convictions of duty were strikingly confirmed when, after journeying for several weeks, they met six Hottentots travelling on foot, one of whom proved to be the captain of a kraal, of whom they had previously heard that he was enquiring for a missionary. This man had heard some stray gospel rumours, was anxious for further instruction, and was

delighted beyond measure when he met Mr. Shaw, and learned the object of his journey. Mr. Shaw accompanied him to the mountain where he and his people resided, and forthwith established a Mission amongst them. They were a people prepared of the Lord, and his labours were soon crowned with success. In the various public religious services the people were visibly and powerfully affected. They sighed, and wept aloud, and roared for the disquietude of their souls: and then, when pardoning love took place, they rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. After Divine service they retired for prayer among the rocks: and others might be heard in their huts engaged in earnest prayer or singing the high praises of God. A number of them were shortly baptized, and Christian churches formed. Agriculture and the useful arts were introduced: all the accustomed concomitants of civilization and religion ensued, and amongst this people the Gospel has subsequently won splendid victories and been greatly glorified.

Whilst Barnabas Shaw was toiling amongst the Hottentots of Namaqualand, William Shaw, who went out as chaplain to a number of colonists on the Eastern frontier, had his attention directed to the state of the people beyond the limits of the colony, and resolved to go to their help. Just at this crisis there was an incursion of the Kaffirs, several of the colonists were murdered, and a large number of cattle driven away. Mr. Shaw's friends then gathered round him, and endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose; whereupon his wife stepped in and said—"If these people are so bad as to be guilty of such atrocities, there is all the more need that we should go and teach them better." That settled the matter, and they went. When they reached the river separating the colony from the Kaffir country they had to cut a path down to the river's side, and another up on the opposite bank, and then with their waggon and oxen they

struck into the country, hewing a way for themselves through the bush, and originating a road which now stretches 500 miles in a direct line, and is the Great North Road of Kaffirland. I may not attempt to tell the story of Mr. Shaw's Mission. He has done that himself, only too modestly. Suffice it to say that, as the result of labours thus commenced, thousands of poor Kaffirs have been reclaimed from Paganism, instructed in the truths of the Gospel, and made happy partakers of its priceless benefits. Agriculture, commerce, and all the arts and amenities of civilized life have ensued, and in the introduction of these improvements the Shaws of the Wesleyan Missionary Society have played no mean part. In one matter William Shaw did great service and won distinguished honours. He interposed so successfully on behalf of the women of the country, that they unanimously resolved to change his name in token of their gratitude. And, accordingly, whereas he had been known amongst them as "Jikanopondo," signifying "The turned horn," in allusion to the manner in which he dressed his hair, he was thenceforth called "Kakalabafazi," signifying "The shield of woman," and by that name they continue to designate their friend and benefactor. For less distinguished services than those rendered by William Shaw in Southern Africa many a man has been rewarded with a peerage, and has been buried in pomp in Westminster Abbey. But he continues a laborious Methodist preacher, looking for a richer reward and more exalted honours at the resurrection of the just.

Other societies have since occupied stations in and beyond the colonial settlements. Within the colony the Dutch Reformed and English Churches have their respective agencies. The London Missionary Society is doing good service. Four English bishops exercise their episcopal functions in South Africa. By the various societies 224 stations are occupied,

and upwards of 350 agents are employed; indeed, no country is better supplied with Missionaries. There are 144 schools under the care of 148 teachers, and containing 15,000 scholars. We have "new relations" in South Africa in the shape of 20,000 converted Hottentots and Kaffirs, and 45,000 regular hearers in the various churches and chapels of the land. Some time ago a new chapel was built and opened amongst them, and immediately numbers of these converted Pagans took family pews, and went to the house of God in families, the children walking first, and the man and his wife following arm-in-arm behind. At first this was a strange sight. When the heathen Kaffirs saw it, they rushed to the doors of their huts, and in amazement and indignation exclaimed—"There's a man yonder who has made himself into a woman's walking-stick."

During the desolating Kaffir wars which occurred some years ago, these "new relations" of ours were faithful to the Colonial Government, and refused to take part with their Pagan countrymen. These wars greatly retarded the progress of civilization and religion amongst the people; but in South Africa the glory of the Lord has been revealed, and a work has been commenced which shall never be arrested until the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ, and the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth.

We must pass by Eastern Africa, and say a few words about

MADAGASCAR.

A mission was commenced on this island in 1818 by the London Society. It enjoyed the protection and countenance of the King until he died in 1828. One of his wives succeeded to the throne, who immediately on her accession

assured the Missionaries that they need be under no apprehension, and promised them her royal favour. For a time things went on well, but symptoms of change shortly appeared. In March, 1835, an assembly of the people was called by order of the Queen, and the entire population met. To this assembly she sent a message expressing her indignation that any of her people should have dared to depart from the old established customs, to despise the gods, to neglect divinations, to receive and practise a new religion, and to observe other usages of the foreigners. The people were required within one month, on pain of death, to come forward and accuse themselves of whatever they had done of the things now proscribed, particularly such as had been baptized, attended prayer meetings, united in Christian worship, or learned to read. They were then severely punished, degraded in rank, stripped of their civil and military honours, and heavily fined. Prayer in the name of Jesus was forbidden. Offenders were to be put to death, their property confiscated, and their families sold into slavery. Then commenced a system of persecution unequalled in modern times. The Christians, not fearing the wrath of the Queen, continued to meet for prayer and worship, but being betrayed to the government, a number of them were made slaves, and others were put to death. Some perished at the stake, some were poisoned, others were flogged to death, and others again were dashed headlong from rocks 170 feet high. But their faith failed not. They met death in its most frightful forms with the intrepidity and fortitude of true Christian martyrs. They glorified God in the fires, and sang his praises until their mouths were stuffed with straw to prevent them, or until the flames choked their utterance. The manner in which they endured and died produced a profound impression upon the people. The Queen proposed that all the Christians should be put to death; but one of her

officers advised her otherwise, saying, "It is the nature of the white man's religion,—that the more you kill, the more people will receive it." And so it was, and ever has been; for whilst 200 went into the furnace, 7,000 came out of it. The blood of the martyrs has been the seed of the Church, For many years missionary operations in Madagascar were in abeyance; but among the nobles of the land and the people generally Christianity has spread and flourished notwithstanding. A few years ago, the persecuting queen died, and her son, who succeeded her on the throne, granted toleration to the Christians, and the door was once more opened. This same King, however, has been recently assassinated; but the Queen, who has assumed the reins of government, has adopted his policy, and the prospects of the Mission are bright with hope and promise. Several Missionaries of the London Society have recently sailed for Madagascar, and memorial chapels are being built on the scenes of the various martyrdoms, in which our new relations, 8000 Malagasy Christians, may worship according to their consciences, none daring to make them afraid.

The Bishop of Mauritius has recently paid a visit to the island, and he bears the most generous and unqualified testimony to the blessed results of the labours of the agents of the London Society. He affirms his belief that the work which they initiated is in very deed the work of God, and declares his purpose, first, never to be a party to any interference with that work; whilst, secondly, he is resolved to vindicate the right of the Church of England to go to Madagascar, or anywhere else, to preach among the people the unsearchable riches of Christ. The truth is, there is plenty of room for all, and "'tis strange, 'tis passing strange, 'tis pitiful, 'tis wondrous pitiful," to see different sections of the Church of Christ squabbling about such matters. While these unworthy contentions are going on, souls are

perishing, and Jesus is being wounded in the house of his friends. The Bishop speaks in terms of strong approval of the Malagasy version of the Sacred Scriptures; and informs us further that when he wanted a translation of the Book of Common Prayer, and knew not how to obtain one, some one suggested a Dissenting minister, at Sydney, as the likeliest person to undertake the task. His Lordship hesitated, not deeming it very probable that he would get help in that quarter. He resolved at length, however, to make the venture. He wrote to the reverend gentleman explaining his difficulty, and naming his request. Very shortly, he received a reply from his Dissenting brother, recording his admiration of the book, telling how his mother taught him the Collects when he was a boy, and expressing the pleasure it would give him to comply with the Bishop's request. Surely, our modern prophets are not far wrong. The Millennium must be near!

THE WEST INDIES.

Public interest in West Indian Missions has greatly abated in these days; but few Missions have a more thrilling history or been productive of more blessed results. They were commenced by the Moravians in 1733. The Baptists, Independents, Wesleyan Methodists, and others have since laboured, and suffered, and triumphed in these islands. They met with much opposition and discouragement from the climate, the degraded character and condition of the people, and the jealousy and cupidity of the slave interest. The persecutions endured by the early Missionaries in the West Indies were appalling. They were subjected to all manner of ignominy and insult. They were beaten by lawless mobs; dragged before despotic and merciless magistrates; thrown into loathsome

dungeons amongst thieves and murderers; tarred and feathered in their own homes; and their houses and chapels pulled down about their ears, or fired by the torch of the incendiary. But they steadily persevered in their work, and their labours were not in vain in the Lord. Their toils and sufferings in the cause of emancipation have never been duly appreciated and acknowledged. It was they who first and fully exposed the horrors of slavery as existing in the West Indies, prepared the slaves for freedom, and made emancipation possible. This is doubted and denied. Then why these persecutions? A short time ago certain steam rams were being built in the Mersey. Rumour said they were intended for the Confederate States of America, whereupon her Majesty's Government interposed and seized them. On the other hand it was affirmed that they were being built for some apocryphal person in Egypt. But whilst this is loudly proclaimed on this side the Atlantic the people of the Southern States are vehemently denouncing her Majesty's Government for stopping their rams. In like manner it is said now that the Missionaries had little or nothing to do with emancipation in the West Indies; but at the time the planters seemed to think they had, for the whole fury of the endangered slave interest was poured on their devoted heads.

As to the benefits of emancipation there can scarcely now be two opinions. The population and revenues of the West Indian colonies of Great Britain have steadily increased since it occurred. About three-fifths of the cultivated land in Jamaica is now the property of coloured and negro proprietors. The imports and exports of the islands are very much larger than they were before; the colonists consume a fair share of the luxuries which they produce; and their rural populations are declared to be amongst the best fed

and most comfortably circumstanced of any peasantry in the world. The various Christian churches have greatly increased, and some of them are self-supporting, having also Missionary Societies of their own. There are six bishops of the English Church in the West Indies, and the Church of England in Jamaica has established a Missionary Society to send the Gospel to Africa. Others will, doubtless, follow this example; and it is confidently hoped that a succession of Missionaries will be raised up in the West Indies by whose instrumentality Africa shall be evangelized, and Ethiopia shall be made to "stretch out her hands unto God."

In the West Indies there are now nearly 300 principal stations; upwards of 800 European and native agents, lay and clerical; more than 500 churches and chapels; upwards of 400 schools, conducted by as many teachers, with more than 30,000 children under instruction. We have also 250,000 "new relations," who only a very few years ago were under the pernicious and degrading influence of Negro Obcecism and African superstition, now regularly attending Christian ordinances; 105,000 of whom are united in Church fellowship, adorning their profession and walking as children of the light.

WESTERN AFRICA.

In 1804, the committee of the Church Missionary Society having obtained the services of two German and Lutheran Missionaries, resolved upon the commencement of a Mission among the tribes beyond the colony of Sierra Leone. In 1768 the Moravians sent out nine Missionaries to commence a Mission on the coast of Guinea, but they all died in two years, and the attempt was abandoned. Thirty years afterwards two Scotch Missionary Societies and the London Missionary Society united to establish a Mission in the

neighbourhood of Sierra Leone, each providing two Missionaries, but three of the six died in two years, one was murdered, and the other two returned home.

Notwithstanding these discouragements the founders of the Church Missionary Society judged the West Coast of Africa to have an urgent claim upon their Christian compassion. In March, 1804, Messrs. Renner and Hartwig sailed from this country, and in five weeks reached Sierra Leone in safety. After a delay of three years they settled among the Susu tribes, on the banks of the Rio Pongas, about 100 miles north of Sierra Leone. Other Missionaries, also Germans, followed during the next few years, but their labours soon terminated. The ranks of the Missionaries were thinned by death, seven of their number falling in the field. But they did not labour in vain. Churches and schools were built, and the Mission promised to reward the toil and hazard it involved. Just at this crisis the governor of Sierra Leone adopted vigorous measures to put down a slave trade which was being carried on in that part of the country. The natives and the traders suspected that the Missionaries had given information of the slave vessels which arrived in the river, and had suggested these measures, and they vowed vengeance. Their threats, which were deep and loud, were speedily executed. The Missionary settlements were destroyed by fire, and the Missionaries compelled to take refuge in the British colony. Further efforts were subsequently made among neighbouring tribes, but none of them succeeded. The friends of this Society, however, did not lose heart, and abandon their enterprize in despair. It so happened that when they were driven from one field of labour another invited their attention. The navy of Great Britain was employed in the suppression of the slave trade. Under the provision of treaties with foreign powers, the slave ships captured at sea were brought

to Sierra Leone for condemnation, where also the slaves were liberated. Thousands were thus annually brought into the colony from the whole extent of the West Coast of Africa, and to these poor liberated Africans the Missionaries devoted themselves. The first signal success attended the labours of a Lutheran schoolmaster named Johnson. At first he was much discouraged by the character and condition of the people. He found collected at Regent's Town the natives of more than twenty different countries, many of whom had been but recently liberated from the holds of slave vessels, and were in the most pitiable plight imaginable. They seemed to be only a very few removes from the brute. The most abject superstition prevailed; devils' houses sprung up on every hand, and the people spurned every effort made to improve their condition. They paid little attention to the instructions of Mr. Johnson; only nine came to service on the first Sabbath, and they were almost naked. The number subsequently increased, but many seemed to consider their presence a favour, and applied at the close of the service to be paid for attending. Soon, however, the aspect of things improved. Several of these poor creatures began to ask what they must do to be saved; and in a short time many were candidates for Christian baptism. Old and young were alike affected. They might be seen retiring into the woods for prayer, and the mountains were heard to echo with hymns of praise. All the evidences of genuine piety appeared; and at the same time there was a manifest improvement in the outward circumstances of the people. The town was laid out, buildings erected, the land brought into cultivation, and useful trades introduced. The appearance and manners of the natives were greatly altered. They were all now decently clad, and most of the adults were united in marriage. Swearing ceased, and drunkenness disappeared. The church was several times enlarged, and

was attended by 1,200 negroes, whilst 500 children were instructed in the school.

These successes were repeated elsewhere; an extensive system of native agency was introduced; and such has been the social and religious advancement of the colony that few of the most favoured spots in Great Britain can exhibit equally favourable parochial statistics. In their pious and benevolent endeavours the agents of the Church Missionary Society have been assisted by the Missionaries of the Wesleyan Methodist Society, who began their labours in 1811, and their joint efforts have been abundantly blessed. In 1860 these earliest and perhaps most successful Missions of the Church of England became entirely independent and self-supporting. Nine native ministers were declared to be pastors of nine parishes of the native church of Sierra Leone, to be thenceforth maintained by the contributions of the native church, under the superintendence of the bishop of the diocese and a church council, and these native Christians are also sending men from their midst to proclaim the gospel in their fatherland.

After the failure of the first Missionary attempts beyond the colony, twenty years passed before they were renewed. At the same time, the importance of Sierra Leone had ever been regarded as consisting chiefly in its being the base for Missionary operations in the interior, and the opportunity was eagerly watched. The study of the native languages was encouraged, and other preparations made. In 1836, a Mission was commenced amongst the Timnehs, the aboriginal tribes to whom the promontory of Sierra Leone had once belonged. But the great effort has been in the direction of the Niger, and was originated by the expedition of 1841.

One of the most numerous tribes in the colony had been brought from this region. Many of the native teachers of Sierra Leone were of this tribe. Some of them accompanied

the Niger expedition, and brought back the intelligence that the desolating wars which had laid waste the country, and of which they were the unfortunate victims, had ceased, and that they might now return to their long-lost home. The enthusiasm of the Christian natives was forthwith kindled: they were fired with patriotic ardour; but, notwithstanding their intense desire to return, they resolved to remain where they were unless they could carry with them the Bible and the Missionary. One of their number, the Rev. Samuel Crowther, had already been ordained by the Bishop of London. He and several European teachers forthwith proceeded to Abbeokuta, a large town containing some 60,000 inhabitants, and commenced a Mission there. Families long separated were reunited. Mr. Crowther found his own mother, after a separation of twenty-five years, and she was brought to a saving knowledge of the truth. Schools and churches were speedily erected, the Scriptures taught in the native tongue, and many persons admitted by baptism into the Church of Christ.

In connection with the labours of the Church Missionary Society, the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and others, the good work has so prospered along the west coast of the continent of Africa that it is estimated there are now 150 churches, with 20,000 hopeful converts, and 200 schools with 20,000 children under instruction. Portions of the Scriptures and religious tracts have been printed and published in twenty-five different dialects. From the Gambia to the Gaboon, a distance of 2,000 miles, there is scarcely a village where the English language is not known, and some six millions of Africans have already heard the joyful sound. These Missions have a special and peculiar interest. The atrocities of the slave trade have interposed vexatious hindrances. The barbarous "customs" of some states, involving the annual sacrifice of thousands of human lives, fill us with

grief and horror. Much ignorance and prejudice have obtained on the subject of the African races. It has been affirmed and believed that they are physically inferior to the rest of the human family, and incapable of mental improvement and of moral culture. It is supposed that they are universally found in the lowest grade of civilization, only one remove from savage life : and these unfavourable impressions and prejudices have tended to discourage the efforts of the true friends of Africa and its injured races. By the enterprise of Christian Missions these delusions have been dispelled. It has been shown that, when placed in circumstances favourable to a happy development, the Negro is physically equal to any other race : that he is capable of indefinite mental improvement and moral culture : that he may be elevated to the highest condition of civilization, and the sublimest possibilities of religion. It is true—

“ In these romantic regions man grew wild ;
 Here dwells the Negro, Nature's outcast child,
 Scorn'd by his brethren ; but his mother's eye,
 That gazes on him from her warmest sky,
 Sees in his flexile limbs untutor'd grace,
 Power in his forehead, beauty in his face ;
 Sees in his breast, where lawless passions rove,
 The heart of friendship and the home of love ;
 Sees in his mind, where desolation reigns,
 Fierce as his clime, uncultured as his plains,
 A soil where virtue's fairest flowers might shoot,
 And trees of science bend with glorious fruit :
 Sees in his soul, involved in thickest night,
 An emanation of eternal light,
 Ordain'd, midst sinking worlds, his dust to fire,
 And shine for ever when the stars expire.
 Is he not Man, though knowledge never shed
 Her quickening beams on his neglected head ?
 Is he not Man, though sweet Religion's voice
 Ne'er bade the mourner in his God rejoice ?

Is he not Man, by sin and suffering tried ?
 Is he not Man, for whom the Saviour died ?
 Belie the Negro's powers :—In headlong will,
 Christian ! thy brother thou shalt prove him still :
 Belie his virtues ; since his wrongs began,
 His follies and his crimes have stamp't him Man."

Here are more of our "new relations." Thousands of poor Africans who, thirty years ago, were in a condition of darkness, degradation, and misery fearful to contemplate and impossible to describe, meted out, trodden down, scattered and peeled, the prey of the man-stealer and the slaves of the world, have started into Christian life and manhood. They are now found elevated in the social scale, engaged in trade and commerce, members of the learned professions, filling offices of authority and trust, sitting as jurors in courts of law, preaching the gospel in the pulpits of Christian Churches, and each one asserting his right to recognition and demanding, "Am I not a man and a brother?"

But the labours which have led to these results on the west coast of Africa have involved a fearful sacrifice of Missionary life. In 40 years 87 men were sent out by the Church Missionary Society, and of these 30 died in the first 12 years of the Mission : and the Wesleyan Missionary Society have in their burial-ground the graves of more than 40 Missionaries and Missionaries' wives. The history of these Missions is a chronicle of martyrdom worthy of the best period of the Church's history. As one man has fallen at his post another has stepped into the breach. As one standard-bearer has fainted another has been ready to catch up the falling standard and bear it onward and aloft. If the writer in the "Times" wants to know what sort of men are being sent out as Missionaries, we point him to the agents of the various Societies in Western Africa—men who had an heroic passion for saving souls, and who counted not their

lives dear unto them if by any means they might save some and glorify their Lord and Master.

I must now hasten on to say a few words about Missions in

INDIA.

But where and how to begin, and in what way I can crowd into the space at my disposal what ought to be said, are difficulties in the presence of which I own myself well nigh confounded. When we contemplate the vastness of this continent, its unequalled and inexhaustible resources, its almost countless population, its gigantic systems of superstition and idolatry, we are lost in amazement that such an empire should have been entrusted to this little island in the West, and should continue to be held by a power so apparently inadequate.

In his eloquent book on India and Indian Missions, Dr. Duff has shown that it is an established historic fact which has ripened into a law, that "whatever city or nation has, in the lapse of past ages, held in its hands the keys of Indian commerce and Indian influence, that city or nation has, for the time being, stood forth in the van of the civilized world as the richest and most flourishing. Indeed the temporary monopoly of Indian trade has rescued even petty states from obscurity, and raised them to a height of greatness, and wealth, and power vastly incommensurate with their national resources. Some of the most famous cities of antiquity it may be said to have literally created. With the first possession of it they suddenly sprang to the meridian of glory; and with its departure they as rapidly sunk into the dark night of oblivion."

What was it but Indian commerce that made Arabia "Araby the blest?" The mere transit depots of Indian produce suddenly rose into surpassing grandeur. Tyre

owed its prosperity and Alexandria its origin to India. When the Moslem conquerors usurped the dominion of the Eastern and Western Seas, the trade of India became all their own. Bagdad, their capital, started up at once, the Rome and the Alexandria and the Athens of the East. It was a desire to share the riches of the East that gave the first direct impulse to the civilization of Western Europe. It was the monopoly of Indian and other Eastern commerce that made "beautiful Venice" the glory of the Adriatic and the admiration of Europe. The discovery of a new passage to India was the grand ambition of the kings of Portugal. To this enterprize, Columbus devoted his life; and in its prosecution stumbled upon certain islands which he supposed to be the land of promise, and which were therefore designated "the West Indies." Because of the prospect it seemed to hold out, the southern extremity of Africa was called by the monarch of Portugal, "The Cape of Good Hope." When, in 1498, Vasco de Gama doubled the Cape, and landed on the western shore of the Indian Peninsula, the doom of Venice was sealed, and Lisbon had great glory. Then Lisbon gave way to Amsterdam, and Holland assumed the rank of a first-rate power. In the meantime, England became fidgety, and looked with longing eyes towards the balmy plains and aromatic groves and pearly shores of India. After a series of strange adventures, daring deeds, and fearful hazards undertaken and endured in the endeavour to discover a pathway to India which might be undisputed by the Portuguese, the English people could restrain themselves no longer. In 1599 an association was formed, money was subscribed, the Queen was petitioned for a warrant to fit out three ships, and also for a royal charter of privileges, and in May, 1600, the first fleet of the East India Company set sail for India direct by the Cape of Good Hope. In the course of years

both the commerce and the territory of India fell into the hands of British merchants, and the historic law promptly asserted itself and has been eminently verified. Unhappily the gentlemen of the East India Company seemed to think that they held India for mere purposes of worldly advantage and commercial gain, and discouraged all attempts to carry the Gospel to its idolatrous millions. It is said that when the first tidings of the recent mutiny reached the India House, one of the directors threw up his hat, and shouted, "Hurrah! Now we shall get rid of the saints." Never was prediction more mistaken. Instead of the East India Company getting rid of the saints, the saints got rid of them. Failing to appreciate the responsibilities of their position, they have been superseded; and now India is a part of the British Empire, subject to the benign and equitable rule of the most beloved and potent monarch that ever wore a crown or swayed a sceptre, her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria!

As might be expected, India has been regarded by the churches as a most inviting and appropriate field for the enterprise of Christian Missions. A population of 200 millions, consisting of twenty-one distinct peoples, speaking fifty-one languages and dialects, being providentially placed under the government of this country, has an undoubted claim upon our sympathy and zeal. The first Protestant Mission to India was commenced in 1705 by two Danish Missionaries, who, with their successors, were mainly supported by the English Society for Propagating the Gospel. In 1793 the Baptist Mission was established, and since then the leading societies have also taken up positions in India. According to recent statistics, upwards of thirty societies have commenced operations in Ceylon and continental India. They occupy nearly 400 stations, and upwards of 4,000 out-stations. There are 541 Missionaries employed, assisted by 200 native Missionaries, and 2,000

native catechists. There are upwards of 1,500 native churches, with 50,000 communicants, and 200,000 native Christians. There are more than 2,500 Christian schools of various kinds, having 100,000 scholars under instruction. Translations of the sacred scriptures into many of the languages and dialects of India have been executed; and twenty-five printing presses are at work printing these and Christian tracts and books by millions. In 1862 nearly £300,000 were expended on Missions in India, and during the last three years £18,000 were subscribed by native Christians for Missionary purposes.

But it has been well observed that "the success of Christian Missions in India is not to be estimated by the number of hearers, converts, or scholars; nor by the number of bibles, tracts, and books in circulation, but by the movement in heathenism itself against the old idolatry." War is being proclaimed against Hinduism by Hindus themselves, who declare it to be "a multiform system of error, superstition, and sin." The education of women, and their admission into general society is openly advocated. Two refutations of Hindu philosophy have recently been published by native gentlemen. Christianity is now known and respected, and the people are beginning to demand that it shall have fair play. To speak abusively of Christianity is declared to be ungentlemanly. At a meeting held some short time ago in Jafnapatam it was said, "To read the Bible is a duty; if it be true that we may accept it; and if it be false that we may know how to guard ourselves and our children against it." In one of the best native papers of India, a writer, after adverting to the steady progress of the Missionary movement, says, "With our converted countrymen we are anxiously expecting the advent of God's day, when the hearts of many millions among us will be stirred by a strong sincere religious agitation. Anything is preferable to this

utter and senseless sticking to the old ways of the present."

All this indicates that a gigantic process of sapping and mining is going on. The faith of the people in existing systems is being shaken. They see men as trees walking. They are beginning to discover that an idol is nothing in the world. Their intelligence revolts against the worship of stocks and stones, cows, birds, monkeys and snakes. The only fear is lest the recoil should be too violent, and that, released from the hereditary bondage of a thousand errors and superstitions, they should rush to the opposite extreme of universal scepticism—that from believing everything they should believe nothing, and avoiding Charybdis dash upon Scylla. If the churches are faithful this need not be. Just at this moment there should be a vigorous, united, catholic endeavour to communicate positive religious truth, and to bring all our evangelistic agencies to bear upon the native mind, and then the movement of which we have spoken shall be wrought up to a magnificent climax, the stronghold of Hinduism which is being steadily and successfully undermined, shall fall with a tremendous crash, the stately fabric of Christianity shall rise in its room, and a nation shall be born in a day!

But it is time that we introduced to you some of the men who have been engaged in prosecuting this lofty emprise. And in naming the Indian Missionaries of the last half century, none will deny that William Carey is entitled to early and honourable mention. He led the van, was amongst the first upon the field, and for forty years laboured with unflinching industry and signal success. He does not seem to have been a man of brilliant parts, but he is a striking example of what may be accomplished by a man of plain understanding and ordinary ability who consecrates himself patiently, unreservedly, and with unwearied diligence to

some one great and lofty purpose. Born of poor parents, brought up in a village, and apprenticed to a shoemaker, he enjoyed no early advantages. He is said to have been by no means skilful with the bristle and awl. He could never make two shoes that were pairs. When he was in business at Hackleton some gentleman in the neighbourhood who wished to encourage him was accustomed to order four pairs of shoes at a time, in the hope that out of the eight shoes he would be able to find two that would fit.

In very early life he began to preach the gospel in the villages near his home, and became the pastor of a Baptist Church in one of them. The people being too poor to support him and his increasing family, he had to eke out a scanty living by keeping a school, or working at his trade, and even then was subject to much privation and sometimes absolute want. When instructing his pupils in geography, his attention was drawn to the spiritual condition of the people inhabiting the various regions under review. With strong emotion he would say as he pointed to the places and spoke of their inhabitants, "These are pagans, and these are pagans—and these are pagans," until his feelings overpowered him and he wept aloud. The subject gathered interest as he pondered it, and zeal for the conversion of the heathen became with him an intense and unquenchable passion. About this time, at a meeting of Baptist Ministers held in Northampton, Mr. Ryland, sen., requested the young ministers present to propose a topic for discussion, whereupon Mr. Carey suggested for consideration, "The duty of Christians to attempt the spread of the gospel among heathen nations." It is said that the old gentleman snubbed Mr. Carey. If so, that rebuff only intensified his interest in the subject, for he shortly afterwards published a pamphlet entitled "An Enquiry into the Obligations of Christians to use means for the Conversion of the Heathen."

In 1789, he removed to Leicester, where he was more favourably circumstanced, and where he continued to cherish his project of a Mission to the heathen, and sought also to win the support and sympathy of his ministerial brethren. At a meeting of ministers, held at Clipstone, in 1791, he proposed that something be agreed upon there and then relative to the formation of a Missionary Society; but the brethren demurred. At the Nottingham Association, in June, 1792, he persisted in his purpose, and preached his famous sermon from Isaiah liv. 2, 3, in which he enforced two exhortations. 1. Expect great things from God; 2. Attempt great things for God. At the close of the service, the ministers present resolved that, at their next meeting at Kettering, in October, the plan of a society should be brought forward, and, if possible, a society formed. Accordingly, at the Kettering meeting, after the public services of the day, the ministers withdrew, and solemnly pledged themselves to God and each other to make an attempt to carry the Gospel into the heathen world. A committee was formed; a collection was made amounting to £13 2s. 6d.; Mr. Carey offered himself, and was accepted as the first Missionary; and that was the beginning of the Baptist Missionary Society.

In a letter to his father, dated January 17, 1793, he tells him that he is "appointed to go to Bengal, in the East Indies, as a Missionary to the Hindus." After referring to the difficulties which he expected to encounter, he concludes with one brief sentence which seems to embody the stern determination and resolute purpose of his whole life:—"But," said he, "I have set my hand to the plough." There must be no looking back,—and there was no looking back for forty years.

Difficulties arose at the very outset. Mr. Carey's brethren looked with little favour on his project; his wife refused to

go with him; his colleague was served with a writ and threatened with arrest for debt whilst the ship in which they were to have sailed was detained off the Isle of Wight; and they were at length ordered to leave the ship because the captain had taken them on board without the permission of the East India Company. But Carey had "set his hand to the plough," and was nothing daunted. During the delay, Mrs. Carey was induced to accompany her husband, and take the whole family. A Danish East Indiaman was daily expected in the Dover Roads, and her owners were willing to take out the whole party. The terms, however, were £700, and Carey had no such sum at command. But inasmuch as the Lord had disposed the heart of his wife to accompany him, and a ship was in readiness to take them, he had the whole family packed up promptly, and in twenty-four hours they started for London, trusting God for the money. On their arrival, they sought to make terms with the agent for the ship. They told him that they had only £300 to offer him, and proposed that some of their number should go as servants, and that they should only have two cabins for the entire party. The agent consented, and they embarked in June, 1793. To their great astonishment, the captain, who was also owner of the ship, treated them with the utmost kindness, admitted them all to his own table, and provided them with comfortable cabins.

After a weary voyage of five months they reached Calcutta, where further trials awaited them. In two months time their money was all expended, and Mr. Carey found himself in a strange and distant land, without a friend and penniless. Then his wife and two children were seized with illness, and one child died. Further, Mrs. Carey and her sister, who had very reluctantly consented to accompany him, and who had no sympathy with him in his enterprise, taunted and reproached him bitterly on account of the pri-

vations and trials which they and the children were called to endure, and you may imagine that the poor man had a terrible time of it. But he had "set his hand to the plough," and about this time he writes, "I have lately been full of perplexities about various temporal concerns. I have met with heavy afflictions: but in the mount the Lord is seen. All my hope is in God: without his power no European could possibly be converted, and that can convert any Indian. Though the superstitions of the Hindoos were a million times more deeply rooted, and the examples of Europeans a million times more pernicious: if I were deserted by all and persecuted by all, yet my hope fixed on the sure Word of God will rise superior to all obstructions and triumph over all trials. God's cause will triumph, and I shall come out of all trials as gold purified in the fire." And so it proved. Shortly after thus expressing his faith and feeling, he obtained an appointment as superintendent of an indigo factory, by means of which his pecuniary wants were supplied, and a wide field of usefulness opened. He immediately began to preach to the people employed at the factory, made frequent excursions into the adjacent country, erected schools, and entered vigorously upon the prosecution of his Mission.

At first Mr. Carey formed a very favourable opinion of the character and manners of the Hindoos; but he soon discovered his mistake, and his faith and patience were severely tried. For many years he appeared to labour in vain: but "he had set his hand to the plough," and was not the man to look back. In 1799, Messrs. Ward, Marshman, Brunsdon, and Grant arrived in India, and established themselves at Serampore, a Danish settlement near Calcutta, and Mr. Carey was induced to join them. Subsequently other Missionaries arrived, other stations were occupied, and a Mission was fairly established than which few have exerted a more

potent influence in promoting the spread of the gospel in the heathen world.

The Baptist Missionary Society has been distinguished by its great services in the work of translating the Holy Scriptures into various languages and dialects, and in this department Mr. Carey led the way. He executed or superintended thirty-five distinct translations of the Bible in whole or in part, besides which he engaged in many other extensive literary undertakings. He compiled and published grammars, and edited various works in the Sanscrit, Bengali, Bootan, and English languages. The number, variety, and magnitude of the works he executed is perfectly astounding. His merits as an Oriental scholar were of a high order: there are, in fact, few men to whom Oriental literature is under more weighty obligations. For forty years he laboured with unwearied industry and zeal; and whenever the history of Christianity in India shall be written, the name of William Carey, "the consecrated cobbler," must occupy a proud and pre-eminent position on its roll of fame.

William Carey had a noble band of coadjutors, and these have been followed by worthy sons and successors. We may only mention the names of Marshman, Ward, and Chamberlain, agents of the same society, and express our regret that we must not tell the story of what they endured and dared and did in the cause of Christ and perishing men on Indian soil.

Other names connected with other societies crowd upon us. Would that we had time to tell of Henry Martyn, a man of splendid talents, who was senior wrangler of his year at Cambridge, and might have run a brilliant career at home; but who, constrained by the love of Christ and zeal for the perishing heathen, renounced the most flattering prospects, sacrificed his precious life upon the Missionary altar, and fell on the field in the thirty-second year of his age.

We long, too, to tell of Judson and his heroic wife and their fellow-labourers in Burmah, who submitted to indignities and sufferings almost unparalleled in the history of Missionary toils and trials; and who, when sneeringly asked, after many years of apparently unsuccessful labour, if the prospects for the conversion of Burmah were bright, replied, "Yes, bright as the promises of God."

Nor should the name of Dr. Coke be omitted from this record. After having crossed the Atlantic eighteen times, and been instrumental in establishing extensive Missions in America and the West Indies, he cherished, as the last solemn purpose of his life, a desire to do something for the evangelization of India. In 1784, we find him corresponding on the subject and collecting information. As time wore on his desire became intense and irrepensible; and in June, 1813, writing to a friend, he said, "I am now dead to Europe, and alive to India. God himself has said to me, 'Go to Ceylon.' I am so fully convinced of the will of God, that methinks I had rather be set naked on the coast of Ceylon, without clothes and without a friend, than not go there." At the Liverpool Conference of 1813, his proposal was introduced and discussed. Many objected; but he pleaded so earnestly, and offered to bear the expenses himself to the extent of £6,000, that the Conference was awed into acquiescence. On the 30th December, 1813, he and his party of six Missionaries sailed: but he was not destined to realize the last and grandest ambition of his life. On the morning of the 3rd May, 1814, the doctor was found dead in his cabin, and was buried in the deep. In describing the solemnity of his burial, his accomplished biographer says,—
*Just then—and a fit emblem and accompaniment it was of the disappearing from among men of one who had been the means of enlightenment to myriads—the sun went down behind the Indian flood. The rapid tropical shadows ga-

thered like a pall on the scene : and the ocean, whose waves Coke had so often traversed in fulfilling the grand labours of his life, now opened an asylum to his remains, till the sea shall give up its dead."

Our list would be incomplete if we overlooked Alexander Duff. In October, 1829, he sailed for Calcutta. On Saturday, February 13, 1830, the ship struck on the rocks of an uninhabited barren island, about thirty miles north of Cape Town. The passengers and crew were all saved, but the vessel went to pieces, and almost everything on board perished. Mr. Duff lost his books and manuscripts amongst other things, and discovered, to his great astonishment, that he had been "a wholesale idolater of books and written papers." Nothing daunted, however, he set sail in another ship, and, after a long voyage of continuous and varied perils, he arrived in Calcutta, more dead than alive through exhaustion and fatigue. He forthwith formed his plans and made his arrangements, and during the last thirty years has immortalized his name in connection with the work of Christian education in India.

And what shall I say more ? for the time would fail me to tell the names and doings of the entire band of godly and learned men who have consecrated themselves,—their fame and fortune, their time and talents, their life and all, to the evangelization of India. Their record is on high. In many cases they were unnoticed and unknown, and passed away unhonoured and unwept; but in the resurrection of the just they shall be counted worthy to take rank with India's worthiest heroes,—the Havelocks, Outrams, Lawrences, and Clydes of glorious memory,—whilst they "shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever.

We now pass on to a brief notice of Missions in

NEW ZEALAND.

Missionary operations originated there about 50 years ago. The Church of England led the way under the direction of the Rev. Samuel Marsden, colonial chaplain at Sydney. This was in 1814. The Rev Samuel Leigh, of the Wesleyan Society, began his labours in 1822. The trials and dangers of the early Missionaries were many and great. Their faith and patience were severely tested: but they stood the test, and were more than conquerors. They found the people the most ferocious cannibals, and the land the veriest pandemonium. We dare not describe the atrocities they daily witnessed, or tell the stories of cruelty and blood with which the records abound. But never was victory more decided, or success more complete. By the blessing of God upon the labours of His servants, heathenism and cannibalism exist no longer in New Zealand. Ten thousand native New Zealanders are now united in church fellowship, and give every evidence of a real conversion; and thousands more are regular worshippers in Christian sanctuaries. The Sabbath is observed amongst them; the Bible has been translated into their language; churches, chapels, and Christian schools abound; and the word of the Lord has free course and is glorified.

As in other places Christianity in New Zealand has been a great civilizer. Agriculture, trade, commerce, and the useful arts have followed in the wake of the Gospel. The population of the colony which was being rapidly decimated by exterminating wars is now nearly two millions, of whom 56,000 are natives. The annual exports and imports are little less than five millions sterling. There are 640,000 acres of farm land under cultivation. The Missionaries first introduced cattle of various kinds: now there are, according to the New Zealand Hand-Book for 1863, 3,600,000 sheep,

240,000 head of cattle, 38,000 horses, and 50,000 pigs in the land. There are 20 weekly and bi-weekly newspapers published in New Zealand. Five English bishops preside over the churches. Most of the natives are educated, several of whom are filling important positions in the Christian ministry, while others are employed in the service of the English Government. Many of them have considerable property in stock, cultivations, coasting vessels, steam flour-mills, and specie. Some of them have accounts at the banks, and are shareholders in joint stock companies—and these people less than half a century ago, were ferocious and blood-thirsty cannibals.

In illustration of the wonderful change that has taken place, compare two incidents—look on this picture, and then on that.

Two powerful chiefs, Hongi and Hinaki, and their followers met in mortal conflict. In the course of the battle Hinaki was shot. On perceiving his enemy fall, mortally wounded, Hongi sprang forward, scooped out the eye of the dying chief, and instantly swallowed it: and then holding his hands to his throat, into which he had plunged his knife, and from which the blood was flowing copiously, eagerly drank as much of it as they would hold. When Mr. Leigh rebuked him for this atrocity, he smiled and said, "We must observe the customs of our country; and the blood of Hinaki was sweet."

A Captain Sturt tells of seeing a man dash his child's head against the wall, after which he threw the corpse on the fire, and then greedily devoured it. This he pleased to remember was less than forty years ago.

In November, 1863, there was a baptismal service at St. Paul's, Tottenham. The Rev. Hugh McSorley, the incumbent, officiated. The service for the churching of women

was first read; and then an infant was presented for baptism; the sacramental waters were sprinkled on his brow, and he was named Albert Victor, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. There were sponsors on that occasion according to the order of the Church of England; and the godmother of the infant presented him with an elegantly chased goblet, and a knife, and fork, and spoon, all of pure gold. The articles were enclosed in a magnificent jewel-case, which also contained a bank-note for £25. Now, who think you, was this lucky boy? and who this generous godmother? The child was the son of a New Zealand chief: and upon the rim of the goblet, and also upon the blade of the knife presented to him there were inscribed these words,—“To Albert Victor Pomare, from his godmother Queen Victoria, November, 1863.”

From New Zealand we pass by an easy transition to

POLYNESIA.

The thrilling story of the martyr of Erromanga, and the amazing successes of the London Society in the Samoan group, are still fresh in the memory of the churches. In 1797, the agents of the same society attempted a Mission in Tongatabu, which soon came to a disastrous end. The Wesleyan Mission to the Friendly Islands, commenced by the Rev. Walter Lawry, in 1822, was equally unfortunate. At the end of two years, Mr. Lawry was compelled to abandon the station, and return with his family to Sydney. The committee were not, however, disposed to relinquish their purpose, and soon an opening offered, and a man appeared. The Lord laid his hand upon one John Thomas, a village blacksmith, and anointed him for this Mission. By strange and unusual means he was thrust into the work.

He was ordained in Poplar Chapel, London, March 22, 1825; sailed from Gravesend on the 28th April; and after a long and perilous voyage, entered the beautiful cove of Sydney on the 14th October following. At Sydney he found it difficult to get a ship to take him forward to Tonga. The islands were not visited then as they are now: it was not until the following May that he secured a passage, for which he was required to pay £500. When he had been out at sea for some time, the captain directed his attention to large columns of smoke in the distance, and told him that they were most likely rising from ovens on some of the islands in which a cannibal feast was being cooked. Shortly afterwards, the captain called Mr. Thomas again, and said, "Now, Mr. Thomas, I have brought you to Tonga: there it is; you can go on shore as soon as you please; and remember, when you are once over the side of my vessel, I have nothing more to do with you." Nothing daunted, Mr. Thomas and his colleague, Mr. Hutchison, landed, and got their goods on shore: the vessel then proceeded on its voyage, and left them to do the best they could amongst the savages of Tonga.

At first they were kindly received, and fair promises were made. They soon found, however, that the words of a savage are not to be trusted. In less than six months they were ordered to leave the island, and their lives were in jeopardy; but none of these things moved them. The Lord raised up a friend for them in the person of the mother of the present Queen Charlotte, and by her interposition they escaped. Their numbers were afterwards reinforced, and their labour was not in vain in the Lord. Revivals of religion broke out in Tonga, distinguished by all the phenomena and followed by all the gracious results of those which have occurred in late years in America, Ireland, and elsewhere. The people by hundreds and thousands were pricked in

the heart and added to the Lord. Since then idolatry has been utterly abolished in the Friendly Isles: the Sabbath is universally observed: and the peoples worship the one true and only God and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent. Their language has been reduced to order, and the people read in their own tongue the wonderful works of God. Christian marriage has succeeded polygamy; the despotism of club law is at an end; and the people are industrious, contented, and happy. The Friendly Islanders have now a name and a place in the family of nations. They have a regular and established commerce. European merchants live among them with their stores of all kinds of goods. The natives manufacture from five to six hundred tons of cocoa-nut oil annually, which they barter away for various articles of merchandize. They have a Christian King and Queen, Constitutional Government, judges, magistrates, and due protection for life and property. A constitution and code of laws has been given to the people by King George. It was duly proclaimed on the 4th June, 1862, and that day is made the national festival of the Tongese. That constitution is described as the Magna Charta of Tongan liberty. It forms an interesting section in the history of modern civilization. A beautiful little Christendom has sprung up in these favoured islands. The wilderness and the solitary place have been made glad, and the desert doth rejoice and blossom as the rose. The king who has inaugurated this state of things is a Methodist local preacher, of whom it is said that he never picks his places, but goes cheerfully wherever he is planned, and never neglects an appointment. In future years he will, doubtless, be George the Great of Tongan song and story. The heroic Christian man, John Thomas, who commenced the work which has issued in these results, and who laboured in it for five and thirty years, still survives, full of years and

honours, rich in the respect and affection of the Churches, and meekly awaiting that crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give to him in that day.

A very few words about FIJI, and I must have done. The Fiji Mission was originated by Tongans. The latter were good sailors, and excelled in the art of canoe-building; but they lacked the fine timber which was found in Fiji, and went thither in quest of it. The natives of the two groups were thus brought into contact. Among the Tongans who visited Fiji were Christian converts who carried the glad tidings of salvation to their own relatives who had settled in Lakemba, the nearest Fijian land, and then to the Fijians themselves. In October, 1835, William Cross and David Cargill, two Wesleyan Missionaries in the Friendly Islands, went to Fiji, constrained by the love of Christ and pity for the poor pagans of whose deplorable plight they had often heard. They were well received by the King of Lakemba; houses were forthwith erected for themselves and their families, and in five days after landing they took possession of their new homes.

But they soon found that this was indeed a dark place of the earth, and full of the habitations of cruelty. They encountered every possible phase of human depravity, intensified, exaggerated, and unchecked. Infanticide and polygamy were recognized institutions. Treachery, plunder, murder, and cannibalism were the order of the day. Every evil passion ran riot in abominations and atrocities too revolting to describe. Amid this seething mass of corruption—in this land of darkness and of blood—the veriest hell upon earth, the servants of God pitched their tents and set up their banners.

Very soon the Lord gave testimony to the word of His grace, and the Missionaries saw some of these savage cannibals subdued into contrition and tenderness by the

conquering love of Jesus. Then the numbers of the Missionaries were increased, and other islands were visited, and the results of their labours have been astounding, unsurpassed in the annals of modern Missionary enterprise.

The history of the doings and darings of these heroic men, and of their equally heroic wives, their sacrifices, privations, toils, and triumphs we long to tell, and regretfully omit. It was theirs to see the gospel gloriously assert its power over the vilest and the worst. The most dreaded and ferocious cannibals in Fiji—Verani, Thakambau, and many others—they saw sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind. On several occasions the Islands have been favoured with remarkable outpourings of the Holy Spirit, and pentecostal wonders have been repeated. A large number of native teachers have been raised up amongst them, and are now being employed on the various islands, supported entirely by the contributions of the native Christians. Missionary meetings are regularly held, at one of which not long ago the collection in cocoa nut oil amounted to £150; and these Fijians now contribute £1,800 annually in aid of the funds of the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

In less than thirty years cannibalism has become entirely extinct throughout the greater part of Fiji. Polygamy is fast passing away, and infanticide is diminishing in the same proportion. Arbitrary and despotic violence is yielding to just and equal law. The rights of property are respected, and human life is sacredly protected. Sixty thousand of these once savage man-eating islanders are stated hearers of the Word of God, and nearly ten thousand of them are members of the Wesleyan Methodist Society, walking in the fear of the Lord and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost.

To illustrate the marvellous change that has been brought about, take one significant fact. If these islanders had met with a Lancashire operative a few years ago, they would

have cooked and eaten him,—unless, indeed, their delicate stomachs had risen and refused. They did not commonly like the flesh of white men, complaining that it was so very salt. That little prejudice apart, however, there is no doubt what would have become of our friend if he had fallen into their hands less than thirty years ago. But in July 1863, these once cannibal Fijians, now “our new relations,” actually sent a remittance of £96 and two bales of cotton towards the relief of the distressed Lancashire operatives!

My friends, these hasty and imperfect sketches must terminate. I have had so many facts to narrate that I fear the narrative has been very bald and dull, and uninteresting. I have had no time for poetry—no room for ornament. But I have surely shown that there is some work in progress,—that there is something to tell, and that it is worth telling, although I may not have succeeded in telling it “in language which the British public can read, believe, and feel.” The writer in the “Times” wants to know the character of the men employed as Missionaries,—how many converts have been made,—what sort of men they were, and what sort of men they are now. Have I not answered these questions? He asked to be introduced to his new relations. Well, here they are, make way for them, and allow them to enter.

Here come Morrison, Legge, George Piercy, and Josiah Cox, from China, with 3,000 Christian Chinamen, at their back.

Next appear, Carey, Marshman, and Ward, Martyn and Coke, Judson, and Duff, and a host beside from India, followed by trooping thousands of converted Hindoos.

Then follow heroic men from Western Africa, accompanied by crowds of swarthy negroes, rescued from a double bondage, and now the Lord’s free men.

These coming next are Vanderkemp, Moffat, Barnabas and William Shaw, with multitudes of Kaffirs and Hottentots, elevated into manhood and made happy in God, as the result of their labours.

This is William Ellis, from Madagascar, followed by 8,000 Malagassy Christians, with martyrs and confessors at their head.

These are Missionaries from the West Indies, bearing in their bodies the marks of the Lord Jesus, and traces of their sufferings in the cause of liberty and the Gospel. Behind them are teeming thousands of poor negroes, made free by the Son, and free indeed.

This is Samuel Marsden, and this Samuel Leigh, from New Zealand; then follows John Williams, of Erromanga; and the next is brave old John Thomas, of the Friendly Isles. But who are these? a goodly apostolic band. Make way there for David Cargill, William Cross, John Hunt, James Calvert, and a host of others from Fiji! and look at their distinguished following! There are lordly chiefs from New Zealand; King George of Tonga; and Thakambau, from Fiji. And then tens of thousands bring up the rear who, only a few short years ago, were ferocious and blood-thirsty cannibals, but are now new creatures in Christ Jesus and our brethren in him.

These are some of the messengers of the churches, and these their trophies. Here are your new relations,—related indeed they ever were by the common bonds of humanity; but the relationship is nearer now, inasmuch as they have been brought nigh by the blood of Jesus, and we are all children of one loving Father, members of one happy family, and journeying to one heavenly home. Hail them welcome; greet them with a brother's heart and hand; acknowledge their kindred and fraternity, for are they not men and brothers? And has not the money been well-expended, and

the labour well-bestowed, which have issued in such results ? But the grand total is not to be seen on earth. The most precious results are only to be found in heaven. From heathen lands, and as the result of missionary toil, multitudes have passed into the skies, and are now before the throne. Already the vision of the rapt Seer of the Apocalypse is in part fulfilled :—"I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands:" and these poor Negroes, Kaffirs, Hottentots, Chinamen, Hindus, New Zealanders, and Fijians, are now blending their hosannas with the anthems of angels, and singing the high praises of Him who called them out of darkness into his marvellous light.

But although so much has been accomplished, it is appalling to think how small a proportion it bears to what yet remains to be done. The world still lieth in wickedness. Uncounted millions throng the domain of heathendom, who bow down to dumb idols, and who have never heard the music of a Saviour's name, or the story of redeeming love. "The dark places of the earth are still full of the habitations of cruelty," and multitudes are daily perishing for lack of knowledge.

Meanwhile, the whole world is open to the enterprize of Christian Missions, and the fields are white unto the harvest. From every quarter of the globe, and from the isles of the sea, the cry is heard : "Come over and help us." The nations are athirst for the water of life; and if the Churches of England and America could send forth to-morrow a hundred thousand preachers of the Gospel, each one of them might find an appropriate sphere of labour and a people prepared of the Lord. Who then will come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty ? Who will consecrate

himself to this service? The want of the Churches is men. There are open doors, and money is not wanting. The cry is for men: clear-headed, sound-hearted, intensely devoted men—men full of faith and of the Holy Ghost—men of quenchless zeal, and indomitable courage, and unwearied perseverance—men with the spirit of martyrs, constrained by the love of Jesus and an heroic passion for saving souls. We want men—such men—to be baptized for the dead, and to carry the Gospel to a waiting world. Oh, that the Master would lay his hand upon some of you young men of this association, and prompt you now to consecrate yourselves upon this altar. It is too much the fashion for us to do good by proxy, to sink our individual responsibility, and to compound for neglect of duty by money payments.

Fathers and mothers pray the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth more labourers into the harvest, but when he wants to send their sons and daughters, they object and refuse. The flower of England's aristocracy join the army and navy, and go on hard and perilous service to all parts of the world; but when the King of kings requires men for the highest, holiest, and most honourable employment, in which an angel might covet to engage, he finds his servants tardy and reluctant. These things ought not to be. Let them be no longer. In the spirit of cheerful sacrifice and obedient love, say to-night, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" "Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth." "Here am I, send me."

We are not all called to go in person as Missionaries to the heathen, but we have all a work to do in connexion with this enterprize, and by many voices we are summoned to this service.

Humanity demands that we do what we can. The teeming myriads who are sitting in darkness in Pagan lands

are men—men having the same sublime origin, gigantic capacity, and stupendous destiny with ourselves—men, redeemed with the same precious blood that bought our pardon on the tree—men, journeying on to the same judgment-seat of Christ, and whom we must one day meet at the bar of God: and as men, on the low common ground of humanity, they claim our aid. Philanthropy seconds the appeal, and indicates this as the loftiest effort and proudest triumph of which it is capable,—

“ To save poor souls out of the fire,
To snatch them from the verge of hell;
And turn them to a pard'ning God,
And quench the brands in Jesu's blood.”

Patriotism enforces the claim. It is a grand thing to live in the nineteenth century, and to be an Englishman. But great privileges always involve great responsibilities. England has a solemn and momentous trust committed to her. Her honour and happiness depend upon her fidelity, and are bound up with her Bible. Only let her be faithful to her position and obligations, and she will be

“ Great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea.

But let her be recreant, and prove herself unworthy of the trust assigned her, and her glory will depart: and in her desolation she will be a melancholy and magnificent proof that there is a God that judgeth in the earth.

Piety pleads this Missionary cause, and urges that, knowing the terrors of the Lord, and the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ; remembering our multiplied obligations to Him, and constrained by His dying love, we should pledge our fealty and consecrate our service to this grand and holy

emprize : and then with obvious sincerity and consistency we may pray, and believe, and hope ; and appealing to the exalted and expectant Saviour, say—

“ Come, then, and added to thy many crowns,
 Receive yet one, the crown of all the rest,
 Thou who alone art worthy ! It was thine
 By ancient covenant, ere nature's birth,
 And thou hast made it thine by purchase too,
 And overpaid its value by thy blood.
 Thy saints proclaim thee King, and in their hearts
 Thy title is engraven with a pen
 Dipp'd in the fountains of eternal love,
 Thy saints proclaim thee King, and thy delay
 Gives courage to thy foes, who, could they see
 The dawn of thy last advent, long desired,
 Would creep into the bowels of the hills,
 And flee for safety to the falling rocks.
 The very spirit of the world is tired
 Of its own taunting question ask'd so long,
 ‘Where is the promise of your Lord's approach ?’

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Come, then, and added to thy many crowns,
 Receive yet one, as radiant as the rest,
 Due to thy last and most effectual work,
 Thy word fulfilled, the conquest of a world.”



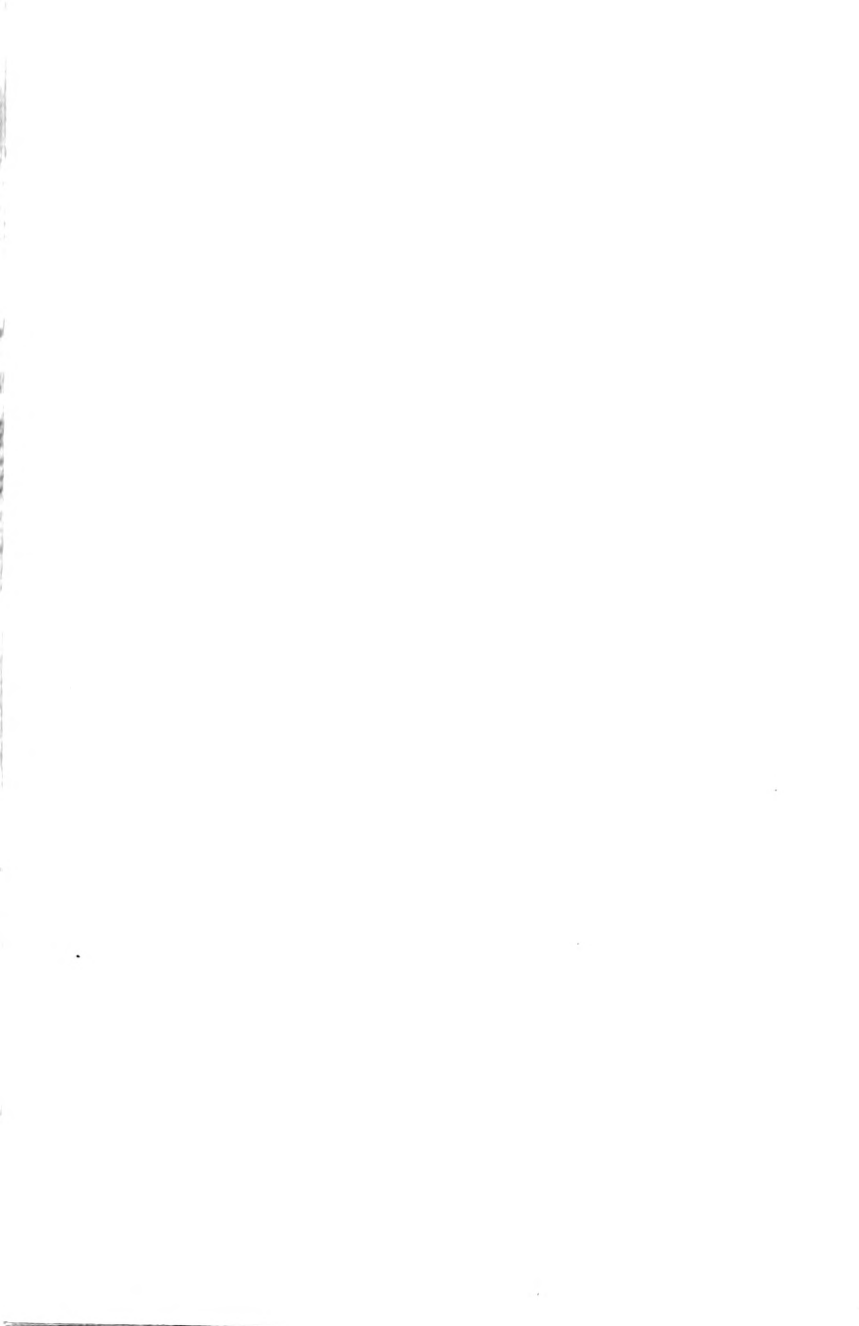
The Bible in India.

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A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. JONATHAN MAKEPEACE.



THE .BIBLE IN INDIA.

ACCORDING to announcement the subject of our Lecture this evening is that of the "Bible *in* India." It will, however, be better indicated by the alteration of one word in the title. Instead of the "Bible *in* India," our subject is the "Bible *for* India." I come amongst you, not to present a picture, but a plea. My office is not that of the artist but of the advocate.

On a theme so vast, and within the brief limits assigned to my Lecture, I cannot deal with more than one topic, and on this I cannot promise an exhaustive discussion. Besides which, one great aim will be to turn this noble opportunity to practical account on behalf of those whom it is my pleasure and privilege to address. In connexion with my theme, I wish to illustrate and enforce certain principles that mark God's providential workings—principles of prime interest and importance for the days on which we have fallen.

Most cogent and cumulative are the reasons, of a *general* kind, why we should raise and reiterate the cry of "the Bible for India." It shall suffice to bring these under cursory review. Well, in point of magnitude, India is one of the most remarkable regions on the surface of the globe. The geographical area is equal in extent to that of all the kingdoms and states of Europe, Russia alone excepted. It is a land too, where, with its 180 millions of people, you behold humanity on a gigantic colossal scale in multitudinous aspects

and relations, with an almost endless diversity of customs and creeds, such as can scarcely be retained within the grasp of the most tenacious memory. As you survey this stupendous aggregate of spiritual existence, with its myriad destinies of weal or woe, it must be confessed that, whatever be the claims of other lands, India is a land for the Evangelization of which British Christians should develop their amplest resources, and exert their mightiest powers. The claim is paramount, if we remember that we and its people are emphatically brethren—that we have an identity of origin—have sprung from the same Caucasian family;—this identity being proven by marked physical characteristics and by strong affinities of language. As there is the same physical impress on the outward man, so let us see to it, that the impress of a common Christianity be borne on the inner nature, and enstamped on the living spirit. Moreover, we are fellow-subjects, and as one sceptre waves over us, so one Scripture should be our code of laws,—our instructor in that righteousness which exalteth a people. A potent plea, also, may be based on the very singularity of our dominion in the East, on the unparalleled rapidity and reach of our conquests. About one hundred years ago the English possessions in India comprised a slender strip, measuring about one mile in length and three miles in breadth. *Now* the mandates of Britain receive implicit homage over a vast and varied territory, extending 2,000 miles in breadth and more than 2,000 miles in length. The very thought of our progress and power is overwhelming. Rome in her palmyest days of empire, achieved nothing to compare to it. What she took two centuries to accomplish over a smaller area, we have accomplished in one century over a larger. About one sixth part of the human race has, within a single century, been brought under our rule, and made subject to our influence. And wherefore was it that the agents of a London mercantile establishment, with scarce

any resources of men or means, laid the foundations of an empire, the like of which the world has never seen, and which, though but a dependency of the British Crown, is, nevertheless, the third financial power in the world. Wherefore was Clive—himself only a subordinate of that firm before his elevation to the rank and dignity of the peerage,—wherefore was he permitted, with a mere handful of followers, successfully to oppose overwhelming numbers, and finally to lay “thirty millions of Hindoos prostrate at his feet, when not a thousand Englishmen had landed on their shores?” How is it to be accounted for, that since his day sceptre after sceptre has been shivered in the grasp of native princes, and kingdom after kingdom has vanished away like snowflakes in the ocean? Truly, “not without a commensurate object” has the lordship of these teeming realms, in the dispensations of Providence, been committed to Britain. But what object can be deemed “commensurate” to these matchless successes and this mighty sway, if it be not the spread of that pure Gospel faith, with all its attendant blessings, civil, social and domestic, to which Britain herself owes her high preeminence among the nations? India has been given to Britain, not to gratify the lust of territorial aggrandizement, nor to fill the coffers of “grasping accumulation;” not as a new museum to the naturalist, nor a new laboratory to the chemist; not as a theatre in which might be displayed the prowess of our armies or the genius of our statesmen; nor that there heroism might build up her monuments, and science emit her splendours; but that through the power of Britain’s Christianity she might be enlightened, elevated, and saved. This alone will solve the problem of our triumphs, and justify the retention of the principalities we have won. Many will deprecate the means which helped the attainment of this peerless supremacy. Doubtless, some of these means were such as we must disclaim and deplore.

Our earlier conquests were marked and marred by deeds of sanguinary outrage. On this generation, however, rests not the blame of these nefarious acts; we adjure and lament them. But the fact remains that we have "come to such a kingdom at such a time as this." Shall we throw up this splendid stewardship, so wonderfully entailed? Shall we resign it into the hands of any of those European Powers who have more or less competed for its possession, or shall we yield it back to Pagan misrule? It cannot be. What, then, is our duty? Why, knowing that "God can bring good out of evil," and "make the wrath of man to praise him," let us, in reparation of the wrongs inflicted by our forefathers, indoctrinate them with the principles of a Divine religion and a nobler life. To spread among them the knowledge of a true science and a true salvation is the one and only recompense we are able to make, and one which, when enlightened and evangelized, the people themselves will pronounce to be adequate. Behold, then, these teeming myriads dependent on our sympathy and awaiting our aid. With what a weighty trust have we been invested! With what momentous responsibilities have we been charged! In the magnitude and accessibility of the field we have opportunities such as have never been accorded, in all the annals of time, to any other kingdom on the face of the earth. It remains that we be faithful to the work that we have to do, so that when, in some brilliant and blessed future, we shall be called to relinquish at once our sovereignty and stewardship, we shall be able to point to memorials of British sway more sublime than the achievements of our arms, and more enduring than the great globe itself.

Our sword has swept o'er India—there remains
A nobler conquest far—
The mind's ethereal war,
That but subdues to civilize its plains.

Let us pay back the past, the debt we owe;
Let us around dispense
Light, hope, intelligence,
Till blessings track our steps where'er we go.

O England! thine be the deliverer's meed,
Be thy great empire known,
By hearts made all thine own,
By thy free laws and thy immortal creed.

These grounds of appeal, however, are common to every missionary platform; and, though in a Lecture entitled "The Bible for India," they could not be overlooked, they yet come not properly within the scope of my present design. My object is specific. What I plead for is the adoption of a thoroughly Christianized policy on the part of our Indian authorities. Do not shrink and shiver in your seats as though you were about to listen to some rash and reckless tirade. Nothing of the kind. My main desire is, in connexion with a brief *resumé* of facts, to exhibit a principle and enforce a lesson that may be fraught with daily advantage alike to rulers and ruled. Every lover of India will willingly and gratefully avow that the Government has, from external pressure, or otherwise, passed measures favourable to the cause of India's evangelization. It not only allows universal toleration to all missionary agencies, but has removed some of the obstacles which thwarted their endeavours. It has established liberty of conscience, and made it an offence punishable at law that a Hindoo, on a change of his creed, should be disinherited of his patrimony. By its decrees the fires of Sutteeism are quenched. The horrors of infanticide are no more; and within a few recent months, the last link of connexion with idolatrous temples and priests has been severed. State patronage and State endowment of heathenism are at an end. That foul blot has been utterly and for ever effaced from our national

escutcheon, and no note of that most unholy alliance will again find place among the records and statute-books of the Empire.

More, however, remains to be done. Look at the two-fold process by which opposing classes of educationists are seeking to emancipate the native mind of India. First comes the scheme adopted by Government, whose fell characteristic is that it confers education without religion. Treating man as altogether a creature of time—as simply a piece of intellectual mechanism—it has excluded the Bible from the public seminaries, so that whilst these supply the amplest means for the highest mental culture, yet, in respect of all moral influence, they present a dreary vacuity and blank.

It will be interesting and instructive to dissect one or two of the main objections advanced against the introduction of the Sacred Oracles of truth, in order to show the utter groundlessness of the fears as to the issue of such a measure.

And first it was apprehended that the admission of the Bible as a class-book would inevitably lead to the desertion of the schools, and so to the loss, on the part of native youth, of the benefits of secular knowledge. That this was a baseless hallucination, may be evidenced by a few irrefragable statements of fact. When, in one of the Presidential cities, a missionary institution was opened, the number of applicants was so great that 520 names were registered in the course of little more than two hours, and during the succeeding week the list amounted to upwards of 1,500. In one of the towns of the North-west, a mission seminary occupied the place of the one which had been abandoned by Government, and though the Bible was taught with the avowed object of conversion, the school actually contained double the number of pupils who attended when the sacred volume was excluded. A similar transference occurred at Azimghur, and so far from the majority of the people being unwilling to avail

themselves of a Christian education, they desired the missionaries to establish schools at other places in the district. At Bansburya was a school connected with the Native Vedant association. After a time it was closed. The Free Church Mission immediately opened a seminary which soon mustered a goodly company of boys; the great bulk of the parents being desirous that their children should rather hazard their faith than risk the means of a respectable livelihood. The Raja of the Mysore made an annual grant of about £150 to the Wesleyan Mission for the support of an English school in the city of Mysore, to be called the "Rajah's Free School." The plan of instruction was precisely the same as that pursued in the great missionary institutions at Calcutta and Madras. Well, at one of the examinations which took place at the Palace, in the presence of his Highness and a large number of native gentlemen, the boys commenced, not with answering questions in history or geography, or any of the sciences, but with reading a portion of the New Testament in English, and translating the same into Canarese! Mr. Leupolt, of the Church Mission at Benares, which, he it remarked, is the Oxford of Hindustan, speaks thus of the Free School under his Society's care in that intensely bigoted city: "In this school the boys receive a good education on sound Christian principles. The Bible forms a class-book. The boys read it gladly, nor do the parents object. They acknowledge that the Bible makes their boys good and obedient sons, though they do not wish them to be converted. We speak freely with the people on this subject, and *tell them plainly that we wish all the boys might become Christians. And they do not think the worse of us for being so candid.* One day I missed a boy of the Persian class, and heard that he was gone to the Government school. The next day he returned. I asked him why he had not continued to attend the Government school. He replied that he had been there

and had taken his Persian Testament with him, but on opening and reading it, the master said, "Take that book away. That is no book for the school." He mentioned the circumstance to his father, who replied, "Boy, you dare not go any more to that school, for be sure that the man who cares nothing for his own religion will care nothing for our's either!" "I have seen," continues Mr. Leupolt, "some of the boys' Bibles marked throughout, showing evidently that they had been read with great care. I never compelled any of them to read the Bible, on the contrary, I wished them to consider it a privilege when I read it with them, and, indeed, they did so consider it. *I could scarcely inflict a greater punishment upon any boy than to exclude him from this lesson.*" These closing sentences of Mr. Leupolt's report will afford an exquisite pleasure to all who yearn for the spread of Bible truth among the cultured youth of India; but that pleasure will be enhanced a hundredfold when they learn that the experience of missionaries at Benares, is the experience of missionaries in other cities of the empire. Thus the Rev. J. Trafford, the President of Serampore College, writes, "All the classes, both in the school and college department, spend the first hour of the day in scriptural instruction. *On no subject of study is the attendance more punctual, or the interest more manifest.*" Thus, too, Mr. Barton, of Agra: "Our Bible lesson is one of the most popular, if not the most popular lesson of the day's course of study; indeed, I often have to reprove some of my pupils for listlessness or want of attention to their secular studies, *whose interest never flags during the Bible lesson.*" To like effect is the testimony of one of the Principals in a mission seminary at Madras, who writes: "The Bible has that paramount place which its infinite importance demands. It would rejoice your heart to see how thoroughly the Bible is relished by all classes that read it. *Nothing interests the*

most intelligent more than the Bible. The pupils are constantly referring to it, and employing arguments and illustrations drawn from it, in such a manner as to prove that their consciences are educating, and that their moral and religious feelings are improving by the frequent exercise of their minds on the great truths of the Bible." Such examples, which it were needless to accumulate, show beyond all debate that in this matter, as in others of a kindred nature, our Indian authorities have been unnecessarily alarmed—have, in fact, been startled at mere shadows and chimeras, conjured up by their own affrighted imaginations.

But the real source and secret of the governmental action may be the fear to offend, and the wish to conciliate its heathen and Mohammedan subjects. Such a ruler as my Lord Ellenborough will talk as if our sovereignty in the East rested on the exclusion of the Bible from the State schools. Such as he, would dread and deprecate its admission, lest we should "excite the ill-will of the natives and sow the seeds of another rebellion!" On a principle of expediency they would prohibit its use in order to conciliate the natives and so ensure the safety of the Empire! And now, young men! allow me to show you the outcome of this time-serving policy. Give me your attention while I draw a parallel and exhibit a principle.

We refer you to the memorable statement made by the Evangelist John in the 11th Chapter of his Gospel from 47—50 verses. After the excitement created by the Lord's raising of Lazarus, it is written—"Then gathered the chief priests and the Pharisees a council, and said, What do we? for this man doeth many miracles. If we let him thus alone all men will believe in him, and the Romans shall come and take away both our place and our nation. And one of them named Caiaphas, being the High Priest that same year, said unto them, Ye know nothing at all, nor consider

that it is expedient for us, that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not." Trace the development of this matter, and you will see how exact was the retribution that came out of this evil policy that obtained in the high places of the land. The chief priests and Pharisees meet to debate as to what measures they must adopt for the suppression of Jesus. In the midst of the conference Caiaphas, the High Priest, starts to his feet, and with vehemence brands the whole assembly as ignorant and shortsighted. He upbraids them for the want of political wisdom. With much strenuousness, he avows it to be expedient that Christ should be put to death. He dreads to excite the hostility of the Romans, and so will sacrifice the innocent and wonder-working Jesus rather than risk the chance of a collision. True, it could not but be affirmed of the Saviour "This man doeth many miracles," miracles alike on the living and on the dead, miracles which Caiaphas did not attempt to disprove, but which he accepted as undeniable facts; and yet through "fear of consequences" he would doom the Saviour to die. They must not give umbrage to a power that might inflict upon them irreparable injury.

It would seem from the language of the High Priest that some among the council could find nothing in the actions or words of Jesus on which a capital sentence could be based. And one aim of Caiaphas was to pacify the troublesome conscience of these doubters. It is, as though he said, Granted that the putting Jesus to death cannot be vindicated by strict law and equity, it may and must be justified by expediency and reasons of state. The issue is, that the Council acquiesce in this iniquitous decision and so postpone duty to interest, and justice to time-serving. By yielding to the advice of this unprincipled man, they commit a flagrant wrong in order to obtain a supposed security from peril. They agree to the murder of one who was marvellous in

deed and blameless in life, lest they should be visited by the wrath of Cæsar and the onslaught of his legions. The life of Jesus must be taken away, so that the Romans may not take away their place and their nation. Such was the result of their deliberations and such the motive by which they were impelled. Well, their fell purpose was accomplished. The Lord Jesus was "crucified and slain." But what was the issue of their temporizing policy! They have succeeded in compassing the death of the wonder-worker, but did they succeed in averting thereby the visitation of the Romans? The ruin they deprecated and which, by putting all rectitude at defiance, they strove to prevent, did it through Christ's decease fail to overtake them? Nay! for so it was that, shortly after our Lord's crucifixion, the Romans swept down upon that land with an overwhelming flood, causing the utter subversion of the whole Jewish polity, in the destruction of Jerusalem, and the dispersion of the Jews. For some reason it came to pass that Cæsar's wrath was kindled against them, and in the hostilities that ensued, the sanctuary was demolished, and themselves, pounded to atoms, were scattered as by a whirlwind over the whole earth. "Their place and their nation were taken away." Thus, the disaster which by wrong-doing they thought to ward off, was the identical disaster which came upon them to the uttermost; and the parties whom by wrong-doing they sought to conciliate, were the very parties to inflict the national death-blow. There is thus developed this startling feature in the moral government of the world, that judgment will bear an exact correspondence to our sins. You find this point set forth by Bishop Newton and elaborated by an eminent dignitary of the Established Church. We adopt the argument, but work it out for ourselves.—"The fear of the wicked will thus come upon them" through their scheming to evade it, by an unhallowed process. Caiaphas propounds and presses on the

Sanhedrim the doctrine of expediency. There can be no debate, indeed, that Christ doeth many miracles. But the High Priest says that, at any cost, they must avoid what would be offensive to Cæsar, and therefore in his view dangerous to themselves. This foul maxim gains the day, and time-serving carries it over justice, and probable interest over certain duty. And with what result? The plea is, the Romans must be conciliated, else they will come down; they are conciliated, and they do come down, with exterminating vengeance. Christ must be sacrificed, or our place and our nation will be taken away—the sacrifice is made and their place and their nation are taken away.

The case of the time-serving Sanhedrim has had a wondrous parallel in our Eastern dominions. Be it known that it was with the view of conciliating the Sepoys that our rulers determined to ignore Christianity and uphold the institute of caste. By rigidly denying missionaries access to the Native Regiments, by not permitting a Christian to remain in the ranks, our authorities did virtually what the chief priests did literally. For this resolve not to allow the Gospel to be heard or embraced by its Hindoo or Mohammedan soldiery, what was it but putting Christianity to death—so far as those soldiers were concerned? Our rulers adopted this course in order that the goodwill of the Native Army might be ensured; fearing that if disaffection arose in that quarter the safety of our possessions would thereby be imperilled. Though Christianity be rejected, the favour of the Sepoys must be retained, and that at all hazards. And so, by a blind fatuity, our rulers ignore that religion which it cannot but be confessed has wrought wonders for Britain, raising her to the topmost throne of earth's sovereignties and proving on her behalf something like a Divine Mission to be a Messiah to the world. The Gospel "doeth many miracles" at home:

nevertheless it must be silenced in India, so as not to arouse the ill-feeling of those on whom we were thought to depend for the peace and permanence of our rule. There were such individuals as Thornton and Wilberforce on the Indian Board, who, like Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea in the Council, questioned the soundness of the policy and prognosticated disaster. But the advice of such as Caiaphas prevails, and it is expedient that "one man should perish," that Christ should be put out of the way rather than the "whole nation perish," and we lose our dividends and be bereft of our patronage. And how does God deal with these calculations of a temporizing policy? Why, manifestly he makes a desolating scourge of the very men whose favour by sacrificing Christ, we wished to retain. Say what you will as to the immediate occasion of that outbreak, whether it were the annexing of a certain kingdom or not, it was such as the Romans, who arose and came down upon us in frenzy, sacking our cities, plundering our treasures and paralyzing our administration. Having tampered with truth in order to keep the Sepoys true to their allegiance we fell into their hands as a prey to the spoiler. As we looked on our Indian dominions bestrewed with ruins and bedrenched with blood, we saw only what Jerusalem was in the day of her visitation for a similar cause. By the flames kindled in that mutiny there was burnt and branded into the framework of that land this truth—let none amongst us forget it—Do an evil to avert an evil and the evil dreaded will be the evil endured. And that memorial church which has been reared over those graves at Cawnpore will be, not alone a fitting mausoleum for the dead and temple for the living, but a beacon tower, warning future generations of the peril of deviating from the track of right for supposed security's sake; and that if men will build up an empire on expediency, it is only for those whom they would

conciliate to demolish, and if men will add field to field and fill their exchequers with gold on a time-serving principle, it is only for those whom they would please to empty the one and lay waste the other. The reason why judgment did not come upon us to the uttermost was that the penitential cries of the righteous were allowed to arrest the merited infliction. Had it not been for such intercessions the insurgents, by slaughtering us on the spot or driving us into the sea, might literally have rooted out of Hindostan our place and nation. Nevertheless the terrible disasters that did occur sufficed to bear out the principle which we are seeking to illustrate of an exact Divine retribution—that what Nations sow that shall they also reap.

And now, having seen what this fear to do right did for us in the case of the Sepoys, let us learn the lesson which the mutiny taught, and urge the abandonment of the like suicidal policy which yet obtains in other departments of governmental action. Let Christianity be no longer ignored in our educational schemes. Exclude the Bible, forsooth! if you would avoid another rebellion! Why the exclusion of the Bible is the most certain way to ensure it. Look at the effect of this un-Christian education on the minds of the pupils towards those who have trained them. Be it observed that the inculcation of European science is absolutely subversive of the entire system of Hindoo theology. Hindoo science and Hindoo theology are but integral parts of the same system, each having a mutual dependence and each claiming a common Divine origin. All knowledge communicated in the Shasters is stamped with a sacred character and bears a religious aspect. Hence, if you demolish a physical error the theological dogma which has been reared on its base, crumbles at once into fragments. Take as an illustration what the Shasters affirm as to the cause of an eclipse. They tell you that on one occasion the supernatural

and infernal deities assembled for the churning of the ocean, in order to obtain therefrom the waters of Immortality. The sacred mountain Meroo was tumbled into the sea, and round it was coiled the Sacred Snake—I leave your imagination to complete the picture. Suffice it for me to say, that in due time the process was accomplished and the nectar produced. The supernals, however, to the disgrace of their order, selfishly determined to keep the ambrosial draught to themselves. One of the demons saw through their manœuvres, and, resolving not to be outwitted, assumed the garb of the celestials and stood amongst them. Vishnu was master of the ceremonies, and, ignorant of what had happened, presented the chalice to the disguised infernal. Instantly the sun and moon, who had been observant spectators, reproached him for his blindness. But in vain—the demon was too quick for them, he seized and sipped the cup, and became immortal. Vishnu's eyes were soon opened, and in his wrath cut the demon with his scimitar in twain. To divide him, however, was not to destroy him. Having drank the water he must live for ever. But though he had effectuated his purpose, the demon vowed vengeance on the sun and moon for their gratuitous interference ; and he is represented as pursuing these two luminaries in their course through the heavens with the intent to devour them. At one time he comes up with the sun, grips him with his teeth, but finding him very hot, soon lets him go ; and *this accounts for the partial eclipse of the sun*. Then he makes chase for the moon, and finding her cooler in her temperament, seizes and swallows her ; but inasmuch as his body is cut in two she soon makes her appearance again ; and *this accounts for the temporary and total eclipse of the moon*. After such an illustration you will understand how every lesson communicated by the State-teacher in the history or sciences of the West is a bomb-shell hurled into the citadel of Hindoo super-

stitution. But the disastrous issue is, as is somewhere said, that having battered to pieces the stronghold of their ancestral faith, its inmates are turned out, shelterless and forlorn, on the bleak barren wastes of downright atheism.

This is the natural and necessary consequence of the Government plan of education—to rear a race of highly-cultivated infidels—a generation of accomplished sceptics. The alumni of the State seminaries lose all respect for their national creed, and acquire no respect for any other. And when they leave, it is without any certain guide of conscience being placed in their hands. Their instruction has been deficient in one of its most essential branches. On truths of highest moment to their conduct as citizens, and their destinies as men, profoundest silence has been maintained. There has been no moral training, and hence they go forth into society with no moral principle to control the movements and preserve the balance and equilibrium of the mind. The young men thus educated have been among the most embittered opponents of the gospel. But beyond this they have been among the most disloyal and disaffected in the native community, and, in some instances, the most virulent enemies of the British rule. “By imparting,” says an observant witness, “this unchristianized education within the walls of its institutions, the Government is nestling and nurturing a brood of vipers in its bosom. Youths who are indebted to Government for their training, indulge in public declamatory abuse of the administration of the country; thus showing what allegiance to men may be expected to result from a system of tuition from which all notions of allegiance to God are systematically excluded.” Take, again, the testimony of a former professor in the Elphinstone College, at Bombay:—“A very great movement, in one direction or another, at no remote period, is manifestly inevitable. Of late, and exactly in proportion as I myself thought

more solemnly on the truths of Christianity, and made them the subject of conversation with educated natives, the more convinced have I become of the evil tendency of the system which has hitherto been pursued, and the necessity of strenuous exertion in opposition to it by all who have at heart the enlargement of the Messiah's kingdom, or even the tranquillity of India and the safety of the British Empire. The Government, in fact, does not know what it is doing. No doubt it is breaking down superstitions: but instead of substituting any useful truth, or salutary principles, for the ignorance and false principles it removes it is only facilitating the dissemination of the most pernicious errors and the most demoralizing and revolutionary principles. I have been appalled by discovering the extent to which Atheistic and Deistic writings, together with disaffection to the British Government and hatred to the British name, have spread, and are spreading, among those who have been educated in Government schools, or are now in Government service."

Among the latest writers who have referred to the subject, Mr. Martin Gubbins thus expresses his opinions—

"Too frequently the Hindu scholar leaves the Government school an infidel. Too frequently he repays the liberal instruction of Government with disloyalty and disaffection. Young Bengal, by which name this class of native youth is designated in India, is remarkable generally for conceit, disloyalty, and irreligion.

"Nor can it be doubted, that it is in India a dangerous thing to educate the native youth, without uniting with that education the strongest restraint of morality. And it may be questioned, whether any rules of morality without the powerful check of religion will suffice.

"We place in a boy's hands the histories of Greece and Rome, and hold up to his admiration the examples of those

ancient patriots who have freed their country from domestic tyranny or a foreign yoke. The knowledge which we impart to him destroys the reverence which he would naturally feel for his own religion, and its precepts. In its stead, we implant no other of a holier and purer kind. Can we wonder, then, at the harvest which we too frequently reap—disloyalty untempered by gratitude; a spurious and selfish patriotism, unchecked by religion; and an overweening conceit of literary attainment, supported by no corresponding dignity of character?”

They speak contemptuously of their English conquerors as foreign rulers and proud tyrants! Could Greece, they say, resist a Xerxes? What could not India do? And does not this prove that with regard to students in the schools, as to the Sepoy in the army, the *soudest religious policy* is the *safest political one*?

It is a false thing anywhere to divorce education from religion. Man is a compound being, possessed of a moral and intellectual nature. These two departments must be regarded as generically distinct, yet both must be simultaneously cultivated. You may enrich the intellect with all knowledge, yet leave the heart foul and polluted still. To educate without religion is but to half-educate the man,—and that the smaller half—and to bound his prospects by the horizon of short-lived time. Again, it is like that affects like, and *scientific* truth can offer no successful antagonism to the evil tendencies of a corrupt *moral* nature. It may so far avail as to expel the gross errors and absurdities of superstition, but it leaves the affections unpurified and the heart unreclaimed. The youth of India have been debarred access to those spiritual truths which can alone refine and renew the soul. In them, therefore, is realized the unsightly contrast of a highly cultivated intellect in close proximity to a deeply depraved heart. They resemble some pestilen-

tial undrained marsh mantled over the garniture of blooming flowers; or rather those cloistered tombs—the richly garnished sepulchres of the East—externally bedecked with the superb tracery of an intellectual mosaic, but internally filled with the reeking odours of a noxious putrescence.

“Knowledge,” we are told, “is power.” It is a great but perilous truism! Brute force is power, but if uncontrolled by enlightened reason, that power will be displayed in making woful havoc of property and life. Those combustible materials stored up within the bounds of our arsenals possess power which a spark let fall from the hand of an incendiary would instantly reveal, by blowing into a myriad atoms, many a costly and stupendous pile. So knowledge has a power for evil as well as for good. Sin has, indeed, corrupted the understanding as well as our entire moral nature. But it is the heart that is the grand seat of the disorder. Hence the appeal, “My son, give me thy *heart*.” We have inspired authority for tracing to the corruption of the heart the worst error of the intellect, for “The fool hath said in his *heart*, there is no God.” You see to what the Psalmist attributes the hallucination that denies the existence of a God. It is to the estranged affections of the fool, who hath said in his heart, but not in his intellect, “There is no God.” It follows hence that if you enstrengthen only the intellect you at the same time exacerbate the vice. If you feed an infected, vitiated intellect, and supply no cure to the moral maladies of the soul, what do you but increase the disease with which human nature is plagued? By every reinvigoration of the intellectual energies you educe elements of deadlier potency for evil. Store and sharpen the mere mental faculties, and you but enable the opponent of Bible truth to whet his weapons to a keener edge, and wield them with a more skilful aim!

This system of education without religion in India has begun to bear its legitimate fruits. As we have said, the

bitterest foes to British rule have been found amongst the pupils in the Government Colleges. What then should be done? Why, admit the Bible into these Colleges. "A *right* principle will then be established in place of a *wrong* principle, and it transcends the power of human foresight to say what advantages will be gained." But let us continue to sacrifice Christianity on the altar of a worldly expediency, and we shall be sacrificed in return. As we sin we shall suffer;—as we sow we shall reap.

This doctrine is so noteworthy that I must be permitted to dwell a little longer upon it. Of this fact we may be certain, that "all human life is filled and fenced by Divine law." One chief element of that law finds expression in the Apostolic maxim, "What a man sows that shall he also reap." In an individual's or nation's suffering there will be a reproduction of that individual's or nation's sin. A man's penalty shall so correspond to his provocation as to make it most literally true, that he "eats the fruit of his own way, and is filled with his own devices." This is a principle of Divine procedure which works in all economies—all lands and all ages. God's ways may for a while baffle our closest scrutiny, but it will, in the issue, be seen that this one purpose has run through all embarrassing vicissitudes; that wrong doing shall produce its natural effects, whilst right doing shall realize its appropriate reward. The moral world has its analogies in the natural. No rule operates more universally in both than that "every seed shall bear fruit after its own kind." There is nothing capricious in either sphere. "All scenes are true,"—true as the exponents of principles having the firmness and fixedness of the everlasting hills. Some may be disposed to shrug the shoulders and shrink from the mention of so hazardous a theme; they may style it presumption for any boldly and dogmatically to search into and settle the interpretation of events. We reply in the words of Goldwin Smith, that if

retribution be not, as some have maintained, the great law of history, history bears unfailing witness to the certainty of retribution. Again, some may charge it upon us as uncharitable and as usurping a Divine prerogative, to trace in this present so distinct a connection between calamity and crime. We answer in the language of Dean Trench, that though we must await the great day for all things to be set on the square, yet much, very much of judgment is even now continually proceeding. However unwilling we may be to receive this, bringing, as it does, God so near, making retribution so real and so powerful a thing, yet is it true not the less. As some eagle pierced with a shaft feathered from its own wing, so many a sufferer, even in this present time, sees and cannot deny that it was his own sin that fledged the arrow of judgment which has pierced him and brought him down. To this grand Providential law which always and everywhere obtains, your devout attention, young men, is asked. Commencing with its earliest biographies of the Bible, you find how soon mankind was taught that our suffering will be the "reproduction" and the resemblance of our sin. An individual is evil-entreated in the very kind in which others have been evil entreated by him. Thus Jacob the "deceiver is himself deceived." He has practised deception on his aged father Isaac, in supplanting Esau of his birthright, and now he himself, a father and in years, is imposed upon by his own children when they brought to him Joseph's coat of many colours and said, "This have we found, know thou whether it be thy son's coat or not." You remember too that to check the increase of the unoffending Israelites, Pharaoh ordered all the sons—the pride of the Hebrew race—to be cast into the waters; and was there not an exact requital of his sanguinary behest when himself and his host—the pride of Egypt's chivalry—were overwhelmed in the waters of the Red Sea? As one of our old commentators hath it—God avenged upon the

Egyptians the blood of the first-born whom they had drowned. Neither will you forget the device and doom of the remorseless courtier of King Ahasuerus. Bethink you how Haman met the very fate he had been planning for the uncle of Esther the queen. "So they hanged Haman on the gallows he had prepared for Mordecai." The mischief recoils on the head of him who contrived it. That which the guilty man intends as the instrument of another's death, becomes the veritable instrument of his own, and therein he is the representative of multitudes since his day who have been hung on the gallows of their own rearing. With similar exactness was the law observed in the case of Daniel and his enemies. The means they employed for the ruin of the prophet became the means for the ruin of themselves. Fraught with thrilling energy are the words of Holy Writ when recording the deliverance of the one and the destruction of the other: "So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of harm was found upon him. And the king commanded, and they brought those men, who had accused Daniel, and cast them into the den of lions, and the lions had the mastery, and brake all their bones or ever they had come to the bottom of the den."* We might multiply instances, but these will suffice from the history of the Old Testament. We have cited one striking confirmation from the records of the New in the case of Caiaphas and the chief priests. We may add, how Bishop Newton yet further traces a most striking correspondence between the sin and punishment of the Jews. "They put Jesus to death when the nation was assembled to celebrate the passover; and when the nation was assembled to celebrate the passover, Titus shut them up within the walls of Jerusalem. The rejection of the true Messiah was their crime; and the following of false Messiahs to their destruction was their

* See further Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," 16th ed., part ii., sec. 3. "Quo quisque peccat in eo punietur."

punishment. They sold and bought Jesus as a slave, and they themselves were afterwards sold and bought as slaves at the lowest prices. They preferred a robber and a murderer to Jesus, whom they crucified between two thieves; and they themselves were afterwards infested with bands of thieves and robbers. They crucified Jesus before the walls of Jerusalem; and before the walls of Jerusalem they themselves were crucified in such numbers, that it is said, "room was wanting for the crosses and crosses for the bodies." Lay these things together, and who will not see how in the manifold details of conduct, men will reap according as they have sown. And now leaving sacred histories, let us glance at profane, and ask what testimony is borne to this fact of an exact Divine retribution by occurrences that have taken place, within the memory of living men. We have spoken of the mutiny in India. But look at what happens in other countries than our own. What was one of the striking features of the French Revolution? Why, we are told that those very chiefs of the extreme party, who had no mercy for the king, nor pity for any victims, were among the chief sufferers in that reign of terror which they were instrumental in establishing. Yes, the poisoned chalice was presented to the lips of those very men who had prepared its ingredients for others, and they who mingled the draught were the first to drain it to the dregs. Note again, the very recent ecclesiastical movements in France, and observe how the Jesuits—in their opposition to the spread of evangelical truth—have been caught in their own trap. Eager to check the circulation of Protestant books, they not long ago induced the Government to forbid the sale of all books without the Imperial stamp, and payment of stamp duty. By that artful expedient they thought to hamper those noble men—the Bible colporteurs—and so to hinder the conversion of the people to the true faith of the gospel. They little thought, however, of that Providential

law which is working everywhere and at all times. They reckoned not of having to "reap what they had sown, and to eat the bitter fruits of their own bitter ways." The time has now come when these Jesuit Bishops are eager to champion the cause of the Pope against the Emperor of France. The Government declares that it cannot allow ecclesiastics to indulge in political harangues from their pulpits. To elude this menace, the Bishops publish political pamphlets under the guise of pastoral charges. Whereupon the Government resolves to subject all episcopal charges to that very stamp-law, and that very stamp duty which had been imposed on Protestants at the instigation of these Jesuits themselves. They are thus made amenable to that identical enactment of which they were the authors, and by which they sought to check the diffusion of the Gospel. Their suffering is a fac-simile of their sin. The Papacy is hung upon the gallows it had prepared for Protestantism. The measure devised for the arrest and annoyance of good men is the measure employed for their own. The government, indignant at these Jesuit intriguers, as was Ahasuerus with that arch-intriguer, Haman, is pointed to a statute which they had framed for the impalement of Divine truth, and as the royal eye surveyed it, the royal fiat went forth in wrath; "Hang them thereon." The mandate is fulfilled, and there they are gibbeted unto this day. But now, above all, what a thrilling illustration does America furnish at this present moment! In the terrible Providence of this very hour, God's retributive purpose works among the people of that land. It is in manifest and mighty operation there. The woe by which that country is cursed is the exact reflection and outgrowth of the wrongs it has committed. It is afflicted by the rude severance of all civil compacts, by the rending asunder of all federal bonds. Instead of being, as it once was, a family of associated commonwealths, it now pre-

sents the appearance of a divided and distracted house, whose members have been roughly and violently parted one from another. Such is America's calamity! And who can fail to see in it the image of America's crime? Has she not by her own pet system of slavery made a breach into once happy households, and snapped in twain the most sacred ties, severing brother from brother, and parents from children, and husband from wife? And, having sown in disruption she reaps disruption! She is the "United States" no more! That brotherhood of communities has been broken up! That national fraternity has ceased to exist! None can wonder at the dissolution of her "Union" who reflect how she has dissolved holier unions a thousand times before. Her distress traces out in sternest lines the distress which the hapless negro has received at her hands. That disruption tells how weeping families have been ruthlessly invaded, and their members relentlessly scattered. Ah! the sin of America is pictured in her sorrow, and she gathers according as she has sown. And what of England, or rather Lancashire, that suffers from the conflict across the Atlantic? Well, who can deny that there has been on our part more or less complicity with America's sin? We obtained with ease our cotton supply from American ports, and, heedless of the fact of its being slave-grown, we made no effort to develop the cotton resources of other lauds. As we sin, we suffer. "History," we are told, "repeats itself." So it does. And it does so through the operation of the principle under review. It is ever working to the production of similar effects. We have pointed out how this purpose is now working in one of the foremost countries of the earth; and we are right in so doing, for it becomes us to have "understanding of the times," and to interpret their meaning. "God teaches by events." He spreads before mankind the great lesson-book of his Providence, and it is our duty,

not alone to read the story, but to point out the moral of the tale. And as this principle is of universal application, it is clear that the question of our country's future rests with ourselves. We have but to ask what, as a nation, we are doing, and the problem of our destiny is instantly solved. He that soweth righteousness shall reap righteousness, and righteousness it is that exalteth a people. You have the answer in the vicissitudes of the nations, and the "voices of the ages." The debris of ancient cities, the relics of vanished kingdoms, all proclaim the existence of the same ever-working, never-varying purpose of the national destiny being determined by the national conduct. Sow falseness, reap falseness. Sow mercy, reap mercy. Sow the wind, reap the whirlwind. Oh England! see that thou depart from evil and do good. So "shalt thou dwell for evermore." Clothe thee with humility; practise truth; cherish purity; resist the temptations to luxury and lusts; cease to make perilous compromise with wrong.

"Up Britain, boldly break and east away
 Godless expedience: say, is it wise,
 Or right, or safe, for some chance gains to-day
 To dare the vengeance of to-morrow's skies?
 Be wiser then, dear land, my native home,
 Do always good, do good, that good alone may come."*

It is clear beyond dispute that we live under a rigid moral government, that takes strict cognizance of our actings. Christian young men of England, let me commend them to your serious thought. Remembering of what a "constitution ye are the guardians, of what a monarch ye are the subjects, of what a metropolis ye are the citizens, of what a faith ye are the enlightened votaries;" ponder the

* Hindoos are entering the civil service. What will be the issue of having highly-educated Deists or Pantheists in the Magistracy and on the Bench?

principle of the Divine dealings with nations. Your direct influence in the realm of politics may be small, but as *Christian* young men you may pray that our statesmen at home and abroad may abjure that Machiavellian policy which reasons and decides as though there were no such being as a moral Governor in the heavens, and no such thing as moral retributive justice on the earth. Pray that our legislators may distrust a legislation that is more clever than Christian—more dexterous than devout—more time-serving than true. Above all, pray that our Indian rulers, after the experience of the mutiny, may see that the peace and prosperity of our Indian Empire can be ensured only in proportion as their acts are leavened by the principles of the Bible. Pray that they may note how God himself has worked, and is working, to disprove the false and fatal dogma that to inculcate religion would be to imperil our sway. For whence, in that unparalleled crisis, did our salvation come but from the Punjab, the administration of which is saturated with Christianity? And who stood forth as the greatest hero in that terrible strife, but one who was of “saintly” reputation and of Puritanic type? And on whom has the viceroyalty of India, with unanimous acclaim, just been conferred, but on one who, fearless of man, has hitherto ruled in the fear of God? I refer, of course, to Sir John Lawrence who, when Governor of the Punjab, magnanimously declared, “Christian things done in a Christian way will never alienate the heathen. About such things there are qualities which do not excite distrust nor harden to resistance. Sir John Lawrence is satisfied that within the territories committed to his charge he can carry out all those measures which are really matters of Christian duty on the part of the Government. And further, he believes that such measures will arouse no danger, will conciliate instead of provoking, and will subserve to the

ultimate diffusion of the truth among the people." While since the mutiny he has avowed, in words that should be familiar and immortal, that, "having been led, in common with others, since the occurrence of the awful events of 1857, to ponder deeply on what may be the faults and shortcomings of the British as a Christian nation in India, he feels that all those measures which are really and truly Christian can be carried out in India, not only without danger to the British rule, but, on the contrary, with every advantage to its stability." Among the measures which are "really and truly Christian," he numbers the removal of the prohibition against Bible-teaching, in the State seminaries, to as many as may be willing to receive it. Young men! give this God-fearing, truth-honouring statesman your prayers, that, having "come to the kingdom at such a time as this," he may, in his educational and other policy, rise to all the height and grandeur of his avowed convictions and matchless opportunities. In the name of patriotism, as Britons, of humanity, as philanthropists, of fidelity, as Christians, we protest against the unnatural divorcement of that knowledge which is secular and human from that which is sacred and Divine. Amid the many costly pearls of earthly knowledge, let the Bible be enshrined in the heart of youth as the brightest jewel—the most precious gem. It alone can be a light to their feet, and lamp to their path, amid the trackless wastes and wildernesses of earth. It alone can be their compass and polestar, and preserve them from being tossed, as a stranded and shattered bark, among the rocks and quicksands of error. It alone contains the purest philosophy, the highest science, and the best morality. It is the guide of youth, and the directory of age; the counsellor of the wise, and the enlightener of the ignorant; the infallible rule of conduct and the charter of our salvation. Its doctrines are the utterances of Heaven's holy oracle, and its light is the con-

centration of those beams that come streaming down to earth from heaven's resplendent sanctuary. And onward speed the day when in this and every land science shall be recognized only as the attendant handmaid of religion; when every shrine of an exalted learning shall be sanctified as the altar of an exalted devotion—earthly science as the fuel, heavenly piety as the sacrificial flame—from which there shall arise a cloud of incense to render fragrant the whole sphere of our present temporary existence, and then ascend, an offering of sweetest savour, into the eternal temple of the skies!

Some may affirm, in answer to my plea, that I am advocating a needless and impracticable scheme. Needless, because of the grant-in-aid system which has been introduced into India. Let the Government help, amongst others, all Mission Schools, whose *secular* education comes up to the requisite standard and its duty is fulfilled. I beg most respectfully, but most strenuously to deny it. The grant-in-aid to schools where the Bible is taught is not *enough to discharge our national obligation* when the *Bible* is a *proscribed* book in the *National Seminaries themselves*.

Impracticable, because there may be no masters in the State Schools competent to undertake Bible tuition. If so, let our authorities employ in every institution an accredited agent able to instruct as many as are willing to listen to his teachings. Years ago this plan was recommended by Dr. Duff. No matter to what sect the appointed teacher might belong, so that, in heart and head, he were equal to his work.

They who plead for the grant-in-aid system to Mission Schools, on the ground that the Government will "thereby promote religious instruction and greatly help on the evangelization of India," think not of the fallacious attitude which thereby the Government may assume in the view of the natives. Such a course may bring upon it odium and

disgrace such as its professed religious neutrality has already earned. On the one hand it has disclaimed all idea of seeking the downfall of Hindooism, whilst, on the other, it has communicated that very knowledge which, as you have seen, is destructive of its existence. Its show of non-interference with the native faith can be viewed as nothing more than a hollow pretence. As the Apollos of Indian missionaries declares, "while professing to avoid all intermeddling with the religion of the people, the Government has been working mines beneath its very foundations; with flags of truce waving over its camp it has been plying its covered batteries, springing its secret mines, and sapping the very bulwarks of the popular system."

And if, on the plea that they are pledged to strict neutrality, our Indian authorities exclude the Bible from the State Schools, while yet they contribute to the support of schools in which the Bible is taught; will not the natives look upon the Governmental conduct with suspicion and denounce it as underhanded? The help afforded for *secular* education may yet be regarded as a cover for the carrying out of spiritual designs, as in fact nothing more than another attempt at proselytism in disguise. We plead for the adoption of open policies, for the avoidance of all appearance of double-dealing, which begets distrust and brings danger.

In a few words, and for your own special behoof, we press upon your regard the principle we have sought to illustrate and enforce. The knowledge of that principle should be for your solace and strength when you may be brought into circumstances of distress and dismay; as, for example, was Mordecai the Jew. It is a principle in the meditation on which all hearts may be refreshed. Young men, is any one, like Haman, with malice in his spirit, busied with compassing your harm? intent, from sheer spite, upon doing you mischief and depriving you of that substance which is life.

or of that honour which is better than life? Well, as with Mordecai, be undisturbed amid the perils and perplexities of the time. Your fate, like his, may tremble in the balance. The plot may seem to succeed. Everything may appear ripe and ready for your overthrow. The death sentence may have been written, and the posts hastened out of the city. But oh! of their wickedness in the scheme, it shall recoil in all its weight and woe on the head of the contriver.

The knowledge of this principle should be for your warning and admonition, too. Eschew expediency as an imposture and a cheat. Believe that what is wrong in principle can never be expedient in practice. Cherish ever the "*mens sibi conscia recti*." Shun, as you would the plague, the Caiaphases of society, with their plausible but perilous advice. Let the idea of "duty—heaven-appointed duty—not to be questioned about, not to be argued with, but, at the risk of the Almighty's displeasure to be done," maintain an imperious hold on your hearts. Forget not that you are each one the arbiter of his own destiny.

Some one has said, there is none else on earth who has the power to be so much your friend or so much your enemy as yourself. And that witness is true. Bethink you of that principle which we have been seeking to illustrate and enforce. Ponder these indications of His procedure which God has graciously woven up with the narratives of the Bible. And then, by an easy process, you can sketch your own future—you can pronounce your own fate. Sorrow will answer to sin. If you wish, as helps to memory, brief, terse, sententious maxims in which the principle is couched, take the following which the Bible affords—"The wicked is fallen into the ditch that he made—his mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down on his pate." "In the net which they laid is their own foot taken—they have digged a pit before me in the midst

of which they have fallen themselves." Whilst of opposite character it is said, "With the merciful thou wilt show thyself merciful—with the upright thou wilt show thyself upright, and with the pure thou wilt show thyself pure." Then, young men, as ye go forth to begin life, beware, oh! beware, how you cherish a sin, compromise a principle, sacrifice the right and true, for the issue will be evil, in which you will realize the exact picture and product of the evil ye commit. "As ye sow shall ye verily reap. He that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; and he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

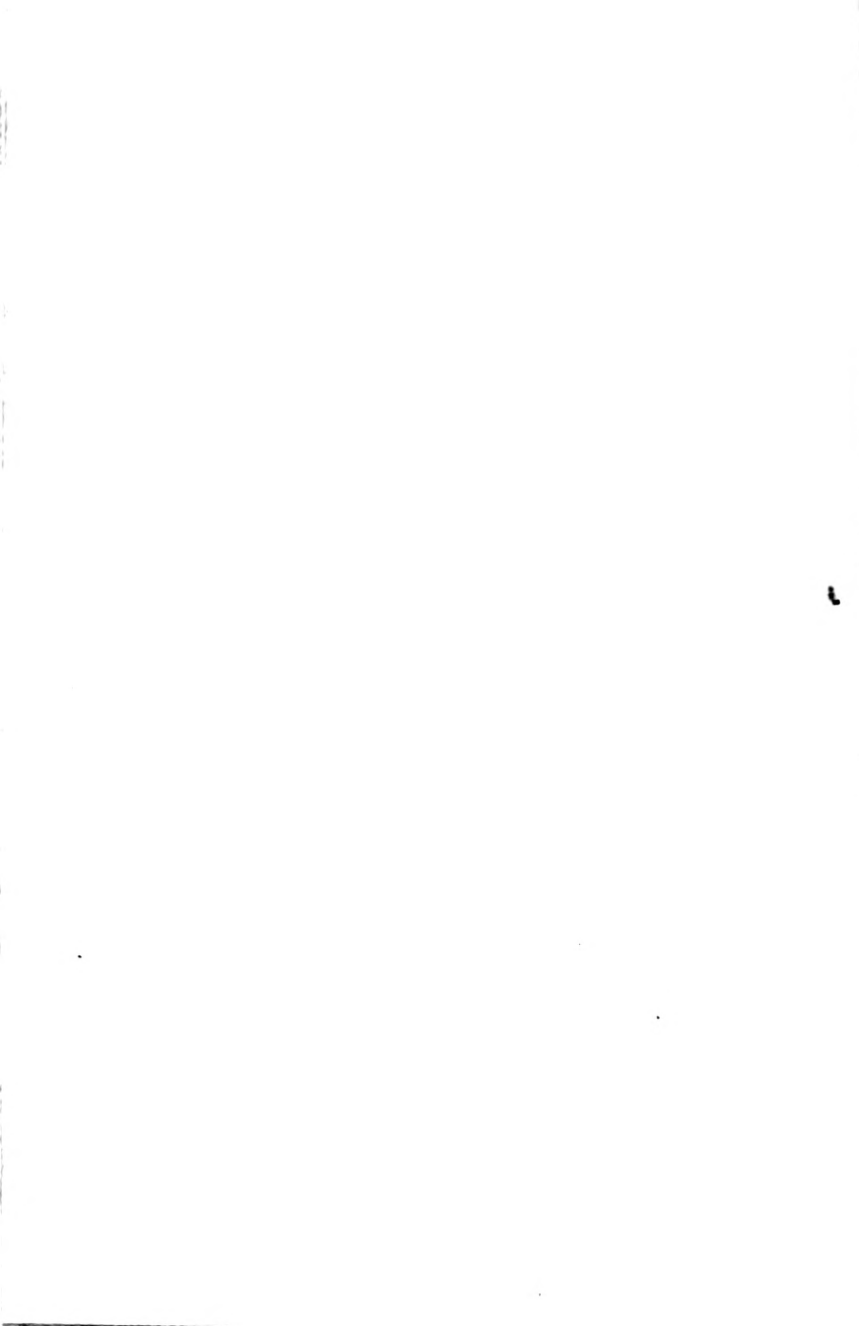
The Practical Service of Imperfect
Means.

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A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. A. K. H. BOYD, B.A.



THE PRACTICAL SERVICE OF IMPERFECT MEANS.

I WISH to say something to-night which, when you feel desponding and useless,—thinking you can do almost nothing,—that you can be of little service in this world,—may come back to your memory: and perhaps then you may recall this time, and thank me for some little comfort, when I shall need it as much as any. And I remember that I am speaking especially to young men, with the main work of life before them. No one knows (let me say to such) what may be made of you yet: how great and good things by God's grace you may do; and what honest, self-denying, noble, Christian lives you may lead. Now, what I want to do, is to say *that* which may combine encouragement with warning. I am not going to flatter you, and say you are great geniuses and wonderful fellows, and so that you will do great things. I go on quite a different tack. We have all work to do: we are all very little fit to do it. We are weak, foolish, ignorant; sometimes vain and conceited, sometimes anxious and desponding. Yet, by God's help and blessing, we may do much. For I wish to show you that the work of this world is mainly done by very weak and un-

worthy agents, and to show you what great practical service may be rendered by imperfect means. I want to show you that some of the best work this world has ever seen has been done by such. And when we come to the sober thoughts of ourselves to which, if we have any sense at all, we shall be brought by advancing years, there will be much consolation and encouragement in remembering *that*.

Almost all young people, and many old people, have far too high an opinion of themselves. And as we go on through life, we all get many takings down. Many things come which rudely compel us to feel that we are not so clever, not so wise and good, not so different from anybody else, and not at all so highly esteemed by other people, as we had fancied. Now, when we are taught, as we shall often be, what poor creatures we are, there will be a temptation to think that as we can do so little, we may just as well shut up and do nothing : instead of Coming Down, as God's purpose is we should, we shall be ready to Give Up, which it is God's purpose that no one should. What I want to show you is, that we ought never to give up ; never to make up our mind that we are to be useless ; but to cling to the belief that God intends each of us to do some good here. Now I have told you in a few words the lesson I desire to impress ; and you must let me take my own way of setting it forth and enforcing it. I have told you here, at the beginning, what is the thread of moral purpose on which all I have to say is to be strung ; and if a good deal of what I shall say should seem to you, just at first, to have very little to do with that, you must wait awhile, and perhaps you will see that it *has* something to do with it. And besides this, I do not pretend to set before you severe thought, needing a great effort of attention to follow. I want, if I can, to get you young men to listen as to a friend talking with you, rather than to a grave doctor lecturing you. I am not going to give you a sermon, or

anything the least like a sermon. But I am to address Christian young men, and I am going to remember *that*.

Almost every man is what, if he were a horse, people who deal in horses, and who have their own ways of talking, which if not quite classical, are very expressive, would call a screw. Almost every man is unsound. Indeed, my friends, I might well say even more than this. It would be no more than truth, to say that there does not breathe any human being who could satisfactorily pass a thorough examination of his physical and moral nature by a competent inspector.

I do not here enter on the etymological question, why an unsound horse is called a screw. Let that be discussed by curious people who have more leisure at their command. Possibly the phrase set out at length originally ran, that an unsound horse was an animal in whose constitution there was a screw loose. And the jarring effect produced upon any machine by looseness on the part of a screw which ought to be tight, is well known to thoughtful and experienced minds. By a process of gradual abbreviation, the phrase indicated passed into the simpler statement, that the unsound steed was himself a screw. By a bold transition, by a subtle intellectual process, the thing supposed to be wrong in the animal's physical system was taken to mean the animal in whose physical system the thing was wrong. Or, it is conceivable that the use of the word screw implied that the animal, possibly in early youth, had got some unlucky twist or wrench, which had permanently damaged its bodily nature, or warped its moral development. A tendon perhaps received a tug which it never quite got over. A joint was suddenly turned in a direction in which Nature had not contemplated its ever turning; and the joint never played quite smoothly and sweetly again. In this sense, we should discern in the use of the word *screw*, something analogous to

the expressive Scotticism, which says of a perverse and impracticable man that he is a *thrawn* person; that is, a person who has got a *thraw* or twist; or rather, a person the machinery of whose mind works as machinery might be conceived to work which had got a *thraw* or twist. The reflective listener will easily discern that a complex piece of machinery, by receiving an unlucky twist, even a slight twist, would be put into a state in which it would not go sweetly, or would not go at all.

After this *excursus*, which I regard as not unworthy the attention of Archbishop Trench of Dublin, who has for long been, through his works, the guide and philosopher of most of us in all matters relating to the *study of words*, I recur to the grand principle laid down at the beginning of the present dissertation, and say deliberately, that **ALMOST EVERY MAN THAT LIVES, IS WHAT, IF HE WERE A HORSE, WOULD BE CALLED A SCREW.** Almost every man is unsound. Every man (to use the language of a veterinary surgeon) has in him the seeds of unsoundness. You could not honestly give a warranty with almost any mortal. Alas! my brother, in the highest and most solemn of all respects, if *soundness* ascribed to a creature implies that it is what it ought to be, who shall venture to warrant any man sound!

I do not mean to make my hearers uncomfortable, by suggesting that every man is physically unsound: I speak of intellectual and moral unsoundness. You know, the most important thing about a horse is his body; and accordingly, when we speak of a horse's soundness or unsoundness, we speak physically; we speak of his body. But the most important thing about a man is his mind; and so, when we say a man is sound or unsound, we are thinking of mental soundness or unsoundness. In short, the man is mainly a soul; the horse is mainly and essentially a body. And though the moral qualities even of a horse are of great im-

portance,—such qualities as vice (which in a horse means malignity of temper), obstinacy, nervous shyness (which carried out into its practical result becomes *shying*),—still the name of screw is chiefly suggestive of physical defects. Its main reference is to wind and limb. The soundness of a horse is to the philosophic and stable mind suggestive of good legs, shoulders, and hoofs ; of uncongested lungs and free air-passages ; of efficient eyes and entire freedom from staggers. It is the existence of something wrong in these matters which constitutes the unsound horse, or screw.

But though the great thing about rational and immortal man is the soul ; and though, accordingly, the most important soundness or unsoundness about *him* is that which has its seat THERE ; still, let it be said that even as regards physical soundness there are few men whom a veterinary surgeon would pass if they were horses. Most educated men are physically in very poor condition. And particularly the cleverest of our race, in whom intellect is most developed and cultivated, are for the most part in a very unsatisfactory state as regards bodily soundness. They rub on—they manage somehow to get through their work in life ; but they never feel brisk or buoyant. They never know high health, with its attendant cheerfulness. It is a rare case to find such a combination of muscle and intellect as existed in Christopher North : the commoner type is the shambling Wordsworth, whom even his partial sister thought so mean-looking when she saw him walking with a handsome man. Let it be repeated, most civilized men are physically unsound. For one thing, most educated men are broken-winded. They could not trot a quarter of a mile without great distress. I have been amused, when in church I have heard a man beyond middle age singing very loud, and plainly proud of his volume of voice, to see how the last note of the line was cut short for want of wind. I say nothing of such

grave signs of physical unsoundness as little pangs shooting about the heart, and little dizzinesses of the brain: these matters are too serious for this moment. But it is certain that educated men, for the most part, have great portions of their muscular system hardly at all developed, through want of exercise. The legs of even hard brain-workers are generally exercised a good deal; for the constitutional exercise of such is usually walking. But in large towns such men give fair play to no other thews and sinews. More especially the arms of such men are very flabby. The muscle is soft and slender. If the fore legs of a horse were like that, you could not ride him but at the risk of your neck. And although the doctrine of what has been called *Muscular Christianity* has been pushed to an absurd extreme by some people, who plainly care a great deal more for the muscularity than for the Christianity, still it is right to remember that it is a Christian duty to care for the body, which both in this life and in the next must be united with the soul to make the complete human being. And besides this, it ought to be gravely considered that the healthful spring and energy of the soul depend in no small measure upon the healthful condition of its humbler companion.

Still, the great thing about man is the mind; and when I set out by declaring that almost every man is unsound, I was thinking of mental unsoundness. Most minds are unsound. No horse is accepted as sound in which the practised eye of the veterinarian can find some physical defect, something away from normal development and action. And if the same rule be applied to us, my friends—if every man is mentally a screw, in whose intellectual and moral development a sharp eye can detect something not quite right in the play of the machinery or the formation of it,—then I fancy that we may safely lay it down as an axiom, that there is not upon the face of the earth a perfectly sane

man. A sane mind means a healthy mind ; that is, a mind that is exactly what it ought to be. Where shall we discover such a one ? My friend, you have not got it. I have not got it. Nobody has got it. No doubt, at the first glance, this seems startling ; but I intend this lecture to be a consolatory and encouraging one, and I wish to show you that in this world it is well if means will fairly and decently suffice for their ends, even though they be very far from being all that we could wish. God intends not that this world should go on upon a system of optimism. It is enough, if things are so, that they *will do*. They might do far better. And let us remember, that though a skilled person would tell you that there is hardly such a thing as a perfectly sound horse in Britain, still in Britain there is very much work done, and well done, by horses, for all *that*. Even so, much work, fair work, passable work, noble work, magnificent work, may be turned off, and day by day is turned off, by minds which, in strict severity, are no better than good, workable, or showy ser vants.

Many minds, otherwise good and even noble, are unsound upon the point of Vanity. Nor is the unsoundness one that requires any very sharp observer to detect. It is very often extremely conspicuous ; and the merest blockhead can discern, and can laugh at, the unfortunate defect in one who is perhaps a great and excellent man. Many minds are off the balance in the respect of Suspiciousness ; many in that of absurd Prejudice. Many are unsound in the matters of Silliness, Pettiness, Pettedness, Perversity, or general Unpleasantness and *Thrown-ness*. Multitudes of men are what in Scotland is called *Cat-witted*. I do not know whether the word is intelligible in England. It implies a combination of littleness of nature, small self-conceit, readiness to take offence, determination in little things to have one's own way, and general impracticability. There are men to whom

even the members of their own families do not like to talk about their plans and views ; who will suddenly go off on a long journey without telling any one in the house till the minute before they go ; and concerning whom their nearest relatives think it right to give you a hint that they are rather peculiar in temper, and you must mind how you talk to them. There are human beings whom to manage into doing the simplest and most obvious duty, needs, on your part, the tact of a diplomatist combined with the skill of a driver of refractory pigs. In short, there are in human beings all kinds of mental twists and deformities. There are mental lameness and broken-windedness. Mental and moral shying is extremely common. As for biting, who does not know it ? We have all seen human biters ; not merely backbiters, but creatures who like to leave the marks of their teeth upon people present too. There are many kickers ; men who in running with others do (so to speak) kick over the traces, and viciously lash out at their companions with little or no provocation. There are men who are always getting into quarrels, though in the main warm-hearted and well-meaning. There are human jibbers : creatures that lie down in the shafts, instead of manfully (or horsefully) putting their neck to the collar, and going stoutly at the work of life. There are multitudes of people who are constantly suffering from depression of spirits, a malady which appears in countless forms. There is not a human being in whose mental constitution there is not something wrong ; some weakness, some perversion, some positive vice. And it is just those who are the best of the race, who will most deeply feel and most readily acknowledge all this. There was a great man in former days who felt it bitterly ; and he has put his experience on record, in words which all earnest people must thoroughly understand : " I know that in me dwelleth no good thing : for to will is present with me, but

how to perform that which is good I find not. For the good that I would I do not ; but the evil which I would not, *that* I do."

And yet, my friend, if you have some knowledge of horse-flesh, and if you have been accustomed in your progress through life (in the words of Dr. Johnson) to practise observation, and to look about you with extensive view, your survey must have convinced you that great part of the coaching and other horse-work of this country is done, and fairly done, by unsound horses. These poor creatures are out in all kinds of weather, and it seems to do them little harm. Any one who knows how snug, dry, and warm a gentleman's horses are kept, and how often with all that they are unfit for their duty, will wonder to see poor cab-horses shivering on the stand hour after hour on a winter day, and will feel something of respect mingle with his pity for the thin, patient, serviceable screws. Horses that are lame, broken-winded, and vicious, pull the great bulk of all the weight that horses pull. And they get through their work somehow. Not long since, sitting on the box of a Highland coach of most extraordinary shape, I travelled through Glenorchy and along Loch-Awe side. The horses were wretched to look at ; yet they took the coach at a good pace over that very up-and-down road, which was divided into very long stages. At last, amid a thick wood of dwarf oaks, the coach stopped to receive its final team. It was an extraordinary place for a coach to change horses. There was not a house near : the horses had walked three miles from their stable. They were by far the best team that had drawn the coach that day,—four tall greys, nearly white with age ; but they looked well and went well, checking the coach stoutly as they went down the precipitous descents, and ascending the opposite hills at a tearing gallop. No doubt, you could see various things amiss. They were blowing a

little; one or two were rather blind; and all four a little stiff at starting. They were all unsound. The dearest of them had not cost the coach-proprietor seven pounds; yet how well they went over the eleven-mile stage into Inverary!

Now in like manner, my young friends, a great part of the mental work that is done, is done by men who mentally are not to be warranted what they ought to be. The practical every-day work of life is done, and respectably done, by very silly, weak, prejudiced people. Mr. Carlyle has stated, that the population of Britain consists of "seventeen millions of people, mostly fools." I shall endeavour by-and-by to make some reservation upon the great author's sweeping statement; but here it is enough to remark that even Mr. Carlyle would admit that a very great number of these seventeen millions get very decently and creditably through the task which God sets them in this world. Let it be admitted that they possess that in heart and head which makes them good enough for the rough and homely wear of life. No doubt, they blow and occasionally stumble; they sometimes even bite and kick a little: yet somehow they get the coach along. For it is to be remembered that the essential characteristic of the horse which is called a screw is, that though unsound, it can yet by management be got to go through a great deal of work. The screw is not dead lame, nor only fit for the knacker; it falls far short of the perfection of a horse, but still it is a horse, after all, and it can fulfil in some measure a horse's duty. You see, my friend, the moderation of my view. I do not say that men in general are mad, but only that men in general are screws. There is a little twist in their intellectual or moral nature; there is something wanting or something wrong; they are silly, conceited, egotistical, and the like; yet decently equal to the work of this world. By judicious management, you may get a great deal of worthy work out of the

unsound minds of other men—and out of your own unsound mind. But always remember that you have an imperfect and warped machine to get on with ; do not expect too much of it, and be ready to humour it and yield to it a little. Just as a horse which is lame and broken-winded can yet by care and skill be made to get creditably through a wonderful amount of labour ; so may a man, low-spirited, foolish, prejudiced, ill-tempered, soured, and wretched, be enabled to turn off a great deal of work for which the world may be the better. A human being who is really very weak and silly, may write many pages which shall do good to his fellow-men, or which shall at the least amuse them. But as you carefully drive an unsound horse ; walking him at first starting, not trotting him down-hill, making play at parts of the road which suit him ; so you must manage many men ; or they will break down, or bolt out of the path. Above all, so you must manage your own mind, whose weaknesses and wrong impulses you know best, if you would keep it cheerful, and keep it in working order. The showy, unsound horse can go well, perhaps ; but it must be shod with leather—otherwise it would be dead lame in a mile. And just in that same fashion we human beings, all more or less away from what we should be mentally and morally, need all kinds of management, on the part of our friends and on our own part, or we should go all wrong. There is something truly fearful when we find that clearest-headed and soberest-hearted of men, the great Bishop Butler, telling us that all his life long he was struggling with horrible morbid suggestions—*devilish* is what he calls them,—which, but for being constantly held in check with the sternest effort of his nature, would have driven him mad. You would not think *that*, to read the hard-headed, sober pages of the *Analogy*. Oh, let the uncertain, unsound, unfathomable human heart be wisely and tenderly driven ! And let me say, not using

mere theological language, but mentioning a plain matter of fact, as sure as anything in your daily business, that it is only by the help and guidance of the Blessed Spirit of God that we can ever reasonably hope to keep our minds and hearts in any way right in things great or small. And as there are things which with the unsound horse you dare not venture on at all, so with the fallen mind. You who know your own horse, know that you dare not trot him hard downhill. And you who know your own mind and heart, know that there are some things of which you dare not think—thoughts on which your only safety is resolutely to turn your back. The management needful *here* is the management of utter avoidance. How often we find poor creatures who have passed through years of anxiety and misery, and experienced savage and deliberate cruelty which it is best to forget, lashing themselves up to wrath and bitterness by brooding over these things, on which wisdom would bid them try to close their eyes for ever!

But not merely do unsound horses daily draw cabs and stage-coaches: unsound horses have won the Derby and the St. Leger. A noble-looking thorough-bred has galloped by the winning-post at Epsom at the rate of forty miles an hour, with a white bandage tightly tied round one of his forelegs: and thus publicly confessing his unsoundness, and testifying to his trainer's fears, he has beaten a score of steeds which were not screws, and bore off from them the blue ribbon of the turf. Yes, my friend: not only will skilful management succeed in making unsound animals do decently the humdrum and prosaic task-work of the equine world; it will succeed occasionally in making unsound animals do in magnificent style the grandest things that horses ever do at all. Don't you see the analogy I mean to trace? Even so, not merely do Mr. Carlyle's seventeen millions of fools get somehow through the petty work of our modern

life, but minds which no man could warrant sound and free from vice turn off some of the noblest work that ever was done by mortal. Many of the grandest things ever done by human minds, have been done by minds that were incurable screws. Think of the magnificent service done to human-kind by James Watt. It is positively impossible to calculate what we all owe to the man that gave us the steam-engine. It is sober truth that the inscription in Westminster Abbey tells, when it speaks of him as among the "best benefactors" of the race. Yet what an unsound organization that man had! Mentally, what a screw! Through most of his life he suffered the deepest misery from desperate depression of spirits: he was always fancying that his mind was breaking down; he has himself recorded that he often thought of casting off, by suicide, the unendurable burden of life. And still, what work the rickety machine got through! With tearing headaches, with a sunken chest, with the least muscular of limbs, with the most melancholy of temperaments, worried and tormented by piracies of his great inventions, yet doing so much, and doing it so nobly, was not James Watt like the lame race-horse that won the Derby? As for Byron, he was unquestionably a very great poet, and in his own school without a rival. Still, he was a screw. There was something morbid and unsound about his entire development. In many respects he was extremely silly. Wordsworth was a screw. Though one of the greatest poets, he was dreadfully twisted by inordinate egotism and vanity: the result partly of original constitution, and partly of living a great deal too much alone in that damp and misty lake country. He was like a spavined horse. Coleridge, again, was a jibber. He never would pull in the team of life. There is something unsound in the mind of the man who fancies that because he is a genius, he need not support his wife and children, nor pay his butcher's and tailor's bills. Even the sensible and exemplary Southey was a little unsound in the matter of a

crochety temper, needlessly ready to take offence. He **was** always quarrelling with his associates in the *Quarterly Review*, with the editor and publisher. Perhaps you remember how on one occasion he wrought himself up into a fever of wrath with Mr. Murray, because that gentleman suggested a subject on which he wished Southey to write for the *Quarterly*, and begged him to *put his whole strength to it*, the subject being one which was just then of great interest and importance. "Flagrant insolence!" exclaimed Southey. "Think of the fellow bidding me put my whole strength to an article in his six-shilling *Review*!" Now, my friend, *there* you see the evil consequences of a man who is a little of a serew in point of temper, living in the country. Most reasonable men would never have discerned any insult in Mr. Murray's request: but even if such a one had thought it a shade too authoritatively expressed, he would, if he had lived in town, gone out to the crowded street, gone down to his club, and in half an hour have entirely forgotten the little disagreeable impression. But a touchy man, dwelling in the country, gets the irritative letter by the morning's post, is worried by it all the forenoon, and goes out and broods on the offence through all his solitary afternoon walk,—a walk in which he does not see a face, perhaps, and certainly does not exchange a sentence with any human being whose presence is energetic enough to turn the current of thought into a healthier direction. And so, by the evening he has got the little offence into the point of view in which it looks most offensive. He has got it, like one of those gutta percha faces, squeezed into its most hideous grin. He is in a rage at being asked to do his best in writing anything for a six shilling publication. Why on earth not do so? Is not the mind unsoundly sensitive that finds an offence in a request like that? We all know eminent writers at the present day, who put their whole strength to articles to be published in periodicals that sell for half-a-crown, or even for a shilling.

You could not have warranted manly Samuel Johnson sound on the points of prejudice and bigotry. There was something unsound in that unreasoning hatred of everything Scotch; and the strongest Conservatives among us, if it is fairly put to them, will be obliged to confess that, in absolute strictness, it was too strong a statement to say that the Devil was the first Whig. Rousseau was altogether a screw. He was mentally lame, broken-winded, a shy, a kicker, a jibber, a biter; he would do anything but run right on and do his duty. He was a singular genius, yet utterly devoid of common sense. Shelley was a notorious screw. I should say, indeed, that his unsoundness passed the limit of practical sanity, and that on certain points he was unquestionably mad. You could not have warranted Keats sound. You could not deny the presence of a little perverse twist even in the noble mind and heart of the great Sir Charles Napier. The great Emperor Napoleon was cracky, if not cracked, on various points: there was unsoundness in his strange belief in his Fate.

To sum up: let it be admitted that very noble work has been turned off by minds in so far unhinged. It is not merely that great wits are to madness near allied; it is that great wits are sometimes actually in part mad. Madness is a matter of degree. The slightest departure from the normal and healthy action of the mind is an approximation to it. Every mind is a little unsound; but you don't talk of insanity till the unsoundness becomes very glaring, and unfits for the duty of life. Just as almost every horse is a little lame; one leg steps a hairbreadth shorter than the other, or is a thought less muscular, or the hoof is a shade too sensitive: but you don't talk of lameness till the creature's head begins to go up and down, or till it plainly shrinks from putting its foot to the ground. Southey's wrath about the six-shilling *Review*, and his brooding on Murray's slight offence, was a step in the direction of marked delusion such as conveys a man to Hanwell or Bedlam. And the sensi-

tive, imaginative nature, which goes to the production of some of the human mind's best productions, is prone to such little deviations from that which is strictly sensible and right. You do not think, gay young readers, what poor unhappy, half-cracked creatures may have written the pages which thrill you or amuse you, or painted the pictures before which you pause so long. I know hardly any person who ever published anything; but I have sometimes thought that I should like to see assembled in one chamber, on the first of any month, all the men and women who wrote all the articles in all the magazines for that month. Some of them, doubtless, would be very much like other people; but many would certainly be very odd-looking and odd-tempered samples of human kind. The history of some would be commonplace enough, but that of many would be very curious. A great many readers, I dare say, would like to stand in a gallery and look at the queer individuals assembled below. Magazine articles, of course, are not (speaking generally) specimens of the highest order of literature; but still, some experience, some thought, some observation, have gone to produce even them. And it is unquestionably out of deep sorrow, out of the travail of heart and nature, that the finest and noblest of all human thoughts have come.

As for the ordinary task-work of life, it must, beyond all question, be generally done by screws—that is, by folk whose mental organization is unsound on some point. Vain people, obstinate people, silly people, evil-foreboding people, touchy people, twaddling people, carry on the work-day world. Not that it would be giving a fair account of them to describe them thus, and leave the impression that such are their essential characteristics. They *are* all that has been said; but there is in most a good substratum of practical sense; and they do fairly, or even remarkably well, the particular thing which it is their business in this life to do. When Mr. Carlyle said that the population of Britain con-

sists of so many millions, "mostly fools," he conveys a quite wrong impression. No doubt there are some who are silly out and out, who are always fools, and essentially fools. No doubt, almost all, if you questioned them on great matters of which they have hardly thought, would express very foolish and absurd opinions. But then these absurd opinions are not the staple production of their minds. These are not a fair sample of their ordinary thoughts. Their ordinary thoughts are, in the main, sensible and reasonable, no doubt. Once upon a time, when a famous criminal trial was exciting vast interest, I heard a man in a railway-carriage, with looks of vast slyness and of special stores of information, tell several others that the judge and the counsel on each side had met quietly the evening before to arrange what the verdict should be ; and that, though the trial would go on to its end to delude the public, still the whole thing was already settled. Now, my first impulse was to regard the man with no small interest, and to say to myself, "There, unquestionably, is a fool." But, on reflection, I felt I was wrong. No doubt, he talked like a fool on this point. No doubt, he expressed himself in terms worthy of an asylum for idiots. But the man may have been a very shrewd and sensible man in matters with which he was accustomed to deal. He was a horse-dealer, I believe, and, I doubt not, sharp enough at market ; and the idiotic appearance he made was the result of his applying his understanding to a matter quite beyond his experience and out of his province. But a man is not properly to be called a fool even though occasionally he says and does very foolish things, if the great preponderance of the things he says and does be reasonable. No doubt, Mr. Carlyle is right in so far as this : that in almost every man there is an element of the fool. Almost all have a vein of folly running through them, and cropping out at the surface now and then. But in most men *that* is not the characteristic part of their nature. There is more of the sensible man than of the fool.

For the forms of unsoundness in those who are mental screws of the commonplace article, they are endless. You sometimes meet an intellectual defect like that of the conscientious blockhead James H., who thought that to differ from him in opinion was to doubt his word and call him a liar. An unsoundness common to all uneducated people is, that they cannot argue any question without getting into a rage and roaring at the top of their voice. This unsoundness exists in a good many educated men too. A peculiar twist of some men's minds is this—that instead of maintaining by argument the thesis they are maintaining, which is probably that two and two make five, they branch off and begin to adduce arguments which do not go to prove *that*, but to prove that the man who maintains that two and two make four is a fool, or even a ruffian. Some good men are subject to this infirmity—that if you differ from them in any point whatever, they regard the fact of your differing from them as proof, not merely that you are intellectually stupid, but that you are morally depraved. Some really good men and women cannot let slip an opportunity of saying anything that may be disagreeable. And this is an evil that tends to perpetuate itself; for when Mr. Snarling comes and says to you something uncomplimentary of yourself or your near relations, instead of your doing what you ought to do, and pitying poor Snarling, and recommending him some wholesome medicine, you are strongly tempted to retort in kind; and thus you sink yourself to Snarling's level, and you carry on the quarrel. Your proper course is either to speak kindly to poor Snarling, or not to speak to him at all. There is something unsound about the man whom you never heard say a good word of any mortal, but whom you have heard say a great many bad words of a great many mortals. There is unsoundness, verging on entire insanity, in the man who is always fancying that all about him are constantly plotting to thwart his plans and damage

his character. There is unsoundness in the man who is constantly getting into furious altercations with his fellow-passengers in steamers and railways, or getting into angry and lengthy correspondence with anybody in the newspapers or otherwise. There is unsoundness in the man who is ever telling you amazing stories, which he fancies prove himself to be the bravest, cleverest, swiftest of mankind, but which (on his own showing) prove him to be a vapouring goose. There is unsoundness in the man or woman who turns green with envy as a handsome carriage drives past, and then says, with awful bitterness, that he or she would not enter such a shabby old conveyance. There is unsoundness in the mortal whose memory is full to repletion of contemptible little stories going to prove that all his neighbours are rogues or fools. There is unsoundness in the unfortunate persons who are always bursting into tears and bawling out that nobody loves them. Nobody will, so long as they bawoo. Let them stop bawooing. There is unsoundness in the mental organization of the sneaky person who stays a few weeks in a family, and sets each member of it against all the rest by secretly repeating to each exaggerated and malicious accounts of what has been said as to him or her by the others. There is unsoundness in the perverse person who resolutely does the opposite of what you wish and expect; who won't go the pleasure excursion you had arranged on his account, or partake of the dish which has been cooked for his special eating. There is unsoundness in the deluded and unamiable person who, by a grim, repellent, Pharisaic demeanour and address, excites in the minds of young persons gloomy and repulsive ideas of religion, which wiser and better folks find it very hard to rub away. "Will my father be there?" said a little Scotch boy to some one who had been telling him of the Happiest Place in the universe, and recounting its joys. "Yes," was the reply. Said the

little man, with prompt decision, "Then I'll no gang!" He must have been a wretched screw of a Christian who left that impression on a young child's heart. *He* was not, what every Christian should be, an epistle in commendation of our holy faith, known and read of all men: he was rather as a grim Gorgon's head, warning men off from the faith he so vilely caricatured. There is unsoundness in the man who cannot listen to the praises of another man's merit without feeling as though this were something taken from himself. And it is amusing, though sad, to see how such folk take for granted in others the same petty enviousness which they feel in themselves. They will go to one writer, painter, preacher, and begin warmly to praise the doings of another man in the same vocation; and when I have seen the man addressed listen to and add to the praises with the hearty, self-forgetting sincerity of a generous mind, I have witnessed the bitter disappointment of the petty malignants at the failure of their poisoned dart. Generous honesty quite baffles such. If their dart ever wounds you, friend, it is because you deserve that it should. There is unsoundness in the kindly, loveable man, whose opinions are preposterous, and whose talk is twaddle. But still, who can help loving the man, if his heart be right? Let me add, that I have met with one or two cases in which conscience was quite paralyzed, but all the other intellectual faculties were right. Surely there is no more deplorable instance of the mental screw. You may find the notorious cheat who is never out of church, and who fancies himself a most creditable man. You will find the malicious tale bearer and liar, who attends all the prayer-meetings within her reach, and who thanks God (like an individual in former days) that she is so much better than other women.

In the case of commonplace screws, if they do their work well, it is for the most part in spite of their being screws. It is because they are sound in the main, in those portions

of their mental constitution which their daily work calls into play, and because they are seldom required to do those things which their unsoundness makes them unfit to do. You know, if a horse never fell lame except when smartly trotted down a hill four miles long, you might say that, for practical purposes, *that* horse was never lame at all: for the single contingency to which its powers are unequal would hardly ever occur. In like manner, if the mind of a tradesman is quite equal to the management of his business and the respectable training of his family, you may say that the tradesman's mind is, for practical purposes, a sound and good one; although, if called to consider some important political question, involving intricate interests and considerations, his judgment might be purely idiotical. You see, he is hardly ever required to put his mind (so to speak) at a hill at which it would break down. I have walked a mile along the road with a respectable Scotch farmer, talking of country matters; and I have concluded that I had hardly ever conversed with a shrewder and more sensible man. But having accidentally chanced to speak of a certain complicated political question, I found that *quoad hoc* my friend's intellect was that of a baby. I had just come upon the four-mile descent which would knock up the horse which, for ordinary work, was sound.

Yes, my friends, in the case of commonplace screws, if they do their work well, it is *in spite of* their being screws. But in the case of great geniuses who are screws, it is often *because* of their unsoundness that they do the fine things they do. It is the hectic beauty which his morbid mind cast upon his page, that made Byron the attractive and fascinating poet that he is to young and inexperienced minds. Had his views been sounder and his feeling healthier, he might have been but a commonplace writer, after all. In poetry, and in all imaginative writing, we look for beauty, not for sense; and we all know that what is properly disease

and unsoundness sometimes adds to beauty. You know the delicate flush, the bright eyes, the long eyelashes, which we often see in a young girl on whom consumption is doing its work. You know the peachy complexion which often goes with undeveloped scrofula. And had Charles Lamb not been trembling on the verge of insanity, the *Essays of Elia* would have wanted great part of their strange, undefinable charm. Had Ford and Massinger led more regular lives and written more reasonable sentiments, what a *caput mortuum* their tragedies would be! Had Coleridge been a man of homely common-sense, he would never have written *Christabel*. I remember in my boyhood reading *The Ancient Mariner* to a hard-headed lawyer of no literary taste. He listened to the poem, and merely remarked that its author was a horrible fool.

There is no doubt that physical unsoundness often is a cause of mental excellence. Some of the best women on the earth are the ugliest. Their ugliness cut them off from the enjoyment of the gaieties of life; they did not care to go to a ball-room and sit all the evening without once being asked to dance; and so they learned to devote themselves to better things. You have seen the pretty sister, a frivolous, silly flirt; the homely sister, quietly devoting herself to works of Christian charity. Ugly people, we often hear it said, cry up the beauties of the mind. It may be added, that ugly people possess a very large proportion of those beauties. And a great deal of the best intellectual work is done by men who are physically screws; by men who are nearly blind—who are broken-winded, lame, and weakly. We all know what the Apostle Paul was physically; he has put it on record himself, that his bodily presence was weak, and his speech contemptible. We all know, too, what the world owes to that dwarfish, bald, stammering man. I never in my life read anything more touching than the story of that

poor weakly creature, Dr. George Wilson, the Professor of Technology in the University of Edinburgh. Poor weakly creature, only in a physical sense : what a noble intellectual and moral nature dwelt within that slender frame ! You remember how admirably he did his work, though in a condition of almost ceaseless bodily weakness and suffering : how he used to lecture to his class often with a great blister on his chest ; how his lungs and his entire system were the very poorest that could just retain his soul. I never saw him ; but I have seen his portrait. You see the intellectual, kindly face ; but it is but the weakly shadow of a physical man. But it was only physically that George Wilson was a poor type of humanity. What noble health and excellence there were in that noble mind and heart !—so amiable, so patient, so unaffectedly pious, so able and industrious ; a beautiful example of a good, memorable, and truly loveable man. Let us thank God for George Wilson—for his life and his example. Hundreds of poor souls ready to sink into morbid despair of ever doing anything good, will get fresh hope and heart from his story. It is well, indeed, that there have been some in whom the physical system equals the moral ; men like Christopher North and Sydney Smith,—men in whom the play of the lungs was as good as the play of the imagination, and whose literal heart was as excellent as their metaphysical. We have all seen examples in which the noblest intellect and kindest disposition were happily blended with the stoutest limbs and the pleasantest face. And the sound mind in the sound body is doubtless the perfection of the human being. I have walked many miles and many hours over the heather, with one of the ablest men in Britain—a man whom at fourscore his country was able heartily to trust with perhaps the gravest charge which any British subject can undertake. And I have witnessed with great delight the combination of the keenest head and best

heart, with physical strength and activity which quite knocked up men younger by forty years.

Let me say here, that I do not believe that it is good for either my hearers or myself to look from what may be called a medical point of view at those defects or morbid manifestations in our mental organization which stamp us screws. We accept the fact, generally, without going into details. It is a bad thing for a man to be always feeling his pulse after every little exertion, and fancying that its acceleration or irregularity indicates that something is wrong. Such a man is in a fair way to settled hypochondria. And I think it even worse to be always watching closely the play of the mental machine, and thinking that this process or that emotion is not as it ought to be. Let a man work his mind fairly and moderately, and not worry himself as to its state. The mind can get no more morbid habit than that of continually watching itself for a stumble. Except in the case of metaphysicians, whose business it is to watch and analyze the doings of the mind, the mind ought to be like the stomach. You know that your stomach is right, because you never feel that you have one; but the work intended for that organ is somehow done. And common folk should know that they have minds, only by finding the ends fairly attained, which are intended to be attained by that most sensitive and ticklish piece of machinery.

Yet there are some simple rules to which we may all be the better for attending. Let it be suggested that it is a piece of practical wisdom in driving the mental machinery, to be careful how you allow it to dwell too constantly upon any one topic. If you allow yourself to think too much of any subject, you will get a partial craze upon that; you will come to vastly overrate its importance. You will make yourself uncomfortable about it. There once was a man who mused long upon the notorious fact that almost all

human beings stoop considerably. Few hold themselves as upright as they ought. And this notion took such hold upon the poor man's mind, that, waking or sleeping, he could not get rid of it; and he published volume after volume to prove the vast extent of the evils which come of this bad habit of stooping, and to show that to get fairly rid of this bad habit would be the regeneration of the human race, physically and morally. We know how authors exaggerate the claims of their subject; and I can quite imagine a very earnest man feeling afraid to think too much and long about any existing evil, for fear it should greatness on his view into a thing so large and pernicious, that he should be constrained to give all his life to wrestling with that one thing, and attach to it an importance which would make his neighbours think him a monomaniac. If you think long and deeply upon any subject, it grows in apparent magnitude and weight; if you think of it too long, it may grow big enough to exclude the thought of all things besides. If it be an existing and prevalent evil you are thinking of, you may come to fancy that if that one thing were done away, it would be well with the human race: all evil would go with it. I can conceive the process by which, without mania, without anything worse than the workable unsoundness of the practically sound mind, one might come to think as the man who wrote against stooping thought. For myself, I feel the force of this law so deeply, that there are certain evils of which I am afraid to think much, for fear I should come to be able to think of nothing else and nothing more. I remember, when I was a boy, there was a man in London who constantly advertised himself in the newspapers as the *Inventor of the only Rational System of Writing in the Universe*. His system was, I believe, to move in writing, not the fingers merely, but the entire arm from the shoulder. This may be an improvement, perhaps: and that man had

brooded over the mischiefs of moving the fingers in writing till these mischiefs shut out the view of the rest of creation, or at least till he saw nothing but irrationality in writing otherwise. All the millions who wrote by the fingers were cracked. The writing-master, in short, though possibly a reasonable man on other subjects, was certainly unsound upon this. You may allow yourself to speculate on the chance of being bitten by a mad dog, or of being maimed by a railway accident, till you grow morbid on these points. If you live in the country, you may give in to the idea that your house will be broken into at night by burglars, till, every time you wake in the dark hours, you may fancy you hear the centre-bit at work boring through the window-shutters downstairs. A very clever woman once told me, that for a year she yielded so much to the fear that she had left a spark behind her in any room into which she had gone with a lighted candle, which spark would set the house on fire, that she could not be easy till she had groped her way back in the dark to see that things were right. Now you people whose minds must be carefully driven (I mean all who now hear me), don't give in to these fancies. As you would carefully train your horse to pass the corner he always shies at, so break your mind of this bad habit. And in breaking your mind of the smallest bad habit, I would counsel you to resort to the same kindly Helper whose aid you would ask in breaking your mind of the greatest and worst. It is not a small matter, the existence in the mind of any tendency or characteristic which is unsound. We know what lies in that direction. You are like the railway-train, which, with breaks unapplied, is stealing the first yard down the incline at the rate of a mile in two hours; but if that train be not pulled up, in ten minutes it may be tearing down to destruction at sixty miles an hour.

I have said that almost every human being is mentally

a screw ; that all have some intellectual peculiarity, some moral twist, away from the normal standard of rightness. Let it be added, that it is little wonder that the fact should be as it is. I do not think merely of a certain unhappy warping, of an old original wrench, which human nature long ago received, and from which it never has recovered. I am not speaking as a theologian ; and so I do not suggest the grave consideration that human nature, being fallen, need not be expected to be the right-working machinery that it may have been before it fell. But I may at least say, look how most people are educated ; consider the kind of training they get, and the incompetent hands that train them : what chance have they of being anything but screws ? Ah, my friend, if horses were broken by people as unfit for their work as most of the people who form human minds, there would not be a horse in the world that would not be dead lame. You do not trust your thoroughbred colt, hitherto unhandled, to any one who is not understood to have a thorough knowledge of the characteristics and education of horses. But in numberless instances, even in the wealthier and more favoured classes of society, a thing which needs to be guarded against a thousand wrong tendencies, and trained up to a thousand right things from which it is ready to shrink, the most sensitive and complicated thing in nature, the human soul, is left to have its character formed by hands as hopelessly unfit for the task as the Lord Chancellor is to prepare the winner of the next St. Leger. You find parents and guardians of children systematically following a course of treatment calculated to bring out the very worst tendencies of mind and heart that are latent in the little things given to their care. If a young horse has a tendency to shy, how carefully the trainer seeks to win him away from the habit ! But if a poor little boy has a hasty temper, you may find his mother

taking the greatest pains to irritate that temper. If the little fellow have some physical or mental defect, you have seen parents who never miss an opportunity of throwing it in the boy's face ; parents who seem to exult at the thought that they know the place where a touch will always cause to wince,—the sensitive, unprotected point where the dart of malignity will never fail to get home. If a child has said or done some wrong or foolish thing, you will find parents who are constantly raking up the remembrance of it, for the pure pleasure of giving pain. Even so would a kindly man, who knows that his horse has just come down and cut himself, take pains whenever he came to a bit of road freshly macadamized to bring down the poor horse on the sharp stones again with his bleeding knees. And even where you do not find positive malignity in those entrusted with the training of human minds, you find hopeless incompetency exhibited in many other ways ; outrageous silliness and vanity, want of honesty, and utter want of sense. I say it deliberately, instead of wondering that most minds are such screws, I wonder with indescribable surprise that they are not a thousand times worse. For they are like trees pruned and trained into ugliness and barrenness. They are like horses carefully tutored to shy, kick, rear, and bite. It says something hopeful as to what may yet be made of human beings, that most of them are no worse than they are. Some parents, fancying too that they are educating their children on Christian principles, educate them in such fashion that the only wonder is that the children do not end at the gallows.

Let us recognize the fact in all our treatment of others, that we have to deal with imperfect agents and means. Let us not think, as some do, that by ignoring a fact you make it cease to be a fact. I have seen a man pulling his lame horse up tight, and flicking it with his whip, and trying to

drive it as if it were not lame. Now, that won't do. The poor horse makes a desperate effort, and runs a step or two as if sound. But in a little the heavy head falls upon the bit at each step, and perhaps the creature comes down bodily with a tremendous smash. So have I seen parents refusing to see or allow for the peculiarities of their children; insisting on driving the poor screw as though it were perfect in wind and limb. So have I seen people refusing to see or allow for the peculiarities of those around them; ignoring the depressed spirits, the unhappy twist, the luckless perversity of temper, in a servant, an acquaintance, a friend, which, rightly managed, would still leave them most serviceable screws; but which, determinedly ignored, will land in uselessness and misery. I believe there are people who (in a moral sense), if they have a crooked stick, fancy that by using it as if it were straight, it will become straight. If you have got a rifle that sends its ball somewhat to the left side, you allow for that in shooting. If you have a friend of sterling value, but of crotchety temper, you allow for that. If you have a child who is weak, desponding, and early old, you remember that, and allow for it, and try to make the best of it. But if you be an idiot, you will think it deep diplomacy, and adamantine firmness, and wisdom beyond Solomon's, to shut your eyes to the state of facts; to tug sharply the poor screw's mouth, to lash him violently, to drive him as though he were sound. Probably you will come to a smash: alas! that the smash will probably include more than you.

Not, my friends, that all human beings thus idiotically ignore the fact that it is with screws they have to deal. It is very touching to see, as we sometimes see, people trying to make the best of awful screws. You are quite pleased if your lame horse trots four or five miles without showing very

gross unsoundness; though of course this is but a poor achievement. And even so, I have been touched to see the child quite happy at having coaxed a graceless father to come for once to church; and the wife quite happy when the blackguard bully, her husband, for once evinces a little kindness. It was not much they did, you see: but remember what wretched screws did it, and be thankful if they do even that little. I have heard a mother repeat, with a pathetic pride, a connected sentence said by her idiot boy. You remember how delighted Miss Trotwood was, in Mr. Dickens's beautiful story, with Mr. Dick's good sense, when he said something which in anybody else would have been rather silly. But Mr. Dick, you see, was just out of the Asylum, and no more. How pleased you are to find a relation, who is generally abominably stupid, merely behaving like anybody else!

Yes: there is a good deal of practical resignation in this world. We get reconciled to having and to being screws. We grow reconciled to the fact that our possessions, our relations, our friends, are very far indeed from being what we could wish. We grow reconciled to the fact, and we try to make the best of it, that we ourselves are screws: that in temper, in judgment, in talent, in tact, we are a thousand miles short of being what we ought; and that we can hope for little more than decently, quietly, sometimes wearily and sadly, to plod along the path in life which God in his kindness and wisdom has set us. We come to look with interest, but without a vestige of envy, at those who are cleverer and better off than ourselves. A great many good people are so accustomed to things going against them, that they are rather startled when things go as they could have desired: they can stand disappointment, but success puts them out, it is so unwonted a thing. The lame horse, the battered old gig,—they feel at home with these; but they would be con-

fused if presented with my friend Smith's drag, with its beautiful steeds, all but thorough-bred, and perfectly sound. To struggle on with a small income, manifold worries, and lowly estimation,—to these things they have quietly reconciled themselves. But give them wealth, and peace, and fame (if these things can be combined), and they would hardly know what to do. Not long ago, I walked up a very long flight of steps in a very poor part of the most beautiful city in Britain. Just before me, a feeble old woman, bent down apparently by eighty years, was slowly ascending. She had a very large bundle on her back, and she supported herself by a short stick in her withered, trembling hand. If it had been in the country, I should most assuredly have carried up the poor creature's bundle for her; but I am sorry to say I had not moral courage to offer to do so in town: for a clergyman with a great sackcloth bundle on his back would be greeted in that district with depreciatory observations. But I kept close by her, to help her if she fell, as she seemed like to do; and when I got to the top of the steps I passed her and went on. I looked sharply at the poor old face in passing: I see it yet. I see the look of cowed, patient, quiet, hopeless submission. I saw she had quite reconciled her mind to bearing her heavy burden, and to the far heavier load of years, and infirmities, and poverty, she was bearing too. She had accepted those for her portion in this life. She looked for nothing better. She was like the man whose horse has been broken-winded and lame so long, that he is come almost to think that every horse is a screw. I see yet the quiet, wearied, surprised look she cast up at me as I passed; a look merely of surprise to see an entire coat in a place where my fellow-creatures (every one deserving as much as me) for the most part wear rags. I do not think she even wished to possess an equally entire garment: she looked at it with interest merely as the possession of some

one else. She did not *even herself* (as we Scotch say) to anything better than the rags she had worn so long. Long experience had subdued her to what she is.

But short experience does so too. We early learn to be content with screws, and to make the best of imperfect means. As I was writing that last paragraph, I was listening to a colloquy outside my study-door, which was partly open. The parties engaged in the discussion were a certain little girl of five years old, and her nurse. The little girl was going out to spend the day at the house of a little companion; and she was going to take her doll with her. I heard various sentences, not quite distinctly, which conveyed to me a general impression of perplexity; and at length, in a cheerful, decided voice, the little girl said, "The people will never know it has got no legs! The doll, you see, was unsound. Accidents had brought it to an imperfect state. But that wise little girl had done what you and I, my friend, must try to do very frequently: she had made up her mind to make the best of a screw.

I learn a lesson from the old woman of eighty, and the little girl of five. Let us seek to reconcile our minds both to possessing screws, and (harder still) to being screws. Let us make the best of our imperfect possessions, and of our imperfect selves. Let us remember that a great deal of good can be done by means which fall very far short of perfection; that our moderate abilities, honestly and wisely husbanded and directed, may serve valuable ends in this world before we quit it,—ends which may remain after we are gone. I do not suppose that judicious critics, in pointing out an author's faults, mean that he ought to stop writing altogether. There are hopeless cases in which he certainly ought—cases in which the steel passes being a screw, and is fit only for the hounds. But in most instances the critic would be quite

wrong, if he argued that because his author has many flaws and defects, he should write no more. With all its errors, what he writes may be much better than nothing; as the serviceable screw is better than no horse at all. And if the critic's purpose is merely to show the author that the author is a screw,—why, if the author have any sense at all, he knows that already. He does not claim to be wiser than other men; and still less to be better: yet he may try to do his best. With many defects and errors, still fair work may be turned off. I will not forget the lame horses that took the coach so well to Inverary. And I remember certain words in which one who is all but the greatest English poet declared that under the heavy visitation of God he would do his utmost still. Here is the resolution of a noble screw:—

— I argue not

Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward!

So we come back to the thought with which we started. Though we have been taught, by many things we did not like, to think humbly of ourselves, we shall hold on bravely and do our best: remembering that the work of the world is mainly done by screws; and that there may be noble Service rendered by Imperfect Means.

Some of the Battles of the Bible,

VIEWED IN CONNEXION WITH

THE PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF PALESTINE.



A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. EMILIUS BAYLEY, B.D.

BATTLES OF THE BIBLE.

IN one of the Essays of the late Archbishop of Dublin there are some remarks upon the meaning of the word "realize." "The American use," the Archbishop writes, "of the word 'realize' is very much creeping in. In proper English, to realize a large fortune, or a comfortable situation, means, to acquire it. In American, it signifies to think a great deal about it. In their country, many a slave, probably, realizes the happiness of freedom, *i. e.*, forms for himself a vivid picture of it; but, in the language of Old England, it would be confined to those who have obtained their freedom." Notwithstanding this criticism of the Archbishop, I venture to state that my object to-night is to help you to *realize*, to form for yourselves a vivid picture of some of the battle-scenes of Holy Writ,—not as scenes of bloodshed, but as examples of courage and triumphant faith; not as fierce struggles in which the baser passions of our nature come into play, but as critical events in the history of the chosen people, upon which their destiny, and through them that of the world, may be said to have turned.

Shortly after I had chosen the subject of this Lecture, my

attention was drawn to a volume in the British Museum with the following title:—

“THE BIBLE BATTELS;

“OR,

“THE SACRED ART MILITARY, FOR THE RIGHTLY WAGEING OF
“WARRE ACCORDING TO HOLY WRIT.

“Compiled for ye use of all such valiant Worthies, and
“vertuously valerous Souldiers, as shall on all just occasions
“be ready to affront the Enemies of God, our King and
“Country. By Ric. Bernard, Rector of Batcombe, Somers-
“setshire. Printed for Edward Blackmore; and are to be
“sold by James Boler, at the signe of the Flowre de Luce
“in Paules Church-yard. 1629.”

Then follows the “Epistle Dedicatorie” to King Charles I., and a further dedication:—

“To the magnanimously hearted reader, to every heroic
“spirit, of worthy resolution, and whosoever is generously
“affected to military profession, and well deserving the
“name of a souldier, and place in so honourable an
“employment.”

I was in hopes, on reading this title, that I should find my Lecture already written; and that the exposition of “Bible-Battels,” addressed to the “heroic spirits” of 1629, by the Rev. Richard Bernard, would meet the requirements of the Christian Young Men’s Association of 1864. But it was not so. The book is a treatise on the art of war, written from a biblical point of view, but with certain rules of strategy, the knowledge of which shows that Mr. Bernard, had he not been rector of Batcombe, might have done good service for his king in the practice of “the sacred art military,” in the civil wars which were at hand. Mr. Bernard has written chapters on “The lawfulness of warres.” “The honourable calling and employment of a right soul-

dier." "Prest men and voluntaries." "Ordering an host in drawing neere to an enemy, and what is to be done and considered of before the joyning of battell." "Many things to further the successe in the battell." "The meanes how to have such men as be valiant and of good courage in the field." "The meanes how to make the basest spirits and cowards in battell to stand to it; or if they doe flie away, how to make some use thereof." "Getting fully the victory, when the enemy is in part subdued." "Using religiously the victory." "Some things concerning those that be vanquished, and how they whould demeane themselves." — Upon these and kindred subjects Mr. Bernard has discoursed; but I find nothing in his book which will help me in describing to you the battles of the Bible, or the physical geography of the land in which they were fought.

I may here mention that I have had a preliminary skirmish with your excellent Secretary over the *title* of my Lecture. My idea had been to lecture upon the physical geography of Palestine, and to illustrate it by a reference to some of the battles recorded in the Old Testament. Thus, geography would have stood first; war, last. But your Secretary, with a juster appreciation of the military tastes of the young men of London than I had formed, suggested that I should put the battles first, and the geography last. I acquiesced at the time. But now that I am, for a little while, master of the situation, I mean to revert to my old order; and I shall begin by giving you a brief description of the physical geography of Palestine.

PHYSICAL FEATURES OF PALESTINE.—Palestine is a land of mountain—a high upland, rising from the level desert on the one side, and the Mediterranean sea on the other, and forming a connecting link, a lofty mountain-bridge, between the Lebanon on the north and the Sinaitic group of moun-

tains on the south. Just as on the western sides of India and of South America, the Ghauts in the one case, and the Andes in the other, rise abruptly from the coast and melt away into the eastern plains, so, along the western side of Syria, a high mountain tract is interposed between the Mediterranean sea and the great Assyrian desert. The northern half of this tract, consisting of the parallel ranges of the Lebanon, is not within the limits of the Holy Land. The southern half, which is in fact the continuation at a lower level of the eastern range of the Lebanon, forms the Land of Promise. It has been called the "Highlands" of Asia: the elevation of the great mass of the country is upwards of 2,000 feet above the level of the sea; and, with the exception of the long strip of the maritime plain, the plain of Esdraelon, which intersects it from east to west, and the long fissure of the Jordan valley from north to south, it maintains throughout its mountainous character. The result is, that the valleys, plains, and cities, no less than the hill-tops of the interior of Palestine, are high above the level of the sea. Nazareth is 1,100 feet; Shechem, lying between Mount Gerizim and Mount Ebal, 1,700 feet; Jerusalem, 2,200 feet; and Hebron, 2,800 feet above the sea: whilst the rapid depression of the Jordan valley is such, that the lake of Galilee is 652 feet and the Dead Sea 1,312 feet *below* the level of the Mediterranean. The length of the country is between 150 and 200 miles, and its breadth, from the Jordan to the sea, rarely more than 50, and in the northern parts of Palestine considerably less: so that from almost every high point its whole breadth is visible, and the eye ranges from the Mediterranean on the west, across the Jordan valley, to the dark massive wall of the Moab mountains, which skirts it on the east.

Palestine is thus, from a military point of view, a natural fortress. It is surrounded on three sides by a sea, either of

desert or of waters ; whilst its rocky mountainous character makes it strong for defence. The Mediterranean on the west and the desert of Sinai on the south render attack on those sides difficult : and upon the east, from which, during Israel's occupation of the land, invasion usually came, it is defended by a triple barrier. Just as Turkey in Europe is protected against Russia by the barren and pestilential nature of the plains which form the lower part of the basin of the Danube, by the river Danube itself, and, lastly, by the range of the Balkan mountains, lying within those two exterior lines of defence ; so does Palestine proper possess a triple barrier against Eastern invasion. The vast and arid desert reaching from its borders to the valley of the Euphrates is its first line : within that lies the Jordan valley, with the river running as a wet ditch throughout its entire length : and, lastly, the lofty rampart of mountain which skirts the western side of the Jordan valley, forms a third line of defence against an invading army.

Such being the natural strength of Palestine, we can understand as well the unwillingness of the Israelites on their first coming out of Egypt to attempt its conquest, as their own security from attack, after they had possessed themselves of it. As a nation occupying such a territory, they were powerless for attack, but strong for defence. The same geographical facts which made aggressive warfare on their part almost an impossibility, secured them from aggression on the part of other nations : and thus the physical structure of their country and the nature of its boundaries tended to secure their separate and isolated character, and to fulfil the ancient prediction—"The people shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations." (Numb. xxiii. 9.)

Bearing in mind, then, the leading features of the physical geography of Palestine, we will now consider some of the battles which were fought within its boundaries.

BATTLE OF THE KINGS. (Gen. xiv.), 1912 B.C.—The first battle recorded in Scripture was fought in the vale of Siddim, at the southern extremity of the Jordan valley, by five kings of Canaan against four kings of Assyria and the neighbouring countries. Attracted by the fertility of the valley, and the wealth of the cities of the plain, Cherdolaomer, king of Elam, had subdued this part of Canaan, and for twelve years received tribute from it as a conquered province. In the thirteenth year, the five kings rebelled against him: and then took place the first recorded invasion of Palestine by Assyria. Cherdolaomer and his allies, after sweeping the whole range of mountains east of the Jordan down to Petra, descended with their troops upon the devoted Cities of the Plain. The final struggle took place in the vale of Siddim. The Canaanites were defeated: two of the five kings were slain: and the routed army fled up the steep passes of the enclosing hills. The conquerors, laden with plunder, retired up the long valley of the Jordan on their march homeward. The interest of this battle turns upon the fact that it brings before us a striking incident in the life of Abraham. Lot and his family, dwelling, where they should not have dwelt, in the midst of the ungodly, were involved in their overthrow. A fugitive from the field of battle announced to Abraham that his kinsman had been carried into captivity. The Patriarch, with his allies and armed servants, was instantly upon the track of the invaders, and, overtaking them near the sources of the Jordan, attacked the host at the dead of night, rescued the captives, and returned in triumph to the valley. In this pursuit and rescue, Abraham stands forth as a warrior combating in a just and generous cause; whilst as a conqueror he made a noble and disinterested use of the victory which he gained.

I pass by the battles, of *Rephidim*, fought by the Israelites against the Amalekites on their march from Egypt to Sinai,

but the exact scene of which is not known ; of *Jahaz*, in which Sihon, king of Heshbon, and of *Edrei*, in which Og, king of Bashan, were defeated ;—battles which were important as securing the conquest of Eastern Palestine, but the particulars of which have not been handed down to us : I pass by also the fall of *Jericho*, and the capture of *Ai*, as belonging rather to the sieges than to the battles of the Bible : and I come to the battle of *Beth-horon*, one of the most important in the history of the world.

THE BATTLE OF BETH-HORON. (Josh. x.), 1451 B.C.—When Joshua and the Israelites crossed the Jordan, they entered upon what was, strictly speaking, the conquest of Palestine. Access from the Jordan valley into the heart of the country lay through a steep and winding ravine, or rather a series of ravines running parallel to each other, at the entrance of which was Jericho ; whilst near their head, high up amongst the hills, stood the hill-fortress of Ai, occupying a strong position, and well placed, if Jericho were taken, to bar the approach of an invader. The fall of Jericho and the capture of Ai secured these passes to the Israelites : a panic seized the inhabitants of the land : and whilst some prepared for resistance, the people of Gibeon sought to secure their own safety by craft. Situated near the head of the pass of Ai, Gibeon would be the next town to fall a prey to the invading army : but the inhabitants sent ambassadors to Joshua, whose headquarters were still in the Jordan valley, to negotiate a treaty with him, under the pretence that they “came from a far country.” To give a colour to their story, they took with them old sacks upon their asses ; wine-bottles of goat-skin, old, and patched, and shrivelled in the sun ; old shoes roughly mended upon their feet ; old and ragged garments ; dry and mouldy bread :—they formed the very picture of a wearied caravan arriving at the end of a long desert journey. It is easy to conceive the ludicrous and yet the

deceptive appearance they presented. The man who, in his nation's extremity, planned this curious device, may be thought to have deserved a better fate, than to become a hewer of wood or a drawer of water: he certainly was the "wise man" who "by his wisdom delivered the city." The plot was a clever one: and we need hardly wonder that, after tasting of their mouldy victuals, Joshua and the elders were deceived, especially as they did not wait to "ask counsel at the mouth of the Lord."

The alliance formed on this occasion had a result which the Gibeonites had probably not anticipated: it drew upon them the full wrath of the confederate kings of Canaan, who looked upon them as traitors to the common cause: and the army which had been hastily assembled to resist the Israelites commenced its operations by undertaking the siege of Gibeon. The Gibeonites immediately summoned Joshua to their defence. It was a critical moment. No time was to be lost. If Palestine was to be conquered, it was all-important that Joshua should at once strike a decisive blow. With true military genius, he saw the greatness of the emergency, and the necessity for immediate action. He at once put his army in motion. The three days' journey from Gilgal was by a forced march performed in a single night. When the sun rose, the Israelites had issued from the pass of Ai, and reached the open plain before Gibeon, in which the kings of Canaan were encamped. Taken by surprise, and unprepared for so sudden an attack, the Canaanites offered but slight resistance. They were at once defeated; they were slain "with a great slaughter:" and the wreck of the army fled by the pass of Beth-horon towards the western plains.

It is in the pursuit, rather than in the battle itself, that the interest of the scriptural narrative chiefly lies.

Gibeon (the modern *El Jib*) was situated on an isolated

and rocky hill, of moderate elevation, near the central ridge of Southern Palestine, but to the east of and below it. The open plain, therefore, to the north and northeast of Gibeon, had on its west a line of hills running north and south, from the summit of which the road lay through a rocky and desolate tract, to the village of Upper Beth-horon (the modern Beit-ur-el-Foka), which stood on an eminence, upon the brow of the mountain, at the summit of the pass which led to the plains beneath. The pass itself, about three miles in length, was steep and narrow, the path in many places being cut out of the rock.^(a) At its foot lay the village of Lower Beth-horon (the modern Beit-ur-el-Tahta); whilst a broad and beautiful valley ran out through the great western plain, on the southern skirts of which now lies the village of Yalo, probably the ancient Ajalon — the name given to the whole valley in the days of Joshua.

The flight, therefore, of the Canaanitish army from the battle-field of the plains of Gibeon, would be *upwards* to the crest of the hills which skirted them on the west, through hilly and desolate ground to the Upper Beth-horon, and then *down* the pass to the Lower Beth-horon and the country beneath. Such is exactly the scriptural account. “The Lord discomfited them before Israel, and slew them with a great slaughter at Gibeon, and chased them along the way that *goeth up* to Beth-horon.” This was the first stage of the flight, that which brought them to the Upper Beth-horon. There they plunged into the rough and narrow pass, forcing their headlong way down it to the Lower Beth-horon and the plain country. “And it came to pass as they fled before Israel, and were in the *going-down* to Beth-horon, that the Lord cast down great stones from heaven upon them, unto Azekah, and they died.”^(b)

It is at this point in the pursuit that the sublime event took place, which has given rise to so much controversy, the

(a b) See Appendix.

standing-still of the sun and moon, and the consequent prolongation of the day, until "the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies." From the village of Upper Beth-horon, at the head of the pass, a noble panorama presents itself to view! Immediately beneath lies the rocky defile, from the foot of which the broad green vale of Ajalon unfolds into the open plain, beyond which, in the far west, the Mediterranean Sea bounds the vision; whilst to the east is the wild hill country which hides Gibeon from sight.^(c) It was probably at this point, that the leader of Israel took his stand, surrounded by his captains: the pass below him thronged with fugitives; the victory gained, and daylight the only thing required to insure the destruction of the Canaanites. Then it was that Joshua spake to the Lord, and said in the sight of Israel,

"Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon;
And thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon.
And the sun stood still,
And the moon stayed,

Until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies."

Surely, a stupendous miracle is recorded in these words; but we are not informed by what precise mode the miracle was wrought; and it is vain to speculate. I have no theory upon the subject. If I hear a person say, I have a theory about the sun and moon standing still, I feel disposed to answer, "Pray keep it to yourself; I have no wish to hear it." The following remarks of Dr. Chalmers are, I think, full of wisdom:—"In regard," he writes, "to the much-controverted miracle of the sun and moon standing still, I can have no doubt that it was literally so to the effect of the sun-dial being stationary, which leaves room for the speculation that it may have been by atmospherical refraction, or in other ways. I am not so staggered by this narrative as to feel dependent on the usual explanations. I accept it in the

(c) See Appendix.

popular and effective sense, having no doubt that, to all intents and purposes of that day's history, the sun and moon did stand still, the one resting over Gibeon, the other in the valley of Ajalon." (Daily Scripture Readings, vol. i., p. 395.)

There I leave the question, remembering that I am lecturing, not upon scriptural difficulties, but upon the battles of the Bible.

The victory of Beth-horon was complete in itself, and was followed by a series of rapid successes which swept the whole of southern Palestine from the plain of Esdraelon to the desert, with the one exception of Jerusalem, into the hands of Israel. This great conflict thus became the turning-point in the conquest of Palestine, and the quaint device of the wily Gibeonite issued in events the effects of which survive to the present hour.

THE BATTLE OF MEROM. (Josh. xi.), 1445 B.C.—One last struggle secured to Joshua the northern and as yet unsubdued portion of the land. The scene of this conflict was on the shores of the lake Merom. "The waters of Merom" have usually been identified with the uppermost of the three lakes of the Jordan valley. To the north of the lake stretches out the noble plain of the Hûleh, at the head of which, and beneath the spurs of the Lebanon, are the permanent sources of the Jordan. This plain had been the scene of the night attack of Abraham, when he burst upon the Assyrian army, and rescued his kinsman Lot. It now became the theatre of a mightier conflict. Under the leadership of Jabin, a final gathering of the Canaanites had taken place. Round him were assembled all the tribes who had not yet fallen under the sword of Joshua; the Canaanite from the east and from the west, the Amorite, the Hivite, the Perizzite, the Jebusite from the mountains, and the Hivite under Hermon, "much people even as the sand that is upon the sea-shore in multitude, with

horses and chariots very many." The place of gathering must have been the plain of the Hülch ;" for "they came and pitched together at the waters of Merom to fight against Israel." Of the movements of Joshua previous to the battle, nothing is told us. On the eve of the conflict he was within a day's march of the lake : on the morrow, perhaps after a night march, he fell upon them suddenly ; the attack, as at Gibeon, was unexpected ; the shock was irresistible, the victory complete. The cavalry and war-chariots of Canaan, now encountered for the first time by the Israelites, could not stand before them : "the Lord delivered them into the hand of Israel, who smote them. . . until they left them none remaining." Returning from the pursuit, Joshua stormed Hazor, the capital of King Jabin, and burned it to the ground. The curtain drops over the burning capital. The battle of the Lake Merom was to the north, what the battle of Beth-horon had been to the south. The great northern confederacy was broken up, the last effort of the Canaanites had failed, and the whole land lay at the disposal of the conquerors.

The moral difficulty which arises with reference to the destruction of the Canaanites can hardly be dealt with in this Lecture. It should, however, be borne in mind that the invasion of Palestine was undertaken by the direct command of God, as the execution of his righteous judgment upon the guilty nations of the land. Instead of using the waters of the great deep, as when he drowned the old world, or as when he overwhelmed the armies of Pharaoh—instead of calling in the agency of fire, as when he destroyed the cities of the plain, he used the chosen people as the executioners of his vengeance, thus fulfilling to them his ancient promises, whilst he vindicated the outraged principles of his moral government.

A still more practical lesson is suggested to us by the

parallel which exists between the war waged by Israel against the Canaanites, and that of believers against their spiritual enemies. In both cases the warfare is of divine appointment: the enemies to be contended with are numerous and powerful: the war is to be one of extermination, and the omission to fulfil such condition is rife with evil consequences.

But we ought not to leave the subject without pausing for a moment upon the character of the great leader who, in his name, no less than in his mission, was so typical of Him who was given as "a leader and commander of the people," who saves them from their spiritual foes, and conducts them into their final rest. Joshua was a soldier, the first soldier consecrated by sacred history. He first appears as the Israelitish General at the battle of Rephidim; he succeeds to the headship of the people after the death of Moses, and leads them in one almost unbroken career of conquest, from the banks of the Jordan, through the bloody fields of Ai and Beth-horon, to the final victory by the waters of Merom. With no "art of war" to guide him, he seized with the intuition of genius the great principles of the warrior's art: promptness in decision, rapidity of movement, fierceness in attack, energy in following up his victories, were all brought into play in his great campaign, and may well serve to give him a place amongst the great masters of the art of war. In him, too, was exhibited that nobler courage which consists in fearing God and keeping his commandments: in him were combined, as in our own Havelock, the bravery of the soldier and the high intelligence of military genius, with the modest demeanour and the strict integrity of the man of God.

THE BATTLE OF MEGIDDO. (Judges iv. v.), 1285 B.C.—The next great conflict which claims our attention is the battle of Megiddo, fought under the leadership of Barak and

Deborah against the army of the northern Canaanites, under a second Jabin, king of Hazor. An interval of nearly 150 years had elapsed, since the power of the kings of northern Canaan had been broken by Joshua at the waters of Merom. That power had now revived: "the Lord" sold the northern tribes "into the hands of Jabin," and "for twenty years he mightily oppressed the children of Israel." At length the national spirit was awakened. Deborah, the prophetess, arose, and from beneath her palm-tree, upon the heights of Ephraim, summoned Barak, the northern chieftain, to her side, and delivered to him her prophetic command. The nation was ripe for insurrection. The northern tribes of Zebulun, Naphtali, and Issachar, upon whom the weight of the oppression had fallen, at once answered the call of Barak. They were joined by the tribes of central Palestine, Ephraim, Manasseh, and Benjamin; and an army of ten thousand men assembled at Mount Tabor, the appointed rallying-place. And now, for the first time, the great plain of Esdraelon, the battle-field of Palestine, the scene of innumerable conflicts, from the victory over Sisera, to the defeat of the Turks by Napoleon, comes in view. The plain has been often described. My description of it must be brief. Its shape is triangular, the base lying towards the Jordan, the apex towards the sea. The northern side is bounded by the mountains of Galilee, which rise abruptly to the height of many hundred feet above the plain; the southern side, by the hills of Samaria, and the range of Carmel. To the west it narrows into a pass, through which the Kishon flows; whilst from its base, towards the east, two branches or arms run downwards through parallel ranges of hills to the Jordan;—the northern one between Mount Tabor and the range of Little Hermon; the other, or southern arm, between Little Hermon and Mount Gilboa. On the south-eastern border of the plain lie two villages,—the one now known as Taannuk, the

ancient fortress of Taanach ; the other, Lejjûn, lying to the west of Taanach, the Megiddo of the Bible. Below these two Canaanitish strongholds, the host of Sisera, with its nine hundred chariots of iron, had taken up its position upon the level plain. The Israelitish army lay at Tabor, twelve miles distant. On the morning of the day of battle, probably long before it was light, Deborah set the little army in motion, with the animating order, "Up! for this is the day in which the Lord hath delivered Sisera into thine hand: is not the Lord gone out before thee?" They descend the mountain, cross the valley, skirt the range of Little Hermon and the valley of Jezreel; and by the first faint light of the morning they are upon the sleeping host of the Canaanites. As at Beth-horon and at Merom, the suddenness of the attack insured its success; and the whole army fled in confusion down the plain, hotly pursued by Barak. Josephus informs us, and the Song of Deborah implies, that a storm of sleet and hail from the east beat furiously in the faces of the Canaanites, but only on the backs of the Israelites. The stream of the Kishon rose suddenly, and drowned the flying host. The army of Sisera sought to escape through the narrow pass at the western angle of the plain, at the further end of which stood Harosheth^(d) but the pursuit was too hot, the space too narrow; horses, chariots, and men were massed together in horrible confusion; whilst the swollen river, swift and deep, winding through the pass, swept them away by thousands:—

“ Came the king and fought,
 Fought the kings of Canaan,
 By Taanach, by Megiddo's waters,
 For the golden booty that they won not.
 From the heavens they fought against Sisera,
 In their courses fought the stars against him:
 The torrent Kishon swept them down,
 That ancient river Kishon.

(d) See Appendix.

So trample thou, my soul, upon their might.
Then stamped the clattering hoofs of prancing horses
At the flight of the mighty."

The closing verses of the ode describe with great force and beauty the fatal disappointment of the mother of Sisera, impatiently watching for the triumphant return of her son :—

" From the window she looked forth, she cried,
The mother of Sisera through the lattice :
' Why is his chariot so long in coming ;
Why tarry the wheels of his chariot ?'
Her prudent women answered her,—
Yea, she gave answer to herself—
' Have they not seized, not shared the spoil ?
One damsel, or two damsels to each chief ?
To Sisera a many-coloured robe,
A many-coloured robe, and richly broidered ;
Many-coloured, and broidered round the neck.'
Thus perish all thine enemies, Jehovah ;
And those who love thee, like the sun, shine forth,
The sun in all his glory."

(*Milman's Hist. of the Jews*, vol. i., p. 249, 3rd edit.)

THE BATTLE OF JEZREEL. (Judges vii.), 1245 B.C.—
In the overthrow of Sisera, the last combined attempt of the northern Canaanites to regain their sway was defeated. The next event was of a different kind. At the end of forty years of peace, the wild hordes of the desert, Midianites, Amalekites, and other nomadic tribes, invaded the land, and pitched their tents and fed their camels in the midst of the rich corn-fields of Israel. The people fled to the mountains, and hid themselves in the caves and natural strongholds with which the country abounds. After seven years of grievous suffering, "they cried unto the Lord;" and Gideon, a man of fearless character, received the divine commission as the deliverer of his country. The scene of the decisive conflict was the valley of Jezreel, the southernmost

of the two arms or branches which run from the eastern base of the plain of Esdraelon downwards to the Jordan valley. The Arab host lay in the valley between Little Hermon and Mount Gilboa, and hard by the fertile plain of Esdraelon. Gideon, whose faith had been strengthened by a sign from Heaven, was encamped, with 32,000 men, upon the slopes of Mount Gilboa, near the fountain of Jezreel, and overlooking the army of the invaders; but the victory was to be gained by a much smaller band. The army was first reduced to 10,000; all who were "fearful and afraid" being allowed to return home. This had removed the cowards from the army. The next step was to remove the self-indulgent.^(e) Those who yet remained were led to the spring of Harod, or trembling; those who knelt down to drink were dismissed,—those who remained standing and lifted the water to their lips with their hands were retained. Just as when the English soldiers crossed the Alma, and found themselves in the vineyards, which lined the river-bank, the indolent and self-indulgent might have been tempted to sit down, and feast upon the rich clusters which hung around them; whilst the true, the self-denying, would catch only at the bunches as they passed, but would not pause for an instant in their swift advance: so here the singular, but simple, test employed left but 300 of the bravest and most self-forgetting for the night attack.

Gideon now needed a sign for himself. This was granted to him. By Divine direction, he and Phurah his servant descended from the mountain-side. They reached the outskirts of the camp, within which the vast Arab host lay wrapt in sleep. One of the sleepers, startled from his slumbers, was telling his dream to his fellow. "Behold I dreamed a dream, and lo, a cake of barley bread tumbled into the host of Midian, and came unto a tent, and smote it that it fell, and overturned it that the tent lay along." Reassured by this good

(e) See Appendix.

omen, Gideon returned for his three hundred chosen followers, and at once gave orders for the attack. Each man carried a trumpet, an empty pitcher, and a lamp within the pitcher. The little army, divided into three companies, took up its station round the sleeping host. At a given signal, the three hundred pitchers were broken, three hundred torches blazed forth, three hundred trumpets sounded the alarm from every side, and the shout of Israel broke through the stillness of the midnight air, uttering the fierce battle-cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" The wild tribes awake. Panic-stricken, they rush in wild confusion one upon another, and, in the darkness, every man's sword is against his fellow. The tide of victory once set in, Gideon receives ample aid in the pursuit; and before the horrible slaughter is ended, "there fell an hundred and twenty thousand men that drew the sword."

THE BATTLE OF MOUNT GILBOA. (1 Sam. xxix. xxxi), 1055 B.C.)—We have thus far considered some of the great victories of Israel,—two of them belonging to the conquest, and two to the era of the Judges. One more battle fought under the monarchy, and ending in a disastrous defeat, deserves a place in this series.

The battle of Gilboa was fought on nearly the same ground as the one we last considered. The Philistines, the hereditary foes of Israel, had marched up the sea-coast, advanced inland across the great plain of Esdraelon, and encamped, like the Midianites, in the valley of Jezreel. They lay on the northern side of the valley, on the slope of the range of Little Hermon. On the opposite and southern side of the valley, on the rise of Mount Gilboa, near to the fountain of Jezreel and to the site of Gideon's camp, was the army of Saul. It was whilst the two armies were in this position, that Saul made his strange night-journey over the shoulder of the ridge on which the Philistines were

encamped, to visit the Witch at Endor. The battle took place the next day. The Philistines advanced across the valley, and attacked the Israelites, drove them up the slopes of Mount Gilboa, and defeated them with great slaughter. Jonathan and the other sons of Saul were slain: the monarch himself, determined not to outlive his fall, commanded his armour-bearer to pierce him with the sword, and, on his refusal to obey, fell upon his own sword and died a suicide. The death of Saul formed the theme of one of the most beautiful of David's poems. Bishop Lowth has rendered it in the following lines:—

“ Thy glory, Israel, droops its languid head ;
 On Gilboa's heights thy rising beauty dies ;
 In sordid piles there sleep th' illustrious dead,—
 The mighty victor fallen and vanquish'd lies.

Yet dumb be Grief—hush'd be her clamorous voice !
 Tell not in Gath the tidings of our shame !
 Lest proud Philistia in our woes rejoice,
 And rude barbarians blast fair Israel's fame.

No more, O Gilboa ! heaven's reviving dew
 With rising verdure crown thy fated head !
 No victim's blood thine altars dire imbrue !
 For there the blood of Heaven's elect was shed.

The sword of Saul ne'er spent its force in air ;
 The shaft of Jonathan brought low the brave ;
 In life united equal fates they share,
 In death united share one common grave.

Swift as the eagle cleaves th' ærial way,
 Through hosts of foes they bent their rapid course ;
 Strong as the lion darts upon his prey,
 They crush'd the nations with resistless force.

Daughters of Judah, mourn the fatal day,
 In sable grief attend your monarch's urn ;
 To solemn notes attune the pensive lay,
 And weep those joys that never shall return.

With various wealth he made your tents o'erflow,
 In princely pride your charms profusely dress'd ;
 Bade the rich robe with ardent purple glow,
 And sparkling gems adorn the tissu'd vest.

On Gilboa's heights the mighty vanquish'd lies,
 The son of Saul, the generous and the just :
 Let streaming sorrows ever fill these eyes,
 Let sacred tears bedew a brother's dust !

Thy firm regard rever'd thy David's name,
 And kindest thoughts and kindest acts express'd :
 Not brighter glows the pure and generous flame,
 That lives within the tender virgin's breast.

But vain the tear, and vain the bursting sigh,
 Though Sion's echoes with our griefs resound :
 The mighty victors fallen and vanquish'd lie,
 And war's refulgent weapons strew the ground."

(*Louth's Hebrew Poetry*, pp. 263, 264.)

The battles of the Bible, which I have endeavoured to describe, are in many ways instructive. As seen from a purely *military* point of view, they are amongst the earliest records of the art of war which have come down to us: and it is interesting to observe that the same leading principles regulated the art in those remote ages, which form the basis of the strategy of modern times. It is, I suppose, one of the first principles of strategy, to bring the greatest possible amount of force to bear upon the weakest point in the enemy's line: it is by the accumulation of masses at a point, where the enemy is the least able to resist those masses, that victory is ensured. Thus it is, that great commanders, handling troops numerically inferior to those opposed to them, have, by the rapid movement and skilful distribution of their forces, won successive victories, and decided the issue of important campaigns. A similar result is gained by surprise;—at all events, when dealing with an ignorant and undisciplined foe. When an army is unex-

pectedly attacked, ignorance, on the part of the troops which compose it, of the numbers and disposition of the attacking force, often produces a panic: fear magnifies the danger, want of preparation lessens the power of resistance, and the result is defeat. They are not attacked, perhaps, upon the weakest point of their line: but all is weak: surprise has unnerved them, and robbed them of their strength. The attacking force may not be numerically stronger at the place of attack, but it is so in the eyes of the enemy—and that is enough. Thus the sudden and unexpected assaults of Joshua at Beth-horon and at Merom, of Barak at Megiddo, and of Gideon in the valley of Jezreel, at once secured the victory: and those commanders did but act upon the first principles of war when they dealt with an undisciplined foe in the manner described. Nor must we leave out of sight that then, as now, confidence in their cause, and implicit reliance upon their leader, was the animating spirit of a victorious army.

Viewed *historically*, the battles of the Bible often mark important stages in the unfolding of the divine purposes towards the world. The battles of the conquest secured the settlement of the chosen nation in the land of promise, paved the way for the fulfilment of the Messianic prophecies, and thus had an important bearing upon the destinies of the human race. The battle of Megiddo broke the reviving power of the Canaanites, that of Jezreel delivered Israel from the invasion of the desert hordes, that of Gilboa placed David on the throne. These ancient conflicts deserve, perhaps, a more prominent place in history than they have hitherto received; and some of them, at least, may well be reckoned among the decisive battles of the world.

But it is chiefly as viewed under their *religious* aspects that these battles have their *spiritual value* for us. In

themselves, indeed, they are but parables, mimic accompaniments of that great spiritual conflict, of which this world is the theatre, the conflict between light and darkness, between truth and error, between holiness and sin, between Christ and Satan. Do not fail to remark, then, how largely the moral element entered into the question of success or defeat. Self-confident and disobedient rashness, as at Kadesh (Numb. xiv. 40-45)—the presence of one Achan in the camp, as at Ai,—led to disaster : whilst faith, courage, decision, the righteous prosecution of a righteous cause, invariably secured the victory. It may be objected that in the wars of Israel the miraculous prevailed to such an extent, as to deprive them of all value as examples to ourselves. I should be very unwilling to underrate, as some do, the miraculous element which undoubtedly existed : but we must beware of overrating it. Joshua and his people were left more to themselves than we might at first, perhaps, suppose. They were deceived by the Gibeonites : they were repulsed before Ai. The Divine causality did not dispense with human agency, or destroy human responsibility. Joshua, and Barak, and Gideon, were men of like passions with ourselves ; and the same principles, which led them on to victory, must animate us, if we would reap a like success. If we would be "good soldiers of Jesus Christ," we must "endure hardness," we must take our share in suffering : if we would "please Him" who hath enrolled us in His army, we must remember that, as soldiers on active service, we must not allow ourselves to be entangled with the affairs of this life (2 Tim. ii. 3, 4) :

" Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way,—
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.



“ In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife ! ”

In the course of the remarks which I have laid before you, I have turned over but two or three pages of a single chapter in the history of a single nation. The subject of each page has been War. It is important to observe that war has been the prominent feature in the history of all ages. From the fall of man to the present hour, war has everywhere prevailed. It is linked in with the very beginning of our history : “ Cain rose up against Abel, his brother, and slew him : ” and the character of the antediluvian period is thus tersely summed up at the close of it : “ The earth also was corrupt before God ; and the earth was filled with violence. ”

The world began again in the person and family of Noah, and is again the scene of violence and bloodshed. The narrative of Scripture gives abundant evidence of this. The strife between the herdsmen of Abram and Lot, the attack of the Cities of the Plain by the confederate kings, the murder of the Shechemites, at once occur to us : whilst, in after times, in addition to the conflicts we have been considering to-night, we read of long and bloody wars carried on by the Jews with the surrounding nations—with Syria and Egypt—with the Assyrian and Babylonian, the Grecian and Roman empires ; closed by that terrible catastrophe, the siege and destruction of Jerusalem. Then glance for a moment over the wide expanse of the ancient world, and the oft-repeated story is that of captured cities, desolated countries, defeats and victories, bloodshed, devastation, cruelty and revenge, until the several kingdoms were swallowed up by one vast power, and the Roman Empire held in her iron grasp the nations of the civilized world.

After a short pause, the drama proceeds. During the fall of the Empire, the barbarian hordes—the Goths, the Vandals, and the Huns—defeated its armies and ravaged its fairest provinces, and were succeeded, in the course of years, by the Saracenic and Turkish invasions. In more modern times, the wars of the French Revolution have proved the scourge of Europe; and the names of Marengo, and Arcola, of Austerlitz, and Jena, and Wagram, of the Beresina and the Borodino, of Dresden, and Leipsic, and Waterloo, are familiar to us as scenes of strife. For nearly forty years the exhausted nations rested from war; but, in 1848, the spirit of revolution once more burst forth, and is only now kept down by the despotic power of the great Continental armies: whilst, quite recently, the battles of the Alma, of Balaklava and of Inkermann, the bloody conflict waged for nearly twelve months in the trenches of Sebastopol, the terrible massacres and the stern retribution which marked the Indian mutiny, and the conflicts of Magenta and Solferino in the Italian war, prove but too plainly that the period has not arrived when “nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.” The present hour also is rife with slaughter. The deplorable contest in America still continues, exhibiting certainly great bravery and marvellous powers of endurance on either side, but entailing a vast sacrifice of human life, and separating by a yet wider chasm the two sections of the great nation which are engaged in it: whilst, in the Old World, the first shots have been fired in a war which may soon become European.

With these facts before us—with war prevailing throughout the world from the moment when “Cain rose up against Abel, his brother, and slew him,” to that in which, a few days ago, the Austro-Prussian army crossed the Eider, I cannot believe in peace. The time shall certainly come when “the

Prince of Peace" shall say unto the waves of this troubled world, "Peace, be still;" when

"He whose car the winds are, and the clouds—
The dust that waits upon His sultry march—
When sin hath moved Him, and His wrath is hot,
Shall visit earth in mercy,—shall descend
Propitious in His chariot paved with love,
And what His storms have blasted and defaced
For man's revolt, shall with a smile repair."

But it is vain to look for universal peace whilst sin universally prevails. "From whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence even of your lusts that war in your members?" War is the result of sin. You must heal the disease before you can destroy its effect. Men can perceive the evil of war, just as any of us can see the evil of a fight in the back streets of London, and, seeing the evil, they propose their remedies. In all simplicity they preach the doctrines of forbearance, and arbitration, and universal brotherhood: they would call together a congress of the nations, and, in the spirit of meekness and self-denial, redress each other's grievances, and lay the foundations of an eternal peace. Babel-builders all! The one only foundation of peace is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Ignore that, and you are saying, "Peace, and there is no peace. One builds up a wall, and the others daub it with untempered mortar." "When," therefore, "ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars, be ye not troubled: for such things must needs be."

As Christians, you must be men of peace. "Blessed are the peacemakers." Do not forget that blessing. Take heed that the peace of God rules in your own hearts. Do what you can to secure that peace to others. Circulate the Scriptures. Spread abroad the knowledge of the Gospel. Resist the encroachments of error. "Be not ashamed of the testi-

mony of our Lord." Let your lives be holy, simple, transparent, decided. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." In the Christian warfare, our "weapons are not carnal." "Put up again thy sword into his place," is the Lord's injunction: the law of self-sacrifice is the law of His kingdom: it is the quiet might of meekness which is to overcome the world.

But, as living in an evil world, as citizens of an earthly state, the sword is both allowable and necessary. "Then said He unto them . . . He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one. And they said, Lord, behold, here are two swords. And He said unto them, It is enough." (Luke xxii. 36, 38.) These words of Christ justify self-defence. They do not warrant the spreading of the Gospel by the sword—they do not warrant aggressive warfare; but they justify resistance to aggression—they enjoin defence against the unjust invasion of a foe.

On Christian principles, therefore, we may well rejoice that, in these restless, anxious times, England has made herself strong. If "he that had no sword" was "to sell his garment and buy one," this country has done well in sacrificing some portion of her material wealth, her sons have done well in sacrificing some portion of their time, in order to render England safe from even the threat of invasion, in order to secure for her her proper influence amongst the nations of the world. If we cannot say, as the Emperor has said of France—that when England is satisfied, Europe is at peace—we may say, and with truth, that when England is strong, Europe must be cautious. Ambition, jealousy, revolutionary violence may threaten to disturb the peace of the world, but the power of this country cannot be left out of account: her present repose is no evidence of her inability to act; her state, passive and motionless, no proof that she cannot put forth her might upon the first call of

patriotism or necessity. Our Volunteer Army, therefore, is England's contribution to the peace of Europe. How silent, but how rapid, has been its growth! It reminds us of the scene in Walter Scott's noble poem, when Roderick Dhu gives such unexpected answer to the king's wish that he might see before him,

“ Stand

This rebel chieftain and his band!
 ‘ Have, then, thy wish !’ He whistled shrill,
 And he was answered from the hill ;
 Wild as the scream of the curlew,
 From erag to erag the signal flew.
 Instant, through copse and heath, arose
 Bonnets and spears, and bended bows :
 On right, on left, above, below,
 Sprung up at once the lurking foe ;
 From shingles grey their lances start,
 The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
 The rushes and the willow-wand
 Are bristling into axe and brand,
 And every tuft of broom gives life
 To plaided warrior arm'd for strife.
 That whistle garrison'd the glen
 At once with full five hundred men,
 As if the yawning hill to heaven
 A subterranean host had given.
 Watching their leader's beck and will,
 All silent there they stood, and still.”

(*Lady of the Lake*, canto v.)

Christian young men, I am persuaded, do well in identifying themselves with the Volunteer movement :—Defence, not defiance—preparation, not provocation—the motto they bear.

And we need to be prepared. Sober-minded students of prophecy, politicians in all lands, statesmen of great experience and sagacity, unite in thinking that troublous times are at hand ; they would avert the evil if they could, but they feel that the passions of men are too strong for them : it is the people, not the rulers, that are moved. “ The sea

and the waves roar." The first recorded battle in Scripture is "the battle of the kings;" the last battles shall rather be the battles of the peoples. Whenever a general war shall break out, it will be a great calamity. Modern science is every day adding fresh power to the weapons of destruction. The Continental armies contain many hundred thousand highly-disciplined soldiers: the spirit of rivalry is strong amongst them. The instantaneous transmission of news will enable all Europe to overlook the battle-field. I lately met with a curious illustration of the change which has taken place in this respect. The battles of Ligny and Quatre Bras were fought within a few miles of Brussels, on Friday, June 16th, 1815. Intelligence of these battles did not reach London until half-past four on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 20th; whilst at that time no news of Waterloo had been received.^(f) Think of a general action between the armies of France and England taking place in Belgium at the present time, and the very fact being unknown in London for more than two whole days. The change which science has wrought in the practice and accompaniments of war is great; but, whatever the changes may be, we ought to be prepared for them. We must be abreast—nay, if possible, in advance—of the age, if we would hold our own. Our wealth, our liberty, our power, make us the object of envy to the nations of the world; and it must be confessed that we are not careful to conciliate those from whom we differ by flattering or courteous speech. "Cold, but solid," was the description of Englishmen once given me by a Hungarian gentleman: and I think he was not far from the truth. We may be warm-hearted in our family relationships—in our school and college friendships; but we are cold and reserved, and somewhat blunt, in our intercourse with foreign nations. The not unnatural result is, that we are not beloved by them: and hence the greater

(f) See Appendix.

need for self-reliance, for watchfulness and preparation. "Therefore, to make a conclusion," I quote the quaint but forcible words of the author of 'Bible Battels':—"Oh, you valiant hearts, you truly valorous, you sonnes of the worthy, you undaunted spirits, yet religious, yet faithful, yet chast, yet just in your manlinesse, yet full of humanity, even to theemie, and truly respectfull of your owne companions—yea, and common souldiers, fellowes in affliction, doe well, bee reconciled to God, crave His aid; and He being with you, goe forth with confidence and prosper. Even so, Amen."

The subject of this Lecture has been war. But we must not forget that the time shall come when the Lord of hosts shall make wars to cease unto the end of the earth, when He shall break the bow, and knap the spear in sunder, and burn the chariots in the fire. A bright and peaceful future is in store for this earth. That time is not yet, but it shall be: a time when there shall be no tyrants, no ambition, no hostile rivalry; no hatred, no revenge, no restless vigilance and alarm; no alienations from the pursuits of industry to maintain a mighty apparatus for the destruction of mankind; no scenes where in one day, on one small spot of God's earth, thousands of human beings are hurried into the presence of their Maker,—when ten, twenty, fifty thousand men, alive and well in the morning, are dead at night, and as many more are lying maimed and bleeding upon the field of battle. The time shall be, when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." How near that time may be, we know not—the future is hidden from our view; but of its coming we are sure, for "the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it:"

"The groans of nature in this nether world,
Which Heaven has heard for ages, have an end.
Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,
Whose fire was kindled at the prophet's lamp,
The time of rest, the promised Sabbath comes."

Let the Christian seize with firm grasp the hope of that blessed future : surrounded by temptation, and buffeting with the storms of life, let him fix his eye upon the prospect which lies spread out before him, the vision of peace which bounds his view in the distance ; and, if to some the evening of this care-worn world seems to be drawing near, and the shades of night to be closing fast around it, let them remember that “at evening time it shall be light.” “And it shall be in that day that . . . the Lord shall be king over all the earth.”

APPENDIX.



NOTE (a), page 479, line 11.

“With the upper village the descent commenced : the road rough and difficult even for the mountain paths of Palestine ; now over sheets of smooth rock, flat as the flagstones of a London pavement ; now over the upturned edges of the limestone strata ; and now amongst the loose rectangular stones so characteristic of the whole of this district.” (*Dictionary of the Bible*, p. 201.)

NOTE (b), page 479, line 32.

“The statements of Dr. Stanley and Dr. Robinson differ as to whether the road from the ridge above Gideon to Upper Beth-horon rises or falls. Dr. Stanley, in describing the flight of the Canaanites from Gibeon to Beth-horon, speaks of it as an *ascent* : ‘It is a long, rocky ascent, sinking and rising more than once before the summit is reached.’” (*Lectures on the Jewish Church*, p. 240.)

Dr. Robinson, a careful, and usually a most accurate observer, states exactly the reverse : “We left the place (Upper Beth-horon) at 12 o'clock, and continued to ascend gradually among rocky and desolate hills, having all the characteristics of a desert. . . . At 1.50 we came out upon the top of the whole ascent, and reached the edge of the plain on the west of El-Jib.” (*Robinson's Palestine*, vol. iii., pp. 66, 67.)

Mr. Grove seeks to solve the difficulty thus : “From Gibeon to the Upper Beth-horon is a distance of about four miles of broken ascent

and descent. . . . Although the road from Gibeon to Upper Beth-horon is by no means a uniform rise, yet the impression is certainly that of an ascent; and Upper Beth-horon, though perhaps no higher than the ridge between it and Gibeon, yet looks higher, because it is so much above everything beyond it." (*Dictionary of the Bible*, p. 201.)

Perhaps some future traveller will examine the ground, with a view to determine, if possible, (1) the line of march of the Israelites; (2) the scene of the battle; (3) the line of retreat of the Canaanites; and to prove the verbal accuracy of the account of the latter in the Book of Joshua.

NOTE (c), page 480, line 9.

Dr. Robinson describes the view from Upper Beth-horon: "He led us to the roof of a house, where we had a wide and very distinct view of the country around Beth-horon, and towards the sea. The prospect included the hill country and the plain as far to the right and left as the eye could reach. The prominent towns were Ramleh and Lydda. . . . Between us and Ramleh, we looked down upon a broad and beautiful valley at our feet. . . . This valley, or rather plain, runs out W. by N. quite through the tract of hills, and then bends off S.W. through the great western plain. . . . Upon the side of the long hill which skirts the valley on the south we could perceive a small village in the W.S.W. called Yâlo. . . . There can be little question that this village marks the site of an ancient Ajalon, and that the broad Wady on the north of it, is the valley of Ajalon, so renowned in the history of Joshua. Here it was that the leader of Israel, in pursuit of the five kings, having arrived at some point near Upper Beth-horon, looked back towards Gibeon, and down upon the noble valley before him, and uttered the celebrated command: 'Sun, stand thou still on Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon.'" (*Robinson's Palestine*, vol. iii., pp. 63, 64.)

NOTE (d), page 485, line 23.

It is usually assumed that the Canaanites retreated to the north-east: "Far and wide the vast army fled, far through the eastern branch of the plain by Endor. There, between Tabor and the Little Hermon, a carnage took place, long remembered, in which the corpses lay fattening the ground. Onwards from thence they still fled, over

the northern hills to the city of their great captain, Harosheth of the Gentiles." (*Stanley's Lectures on the Jewish Church*, p. 323.) It is a strong objection to this view, that it assumes the line of retreat of the Canaanites to have been identical with the line of advance of the Israelites—a most unlikely occurrence. Dr. Thomson, in "*The Land and the Book*," p. 436, gives what I believe to be the true account. After saying that we only require to know where Harosheth is, he proceeds: "The narrative of the battle leads us to seek it somewhere down the Kishon; for only in that direction would they fly from an attack coming from the north-east. . . . Now, exactly in the line of their necessary retreat, and about eight miles from Megiddo, at the entrance of the pass to Esdraelon from the plain of Acre, is an enormous double mound, called Harothieh, which is the Arabic form of the Hebrew Harosheth, the signification of the word being the same in both languages. This *tell* is situated just below the point where the Kishon in one of its turns beats against the rocky base of Carmel, leaving no room even for a footpath. A castle there effectually commands the pass up the vale of the Kishon into Esdraelon; and such a castle there was upon this immense double tell of Harothieh. It is still covered with the remains of old walls and buildings. I have not the slightest doubt of this identification." Dr. Thomson discusses the question of the retreat at some length, and gives strong reasons in favour of its having been down the Kishon to the west, and not across the plain to the north-east, as is commonly supposed. I have followed him in the text.

NOTE (e), page 487, line 13.

Dr. Stanley thinks that the object of this test was "to remove the rash. At the brink of the stream, those who rushed headlong down to quench their thirst, throwing themselves on the ground, or plunging their mouths into the water, were rejected; those who took up the water in their hands, and lapped it with self-restraint, were chosen." (*Lecture on Jewish Church*, p. 342.) The words of the sacred narrative are: "So he brought down the people unto the water: and the Lord said unto Gideon, Every one that lappeth of the water with his tongue, as a dog lappeth, him shalt thou set by himself; likewise every one that boweth down upon his knees to drink. And the number of them that lapped, putting their hand to their mouth, were three hundred men: but all the rest of the people bowed down upon their knees to drink water." (Judges vii. 5, 6.)

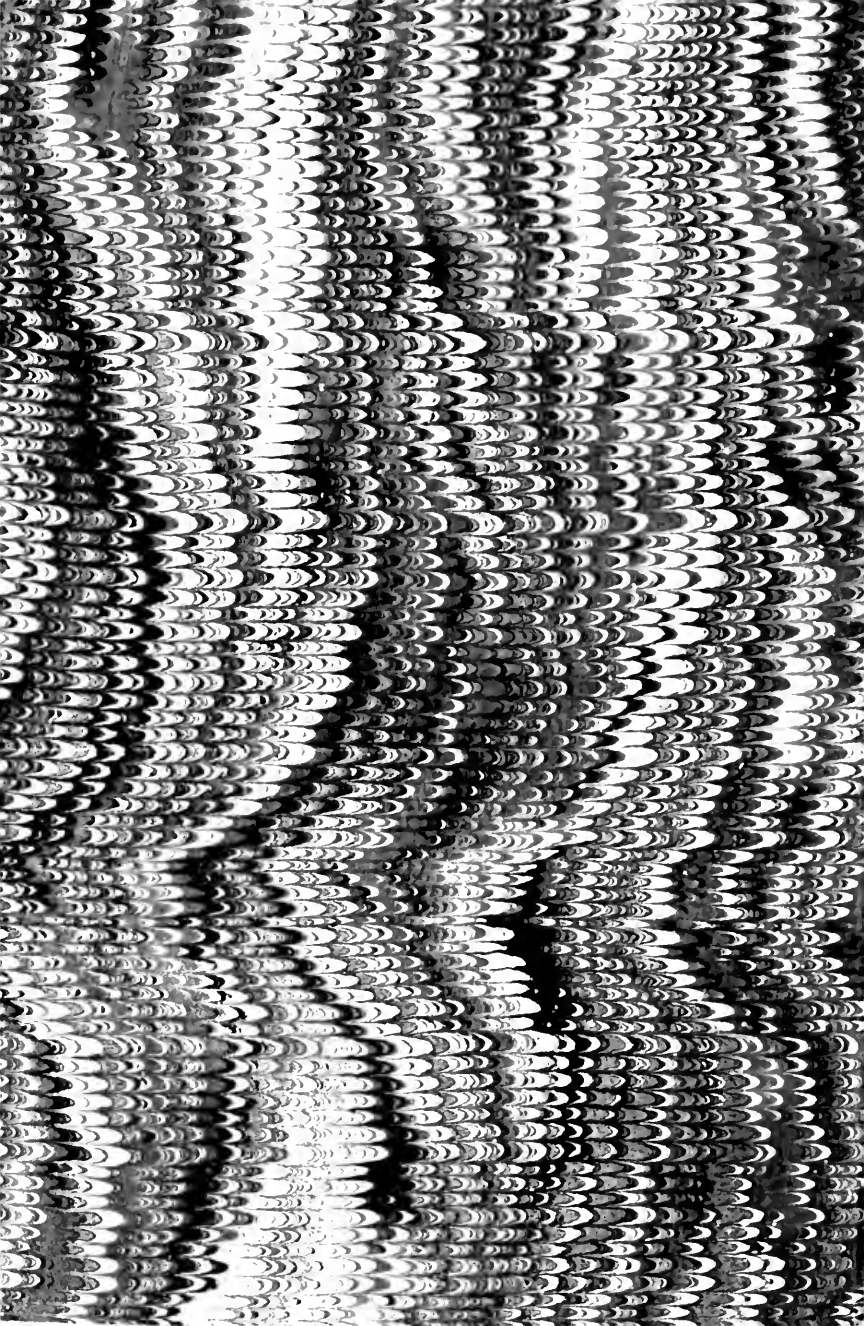
There is no mention of their "rushing headlong down," "plunging their mouths into the water," &c. It does not appear to have been their rashness, but their self-indulgence which was exposed.

NOTE (*f*), page 498, line 16.

Narrative of the Knight of Kerry, quoted in Gleig's "Story of the Battle of Waterloo," p. 124, 3rd edition.







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