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MAKING A LIFE



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MAKING A LIFE

*If there be good in what I wrought,
Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine ;
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.
One instant's toil to Thee denied
Stands all Eternity's offence,
Of that I did with Thee to guide
To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.
The depth and dream of my desire,
The bitter paths wherein I stray,
Thou knowest who has made the fire,
Thou knowest who has made the clay.
One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread Temple of Thy worth—
It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth.*

—RUDYARD KIPLING.



Yours Very Truly
Constant Myers

MAKING A LIFE

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BY

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Minister at the Baptist Temple, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Author of "Why Men Do Not Go to Church," etc., etc.

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To my Wife

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It is not what a man does which exalts him, but what he would do.—BROWNING.

Let any one set his heart to do what is right, and ere long his brow is stamped with all that goes to make up heroic expression.—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

No man can live half a life when he has genuinely learned that it is a half life. The other half, the higher half, must haunt him.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Yes, here in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal. Work it out, therefrom, and, working, believe, live, be free. Fool! the Ideal is in thyself; the impediment too, is in thyself; thy Condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of. What matters whether such stuff be of this sort, or that, so the form thou give it be heroic—be poetic? Oh, thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: the thing thou seekest is already with thee, here or nowhere, couldst thou only see!—THOMAS CARLYLE, in “Sartor Resartus.”

No human being and no society composed of human beings ever did, or ever will, come to much unless their conduct was guided and governed by the love of some ethical ideal.—HUXLEY.

MAKING A LIFE

I

LIFE'S IDEAL

IT was written by the pen of inspiration concerning one of the world's heroes that "he had an excellent spirit in him." The printer blundered with his type and made the record of his life to read that "Daniel had an excellent 'spine' in him." This was not a correct translation, but, unquestionably, a statement of fact—a fact of supreme importance. His biography reveals his unbending devotion to the highest ideal. When this famous young man went away from home to college in a distant land, he fixed his goal and, in face of temporary defeat and bitterest opposition, "he purposed in his heart" to be true to that ideal even at the cost of life itself. Duty was the emphatic word in his vocabulary, and he would not defile its

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purity with heathen custom or his own cowardice. His ideal was his salvation. Its sanctity was the temple in which he worshipped. It occupied the throne of his life, and he was ever its obedient subject. He hearkened to its voice when desire and flesh cried out against him. It was a circuitous pathway to this ideal of life, and cut through cloud-land, and forest, and darkness, but the light never faded away, and the highest place in the realm was for the weary traveller's reward. A noble purpose is life's guarding, guiding angel. It alone can take a man through a lion's den and lock their crimson jaws. In one hand it holds safety, and in the other success. Daniel was king at last because his ideal was king at first. A high ideal is the lever under human life, and means the elevation of character. He who is satisfied with his first effort, or his first step, or his first attainment, never reaches eminence. A righteous dissatisfaction is essential to future achievement. A deeper longing precedes every bolder attempt. Look higher if you would live higher. An ideal is not something which is always hanging in the distant horizon like a rainbow toward which the child runs with open hand to grasp it only to find it always the same distance

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away. The hilltop was no nearer to it than the valley, and the climb was of no avail. It is the greatest reality of life, and every hilltop brings us nearer to its possession. One bright summer morning the old iron horse was slowly but courageously pushing his way up through the wild mountains of the Pacific coast. Suddenly the travellers shouted in a chorus of delight: "There's Shasta! There's Shasta!" and the king of mountains on the western continent raised his royal head above the hills and the lower peaks and above the scattered, fleecy clouds and swung his sparkling sceptre over the kingdoms at his feet. The untrained eye looked through that clear air and carried the message to the waiting mind that the famous mountain was distant about ten miles, but the skilled vision of the conductor startled the company by declaring that it was more than one hundred and fifty miles away. He said: "You will be permitted to behold its glory all the day. Have patience and a nearer view will be given you." It was at the setting of the sun when the train halted at the base of that kingliest of mountains, and we beheld it in all its glory. It is a winding, climbing, dangerous journey, but the day is filled with inspiration from the

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sight of the ideal, and at the sunset hour there will be perfect vision, and rest, and satisfaction, and reward.

Ideals are not creations of the brain or the desire; they are real. They are not things manufactured by us; they are discovered. The great musicians did not make their music; they found it. The great artists did not make their pictures; they revealed them. Edison did not make electricity; he discovered its methods. It was not made of his ideals; it, rather, made his ideals. Music is, art is, beauty is, righteousness is, and the one man has come nearer to them than the other, and he talks about them to his fellow men, and, oftentimes, in an unknown tongue. The great truths and ideals of life exist and are the great realities of life, before some man has entered into a closer fellowship with them than other men. Watt, and Faraday, and Newton saw but dimly at first, but their vision proved to be a reality. To talk about the ideal is not to dream. It depends upon the power and persistency of vision. The imagination is the world's greatest explorer. It has been the forerunner of every Columbus. Shakespeare, and Wordsworth, and Tennyson, and Isaiah, and all their company of nobility simply

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drew aside the veil from realities. They attempted to make us see what they saw. The small man is the one who only sees the present and considers policy and expediency, but the great man is he who sees the fundamental and eternal principles and knows by sight and acquaintance, honesty, and truth, and righteousness, and all their blood-relatives. This marks the difference between men and machines; between the artist and the automaton; between drudgery and inspiration. All men are stamped with the impress of their ideals. All their efforts are controlled by its power. In every department of life it is the supreme reality; oftentimes unrecognized or considered the possession of a dreamer, but never dropping its sceptre. The ideal of the business man is the mightiest factor in his life; not always sharply defined, but always doing its work. The home is beautified, not so much by drapery or furniture, as by the artistic hand of the ideal. This is the only salvation for most men from a life of drudgery, and disappointment, and despair. Ideals are heavenly messengers; they are the wings of the lark to save the songster from the perils of the lowlands. Aspiration places bright garments upon poverty, and

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reveals the blessing in the arms of toil. It snatches manhood out of the snare and coils of discouragement and hardship. It makes the music which the unending buzz and rattle of machinery cannot silence. It clears the atmosphere of dust and disease and lets in the light and purity of the upper world. The maiden looks through the struggles of her daily task and hearkens for the footstep of a lover and the sound of wedding bells, and watches for the daybreak of hope's morning. The young man faces the burdens of life and raises them to his shoulder and dreams of his own home and his own companion and better days.

Ideals are the stars which God places in the sky of young manhood and womanhood, like the other stars above the pathway of traveller and mariner. The wise men who follow this light always reach a Bethlehem. History furnishes unnumbered illustrations of the world's greatest and best, being led on to satisfaction and victory by this holy vision. The masters in every part of the world, and in every moment of time, have first been mastered by a noble ideal. They stemmed the current, and bridged the stream, and divided the waters while other men were mere scraps of manhood on the

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surface of the stream and moving with the current. This is the inevitable result of a vulgar contentment. The upward impulse is the only salvation. The soul's cry for something nobler and better is the food for its growth and the foretelling of its future and ultimate perfection.

A victorious ideal is not an occasional impulse, or a momentary elevation, but a steady aim, and a constant star, and a fixed compass. These shadowy and fleeting thoughts and purposes are like drops of dew on the grass-blade of the summer morning. They sparkle with diamond-like brilliancy, and even reflect a world, but they are evanescent. One breath of an opposing wind scatters them, and all is lost. The valuable manhood is that which transmutes and permanently transforms these ideals into soul-life, and eternal character, and divinest man. He who has a worthy ambition and courageously and wisely seeks it is king.

This great power in life is lost by lack of definiteness or the presence of ignoble ambition, or the result of pride and vanity, or the influence of the temporal and material, or impatience, or the want of a deathless determination. A single stroke

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of the hammer, without the image in mind, might shatter the statue. Mere pounding is ruinous. Aim and object are essential. Definite purpose and clearly bounded ideals must precede the work of the chisel.

One of the most earnest of modern Gaelic poets, Dugald Buchanan, was first led to think of serious subjects by a cleverly turned phrase, uttered half in jest. "What is your profession?" a pious Highlander inquired of him. "As to that," replied Buchanan, "I have none in particular. My mind is very much like a sheet of white paper." "Then take care that the devil does not write his name upon it," said the other. The remark was the one touch needed to turn the poet to more serious thoughts and a more earnest way of life.

What is the ideal of your life? Art thou a worshipper at the shrine of gold, or fame, or pleasure, or the purely temporal elements of life? If thou art, the muck-rake is in thy hand, and thou art in the mud of the world, and blind to the angel above thy head with a bright crown in his hand. Without a worthy ideal thou canst never bend thy neck in the upward gaze, and reward is lost forever. Life is a failure; thou hast missed the mark. Thou art

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a slave to the passing and the perishing. The best that is in thee is benumbed and paralyzed. Tell man the objects of your search and he will pass judgment upon the result of them, and the value of your character. Life is below its possibility and pressing on toward its condemnation. Fix your goal, define your purpose, make the object of all effort and sacrifice worthy of manhood and immortality. Draw the boundary-line about your ideal for human life. Fasten your eye upon it and make it the greatest reality. Destiny is in the very beginning of life and the earliest thought and plan.

A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was badly hurt, but with pressed lips he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that the boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

Failures and wrecks are all stamped with the lack of high resolve. Good education, best training, brightest opportunity, most perfect example, have been rendered helpless without this leader. The fountain rises only to the level of the stream. Flabby resolution and low ideal are the creators of weak character and low living. He who pur-

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poses in his heart to maintain a high standard is climbing toward an outlook of beauty and inspiration. He orders not only present events, but is general over the forces of the future. Misfortune and disaster enter his life only to be defeated by a man of iron, unswerved, even by a hair's breadth, from his high resolve and bright ideal. Lincoln rose to one of the thrones of the world by the quenchless persistency of his ideal. "I have talked with great men," he told his fellow clerk and friend Green, "and I do not see how they differ from others. I can be one of them." In order to keep in practice in speaking he walked seven or eight miles to debating clubs. "Practising Polemics," was what he called his exercise. He questioned the schoolmaster concerning the advisability of studying grammar. "If you are going before the public," said his counsellor, "you ought to do it." How could he get a grammar? There was but one in the neighborhood, and that was six miles away. Without waiting further information he walked immediately to the place, borrowed this rare book, and before night was buried in its mystery. Every moment of his leisure, during the hours of day and night, for many weeks, he gave to the study of that

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book. Lincoln's eagerness to learn became known and awakened interest. Books were loaned him, and his friends assisted him, and even the village cooper allowed him to come into his shop and keep up a fire of shavings sufficiently bright to read by at night. When he had finished the study of his grammar he said, "Well, if that's what they call science, I think I will go at another." He had learned the way to conquer subjects and circumstances. His ideal was becoming brighter and clearer and more powerful as he moved on heroically toward it. It came and stood over the President's chair, and he followed it, step by step, with patience and determination at either side of him, until he sat upon the nation's throne, crowned beneath his life's star.

"September, 1856, made a new era in my life," said George Eliot, "for it was then I began to write fiction. It had always been a vague dream of mine that, some time or other, I might write a novel; and my shadowy conception of what the novel was to be varied, of course, from one epoch of my life to another, but I never went further toward the actual writing of a novel than an introductory chapter describing a Staffordshire village and the life of the neighboring farm-houses, and as the years

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passed on I lost hope that I should ever be able to write a novel, just as I desponded about everything else in my future. I always thought I was deficient in dramatic power, but I felt I should be at my ease in the descriptive part of a novel. One morning, as I was thinking what should be the subject of my first sketch, my thoughts merged themselves into a dreamy doze and I imagined myself writing a story, of which the title was "The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton." The result was the now famous "Scenes from Clerical Life," which achieved an instant success almost as great as that of 'Waverley,' at its first appearance." It was the defining and clarifying of that ideal which flickered, but which she never allowed to go out, that made her name so famous in the literary world.

Balzac lived in a garret-room on eleven cents a day, and worked incessantly upon dramas and comedies, not one of which was accepted, save by the rag-picker. He published a romance in his thirtieth year, and became at once so famous that publishers sought him on all sides.

"My own revenue," says Hume, "will be sufficient for a man of letters."

"Perhaps," says Gibbon, "the mediocrity of my

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fortune has contributed to fortify my application.”
“If I had been born here” (in England), said Montesquieu, “nothing could have consoled me in failing to accumulate a large fortune; but I do not lament the mediocrity of my circumstances in France.”

Poor Goldsmith, in distress, with his landlady clamoring for her rent, sends out for Johnson; he comes, and the great writer, in those circumstances,—which have been immortalized by a picture,—brings forth a story; Johnson reads it, perceives its merit, rushes forth to sell it; the poor writer is released from his fear of ejection, and the world begins to read the “Vicar of Wakefield.”

“What made you plead with such intensity of energy?” was asked of Erskine, after that plea which brought the briefless barrister into notice.

“I felt my children tugging at my gown, and asking for bread,” was his answer.

Some men have been so persuaded of the stimulating effects of poverty that they have actually sought it. Barry threw his money into the Liffey, that he might dispose of temptations to ease and luxury.

When a student was anticipating his first ap-

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pearance in the intercollegiate games, a friend, by way of encouragement, said: "If you do not get the gold medal, you may win the silver one." The reply came quickly: "I never try for a second prize!"

God never intended the immortal soul to crouch in bondage to worldliness, or ignoble ambitions, or the baser things of life. It was given the power and the liberty to soar and breathe the atmosphere of the upper world and live in the skies. There is no power sufficient to shackle a man's aspirations. He can rise out of a dungeon, and above the fogs of skepticism and mock at the chains of his enemy's forging. The darkness may wrap itself about his world, but borne aloft upon the wings of his ideals, he pierces the gold of the sunbeam with his eagle-eyed vision. The swallow circles above and close to the flowers and grass of the meadow, but the eagle lives on the crag and takes long voyages among the cloud-islands of the skies and never knows weariness. That is the birthright of every man at every moment of his world's motion in the universe of God.

"Would you like to know how I was enabled to serve my country?" said Admiral Farragut. "It was

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all owing to a resolution, an ideal I formed when I was ten years of age. My father was sent down to New Orleans, with the little navy we then had, to look after the treason of Burr. I accompanied him as cabin-boy. I had some qualities that, I thought, made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt; could drink as stiff a glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive; I was great at cards, and fond of gambling in every shape. At the close of the dinner one day, my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me: "David, what do you mean to be?" "I mean to follow the sea." "Follow the sea! Yes, be a poor, miserable drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign clime." "No," I said, "I'll tread the quarterdeck, and command, as you do." "No, David, no boy ever trod the quarterdeck with such principles as you have and such habits as you exhibit. You will have to change your whole course of life if you ever become a man."

My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke and overwhelmed with mortification. "A poor, miserable drunken sailor be-

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fore the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and to die in some fever hospital." "That's my fate, is it? I'll change my life and change it at once. I will never utter another oath. I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquors. I will never gamble. And as God is my witness, I have kept those three vows to this hour." The cherishing of such ambitions was his salvation, and gave to America one of its brightest stars.

Frequently a false pride in ancestral blood, or position, and an unworthy self-conceit, or ruinous vanity has blasted highest ideals and closed the gates of golden opportunity.

Chief Justice Chase was once riding on the cars through Virginia, and they stopped at a little, insignificant town, and they told him that Patrick Henry was born there. He stepped out on the platform and said: "Oh, what a magnificent scene! What glorious mountains! What an atmosphere this is! I don't wonder that a place like this gave birth to a Patrick Henry." A rustic stood near him and heard his remarks, and said: "Yes, stranger, them mountains have been there ever since I can recollect, and the atmosphere hasn't changed much, and the scenery is about the same,

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but I haven't seen any more Patrick Henrys lying around here, that I can remember."

Environment and advantage give birth to pride, but not to nobility. The one essential element to success, and character, and influence is a worthy purpose—is an ideal with a conscience in it. This can be attained only by fidelity to toil in the unseen and minute performances of duty. We rise upon what we wish to be by a constant effort. The upward pathway is the result of past achievement. The present is the cradle of the future. Loyalty to the details of duty in the present sphere is essential to coming reward and glory. The present demands, heard, and righteously heeded, are the foundation-stones for future architectural stability and beauty. If this, which is elemental, be not carefully laid and cemented, there will be crashing of the upper stories and ruin of life's hope. Worthiness of greater elevation depends entirely upon the perfection and solidity of the under-work. Prove your claims to higher position by completing the service in the lower. All climbing is up a lofty and dangerous mountain-side. There are curves and precipices which make it impossible to return. To go back is to fall. The only safety is on and up. Achieve-

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ment will never permit a man to rest. There is no satisfaction, and no vacation, in accomplishment. It creates yearning and anxiety. Aspiration forces effort and upward movement until the summit is reached and the companionship of the victors and hosts angelic tell us we are upon the heights of heaven. The purely temporal, and material, and worldly are too low for inspiration. They are the destroyers of ideals and worthy ambitions. They leave the upper stories all unused, with dust and cobweb to cover the windows and destroy the outlook. The spiritual is man's glory. The lion is stronger than he; the eagle is swifter than he; the bee equals his genius for building; but he surpasses all creation in his reason, and imagination, and moral sentiment, and power of framing and securing his ideals. A mine is not man's riches; a store is not man's world. The skill of a mechanic and the success of a merchant are not sufficient for high living. This is bankruptcy. Low ideals in the mind will not support a lofty character. The model must be in the eye before the artist paints or carves skilfully. The greatest controlling force in life is the ideal of life. It cannot be hid. It will come out in the very face of Judas, or in the face of John. This

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is the written and indelible language of every deed. It is the mark of direction which reveals the way we are going.

“A man may play the fool in the drifts of the desert,” says Emerson, “but every grain of sand shall seem to see. He may be a solitary eater, but he cannot keep his foolish counsel. A broken complexion, a swinish look, ungenerous acts, and the want of due knowledge,—all blab. Can a cook, a Chiffinch, an Iachimo be mistaken for Zeno or Paul? Confucius exclaimed: ‘How can a man be concealed! How can a man be concealed!’

“On the other hand, the hero fears not that, if he withhold the avowal of a just and brave act, it will go unwitnessed and unloved. One knows it himself,—and is pledged by it to sweetness of peace and to nobility of aim, which will prove, in the end, a better proclamation of it than the relating of the incident.”

To always keep before the eye of the soul the highest ideal calls for one of the sternest struggles. In this is the only redemption of life from the low and the common, the earthly and the unreal. Tiberius lived in a most luxurious age, and a most luxurious city, and a most luxurious palace. The

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wealth of the world was his. He was acquainted with all of the world pleasures. His wishes were transformed instantly into realities. His marble palace stood in the world's most beautiful environment of climate, and flowers, and fruit, and the material riches of earth, but his luxury and his gratified desires made him a most miserable specimen of humanity. His very manner of life was the murderer of true royalty and nobility. In a letter, written to the Conscript Fathers, he gives utterance to perhaps the most dismal wail that ever escaped a human heart. "What to write you, Conscript Fathers, or what not to write, may the gods and goddesses consume me, more than they eternally do, if I know." Miserable man! No wonder, though you take your place in the niche of history as "*Tristissimus hominum*."

4 Ideals are the knights to destroy the low and animal remnants in every man. They smite the sordid and mean with a death blow. The disappointments and failures have made most men to accept something lower than the purpose and plan of the morning hour of life. The noon-day heat has made them faint and ready to give up, and, therefore, they accepted the less and contented themselves with the

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half-way station up the mountain-side and never stood above the clouds. Ideals are not evanescent beauty upon life's clouds. They are the realities of which the bright coloring is the symbol. They are that for which the bow circles the darkness. They are the promises of God. An ideal is not an air-castle. The one has existence only in a dream; the other is a part of real life. The one lulls a man to sleep; the other awakens him to earnest and crowning activity. It is the indolent man's dream to sing of the mighty deeds he is going to do, and the vast mines of wealth he is to possess, and the great influence he is destined to wield, and the whole calendar of summer days without a withered leaf of autumn-time or snow-flake in the sky. That is an air-castle and floats away in the mist and haze without foundation in principle, or anchorage in reason. Life's ideal must be wedded to tireless and deathless energy. The future holds only rubbish in its hands for the man who attempts, by unrighteous divorce, to separate these two. It is the holiest matrimony. They say that man is the architect of his own destiny, but a builder is quite as essential as an architect. Real living is building upon actual conditions and according to divine

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plans. Life is in the present but for the future. Shape the ideal out of the actual. Condition does not change only as the accomplishment of the purpose changes it. It is the small and passing word, and act, and thought, which are the threads of gold in the pattern of life, and in the perfect fabric. Each day has its proportion, or the development is neither harmonious nor stable. What we will do is prophesied in what we do. The victory for the ideal depends upon the blood which enters into the real. To-morrow is indissolubly connected with to-day. Living up to the fulness of to-day's possibilities is the only road to the king's palace. Dreams can be made realities; air-castles changed into fortresses; and life's ideals certain of attainment by a living resolution to make the most of the present moment. It is an easy task to make declaration concerning what we will do or what we would do after every "if." The indicative mood is better in the sentence of life. It is a weakness itself to continually say "If I were." It is monarch-like to say "I am," "I do." You may never have a million dollars, but one-millionth part of that vast sum carries with it the same tremendous possibility and responsibility. What a man does with the dollar

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X he will do with the million. What he does with one moment of time he will do with a year. What he does with one book he will do with a library. What he does with small opportunity he will do with the larger. What he does in ordinary life, he will do in the moment when he declared he would reveal startling courage and heroism. Our safety is only in having high purpose and clear vision and incessant toil toward their realization. Every man, necessarily, and by a law as rigid as the law of gravitation, goes toward his ideal and in proportion to his activity and energy. The golden steps in the stairway to every throne are made out of the pure metal of earnestness, and energy, and grit, and determination, and conquered failures. Highest elevations are reached by treading upon the dead past. Victory has often been won out of the very jaws of defeat. Mistakes should be only teachers in life's school to spur us on.

X When Beecher was an under-graduate he went out to a neighborhood schoolhouse to conduct a prayer service. When he attempted to speak his thoughts took wings and deserted him, and his speaking was a failure. This aroused him, he determined to overcome his embarrassment, and won. The first ap- X

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pearance of Disraeli as a speaker in the House of Commons was a dismal failure. Loud laughter greeted every sentence. But his closing word was a prophecy: "I have begun several times many things; and have succeeded in them at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you shall hear me." And it soon appeared.

"When you get into a tight place," says Harriet Beecher Stowe, "and everything goes against you, till it seems as if you could not hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that is just the place and time that the tide will turn."

A phrenologist, examining the head of the Duke of Wellington, said: "Your grace has not the organ of animal courage fully developed." "You are right," replied the great man: "and, but for my sense of duty, I should have retreated in my first fight." The Duke of Wellington saw a soldier turn pale as he marched up to a battery. "That is a brave man," said he; "he knows his danger, and faces it." That is grit as I understand it.

After the defeat at Essling, the success of Napoleon's attempt to withdraw his beaten army depended on the character of Massena, to whom the emperor dispatched a messenger, telling him to

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keep his position for two hours longer at Aspen. This order, couched in the form of a request, required almost an impossibility. But Napoleon knew the indomitable tenacity of the man to whom he gave it. The messenger found Messena seated on a heap of rubbish, his eyes bloodshot, his frame weakened by his unparalleled exertions during a contest of forty hours, and his whole appearance indicating a physical state better befitting the hospital than the field. But that steadfast soul seemed altogether unaffected by bodily prostration. Half dead as he was with fatigue, he rose painfully and said: "Tell the Emperor that I will hold out for two hours." And he kept his word. "Never despair," says Burke, "but if you do, work on in despair."

You see John Knox preaching the coronation sermon of James VI., and arraigning Queen Mary and Lord Darnley in a public discourse at Edinburgh, and telling the French ambassador to go home and call his king a murderer; John Knox making all Christendom feel his moral power, and at his burial the Earl of Morton saying: "Here lieth a man who in his life never feared the face of man." Where did John Knox get much of his

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schooling for such resounding and everlasting achievement? He got it while in chains pulling at the boat's oar in French captivity. Michael Faraday, one of the greatest in the scientific world, did not begin by lecturing in the university. He began by washing bottles in the experimenting-room of Humphrey Davy. "Hohenlinden," the immortal poem of Thomas Campbell, was first rejected by a newspaper editor, and in the notes to correspondents appeared the words: "To T. C. — The lines commencing, 'On Linden when the sun was low,' are not up to our standard. Poetry is not T. C.'s forte."

Frederick Douglass made a visit to his birth-place in Talbot County, Md., for the purpose of purchasing a beautiful villa, and in a talk to a colored school said: "I once knew a little colored boy whose mother and father died when he was but six years old. He was a slave, and no one to care for for him. He slept on a dirt floor in a hovel, and in cold weather would crawl into a meal-bag head foremost and leave his feet in the ashes to keep him warm. Often he would roast an ear of corn and eat it to satisfy his hunger, and many times has he crawled under the barn or stable and secured eggs,

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which he would roast in the fire and eat. That boy did not wear pants like you do, but a tow-linen shirt. Schools were unknown to him, and he learned to spell from an old Webster spelling-book and to read and write from posters on cellar and barn doors, while boys and men would help him. He would then preach and speak, and soon became well known. He became presidential elector, United States marshal, United States recorder, United States diplomat, and accumulated some wealth. He wore broadcloth and didn't have to divide crumbs with the dogs under the table. That boy was Frederick Douglass. What was possible for me is possible for you. Don't think because you are colored you can't accomplish anything. Strive earnestly to add to your knowledge. So long as you remain in ignorance so long you will fail to command the respect of your fellow men."

Always look up, but never give up. God is ever lovingly whispering to man, fix your goal and "My grace is sufficient for thee." The highest ideal is touched by the Eternal, and bears the name of character. The perfect pattern and only worthy ideal for humankind is the Christ. He alone possesses the mystery of the highest ideal and the

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power to attain it. There is a spiritual hunger which makes every mortal gravitate toward him. Before the needle of the compass is magnetized it lies in any position, but when thrilled and electrified by the magnetic force, it points forever in the one direction. So the low and aimless life, when touched by the spirit of Christ, invariably and eternally points in the one direction. To be like Christ is the great circle which sweeps every other ideal and ambition within its circumference. As Shakespeare reveals an ideal for the young poet, and Raphael unveils the future for the young artist, so Jesus Christ stands out unique and alone as the ideal for human character.

David Livingston first saw Christ and longed to be like Him before he was crucified in the darkness of Africa. In obedience to his holy vision he literally placed a cross upon the dark continent. He journeyed north into the depths of heathenism; he then came back part of the distance and fell upon his knees to pray for Africa; he then went directly east to the coast and came back to fall again upon his knees in the same place and pray for Africa; he then forced his way directly westward to the coast and again returned to the same centre to fall upon

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his knees and pray for Africa. On this cross he lay and cried from the depths of his soul in obedience to the most sacred ideal of life, "God bless all men who, in any way, help to heal this open sore of the world. God save Africa." With that sanctified prayer upon his lips they found him upon his knees in death. His heathen friends lovingly carried his body through jungle and forest to the waiting vessel which brought him to the shores of England and placed him in Westminster Abbey, where his name is carved high among the world's noblest and best, and angel hands placed one of the brightest crowns upon his royal brow.

The pathway to the highest glory on earth or in heaven is obedience to the ideal in the life and sacrifice of the world's Redeemer.

Everything cries out to us that we must renounce. Thou must go without ; go without ! That is the everlasting song which every hour of our life through, hoarsely sings to us. Die, and come to life, for so long as this is not accomplished thou art but a troubled guest upon an earth of gloom.—
GOETHE.

*It is when we renounce that, life (properly speaking) can be said to begin. In a valiant suffering for others, not in a slothful making others suffer for us, did nobleness ever lie.—*CARLYLE.

*What will ye give me ?—*JUDAS.

*For me to live is Christ.—*PAUL.

II

LIFE'S PURPOSE

"Is life worth living?" It depends altogether upon the object of your life. Your definition of life precedes the answer to that familiar question. Here is a man who carried the sentence upon his lips, "What will ye give me?" That was the controlling motive of his life. It took the strength out of his arm, the firmness out of his foot, the lightning out of his eye, and the sweetness out of his heart.

Judas was the child of magnificent possibilities; beneath his hand lay golden opportunities, but he scorned the true riches for the tinsel, and awakened to the tragedy of his blunder when it was too late. It was his privilege to be where every Christian would like to have been. How we have rejoiced even in the thought of what it must have been to be in the companionship of the Christ for those three wonderful years! It was his to look into the

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face of Jesus, to grasp His hand of love, to listen to His marvellous words, and to see the smile of His heavenly joy. He witnessed the constant revelation of His divinity in His humanity. He received that unadulterated love, and heard that holiest prayer, and knew that sublimest purpose. This was the man who had dined with Christ, and rested with Him, and walked with Him. He saw Him touch the lame man's foot, the palsied man's hand, the blind man's eye, and the deaf man's ear. He had even been at the side of the dead man when Jesus spoke the words of life. The statement is almost too bold for belief that he is the same man who walked into the presence of the enemies of his best Friend, and the world's noblest character, and said, with a miser's spirit and a coward's attitude, "What will ye give me?" Money was the most sacred thing in the world. He had forgotten heaven, and was only familiar with the vocabulary of the market, "How much?" That was the most important part of life. At that altar he had worshipped so long and so reverently that even the Son of God had to take a second place when the critical testing hour came. If that is all there is to life, then the rope is a good thing for Judas to

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carry in one hand while he holds his money in the other. The Son of God was always right, and from the heights of His own vision and sacrifice, He made no mistake when He turned toward the betrayer and said, "Better for that man had he never been born." It is better not to have lived than to live a mean, low, selfish life. Dust, earth, and ashes may be the composition of existence, but not of life. They have meaning in the last ceremony when they fall on the casket of a Judas.

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

Here is another man who had not known the riches of personal association with the world's Saviour. He had in the irreligiousness of his religion held the coat as Stephen manifested the same spirit as his divine Master while the Jews were killing Him. Now he is on the way to mingle more Christian blood with the dust of earth. Heaven interferes. That one look at Jesus was enough. From that hour he says he began to live. He reached the summit of human life when he said, "For me to live is Christ." He declared that all the past, up

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to that hour on the Damascus road, was not a part of his life. He first began to live when he began to say, "For me to live is Christ." He braved every danger and persecution, and even death itself, in the strength of that mighty impulse. He lost his old self and all its fear and desire for riches, or position, or ease. That miraculous and mysterious transformation was a definite experience and an unquestioned reality. Christ had suddenly come into his life as its author, its preserver, its sanctifier, and its eternity. Everything was changed, even his name. The Christ of Bethlehem and Nazareth and Gethsemane and Calvary was all in all. The difference between Judas and Paul is the difference between "How much?" and "To live is Christ." The one sold Christ, and the other lived Him. The one died the death of a traitor and twisted his own rope; the other died the death of a martyr, and angels twined laurels for his kingly brow. The difference between the two lives is the difference between every great and small life, between every man who has visions from a mountaintop and every man in a valley. This is not mere history; it is present-day reality. We are not far removed from this startling contrast in human life.

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The principles remain even if the words on the page change. Names in the sentence may change from Judas to James, but the elemental laws of the world never change. There will always be the same wide chasm between "Making a living" and "Making a life." Making a living is the small, time-serving, dwarfed and paralyzed man's object. Making a life is the kingly, immortal, character-worshipping man's object. The one lives in the narrow, prison-limited circle of self, and the other in a world which is bounded only when infinity and eternity have limits. There is no circumference to the life lived outside of self. Mere making a living only touches the crust of existence and makes the most successful man cry out, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Making a life is the primary and the essential. Better for Judas had he never been born, than to buy bread with his thirty pieces of silver. Making a living depends upon temporal circumstances. Making a life rests upon eternal principles. Making a life does not depend upon riches, or fame, or health, or anything except a holy principle and an undying purpose. Every man comes within the sweep of this radiant possibility.

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• Making a life is to live outside of self. Why did Carlyle call Ruskin "The seer that guides his generation?" Where did he worthily secure such praise? Ruskin was the child of genius. Fortune had been lavish with him. He inherited and earned a vast amount of money. He became a literary star when only twenty-one years of age—a star of almost first magnitude. Every pathway was brilliantly lighted for his feet, and every door was opened for his entrance, and every honor was ready for his possession. He saw further than other men, and could lead the host. He turned away from this golden path to forget himself and to live in the lives of others. He was willing to walk on Whitechapel Road and breathe the air of the poverty-stricken districts of London; to behold the intense suffering of the overworked and underpaid men, women, and children. He saw their brains reel, and bodies weaken, and hearts faint beneath the tremendous burdens of life. He saw enfeebled and disease-ridden children born from such ancestry into a world of darkness. He looked at the scene so sympathetically and so continuously that the city of London seemed to him to turn into a gigantic cemetery, and hospital, and prison, and asylum. He

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possessed more than a million of money, but that was not his life. He cried not, "How much can I get out of this human blood?" but, "How much can I give for its purification and redemption?" He gave one-tenth, then one-third, then one-half, and at last his whole fortune, in sublimest sacrifice. He lived with the poor and for them. He formed clubs and schools, and brightened their lives with new ideas and new opportunities. He broke their shackles and set them free. He enlisted other men, and his own art students, in this divine service. His life was literally laid upon another cross, but he lives among the immortals, and won a triumphant victory through the operation of the sublimest principles in human life.

A man finds heaven in an act of sacrifice, even if death ends all. Goodness is self-rewarding. Heaven is in the action itself. The slightest act for others carries its own blessing to the heart that lives outside of itself. It has in it the sweetness of life, but it is also a grain of mustard-seed which carries a hundred-fold and an eternal harvest. It is the supremest folly and basest philosophy which says, "Eat it up, consume it, for to-morrow we die." Be happy now. Begin your heaven; do not

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wait for some far-off distant land. Drink in this sunshine; it is part of the upper world. Selfishness is the cause of your trouble and your sadness. It gathers every cloud in one place and forces them to meet in a terrific thunder-storm. Banish selfishness, and you drive away clouds, and darkness, and ghostly noises.

When Carlyle placed that bright crown upon the brow of Ruskin, he had written, "Oh, it is great, and there is no other greatness—to make one nook of God's creation more fruitful, better, more worthy of God; to make some human heart a little wiser, manlier, happier, more blessed, less accursed."

Some one has said, "What youth who has a particle of ambition or self-respect would not hang his head in shame for his useless, aimless, shiftless life, after reading the story of such men as Arthur Kavanaugh, who, although born without arms or legs, yet lifted himself, by an inborn determination that he would rise to distinction and honor? His life was a wonderful lesson for American youth who feel that they have no chance, merely because they are obscure and poor. His success shows that there is scarcely any difficulty, impediment, or de-

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formity which downright hard work and manly grit may not overcome.

The armless and legless youth was determined to show the world that he could do almost anything that anybody else could do, in spite of his frightful deformity. He learned to shoot well, was a skilful sailor and fisherman, and was considered one of the best horseback riders in Ireland. He also wrote well, holding his pen in his teeth, as he also did his bridle when he rode. He was a great hunter, and gained quite a reputation in India for his hunting exploits with tigers and other wild beasts.

What folly, audacity, and presumption for a youth with neither arms nor legs to attempt to get into Parliament. Of course everybody laughed at him, everybody said it was ridiculous, but he knew better. He knew that determination, untiring industry, and grit can accomplish almost anything in the world. His ambition was gratified, and Arthur Kavanaugh gained a seat in the House of Commons.

The world ought to bow before such heroism and triumph. But that of itself is not the best of life. As Ruskin's money was not Ruskin's life, so

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Kavanaugh's position was not Kavanaugh's life. To live is not only to get into Parliament, but to be a Gladstone or a Shaftesbury in the sacrifice of self for the sake of human rights. Mere position may be a part of heaven's condemnation. It is the use of that position for the sake of suffering humanity in which the highest life is found. The fame which is of value is that which is born in sacrifice and rocked in the cradle of service.

The wise man and the fool die, and nature makes no difference as to burial. The good man and the bad man die, and the bad man is likely to have the better tombstone of the two. Every man is stunned, and bewildered, and confounded by the mysteries around his world and human existence. You might not detect the difference between the dog's grave and the man's, after the priest or the preacher has stepped back and the shovel has done its work. The fool leaves a will, and the wise man an example, and the world cares more for the will than it does for the character. Even his nearest friends hasten to open the one and neglect to read the other. "He seeth that wise men die, likewise the fool and the brutish person perish, and leave their wealth to others." A thorn fence of interro-

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gation-points surrounds this condition. Only God can open the unseen gate and lead a man out into larger vision and higher living. This gate has a secret latch, and only the sacrificial hand can open it. The young person begins life by accepting the popular theory that there are certain objects which, attained, bring happiness. He awakens after his dreams and struggles to see those who have riches wanting more and never satisfied. The man with fame, envied, slandered, and unhappy. Even love itself has lost power to produce joy. Success itself has no value, only when the Columbus spirit has discovered the hidden secret of how to be successful with success. All these things, which the world terms success, and value, and happiness, may be hindrances, and sometimes even a curse. Riches of every form must be employed for others' good, if they are to be of value. Real life is outside of possessions, and positions, and pleasures. That is not joy which is poisoned by a single drop of selfishness. It has lost heaven's touch.

A beautiful incident of Agassiz's early years reveals the secret of the noble life of that brilliant and victorious genius. It illustrates his whole life. He began right. He lived in Switzerland, on the

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border of a lake. He had a little brother, and the two boys thought they would like to join their father. The lake was covered with ice, and they were to walk across.

The mother stood by the window watching them—anxious as mothers are—seeing them getting along very well, till at length they came to a crack in the ice, perhaps a foot wide. Her heart failed her. She thought, “That little fellow will try to step over; Louis will get over well enough, but the little fellow will fall in.”

She could not call to them—they were too far. What could she do? She watched him, and, as she watches, Louis got down on the ice, his feet on one side of the crack, and his hands on the other, just like a bridge, and his little brother crept over him to the other side. Then Louis got up, and they went on their way to their father. There is winter everywhere. The ice is full of cracks. There are helpless souls on the other side. The ice is wet. Will you get down? You must first get down if you would get up. You must be a bridge if you would be an Agassiz. If you would know the joy of a great soul, you must first know the sacrifice. Real pleasure is not found where most men are

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searching, for they are lost in the woods of a false philosophy. The gold is found only in the deep mines of God's higher law. We are such dull scholars in God's school, we never learn from history. Every man must make his own errors and place his own foot upon God's laws. We do not believe the other man, but walk right up to the hot stove and blister our own fingers before we are wise enough to leave it alone. It was one of the lessons of the cradle, and the high chair, and the school room, and life's larger college, that the things of time and sense, grasped by the hand of selfishness, can never satisfy the heart of man. In the centre of his fame and luxury every Solomon cries out, "Vanity—vexation of spirit," and heaves a heavy sigh for something better.

"But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition."

"For the love of money is the root of all evil, while some coveted after they have erred from the faith and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

Hearken to the man who says: "For me to live

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is Christ." "Godliness with contentment is great gain." "Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content." I have learned that in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

Man is an irrational creature when it comes to the realms of morals; the same man is sometimes great intellectually, but morally he is a madman. Contemptibly weak when off his special line. With everything in his favor, and the world calling him successful, he fails to extract any sweetness out of life, because he has never touched the right principle. Making a living has meant more to him than making a life. In fact, he has never discovered that wide distinction. He is perfectly familiar with what Judas said, but has never heard Paul's motto. The millions and mountain-tops of the world are not producers of joy. I saw in a narrow alley three children with dusky skin, bare feet, and tattered garments. The oldest boy had found an empty box, some blocks and sticks, and, out of these rude materials, had constructed a movable cart. He placed, lovingly, the two little black relatives in the carriage, and then said, with delight, and the touch of the other world upon it: "Ill ride you as long as you want me to. I made it for you." I

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saw that same day a coachman and footman drive the spangled team and cushioned carriage to the palace door. The occupants were marked by the world's care. There was deeper joy in the alley than on the avenue. The colored boy knew more of life than the millionaire. The empty soap-box was better than the carriage. The life outside of self was the one essential. Service for others is the one real service for self.

Making the highest life is to live in Christ. He holds the ideal of life, He holds the strength to attain it, as He holds the crown for its reward. The principles which control this life in Him are contrary to the world's principles. He startles the world by declaring that "Loss is gain," "Giving is saving," "Death is life."

His ideal is character, not something that is added to life, but that eternal something which is life itself. If a man is to live in Him, then He must live in this ideal. If He came to carry a cross, I must carry a cross. If He came to be ministered unto, I must serve. If He came to give His life a ransom, I must be ready to die for others. If He came to seek and save the lost, that must be my



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mission. In this kind of a life, what may seem loss to the world will be gain to me.

The rich young man may keep all the commandments, but the life in Christ demands the complete surrender, and says, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and follow me."

Men are unwilling to submit to this demand of the higher life, and are blind to the fact that dying things cannot give undying pleasure. They continue to act as if the things of this world could give unperishable delight. It is a crooked path which most people take to reach the side of Christ. There is a straight and narrow path to Christ and to His life, but they cross the fields and pick the flowers, and waste time, and get lost before they begin to ask the solemn questions.

The floods washed away home and mill—all the poor man had in the world. But as he stood on the scene of his loss, after the water had subsided, broken-hearted and discouraged, he saw something on the bank which the water had washed bare. "It looks like gold," he said. It was gold. The flood which had beggared him had made him rich.

The gold of life is oftentimes discovered only when all that the world calls life is swept away.

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A man who might carve statues and paint pictures, spending his life in making mock-flowers out of wax and paper, is wise compared with the man who might have God for company, and yet shuts God out and lives an empty life. Bury your little theories, give life and power to the divine ideal. There is no mistake with God. Selfishness shall not be triumphant. Give God all the time He asks. These principles were not made by little man for his petty uses. They were made with strength in them. This is the calm of heaven in which a man can sun himself.

This life, in the purpose of the Son of God, can be attained only by the strength which He imparts. "Apart from Me ye can do nothing." "I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me." "I have given you an example." "My grace is sufficient for thee." This makes the great contrast between men in similar circumstances in life. "Two merchants lived side by side in the same street. Both were prosperous, but one was a Christian, and the other was not. In a commercial panic, both went down, and, at fifty years, had to begin life again. The merchant who was not a Christian promptly committed suicide. The other,

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with unfaltering faith in God, never let go the peace that passeth understanding. He kept his place in the church, and none could ever tell that he endured hardships, for his soul remained full of peace which God alone can give.”

This life in Christ is mystery, but also glorious reality. No human life can carry a grander sentence than, “For me to live is Christ.” To live in His purpose, and through His strength, and to receive His approval.

“By this time to-morrow, I shall have gained a peerage or a place in Westminster Abbey,” Nelson said to his officers before the battle of the Nile. Admiral Nelson was made a baron, with a pension of £2,000. After the battle of Copenhagen he was made a viscount. Four years later came his fatal, crowning victory of Trafalgar. Although mortally wounded, he lived to know that the triumph was complete.

“Kiss me, Hardy,” said the dying hero.

Truly,

“The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.”

“Thank God, I have done my duty,” and “God and country,” were his last words.

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But infinitely better than a peerage or a place in Westminster Abbey will be the crowning of the humblest child of the King, who, before all the hosts of heaven and earth, shall hear him say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

In Sherman's campaign it became necessary, in the opinion of the leader, to change commanders. O. O. Howard was promoted to lead a division which had been under command of another general. Howard went through the campaign at the head of the division, and on to Washington to take part in the review. The night before the veterans were to march down Pennsylvania Avenue, General Sherman sent for General Howard, and said to him, "Howard, the politicians and the friends of the man whom you succeeded are bound that he shall ride at the head of his old corps, and I want you to help me out."

"But it is my command," said Howard, "and I am entitled to ride at its head."

"Of course you are," said Sherman. "You led them through Georgia and the Carolinas, but, Howard, you are a Christian."

"What do you mean?" replied Howard. "If

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you put it on that ground it changes the whole business. "What do you mean, General Sherman?"

"I mean that you can stand the disappointment. You are a Christian."

"Putting it on that ground, there is but one answer. Let him ride at the head of the corps."

"Yes, let him have the honor," added Sherman; "but, Howard, you will report to me at nine o'clock, and ride by my side at the head of the whole army." In vain Howard protested, but Sherman said, gently, but authoritatively, "You are under my orders."

When the bugle sounded the next morning Howard was found trembling like a leaf, and it required another order from General Sherman before he was willing to take the place assigned to him. He had, as a Christian, yielded the place to another which rightly belonged to him, and, in the grand review, found himself not at the head of the corps, but at the head of the army.

When the white horse and his Rider come down the skies in everlasting triumph, self-sacrifice shall carry the crown of glory.

To live content with small means ; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion ; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich ; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages, with open heart ; to study hard ; to think quietly, act frankly, talk gently, await occasions, hurry never ; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious grow up through the common—this is my symphony.—WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING.

*Progress man's distinctive mark alone,
Not God's and not the beasts ; God is ; they are,
Man partly is and wholly hopes to be.*

—BROWNING.

Life is a series of surprises. We do not guess to-day the mood, the pleasure, the power, of to-morrow when we are building up our being. A lower states—of acts, of routine and sense, we can tell somewhat, but the masterpieces of God, the total growths and universal movements of the soul, He hideth. They are incalculable. I can know that truth is divine and helpful, but how it shall help me I can have no guess for so to be is the soul inlet of so to know. The new position of the advancing man has all the powers of the old, yet has them all now. It carries in its bosom all the energies of the past, yet is itself an exhalation of the morning. I cast away in this new moment all my once hoarded knowledge as vacant and vain. Now, for the first time, seem I to know anything rightly. The simplest words, we do not know what they mean except when we love and aspire.—EMERSON.

III

LIFE'S PROGRESS

THE genius and hope of human life is in its progress. The sublime possibilities in manhood are the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night. They are the abiding companions of the hard and perilous journey, but prophesy victory and the land of promise. The child holds the acorn and questions its mystery; then drops it upon the ground and presses it into the earth beneath his tiny foot. A few years pass by, and upon that same soil stands the stalwart form of a man. He has been a warrior on the battlefields of his country, and now proudly wears the mark of courage and patriotism. He has an eye with the lightnings in it, and a voice which carries the thunders in its commands. He rules the thousands at will. Now he is under the shadow of a gigantic oak which has braved the storms of many a winter and furnished shelter and delight through the heat of summer. It

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is ready to be sacrificed in the building of a king's palace or the making of a majestic ship. The oak is the acorn, and the soldier is the child. One and the same. Progress through the years is the secret of the marvellous transformation. The helpless babe and kingly man, the tiny acorn and giant forest; this is the startling yet familiar reality. Familiarity has banished wonder and silenced the teacher. The child wrestles with his letters, and how to place them in the word and then in the sentence is a constant puzzle. The great scholar is deciphering hieroglyphics or an Egyptian monument and making revelations which are the amazement of the student world. The struggling, failing child is the scholar of unquestioned authority. They call the ragged urchin "Bob." They almost despair in the attempt to teach him or to save him. He seems to be lost to all consecrated effort. A hopeless waif of the streets. They afterward called him Dr. Robert Morrison, the first and greatest missionary to China.

This is the hope of manhood and the dignity of life. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." There are brightest possibilities for every life here and hereafter. This is not an exception to the rule.

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No law in the universe need be broken. It is the movement of the highest law. It is the object toward which every force in the world is working. The progress of manhood is the centre around which the very world revolves. There is no organic life in nature without growth. It is essential in both the natural and the spiritual world. There may be orthodoxy, or creed, or ceremony, without life, but there can be no religion. Progress is elemental in Christianity. Growth in grace is one of the fundamental principles. This is the emphatic mark of vital religion. There may be reverses and temporary backward movements, but the time and the seasons fix the buds, and open the blossom, and ripen the lucious fruit. The great movements of the soul must be forward. Contentment is a grace which needs definition and explanation. Satisfaction with past attainment is unrighteous. The holiest ambition of the soul is progress. When Thorwaldsen had finished a statute that satisfied him, in deepest sorrow he discovered that his genius had departed from him. His great intellect saw that failure began at the point beyond which a man could push no further. That was the result in his life. The statue was his best but his last of real

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value. The best in a man ought to grow to the last. This is the greatest possibility in every life.

Progress depends upon a worthy purpose, a dauntless will, and a divine force. The holiest purpose and most worthy ambition of the human soul is the aim of perfection of character. A glorious possibility. "This one thing I do" was the cry of a great heart which understood the value of character and appreciated the transformation into the very likeness of the perfect Man. Perfection, completion, roundness, wholeness, were large words in his vocabulary. This is not the dream of a moment. It may be as long as eternity and as expansive as God, but the bright mark upon which every faculty and all ambition and energy is concentrated. Everything else is chasing butterflies or following a will-o'-the wisp into the damp, and dark, and disease of the night and the swamp. This is the reality and the only thing which is affected by every part of life. All other things are secondary and, when in their proper relation, are assistants to it. It is being, not doing. It is not an act, but is the achieving of truest nobility. The complete realization may be a long distance ahead, but every step lessens the journey. Every fraction makes the

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million less. Some things in mathematics are never exactly measured, but they are used in the problem. So is the problem of life worked out by constant approximation. General Gordon, the great English soldier of Khartoum fame, sat in his tent reading the "Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis, that book which illustrates the persistency of self-discipline and the certainty of becoming more like Christ. He reads and then writes: "This is my book, and, although I never shall be able to attain to one-hundredth part of the perfection of that soul, I strive toward it, the ideal is here." Every heart knows aspiration and is conscious of breathing upward and longing for something better. These are the sanctified points in life that ought to be fastened and toward which the effort ought to be made. The goal of the heart lies beyond the line of vision. It is not satisfied with the narrow boundaries of the earth. It sweeps the very last circle of the globe and still cries for something more than the riches of earth can give. Every heart makes theology, and writes philosophy, and repeats to itself great and governing principles. There are holy moments when the soul is set at liberty and rises to the association of the

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brotherhood of angels. The best that is in us is all surrendered to a higher purpose, nobler existence, better preparation for the eternal future. We shake our chains like a slave who has tasted of liberty and longs to be free from his bondage. It is possible for a man to spend the whole circle of his days here upon earth under the controlling and elevating power of such a sacred ambition. His hand seizes the better and clings to it until a verdict of justice declares his eternal right to its possession. The most subtle temptation to which man is subjected is to search for small things, to be guided by a low purpose to do that which ten thousand lesser creatures are capable of doing, and to neglect the special faculty, and grander task, and most important part in the plan of the ages. Cleopatra said to Mark Antony, "It is not for you to be fishing for gudgeon, but to be taking forts, and towns, and citadels." A king ought not to be building a hut, or even a palace, but an empire. A sublime and absorbing purpose challenges even the impossible to hinder a Homer or a Milton. The secret of growth, and progress, and triumph is discovered at the heart of the motive, the ambition and the purpose. How often bright, and generous, and

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noble young manhood, with ancestry and education pushing it forward, has failed in making any visible progress by virtue of having chosen downward instead of upward. Life's occupation meant grasping avariciousness, meanness, miserliness, and the destruction of all magnanimity and generosity. A money-making scheme and nothing else resulted in a money-making machine and nothing else. A vocation which narrows and dwarfs, and paralyzes the best that is in us, and is deaf to every cry of the soul, is an unworthy profession and ruinous in its result. The first consideration in the choice of an occupation should be its effect upon character. The question which ought to be thrust into its very heart is, Does it lead upward? If it does not, noble manhood must forever reply, It shall not be my star or my guide. Life's ambition, to be worthy, must have something higher in it than mere wealth, or fame, or pleasure. Real values are only found in character. Manhood must overtop position. Manhood is greater than career. He is king only who is above his calling. Old and blind, he feels his way into the gallery, and, with uplifted face, passes his hand over the Torso of Phidias, and the Cardinal hears Michael Angelo say: "Great is this

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marble; greater still the hand that carved it; greatest of all the God who fashioned the sculptor. I still learn; I still learn." Think of this great genius, but do not forget that the masterpiece of his life was the carving of a magnificent purpose. He was never satisfied. He was willing to plod and toil for seven long years, decorating the Sistine Chapel with his immortal "Last Judgment" and "Story of the Creation," until the muscles and chords of his neck were forced into such rigidity that he could not look down without bending his body. For weeks at a time he carried his bread with him on the scaffold and worked while he ate, so that not a moment should be lost. For days his clothes remained upon his body and his eyes refused sleep. A block of marble was always in his sleeping-room. The chisel and mallet were ever ready, and the call of a new idea was never disobeyed. This was the man who immortalized himself in the world of art and yet, after he was three score years and ten, cried, "I am learning! I am learning!" His education was never finished. His ambition was always ahead of him. We read the wonderful romance which came from the genius and toil of Hawthorne and are unfamiliar with its almost tragical history.

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The "Scarlet Letter" was written in its author's own blood. That felicity of expression and beauty of diction was the result of almost inconceivable efforts toward the purpose of his heart. For twenty years he worked on unrecognized and unknown in this and other books. Some of them he burned; some of them were torn in shreds; some of them were the combination of a score of notebooks. A thousand sources centering in the same stream. It is this sublime purpose as the controlling force of a man's life which is his inspiration and his elevation. It compels the world to recognize its owner's worth. They refused Hawthorne, but it was necessarily a momentary refusal. Time, with drawn sword, stood by as his companion. In the old country parsonage Judge Field committed to memory the Decalogue and learned the great principles of justice, and formulated his determination to be absolutely just himself and to give his life in securing justice for his fellow men. Circumstances were unable to hinder his ambition. Money was not his inheritance, nor were his opportunities the best. After repeated struggle, the young lawyer arrived in San Francisco in 1849 with only ten dollars in his pocket. His experience in the mining-camps and

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administering justice to the ruffians with whom he was compelled to live was a post-graduate course in his education. His privations, and escapes, and exposures were many and startling. It was a difficult undertaking to administer and execute law among outlaws. He began his judicial career behind a drygoods box surmounted by tallow candles. He faced guns, and received infernal-machines, and passed through most exciting and perilous scenes. It was a long training of hardship and misrepresentation and violence, but even the flash of the assassin's knife revealed the marks of nobility upon every one of his features. That purpose led him on until he occupied a position from which he could defy legislatures and Congress, and he did not falter in defying the world when he knew he was right. Hardship was his blessing, because a worthy purpose was his salvation. That is the history of every career of justice and ascendancy of manhood. Progress through opposition is one of life's best lessons. This great truth gives value to life and inspiration to service. What the germ may be is the protection for it. The future of the boy is his guardian in the present. No great sacrifice is made for him if he is regarded as a mere animal, to eat,

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and sleep, and die. But if this crude casket of the physical carries a jewel of highest value, it is most precious and treasured for what it holds. If in the child life there is the beginning of a philosopher, or a philanthropist, or teacher, or artist, or scholar, or noblest character, no care is too great and no labor too exacting. Prayer and effort converge toward this one point in the world. The present is regarded as the future, and the climax of an endless life is sufficient inspiration. One October afternoon, while Wendell Phillips was in his office, he formulated the purpose of his life. It was something of a sudden inspiration, and came in a strange pathway. There was a disturbance in the street; he threw open the window and saw the mob abusing Garrison. He heard their blows, and kicks, and curses, and watched them dragging him toward the jail. That night the young lawyer was sleepless. His thoughts were ever upon the cruelty of the mob and the wrongs of his fellow men. He asked himself a thousand times the question, What is liberty? He saw visions and heard voices, and that morning was the morning hour of his life. Every other dream now perished. He made the holy decision to deny himself every comfort and all ease

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and follow where the voice divine summoned him. In Faneuil Hall was the first critical moment. He must speak or die. The murderers of Lovejoy were being justified. "Mr. Chairman," he said, "when I hear the gentlemen lay down principles which place the murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock, with Quincy and Adams, I thought those pictured lips would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American for the slandering of the dead." Those sentences, which burned into the souls of his fellow men, thrust him into the foremost rank of the world's orators and patriots. That was the beginning, but not the ending. Hatred, and revilings, and insults were a large part of his life, but the very men who once would have killed him were afterward ready to build his monument. It was that magnificent purpose which made his progressive life and gave him triumph above his fellows.

At every step of the upward movement purpose must find its sweetest and constant companionship in an undaunted will. A hard battle is preparation for a harder one. One victory is the forerunner of another struggle. Blessed is the man who is resolute, aggressive, and persistent in this advance

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movement. He is already in the hospital and on his way to a near-by grave who is resting on his laurels. Character is made by the process of development, and not in a sudden or great accretion. The best in every man comes at greatest cost. There are athletes in religion, and every Daniel has been in training for the lion's den. The old imperial guards have been on other fields before they made the tremendous charge at Waterloo. Character is like knowledge, and man must give it to others to have it best himself. Self-denial is self-increase. Strange doctrine, but the richest, ripest element in character. There is a great and active principle in life which declares that having is not mere possession. Passive possession is the grasp of the palsied hand of the mendicant. To have is to use and to increase. Real possession is receiving more and more. "To him that hath shall be given." This is a universal law. There is no impunity in its violation. It is a characteristic of any organism that use holds the secret of its development. Activity is the condition of growth. A machine wears out by use. Life is dependent upon exercise. It is the element which adds to the power already possessed. The tree spends its

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strength against the wind and storm, but it is the best possible investment and pays the largest dividends. The human body is made robust, and healthful, and muscular, and beautiful by proper exercise and seeming expenditure. The impossible of to-day becomes the easy task of to-morrow. Giving is keeping. Losing is saving in the divine economy. He who does not master an inheritance and rightly use it loses it. Whatever effort was necessary in getting property is balanced by the effort in keeping it. Wise investment is not easy, but positively essential. Indolence will always lose. Even money does not change hands easily. It is at tremendous risk. Its continuous value and security depend upon its righteous use. Not using anything is losing. A man must work his intellectual force if there is to be growth of those sacred faculties. Brain power increases by expenditure, by action, by strain, by toil. The idler dwarfs and paralyzes the best that is in him. There is only one royal road over which progress moves. It is the way of giving, of action, of using, of expenditure, of sacrifice. There is no other progress. The gaining, growing, godly life must be the sacrificial life.

Mankind is afraid to put this great principle into

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operation. His will becomes frightened before it. He fails to realize that forward movement is only along this line. He who becomes frightened before obstacles and gives up easily, loses all. Progress in life and character depends upon a vigorous will, meeting even sacrifice without fear. Lofty positions and real riches are only gained by a refusal to ever repeat the word impossible. "It is not a 'lucky word,' this same impossible," says Carlyle. No good comes of those who have it often in their mouth. Who is he that says always there is a lion in the way? Sluggard, thou must slay the lion then. The way is to be travelled. Poetry demonstrated to be impossible arises the Burns, arises the Goethe. In heroic, commonplace being, now clearly all we have to look for, comes the Napoleon, comes the conquest of the world. It was proved by fluxionary calculus that steamships could never get across from the farthest point of Ireland to the nearest of Newfoundland. Impelling force, resisting force, maximum here, minimum there, by law of nature and geometric demonstrations, proved what could be done. The Great Western could weigh anchor from Bristol port, that could be done. The Great Western bounding safe through the gul-

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lets of the Hudson threw her cable out on the capstan of New York and left our still moist paper demonstration to dry itself at leisure. "Impossible," cried Mirabeau, to his secretary. "Never name to me that blockhead of a word." Wellington once exclaimed: "Impossible. Is anything impossible? Read the newspapers." Napoleon declared that impossible is not a French word. Here is a fragment of history:

"It is February, 1492. A poor man, with gray hair, disheartened and dejected, is going out of the gate from the beautiful Alhambra, in Granada, on a mule. Ever since he was a boy he has been haunted with the idea that the earth is round. He has believed that the pieces of carved wood, picked up four hundred miles at sea, and the bodies of two men, unlike any other human beings known, found on the shores of Portugal, have drifted from unknown lands in the West. But his last hope of obtaining aid for a voyage of discovery has failed. King John of Portugal, under pretence of helping him, has secretly set out on an expedition of his own. His friends have abandoned him; he has begged bread; has drawn maps to keep himself from starving, and lost his wife; his friends have

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called him crazy, and have forsaken him. The council of wise men, called by Ferdinand and Isabella, ridicule his theory of reaching the east by sailing west. “But the sun and moon are round,” replies Columbus, “why not the earth?” “If the earth is a ball, what holds it up?” the wise men ask. “What holds the sun and moon up?” Columbus replies.

A learned doctor asks, “How can men walk with their heads hanging down and their feet up, like flies on a ceiling?” “How can trees grow with their roots in the air?” “The water would run out of the ponds and we should fall off,” says another. “The doctrine is contrary to the Bible, which says, ‘The heavens are stretched out like a tent.’” “Of course it is flat; it is rank heresy to say it is round.”

He has waited seven long years. He has had his last interview hoping to get assistance from Ferdinand and Isabella after they drive the Moors out of Spain. Isabella was almost persuaded, but finally refused. He is now old, his last hope has fled; the ambition of his life has failed. He hears a voice calling him. He looks back and sees an old friend pursuing him on a horse, and beckoning him

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to come back. He saw Columbus turn away from the Alhambra, disheartened, and he hastens to the Queen and tells her what a great thing it would be, at a trifling expense, if what the sailor believes should prove true. "It shall be done," Isabella replies. "I will pledge my jewels to raise the money; call him back." Columbus turns back, and with him turns the world.

Three frail vessels, little larger than fishing-boats, the "Santa Maria," the "Pinta," and the "Nina," set sail from Palos, August 3, 1492, for an unknown land, upon untried seas; the sailors would not volunteer, but were forced to go by the King. Friends ridiculed them for following a crazy man to certain destruction, for they believed the sea beyond the Canaries was boiling-hot. "What if the earth is round?" they said, "and you sail down the other side, how can you get back again? Can ships sail up hill?"

Only three days out, the "Pinta's" signal of distress is flying; she has broken her rudder. September 8 they discover a broken mast covered with seaweed floating in the sea. Terror seizes the sailors, but Columbus calms their fears with pictures of gold and precious stones of India. Septem-

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ber 13, two hundred miles west of the Canaries, Columbus is horrified to find that the compass, his only guide, is failing him, and no longer points to the north star. No one has yet dreamed that the earth turns on its axis. The sailors are ready for mutiny, but Columbus tells them the north star is not exactly in the north. October 1, they are two thousand three hundred miles from land, though Columbus tells the sailors one thousand seven hundred. Columbus discovers a bush in the sea with berries on it, and soon they see birds and a piece of carved wood. At sunset, the crew kneel upon the deck and chant the vesper hymn. It is sixty-seven days since they left Palos, and they have sailed nearly three thousand miles, only changing their course once. At ten o'clock at night, they see a light ahead, but it vanishes. Two o'clock in the morning, October 12, Roderigo de Friana, on watch at the masthead of the "Pinta," shouts "Land! land! land!" The sailors are wild with joy, and throw themselves on their knees before Columbus, and ask forgiveness. They reach the shore, and the hero of the world's greatest expedition unfolds the flag of Spain and takes possession of the new world. Perhaps no greater honor

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was ever paid man than Columbus received on his return to Ferdinand and Isabella. Yet, after his second visit to the land he discovered, he was taken back to Spain in chains, and finally died in poverty and neglect, while a pickle dealer of Seville, who had never risen above second-mate on a fishing vessel, Amerigo Vespucci, gave his name to the new world. Amerigo's name was put on an old chart or sketch to indicate the point of land where he landed, five years after Columbus discovered the country, and this crept into print by accident."

The new worlds and great continents of life and character are all discovered like that. The world may fail in its recognition and reward, but a noble purpose and an iron will have ever accomplished their mission and been the greatest blessing to the world and of the most resplendent glory in heaven. There may appear sometimes in life a retrograde movement. The progress of the race is marked with fluctuations, sometimes strange and unaccountable. There has not been steady advance in one direction. There have been reverses and setbacks, but always overcome by the stronger force. Civilization after civilization has appeared and advanced and disappeared. The march has been over

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the graves of once prosperous and victorious nations. We are now building on the ruins of Assyria, Babylon, Nineveh, Egypt, and Rome, but this day is the best of all, and the march is forward. So in the life of the individual there are backward steps and seeming fatal disasters, but recovery was possible and the darkness the beginning of dawn. That day multiplied the number of miles which had been lost by two, and the journey was again in new and beautiful country and toward the triumphal arch. Retrogression is an essential element of progress. It is repentance before salvation. It is a falling down sometimes in order to rise. There is a certain preparation which precedes visible progress. A John the Baptist before the Christ. These are the hours for patience; the winter plays as much a part in the harvests of the world as does the summer. There is forward movement, but not always recognized by careless observers. The silent growth and development of each day is preparatory to the sudden appearance of progress. There is work done in the darkness before the seed comes to the surface. Under the snow there is life and the conservation of energy which makes for golden granaries, and loaded orchards, and blooming gardens,

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and richly carpeted meadows. There is an unseen progress. The demands of vision should not give birth to doubt or discouragement. The best that is in us moves silently and slowly toward its goal. Unseen growth is nevertheless forward movement.

There is also a wise forgetfulness in order to progress. There is an impulse forward in forgetting the things behind. Regrets, and failures, and obstacles are chains upon human feet. Break these shackles and change slowness into fleetness, doubt into faith, blindness into vision, discouragement into hope, weariness into strength. Forget mistakes. Organize victories out of failures. The innocence of childhood is lost, but sadness will not restore it. The folly of youth is at last recognized, but "might have beens" never won victories. Even the losses of manhood are not overcome by brooding upon them. With earnest and enthusiastic spirit face the future. On, on, is the watchword!

" Not backward so our glances bent,
But onward to our father's home."

The tragedy of life is in brightest beginning and splendid achievement stopped and wrecked on the way to everlasting triumph. Courage insufficient

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and will frightened by hinderance become the cause of saddest failure.

A little child living almost in the shadow of a mountain thought of its cloud-capped summit as if it belonged to heaven rather than to earth. "Mother," he asked one day, "could anybody climb to the very top of the mountain?" The mother smiled. "Why, yes, dear," she answered. "All that one would need is to keep right on climbing. You can get almost anywhere by taking steps enough." The words lingered in the boy's memory. Years after, he found himself destitute of the very rudiments of an education. Yet in his heart was a thirst for knowledge which made his ignorance almost unendurable. And then into his mind flashed his mother's words, "You can get almost anywhere by taking steps enough." He brought a spelling-book and a rudimentary arithmetic, and began his upward climb. It took many "steps," and the way was not always smooth. Yet he resolutely kept on. Beginning his education after his twenty-first birthday, and amid countless discouragements, to-day he holds an important professorship in one of the foremost universities of the country.

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Some years ago a vessel was wrecked on one of the South Sea Islands, and the owners were dependent upon an account of the shipwreck written in the dialect of the Indians to secure their insurance. But who could translate it? The paper was submitted to the professors of Harvard and Yale, but no one was equal to the task. There was a young blacksmith in the city of Worcester, Mass., however, who thought he could translate it. The dialect was not familiar to him, but, give him time to study the manuscript, and he could make a translation, and he did. That young man was Elihu Burritt, who learned his trade at his father's forge in Connecticut, and was then achieving success at "the flaming forge of life." By almost incredible self-denials and hardships, foregoing pleasure and ease, often reducing sleep and food to the lowest fraction, as economical of his time as he was obliged to be with his money, and with a will that never knew defeat, he "got there." A very successful business man says, "The things that count in the great struggle for prosperity are the old-fashioned qualities of honesty, a noble purpose, sobriety, industry, economy, and push." Burritt had these, and won.

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"I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.
We rise by the things that are under our feet
By what we have mastered of good or gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet."

The wonders accomplished by the few reveal the supreme possibilities for all. The artist paints, and the poet sings, and the musician plays, and the orator thrills, but it is your achievement. It is the human voice, and the human brain, and the human skill at its best here to tell all men of the bright hope in the future; of the power needed to be realized in immortality and redemption. The elevation of the one is the bright star of revelation for the many. The meaning of life is progress, growth, better, brighter, richer days. The way lies upward. The path is a mountainous one. The hinderances shall weaken and the burdens lighten. The best that is in man shall go toward its perfection. As character grows the faults and failures weaken. The very increase of the one means the decrease of the other. The weeds in the field are first cut and mangled by the hoe, but afterward the shadow of

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the corn does the work, silently but more effectively. Growing stems of corn are death to weeds. This is a beneficent and encouraging factor in human progress. Christian graces are never bought, but always grow. They are not articles of the factory, but of the field. The Church does not keep them as its wares, and even prayer will not avail us in securing them. They are cultivated and grown according to the eternal laws of life. Faith, hope, and love are not carried to a man in the hands of answered prayer. The principles of life declare that time, and energy, and service, and suffering enter into every element of noble character. They may sprout quickly, but it is a long process and many a storm before the oak of highest manhood. There may be progress in pruning. Life may be increased by cutting off some worthless branches. There is a putting off which wisely accompanies the putting on. Death is thus followed by higher life, more beauty, better fruit. This work is successfully done only when accompanied by the reinvigoration of the divine spirit. The new nature may be implanted, but it is a subject of nourishment and renewal. The energy of the spirit of God is its support. The upper forces in the natural

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world brought the best out of the seed in flower and fruit. So there is an agency above man which works in him and with him in bringing the very best out of his life. The moral light of the eternal Son seizes a man and lifts him up into greater stature and strength. Here is an ugly root with no form or comeliness, and with no apparent future of beauty or value. The imagination even fails to place worth in it. You carelessly trample upon it and it utters a cry heard somewhere, "Shame, shame, wait until the warmth of the springtime and all the forces of nature have been my benefactors and I will add fragrance, and beauty, and even joy, to the world." Out of the blackest and smallest root flowers are growing everywhere as a mockery to our wisdom and understanding. The crooked root spells out in the complicated twists of its unattractiveness the combination of prophetic words, "It doth not appear what I shall be."

A traveller among the mountains of Madeira set out for a distant summit, but was soon lost in a thick mist. He would have despaired, but his guide kept calling out from before, "Press on, master; press on; there's light beyond." When God calls

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out, "Be strong; I am with you," we need not fear.

As the old Eastern proverb has it, "With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin." Years ago, Mr. Beecher preached to his young people after this manner: "O impatient ones, did the leaves say nothing to you as you came hither to-day? They were not created this spring, but months ago. At the bottom of every leaf-stem is a cradle, and in it is an infant germ; and the winds will rock it, and the birds will sing to it all summer long, and next season it will unfold. So God is working for you and carrying forward to perfect development all the processes of your lives." And as if he had fitted it on to the thought, George MacDonald said, "God can afford to wait; why cannot we, since we have Him to fall back upon?"

In the new military tactics there is a manœuvre, "advancing by rushes." In this the soldiers rush forward for a short distance and then drop to the ground, repeating this course until the charge is ended. The manœuvre is supposed to give the men respite from the fierceness of the enemy's fire. So when the great charge toward San Juan's heights began, the order was given, "Advance by

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rushes," and for a part of the distance was executed. But the Spaniards seemed to secure the range of the Americans, halting as well as advancing, and our losses were constantly growing greater. Half-way up the hill a commander gave the order for another rush. The bugler, seeing the fearful devastation that was being wrought in our ranks by the Spanish fire, sounded instead, the "long charge." On the instant the soldiers leaped to their feet and began that unremitting advance toward the enemy's lines that has become historic and unsurpassed in the annals of great assaults.

Life is the "long charge," and uphill, but our commander is the triumphant victor.

A Christian man's heart is laid in the loom of time to a pattern which he does not see, but God does ; and his heart is a shuttle. On one side of the loom is sorrow and on the other is joy, and the shuttle, struck alternately by each, flies back and forth carrying the thread which is white or black as the pattern needs. And in the end, when God shall lift up the finished garment and all its changing hues shall glance out it will then appear that the deep and dark colors were as needful to beauty as the bright and high colors.—
BEECHER.

*That blessed mood
In which the burden of the mystery, in which the heavy and
weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world, is lightened.*

—WORDSWORTH.

*God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps on the sea
And rides upon the storm.* —COWPER.

*Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a shining face.* —COWPER.

IV

LIFE'S MYSTERY

THE other name for life is mystery. Life is only a convenient term for a mysterious something, never defined, nor analyzed, nor understood. We speak the familiar word with an appearance of wisdom, but it is clouded with densest darkness and ignorance. Even the separate events of our earthly existence are clothed with the garments of unanswered query, "why"—"what"—"when"—and only the echo comes back. Frequently the divine commands are issued without explanation and beyond the possibility of human comprehension. The pathway is through night, and forest, and peril. When that old-time hero of faith and obedience received the strange and startling order from heaven to leave his home and possessions and friends and journey to a country of which he did not know, but must discover and adopt as his own, he began that famous career which reached its climax of mys-

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tery and loyalty on the mountain-side when he laid his only son on the altar of sacrifice and learned, best of any man, the meaning of the Father's relation to the atonement on Calvary. How it must have stunned his heart and turned the last dark hair snow-white to hear the familiar voice—"Abraham." He instantly replied, "Here I am." Then strange, overwhelming demand! God said: "Take thy son, thy only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah and offer him there as a burnt offering." When he recovered from the first shock, preparation was made and the journey began. No voice answered the oft-repeated questions in the deeps of his soul, but the mystery thickened and closed in upon him as he lovingly pressed his boy's hand and led him through the darkness. The heart of the one was as heroic as that of the other. When the faithful son made himself a willing sacrifice, without any light from human reason, he placed one of the most harmonious notes in the music of the world's redemption.

The kingliest attitude of man is the acceptance of mystery with unconditioned obedience. Even the Son of God never rose higher than when He

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said: "Let the cup pass." "Nevertheless not my will." This element of mystery is universal, and encircles every life. It is necessary because of the tangled intricacies of life and the narrow range of human vision and the preëminence, but not prominence, of the spiritual. There are moments in life when the sentences are all ended with interrogation-points. Why did the business come to bankruptcy and compel the banishment of hope and shatter the plans of life into atoms? Honesty, and sacrifice, and industry were partners in the concern, and they were unable to save it from wreck. Why did this beautiful child die when there are hundreds of orphans and cripples who live as burdens to themselves and to others? Why was this holiest purpose of a human heart thwarted? Why was that sublime sacrifice destroyed in the bud? Why is sin triumphant and righteousness ever defeated? There is no word in the vocabulary so full of life and stubbornness as the familiar "why." O unexplorable and crushing mystery of every-day life. A single glance at the features of any company of people reveals the fact that each countenance carries a hidden mystery. The child in its mother's arms, the old man on his staff, the young man and maiden,

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the man and woman on the hilltop, all are marked with the puzzling problems of life. What broken hearts, what concealed experiences, what forced smiles, what protestations of joy which tell too much,—happy, but the heart is the home of grief, and burning grief. Tears do not fall, but they are, nevertheless, increasing in the hidden receptacle, and the increase is in bitterness. Every man carries his own secret and own mystery. His life goes on in dreaming, and thinking, and scheming, and planning, and effort for perfection, and the dawning of the clearer day is still delayed. He is a mystery to himself and a mystery to others. At one time his acquaintances would not believe that it was ever possible for the rich man to become poor. His numbers were thousands and millions. It was a veritable fortress; even God's lightning and thunder seemed helpless before it. He sat in his security and gloated over his enormous fortune and absolute independence. He rejoices in the fact that friends flatter and serve him and beggars crouch before him, while the world apparently revolves about his life as the centre. Strange, mysterious world; his fortress is made of paper; his strength is weakness; his riches are like a dewdrop; it reflects

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a world, but a single gust of opposing wind scatters it forever. The man of giant-like proportions and strength, who never knew feebleness, stands in the pride and security of his magnificent health and power of endurance; erect, energetic, lithe, and an overabundance of life and cheer, but he lives in a world which knows transformation great enough to make that elephantine man subject of a child's assistance. If no other forces enter in to destroy the impregnable rock of his mighty strength, time is sufficient, and thrusts the cane in his hand and the glasses upon his eye, and weakness into every drop of blood which moves slowly through vein and artery. The years often create anxiety to "shuffle off this mortal coil." What a startling change! We have known of men of greatest intellect and most critical judgment unable to give a rational decision upon any subject. Not able to write their own names or read their own letters. Reason is godlike, but mystery of mysteries, the great intellect is the subject of ravages sufficient to destroy even the shadow of its former power. It is a victorious hour and an epoch-making time when a man discovers his true condition, and the necessity of mystery in life. He is then able to take

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his bearings and go on and not waste all of his time in unravelling knotty problems and only increasing the tangle.

In the Yankee thread exhibit they show you a machine whose work is enumerated as follows: It reels thread on to little wooden spools at the rate of 250 dozen in a day of ten hours, each spool being wrapped with 200 yards of thread. It moves and acts like a sentient being. Eight hoppers are filled with little wooden spools, and the machine starts. It picks a spool out of a hopper, adjusts it on a spindle, reels out 200 yards of thread, cuts it, inserts the end in a nick in the spool that it makes, dumps the finished spool and takes a new one, and repeats this performance all day, in less time than it takes to write about it. The spools are then taken to another little machine that rushes them through a contrivance which pastes a label on them that it chops out, pitches the spool into a box, and hurries along in a mad race with the machine reeling the thread.

The human reason has not the power of the machine to spool the threads of life. It twists and knots and tangles a few inches of time. It is only in the loom of God and under the divine hand that

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these threads are ever unsnarled and woven into a fabric of beauty. Herein is the creation of mystery; human vision cannot follow the single thread. No event stands out distinct and alone. They cross, and recross, and fasten themselves to each other. The ramifications are in the pattern, but the pattern is not in the eye. All the events of life are linked together as a chain. After years of hiding, a single word will draw the event of boyhood days into the light as vividly as when it first occurred. The sound of a voice, the dream of a night, the color of a leaf, the fragrance of a flower, draws a whole train of circumstances into view. Life is an involved drama. It is a composition of forces; it is a combination of incidents. There are more semi-colons than full-stops. The judgment should be reserved for integers and not fractions. The process is not the result. He who jumps at conclusions skips contentment and happiness. Reason and faith clasp hands and go, step by step, until they echo the Voice eternal, "It is finished." Everything in life has some meaning and emphasis and relation. Even failures and mistakes enter into the eternal harmony. The grand total of human life includes the laborer, and sufferer, and cripple, and

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pauper, and helpless babe, as well as the rich, and strong, and royal. Every man and every thing enters into the great mystery. Life itself, wherever it is found, is an ever evolving and increasing mystery. The path is often through a tunnel as dark as night, but onward movement brings the traveller out at last into the clear sunlight of heaven. Blessed is the man who tunnels the mountain and abides the darkness. Accident seemingly plays a large part in human experience, but the most trivial events come to be written in italics in the story of life. An unexpected and momentary meeting brought two hearts together and bound them with the bonds of holy matrimony. How much was linked to how little! They called it chance, accident, happening, but it was an event of tremendous import. All the rest of earthly existence depended upon it. The acorn has in it no greater mystery than a single glance of the eye, or move of the hand, or an additional step of the foot. Many of the best things come to a man as a surprise and with no prophecy in them. Many of the greatest burdens might have been removed by the slightest effort. A letter is delayed and the fortune is lost, and the future is dark. But in all our blindness, be-

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cause of this necessary intricacy, and the importance of apparent trifles, there is a gospel of providence. The gospel is larger than our conception. It is not a theory of books. It is in the battle, and the toil, and the sacrifice, and the daily service. There can be no denial of the goodness of providence in the centre of all mystery if the pages of history do not end with a period, if the years and centuries are all fastened together in the divine plan. We are vexed and tormented by single instances. We are encouraged and fortified by the union of all events. The man who opens the volume of history and reads wisely and continuously makes the supreme discovery of the human heart that God lives, and every mystery to man is a valuable and necessary part of the divine programme. This is a fact to be realized spiritually rather than to be admitted intellectually. If it is in the soul of man no storm can toss it and no billow cover it. There may be momentary agitation, but still the music goes on in that heavenly strain, "All things work together for good to them that love God." That is like the magnificent harmonies of a Beethoven which are the combination and interlacing of single notes.

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They are complicated now, but their individuality is preserved in the whole. Every grass-blade and hidden violet is as much a part of the landscape, and shares in its beauty, as the central figure or huge mountain. There is an empire of love, and a sceptre of omnipotence, and an immovable throne in the darkest and deepest mysteries and most irreconcilable providences. "Justice and righteousness are the foundation of that throne." The cloud is only dark on one side,—the lower side. Behind every cloud the sun still shines. The darkest day has its light. The most mysterious providence has a flood of light on the upper and heavenward side. One of the most delightful and soul-elevating occupations is to watch the unfolding of the divine programme like the mountain view of the clouds when scattered and swept from the earth's surface while the beauty and wonder of the landscape is revealed. The insect's home must be broken up in order that the fields may wave with their golden harvests. The insect could not understand it, but it was life rather than death.

Mystery is another name for salvation. Our plans are not unlikely to be essential to the perpetuity and prosperity of our world. There are

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higher laws than those which we have committed to memory. "On one occasion," says Carlo Caccarelli, "when Verdi was engaged on his masterpiece 'Il Trovatore,' he stopped short at the passage of the Miserere, being at a loss to combine notes of sufficient sadness and pathos to express the grief of the prisoner Manrico. Sitting at his piano in the deep silence of the winter night his imagination wandered back to the stormy days of his youth, endeavoring to extract from the past a plaint and groan like those which escaped from his troubled breast when, forsaken by the world, he saw himself constrained to smother the flame of his rising genius. All was vain! One day at Milan he was called unexpectedly to the bedside of a dying friend, one of the few who had remained faithful to him alike in adversity and prosperity. Verdi, at the sight of his dying friend, felt a lump rise in his throat. He wanted to weep, but so great was the intensity of his sorrow that not a tear would come to the relief of his anguish. This state could not last. He must give vent to his grief. In an adjoining room stood a piano. Under one of those sudden impulses to which men of genius are frequently subject he sat down at the instrument and there

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and then improvised that sublime Miserere of the 'Trovatore.' The musician had wept. Those of the company who were not already kneeling in the presence of the angel of death, at the sound of those pathetic notes which seemed like the last sobs of a departing spirit, prostrated themselves, deeply affected, at the feet of the genius of musical art." Strange that a tear should be the supreme necessity in order that a great master might do his best. The secret of Governor Seymour's splendid character and brilliant career is revealed in his own words: "If I were to wipe out twenty acts, what should they be? Should it be my burdens, my foolish acts (for I suppose all do foolish acts occasionally), my grievances? No; for, after all, these are the very things by which I have profited. So I finally concluded I should expunge, instead of my mistakes, my triumphs. I could not afford to dismiss the pang of mortification or refinement of sorrow, I needed them, every one. The very pivotal difference by which we rise or fall turns upon the way in which we grapple with our faults. All my acquaintance with the eminent men of the country has taught me that the way to greatness is found in fearless self-examination."

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In this mysterious and yet providential world, failures, mistakes, poverty, loss, sickness, sorrow, and their kind, may be messengers of greatest blessing. How could such a man as John Milton understand the tangles of his life from that midnight hour in his bleak garret when the vision rose before him of the power to write a poem which the world would not willingly let die to the hour when the blind poet whispered in death, "Still guides the heavenly vision." He must live the life heroic before he could write a heroic poem, and through unceasing toil, through night and day, he began the battle, and even fought in the wars of his country with such self-abandon that when a brutal soldier lifted his sword above him and shouted, "I have power to kill you," the scholar replied, "and I have power to be killed and to despise my murderer." He became the target for persecution and even lost his human sight before he could write "Paradise Lost." He made his heroic poem, and the world never let it die, but, Oh, what a life of mystery in order to the fruitage! Our confusion is the inevitable result of passing judgment upon controlling forces of providence by seeing only isolated and solitary events. Blindness denies the relation of the par-

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ticular to the universal, the temporary to the eternal, the grain of sand to the mountain, and the mountain to the sea ; the drop of water to the ocean, and the ocean to stream, and lake, and cloud. A man may come so near to the signboard that he fails to see the landscape, or even to read the letters in the direction. Anything may be brought so near to the eye as to render sight impossible. Great breadths of human history must be seen so that confusion may disappear while order, and law, and harmony are revealed. Any single event may sound like discord, but when it is seized by higher laws and made a part of the great plan it is one of the sweetest notes in the music of earth. There is an unanswerable conundrum at every step of the journey. The surface and momentary view reveals only tangle and disorder in the administration of things, and sometimes forces the conclusion that there is no government in the affairs of men. Chance is the only god and the only law. There is disturbance everywhere. The conscientious man comes to have poverty instead of riches, and the strong man who scrambles and fights against rights is the victor. Policy is crowned in a single day, and principle is slain. Politics overrides statesman-

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ship. Goodness is oftentimes mocked and jeered at by the apparently victorious evil. The gambler shouts at the ragged, toiling crowd, "Here is the only law; here is a fortune in a moment. Turn the wheel; it is the symbol of all life."

But the narrowness of human vision is the cause of failure to understand. Our limited faculties are not capable of solving all the dark riddles of life. Finiteness demands mystery. There is something beyond us, and above us, and below us, always and everywhere. We live within narrow lines. The outside of the circle is necessarily unknown. Multiply your capacity by ten and you will see more, but there is still more unseen and unknown. Enter into companionship with the archangel and see what he sees, and know what he knows. There is the same call for faith. The finite never saw what the infinite government and plan of God have in them. Our world has a horizon. God's eye sweeps the universe in a single glance. We speak very wisely about God the Father, and Christ the Son, and the Divine Spirit. How little we can know of their separate existence, or united substance. He who walks upon the clouds and has the light for His garments is unseen by mortal eye. We speak

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boldly the great words Omnipotence, Omnipresence, Omniscience, and have a large vocabulary, but no dictionary. Who can understand the incarnation of Christ or the work of the Holy Spirit? It is beyond human reason, and must ever be clothed with mystery. Our understanding fails when we attempt to fathom the deep things of religion and life. Our knowledge is often spoken of as if it were complete, but it is very dim and unsatisfactory. We talk about God, and write about Him, and the child lisps His name almost the first word, but all this is like a picture of the Yellowstone cañon or Yosemite peaks compared with the inspiration of standing in the centre of their glory and grandeur. We speak of Christ and the Holy Spirit as if we possessed even the faintest understanding of their love, and service, and sacrifice, and devotion, and power. What a mystery envelops the manger cradle, and the carpenter shop, and the bloody sweat, and the agony of Calvary. Who can understand that a carpenter could save a world? Impossible! The effect is greater than such a cause. True, when between the four points of human vision, but divinity and eternity and

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heaven are in it. So it is in all of God's relation to human life.

There was a German stone-cutter who was at work simply for his board, knowing that he would starve or beg unless he did that. The master soon discovered that he was a very fine workman, and he brought him the most difficult part that was being prepared for the building. One block of stone after another came with the pencilling on it. The workman hewed to the line always faithfully and polished it to the very best advantage. When the building was completed and they went out to look at the building, the other workmen were all standing around and admiring it, but the German stone-cutter wept for joy, and when he was asked why he wept, he said: "I did not know the design: I could not tell all that the master intended; but as I look at the beautiful vine on that beautiful front I am glad that I did the very best I could." God's work with us is like the man of genius with the result of his inspiration and invention before the blind eyes of his fellow men.

One hundred years ago Oliver Evans, the inventor, predicted that the time would come when the high-pressure locomotive would enable people

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who had breakfasted in Washington to take supper in New York, over two hundred miles distant. Of course everybody laughed at Evans's visionary schemes, but it is a feat accomplished now.

George Stephenson, before a committee of the House of Commons, in 1825, presented a striking picture of genius badgered by ignorance and self-conceit which saw visionary dangers in his proposed steam railway. "I was subjected," says the great engineer, "to the cross-examination of eight or ten barristers, purposely, as far as possible, to bewilder me. Some members of the committee asked me if I was a foreigner, and another hinted that I was mad. But I put up with every rebuff, and went on with my plans, determined not to be put down." The committee asked him "whether, if the engine were upset, going at nine miles an hour, the cargo would upset." One of the committee put the following question: "Suppose, now, one of these engines to be going along a railroad at a rate of nine or ten miles an hour, and that a cow were to stray upon the line, and get in the way of the engine; would not that, think you, be a very awkward circumstance?" "Yes," replied the engineer, with a twinkle in his eye, "very awkward—for the

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cow!" Another asked if animals might not be frightened by the engine passing at night, especially by the glare of the red-hot chimney? "But how would they know that it was not painted?" said Stephenson, with quick wit. The views of learned men at that day are entertaining. The *Quarterly Review* observed: "What can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospect held out of locomotives travelling twice as fast as stage-coaches! We would as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's ricochet rockets." "There would be no further use for horses," said a third; and "Country inns would be ruined," lamented a fourth. Ashley Cooper, the eminent surgeon, a stately old gentleman, was inflexible in opposition. "Your scheme is preposterous in the extreme. Then look at the recklessness of your proceedings! You are proposing to cut up our estates in all directions for the purpose of making an unnecessary road. Why, gentlemen, if this sort of thing be permitted to go on, you will, in a very few years, destroy the noblesse!" But railroads have prevailed, Sir Ashley Cooper, and the cow to the contrary notwithstanding.

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Open the eyes of thy soul to behold the best things from the master's hand. Believe that every mystery carries blessing from heaven. Face the darkness with patience and confidence and obedience. Wait, O thou courageous and self-sacrificing soul, wait, and before the knife falls there will be a rustle among the dead leaves of the bushes and God will provide another lamb. In viewing the passing incidents inside of the great principles of human history we are driven into perplexity, and after the first questioning and murmur, to press the finger to the lips and be dumb. In the tragical silence the heart hears voices which never awaken a sound in the ear. The ray of light flashes out in the darkness through the door ajar, and we catch a glimpse of the fireside and brightness of the father's house, even though the world is cold and dark. We wonder, in our silence, if there is not a tender and pitiful Omnipotence which works in such great circumferences that all we see is only a straight line, but in the mighty sweep of His circle the straight line finds its curve and its infinite meaning and eternal existence. In its days and years life is strange and mysterious, but there is an explanation in the eternal. Time is a mighty factor,

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and reveals its power even in the passing moments. A few hours change the whole scene; despair is often only momentary. There is no bread in the pantry and no fire on the hearth. There are pangs of poverty and winds of winter declaring boldly and unmistakably that there is no higher law above this awful tragedy of life. Suddenly the door opens; new friends appear; wants are supplied; employment is furnished; education is offered; the skeleton is transformed into an angel. Snowflakes are changed into flowers; icicles into fuel, and the howling winds into heaven's orchestra. Promises are now realities, and God still lives. Tears and narrow vision had temporarily shut out all the higher forces and despair, like a fog, hid every star in the sky, but at last, upon the winds of eternal gratitude, heaven receives the message, "How poor I would have been but for the sanctified poverty and suffering." William H. Prescott passed out of the college dining-hall, during his junior year, and turned his head to learn the cause of a disturbance, when he was struck in the eye by some missile which destroyed the sight. After his long illness he returned to college with higher ambitions and nobler ideals than before. Then the other eye

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became inflamed, and, in sympathy, began to fail. For weeks he was compelled to remain in a dark room. In this sad condition he walked hundreds of miles from corner to corner, and side to side, thrusting out his elbows so as to avoid striking the wall. In many places the plaster was broken by the constant hammer from his elbows. He had chosen law for his profession, but now was compelled to abandon it. By some unknown force he was pushed into the study of history, the last choice a man would naturally make who was blind. He at once set about the training of his memory, and, at last, he could correct and retain in his mind sixty pages of printed matter, and then dictate it to his amanuensis. He produced his famous "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," "The Conquest of Mexico," and the "Conquest of Peru." When he could use his fast-failing eye only one hour a day he prepared his "History of Philip Second." He afterward wrote some of the world's best pages without seeing a word of the writing, but by pushing his hand along the lines of a wooden frame. The greatest calamity came to his life, but in the mystery of providence gave him fame and power beyond his fellow men. His sublime patience

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waited upon God's revelation. To-morrow was a part of his life as well as to-day. There is a silent, irresistible force at work through all the apparently separate events of life. That mighty factor creates surprise by making gardens out of deserts, and joys out of sorrows, and gain out of loss, and life out of death,—yes, and a crown out of a cross. This is the unknown quantity. What a subtle, yet powerful, element! Everything is related as consequence and antecedents. No event begins and ends in itself. This demands new thoughts, and explanations, and expectations. Because of this Lazarus will thank God that he lay at the rich man's gate. Daniel will rejoice that he entered the lion's den. Joseph will find no fault with the pit. Bartimeus will offer praise for blindness. Paul will not complain at the thorn in his flesh. Why was John Knox a galley slave? Why was John Bunyan in Bedford Jail? Why was Robert Hall a confirmed invalid? Why was Martin Luther driven about by persecution? It is all answered in the light of the upper world. Patience will wait for its answer. Faith will expect it and obedience will never falter. Wherever the explanation is not found here there will be the dawning of a new and brighter day. As

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the years of life advance man begins to touch the meaning of the divine expression that "a thousand years is as one day." Time comes to be less and the eternal future greater. The future is beyond vision and grasp, and in this is at once the charm and mystery of life. In the impatience to know and understand this, mystery mocks us and vexes us with the cry "not now." "Sometime, somewhere, we'll understand." "Now we know in part, but then shall we know even as also we are known." The mists are to be rolled away and the continuity and beauty of life's landscape are to be revealed. The examiner asked the child in the institution for the deaf and dumb, who made the world, and in the sign language, she instantly replied: "In the beginning God created the heavens and earth." Surprised at her answer, he asked her again what Christ came for. She quickly replied: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." He looked at her in amazement and then propounded the hardest of his questions, "Why did God make you deaf and dumb and give other people hearing and speech?" Without a moment's hesitation she moved her little fingers to make the

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sentence, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight." What a magnificent reply to the solemn mystery of her life! That is the ideal. In that is the only comfort and joy. In that is Christian submission. It is a wise confidence. In that is the highest obedience, the obedience of a surrendered will. In this mysterious life of ours there is only one who can answer the riddle, or solve the problem, or interpret the mystery. His name shall be called "Jesus." The greatest difficulty in the human soul is the fact of sin. It frightens, and haunts, and condemns every member of the race. The Christ alone reveals its nature and pardons its offences. Take it and its family up to the cross and say, "Oh, Son of God, I cannot understand Thee, but remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom," and the graciousness of His answer will suddenly transform mystery into eternal day.

A man ought to carry himself in the world, as an orange-tree would if it could walk up and down in the garden, swinging perfume from every little censor it holds up to the air.—BEECHER.

The reforms of this country have been chiefly due to the presence and influence of Shaftsbury.—ON THE STATUE OF SHAFTSBURY.

It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant courage is caught as men take diseases, one of another ; therefore, let me take heed of their company.—SHAKESPEARE.

Beyond all wealth, honor, or even health is the attachment we form to noble souls because to become one with the good, generous, and true is to become in a measure good, generous, and true ourselves.—THOMAS ARNOLD.

V

LIFE'S INFLUENCE

THERE is a biography in sacred history which declares that the shadow of a man had healing power. Every man carries a shadow with him which has in it health or disease, life or death, joy or sorrow, good or evil. "No man liveth unto himself."

Man's very nature refuses isolation in life. There is no such thing as separation from the life of the world; even the darkness of the cave or the walls of a monastery are false barriers to man's secret and sacred relation to man. Life itself is a shipwreck unless Crusoe finds his man Friday whom he can influence and elevate. The island is simply a grave without the other man. Every life was intended to be the centre and source of influence, and no one can destroy that eternal design. It is a part of life. Next to blood, it is the greatest factor in human

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existence and destiny, second only to the blood of Christ is his example and irresistible influence.

Every man is the fountainhead of new forces. He is the author of good or bad in human history. He is the heir of all the past, and he is one of the creators of all the future, by the tremendous force of influence over man. It touches the individual at every point, and makes or mars character. There is no exception to this striking rule. The lowest and weakest man in the earth exerts his influence, and generations yet unborn will be lifted nearer to God or thrust further away from Him by it. This is some of the certain, but deepest, human philosophy, and one of the most vital elements in religion. Life means repetition in other lives,—grasping them with a relentless and deathless grip, moulding and fashioning them after its kind. Disposition, tendency, character, are being repeated in every life within this great circle of influence.

Two people cannot live together in intimacy without each becoming somewhat as the other. Even if it be a business relation, the years will furnish a startling illustration of this truth. Even weakness leaves influence upon strength.

This seems a threadbare and worn-out statement.

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It has been written and spoken for all men a thousand times, and yet no one has ever fathomed its depths or really comprehended it. His vision has only swept around a small segment of the circle. Imagination is our deceiver and declares that we can influence others by what we say. The truth is rather that we influence others only by what we are. The true self is the secret of power. Hypocrisy speaks its greatest falsehood right here.

There are eyes of keener sight than those which behold the natural world. They are the eyes of the soul, and the revelators of character. Even a child sees further than the precepts which fall from the lip or the evident desire on the part of the speaker that those who hear him should think him to be better than he really is. Underneath the surface are the real sources of influence, and from thence are the impulses of life. Outward appearance is shallow and thin, and sometimes even a window. Influence comes from reality, and not sham. The external life has not wrought out the influence for good, but the real man's baseness has secured the opposite effect.

A man may never have professed Christianity, and yet is in possession of real Christ-like character,

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which is the golden sceptre in the hand of a king. Time and eternity are both natural heirs of his life.

It is not a creed that makes an orthodox Christian, or a noble man. It is reality. It is what the soul of life is. It is the heart and substance of the man. What a man is, is the sun from which radiates the warmth and life for other lives, or the cold or frozen orb from which arises death and darkness for other men.

In that charming work of Mr. Ruskin, "Ethics of the Dust," he points out that crystals have two qualities which go to make up their value. One is their shape, and the other is their purity. The shape is determined by the crystal's surroundings, the quick or slow process of cooling, or outward pressure. "But," he says, "it seems as if it had in itself the power of rejecting impurity if it has crystalline life enough. Here is a crystal of quartz, well shaped in its way, but it seems to have been languid and sick at heart; and some milky substance has got into it, and mixed itself up with it, all through. It makes the quartz quite yellow, if you hold it up to the light, and milky blue on the surface. Here is another, broken out of all traceable shape, but as pure as a mountain spring. I like this one best.

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Purity is in most cases a prior, if not a nobler, virtue. The crystal must be either dirty or clean. So it is with one's hands and with one's heart—only you can wash your hands without changing them, but not hearts, nor crystals.”

We have the influence and power which we intend, and then we have the other which we fail to recognize. All life is composed of this mixture of intentional and unintentional influence. It is a vast conglomeration of greatest force, but none the less real. All men are surcharged with this power and susceptible to its effect upon themselves from others.

One of the greatest perils of the present energetic and enterprising day is that men will forget the secret silent movements of the soul of life, and the unconscious influence they are exerting. We overestimate planned activity. We underestimate the involuntary forces of life. This influence, derived from what a man actually is, from reality, is a most potent factor in his relation to others, and their relation to him. Whether self is hidden or revealed, the conscience acts as a detective. A rose will make itself known, and a foul, offensive odor will reveal itself, hide them as you will. The

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ruling and dominant characteristics and faculties in human nature are existing in a certain independence of the will. A fetid odor can be imprisoned more easily than evil in the soul.

We cannot give explanation or formulate a theory of the fact, but the presence of one individual seems to chill while that of another warms. One inspires you, while the other exhausts you. Unconsciousness of real disposition or even best of intent does not alter this result. A selfish soul in royal garments has ultimately the same effect as when dressed in rags. The hypocrisy which clothes and attempts deceit may be only a good conductor of evil influence. This is the difference between wood and iron in the same atmosphere.

The selfishness in the heart blinds the eyes to the baneful result of its presence. It simply opens the pores and draws quietly on all it can gather from others, and thus weakness is discovered, but oftentimes the real cause unknown.

A certain disposition may not intend its influence, and repudiates the idea that "I did that," "I make any one unhappy?" "I disclaim that." "I did not do a thing."

It is an emphatic denial, but nevertheless a pro-

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duction of ill feeling, and evil is the result wherever they go. A man may poison the air with jealousy, hatred, envy, malice, and even vengeance, and yet never have uttered a sentence. Move, attitude, appearance of scorn or disgust, are enough. The sorrowful heart of one person or the ill health of another is the single drop to color the joy of a whole family or a circle of acquaintances, and the bestower of all this upon others may remain absolutely ignorant of that silent and unseen working. So, in the sphere of the good, the predominant qualities carry with them a sweet and saving atmosphere, so that good is being accomplished when a man wills as well when he is not moved by actual purpose. He thus becomes a perpetual benefactor, and a continuous gracious power among men.

A good-natured, humorous person is the great giver to society. He furnishes smiles, and joys, and courage, and hope, and patience, and a thousand other blessings without any credit from the recipient. His very presence is a benediction, the oil on the machinery of life. The courage of one man has turned the tide of many a battle. Oh, what a stupendous possibility in every life. We do so much more than we think. Beyond estimation or calcu-

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lation is the influence of one day in the three score and seventy years.

Every man is a receiver as well as a giver in the world of influence. It pours in upon him from every direction as well as radiating from the centre of his own being and touching all other lives. He is most sensitive to its contact. There is no illustration in the natural or mechanical world to reveal this readiness to be fashioned and shaped by this unseen hand. Some philosophy in its emphasis of this great truth would even make this almost the creator of what a man is or shall be. Through the eye and ear, hand and reason, and nerve centre, and all openings to the heart of life rush these master architects and builders of the human temple.

How this enlarges possibility, and opens the golden gateways of opportunity, and enhances the value of friendship, and increases the importance of the clock's tick. Every moment shares in the structure of character, and is the author of success. It claims its part in the making of destiny.

The fragrance of every flower, the song of every bird, the grace of every cloud, and the twinkle of every star enters human life in some form and de-

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gree. How much more the single odor, and song, and grace, and flash of another soul!

The child comes into the world of influence, and that is all. The providence of God places the babe in the centre of a circle,—father, mother, brother, sister, and friends. That new life is not governed by abstract propositions or rules, or known principles of living. It is the subject of influence, and all the early years are passed in that condition. Even the school life is largely that. The man comes to be governed more by the influence of things, but it is his injury, and not his blessing. Neither is it a necessity.

The great force in all life is this personal influence. Everybody knows its importance and power when he sees the chief control his clan, or the general his army. A Napoleon or a Grant were mightiest in this part of the battle.

This is a more important question because of the modern inter-relation of humanity. Influence is farther-reaching and more certain of effect. We now touch the whole world, and cannot think of isolation. The waves of influence go out from every life and sweep around the world. Neighbor means

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more. Brother is a greater reality. Humanity is a larger word.

Commerce and Christianity both are thrusting responsibility upon the shoulders of every man, and the law of life compels him to carry it. There is no escape. Consider the number of human beings an ordinary business man touches in a single day, or even a woman in the home. Almost every article brought to the door is carried by a separate individual. All these influence others, and they in turn others. Who will dare to make a calculation of this large sum?

Human mathematics are out of place in this higher sphere. Remember that you never meet an immortal soul in any capacity or glance at a human face without exerting this stupendous force upon it. The way you speak, or look, or move is the revelation of your actual self, and bears fruit a hundred-fold in the rich soil of human life.

Character is contagious. In every greeting and moment of conversation, in every letter, there is a subtle influence that goes from us and reaches further and makes deeper impression than any anticipation on our part.

The noblest soul does not cry, "Oh, God, make

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me pure, and truthful, and kingly for my own sake." The greater effect is upon others, and the holiest ambition is to possess the richest character for the sake of others. It is not life unto self, but in the relation to countless other lives.

A lonely and uninhabited island is the only place for a false, base, and impure life. The tragedy of life is this power and certainty of contamination. No man can escape this grave responsibility.

Dwarfed and crippled and belittled lives through his influence will all stand in judgment to condemn him or the enlarged and ennobled souls influenced by him to higher life, will be his joy and crown of rejoicing. Face the great fact, most heart-searching and most heart-compelling. What I am, others will be. Heaven keep me from sin for their sake.

The character which you are constructing is not all your own possession. It is the quarry out of which other men bring the stones for the temple of their own lives.

Byron was a mighty poetical genius. So great in the world of literature that Tennyson declared when he died that he thought the world had come to an end, but Byron's life of dissipation and sin has been the source of his real influence upon other

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men. Poetry could not cover up the greater maker of character.

"Though Elizabeth possessed great and heroic traits of character," says Drummond, "yet she had such a treacherous, jealous, pitiable weak and unsympathetic nature as to ruin all her noble qualities. She was cruel, and Hentzmer, the traveller, states that he himself counted, 'no less than three hundred heads on London Bridge, of persons executed for high treason.' She would swear at her ministers in the midst of the gravest deliberations. Splendor and pleasure were the very air she breathed. She was the greatest liar in the world. She hoodwinked and outwitted almost every statesman in Europe. She met every difficulty with a lie when it would solve it. She had no religious sentiment whatever. She had a bad temper, and, in a fit of anger, condemned to death her favorite Earl of Essex, the only man she ever loved. Her life is an illustration of the blighting power of selfishness and heartlessness upon friendship."

Alexander's drunken habits dominated every faculty, destroyed his power, and ended his life at thirty-two.

In our world there is not an hour but is freighted

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with destinies for ourselves and others, not even the fraction of a second that does not hesitate to pass on the dial of time and be gone forever. The smallest deed or the faintest whisper of a word or the slightest motion of the body is a part of the movement of the whole universe of God. How much life is composed of apparent trifles, small deeds of kindness, slight tokens of love or the single flower of appreciation and sympathy. The world is not all mountains. The violet in the fence-corner or one of the unnumbered daisies in the meadow share in the beauty, and safety, and perfection of the earth.

The value of life is unrecognized by failure to understand the might of influence. Most men are waiting for some great opportunity, and failing in the completion of daily duty. There is no genius if it is not a treasurer of the minute details of life.

The flowers by the wayside do not waste their fragrance. The traveller may not realize it, but the odor is his encouragement and strength for the weary journey. It is a small part of life to wave banners and blow trumpets. Through the law of influence each hour trembles with opportunity. No man is conscious of the pressure of the atmosphere

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upon him, but it is always there as a great element in his life. Its gentleness will not push the tiny leaf or weigh heavily upon the youngest child, so the influence of a life is unseen and often unrecognized, but mighty in its power.

Many do not know how the Americans came to be called Brother Jonathan. George Washington, having been made Commander-in-Chief of the army of the Revolution, went to Massachusetts to organize his forces. It was an awful time of perplexity. Jonathan Trumbull was the Governor of Connecticut, and a man of a quiet disposition, but splendid judgment and undying patriotism. His influence was not known to be great, but George Washington had unlimited confidence in his ability and patriotism, and said to his officers in the most trying circumstances, "Let us consult Brother Jonathan." Again and again during the war was Jonathan Trumbull advised with, and it came to be a byword among the troops and among the officers, "Let us consult Brother Jonathan." Thus it became the sobriquet of the American, and has had much to do with the increasing victory of the idea of brotherhood.

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This ordinary life still lives in this great nation, not only in name but in reality.

The Divine Man was on His way to raise a ruler's daughter from the dead. A poor woman touched the hem of His garment, and was healed. His mission at that time was to save another and seemingly a more important person. This work, almost unconsciously done on His way, reveals the Christ best.

What we propose to do gives expression to our will and ambition. What we do unconsciously and on the way to the great act reveals our character. This tells the story of the virtue in us. Most of the best and purest work of life is done unconsciously and without plan or intent.

More than one hundred years ago, a young Moravian hastened with the message of the Gospel for the poor, stricken and enslaved people of Jamaica. What horror he was about to face he knew not himself. No one had ever been able to depict it, as blood-stained as it was. Our age cannot realize the existence of slavery like that. It was economy even to kill slaves when weakened by hardship and toil and purchase new ones, because they were so cheap. The markets and pens were like the places

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of selling cattle without a mark of humanity upon them. The owner's lash was crimson with fresh life. The wrongs suffered by those negroes were so great that they would not listen to this young white man. They would not and could not believe him. He then had himself sold as a slave, and worked with them under the cruel whip. This was the conqueror. They now crowded about him, and listened to his story of freedom in Christ. They believed it, and lived it. It was to the least of them, but it was done unto Christ; yes, done by the very spirit of Christ. This heroic soul died in young life and as a slave, but years afterward the pathetic story reached the ears and heart of Wilberforce, and influenced him to surrender his life to the liberation of the slave. His magnificent work and courage against the awful traffic in flesh and blood was largely the result of the influence of the apparently buried life of an unknown Moravian boy.

Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation with a pen dipped in the blood of that boy. That is the mightiest force in the world. Who can measure it? In the upper world, Lincoln and Wilberforce may stand one on either side of the unknown

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Moravian. Even that may be a misrepresentation. He may stand nearer the Christ.

The great teachers and educators have invariably been men of great personality. They are known not so much for their intellectual greatness as for the mighty impress of their character upon the lives of others.

Arnold of Ruby lived in thousands of boys and men, and some of the world's greatest and best, by virtue of the influence he exerted upon them in the classroom.

Some years after the eminent John Stuart Blackie became professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, at the opening of a college term, the students noticed that, under the pressure of cares and labors, their hot-tempered professor had become unusually sensitive and exacting. Students desiring admission were arranged in line before his desk for examination. "Show your papers," said the professor. As they obeyed, one lad awkwardly held up his papers in his left hand. "Hold them up properly, sir, in your right hand," said the professor. The embarrassed pupil stammered out something indistinctly, but still kept his left hand raised. "The right hand, ye loon!" shouted the

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professor. "Sir, I hae nae right hand," said the agitated lad, holding up his right arm, which ended at the wrist. A storm of indignant hisses burst from the boys, but the great man leaped down from the platform, flung his arm over the boy's shoulder, and drew him to his breast, and, breaking into the broad Scotch of his childhood, in a voice soft with emotion, yet audible in the hush that had fallen on the class, said: "Eh, laddie, forgive me that I was over-rough; I dinna mean to hurt you, lad. I dinna ken!"

And, turning with tearful eyes to the class, he said, "I thank God He has given me gentlemen to teach, who can ca' me to account when I go astray." That honest word captured the boys forever, and their cheers were as hearty as their hisses had been indignant.

His fame and his power began from that day. His was the education of a righteous influence.

These men lived even more after they were dead than they did before. The greatest men of earth were not half alive while they were living. Sometimes they seemed useless while they moved about in the flesh, but a glance at the life they lived since reveals their true greatness.

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Others tried to kill the best when they were upon earth and doing their duty, Elijah, and Jeremiah, and Isaiah, and all their royal following. They dragged Garrison through the streets. They murdered Lovejoy and cursed Philips, but afterward in the great tide of their increasing influence they erect monuments to their memory and point to them with pride. The very things which most concerned men in the past are all forgotten in the present,—position, power, money, food, and clothing,—but the seemingly most valueless and unreal things—principle, character, vision, etc., are everlastingly remembered and treasured. The ship is kept afloat and reaches port by what is above the surface and points toward heaven. It is the power of life in the future which increases its sanctity and creates its value.

Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, used to thrill his audiences with his graphic description of a young man who, at perilous risk of his life, clung with his toes and one hand to a high point in the rocky wall of the Natural Bridge in Virginia, while with the other hand he gouged with his pocket-knife a still higher notch for his foot, that he might be able to raise himself and mark his name above

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any that had been before him. Such is a man's ambition to have his name in an honorable and conspicuous place. But there is a place for the record of names more honorable than all, and within every one's reach.

If a man is unknown on earth while he lives, and yet lives a righteous and godly life, that is his treasure, and never can be destroyed. His real self cannot be touched. That is the only part of him which does not die. It will live on and shine on. Death is only the stripping of a husk, the removal of the rind, and men discover and live upon the fruit and the beauty of character. They are forced to bow down to his memory, and declare a century afterward that that is a sample of God in the soul of man. That which is esteemed best as life goes on in the flesh is to be mostly thrown away. The package is examined in the next world before it is received.

No procession to the grave may be the introduction to the most brilliant triumphal procession in heaven. Life's value and reward is its perpetuity here and hereafter.

Cut-glass may flash brilliancy, but the permanency and depth of the diamond's light is its

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treasure. Life here passes quickly and vanishes away. It seems like a vapor, but it is more, because influence is permanent and enduring. Boyhood goes, youth goes, manhood goes, old age is upon us. Faculty weakens and loses all power sometimes, mind decays, body has no vitality, but through ages and the eternal years, what a man is and does remains. The energy of influence is not lost. Does it not increase?

They attempted to frighten Savonarola and drive him from the path of duty, but he faces Lorenzo with the declaration that the Lord is no respecter of persons, and he must repent even if he is a prince. They next threaten him with banishment, but he adds: "I fear not sentence of banishment, for this city of yours is like a mustard-seed upon the earth, but the new doctrine shall triumph and the old shall fall, although I be a stranger and Lorenzo a citizen, and indeed the first in the city. I shall stay while he shall depart." Then with a vision of the prophet, he declared that great changes were coming in Italy. Lorenzo, and the Pope, and the King of Naples all were near unto death, and his courageous soul had seen aright and witnessed to the truth, for very soon after Lorenzo and Innocent

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VIII. died, and Charles VIII. invaded Italy. A few weeks after this astonishing prophecy Lorenzo was upon his death-bed at his country home. The last offices of his false religion afforded his guilty conscience no relief and gave him no hope. He had lost confidence in all men, for they were so depraved and cowardly as to obey every wicked wish of his. He said, "No one ever ventures to utter a resolute 'No' to me." He even said his confessor was false. To whom could he go. There was only one man in all Italy who had not lost his influence over him. That man was his enemy,—no, the enemy of his unholy life. That man of conquering influence was Savonarola, the man who never yielded to his threats or flatteries. He said in the last moments of his life, "I know no honest friar but him." He was sent for, Lorenzo made confession of three sins, for which he desired absolution. He became excited and frightened. Savonarola calmed him, and said: "God is good; God is merciful. Listen. Three things are required of you." "And what are they?" he anxiously asked. Savonarola raised the fingers of his right hand and began. "First, it is necessary that you should have a full and lively faith in the mercy of God." "That I have most

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fully." "Secondly, it is necessary to restore that which you unjustly took away, or enjoin your sons to restore it for you." This requirement appeared to cause him surprise and grief; however, with an effort he gave his consent by a nod of his head. Savonarola then rose up, and while the dying prince shrank with terror in his bed, the confessor seemed to rise above himself when saying, "Lastly, you must restore liberty to the people of Florence." But Lorenzo, collecting all the strength that nature had left him, turned his back angrily upon him without uttering a word. Accordingly Savonarola withdrew from his presence without granting his absolution. Lorenzo remained torn by remorse, and soon after breathed his last that same day.

The mightiest man now in the kingdom was Savonarola. The people looked to him, and he was true as steel. He denounced evil, and urged reform with even greater severity. He taught the true liberty and fought tyranny. He became eventually the ruler of Florence, though not in name. The people called for him to make their new government. All this was only temporary, and soon the old cry arose, "Crucify him, crucify him," and all his great influence banished like a boy's

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bubble, and was lost. Ah, no, Savonarola's influence was greater when he was dead than when he was alive. His eloquence has thundered through all the years since. His cry for liberty and pure religion is still heard upon earth, and will be heard until every shackle, seen and unseen, is broken, and the Christ, whose echo he was, shall have made all men free and all worship pure.

Influence challenges every destroyer. Witness Shaftsbury among the outcasts of London. Witness John Howard in the prison and dungeons of Europe. Witness Florence Nightingale on the battlefields of the world. Witness Grace Darling among the shipwrecked and in every ray of light from the rockbound coasts of the sea. Witness Carey going from England, and Judson from America, and Livingston from Scotland, and a noble line of missionary heroes and martyrs of whom the world was not worthy. Hearken, and you can hear the echo of the hammer upon the door of Wittenburg and the stroke of the oar in the hand of the galley slave from Scotland.

The mightiest force in the world of influence is the companionship of Jesus Christ. His is not intellectual or even moral, but the whole circumfer-

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ence of the spiritual. Mystery, but glorious reality, only known and appreciated by the initiated, but offered to all. Not only skill or genius, but supremest character is his. A centre of light even more radiant than the sun in the sky of the natural world.

I bow before the world's greatest and best, and acknowledge in the deepest gratitude my great debt for their influence on me, but I fall prostrate before the Christ and weep the praise too deep for words. I know his secret and his charm. Luther was once found, at a moment of peril and fear, when he had need to grasp unseen strength, sitting in an abstracted mood, tracing on the table with his finger "Vivit," "Vivit,"—"He lives," "He lives."

That is the great discovery and great comfort of life. Soul of man seeking for the best, accept this introduction to the Son of God, and be ushered into the circle of His Divine influence.

*It is only when they spring to heaven that angels
Reveal themselves to you ; they sit all day
Beside you, and lie down at night by you,
Who care not for their presence, muse, or sleep ;
And all at once they leave you and you know them.*

—BROWNING.

*The keenest pangs the wretched find
Are rapture to the dreary void,
The leafless desert of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemployed.*—BYRON.

*Think naught a trifle, though it small appear ;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year
And trifles life.*

*Your care to trifles give,
Else you may die ere you have learned to live.*

—YOUNG.

VI

LIFE'S WASTE

WHEN the few barley loaves lay in the basket at the feet of Christ and waited to grow, under His divine touch, into an abundance for five thousand hungry people, the great Teacher and Miracle-worker did not lose the opportunity to impress one of the deepest lessons of life upon the minds of men. He permitted them to behold with astonishment that marvellous and momentary increase of the barley cakes into thousands of their kind. There was no limit. It was like the transformation of the barren field instantly into the harvest of golden corn. The beholder declared that such power was only from God, and this man must be made king. It was in this moment of excitement and temporary glory that Christ revealed the greatness in humility and the preëminence of truth. He refused the crown, but failed not in impressing a valuable lesson. He declared that God's abundance

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would not permit of waste. Anything which comes from His hand is precious. He could keep on breaking it forever, but every piece was sacred. The relation of abundance to waste involves some of the deepest philosophy of life. Every fragment of the world's riches should be most carefully guarded and garnered. One of the most prolific sources of wealth in these recent years has been the utilization of waste products; inventive genius has discovered mines of wealth in the refuse and slag at the back door. The keen eye of man saw the mass of waste at the side of the silk factory, and all the plush of the world has been taken from that offensive, unattractive, useless material. It is supreme wisdom to know how to transform the waste of the world into the riches of the world. It is the noblest character which gathers the fragments up into the bundle of life. When that youth sat upon the slag-heap of a mine in California, he studied each clod with righteous purpose and determination, and then fashioned a machine that extracted more wealth from that refuse than other men had ever secured from the mine itself. Peter Cooper declared that he built Cooper Institute by picking up the waste from the butchers' shops. The Persians have a

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strange story concerning the discovery of the Golconda diamond mines. Ali Hafed owned a farm through which ran a beautiful river. He sat upon its bank one morning, when the children brought a stranger to his side. This traveller showed him a diamond and told him that a handful of these stones would make him fabulously rich and he would become a prince among men. He also informed him that there were mines of diamonds in the world for the man who would discover them. Ali Hafed dreamed in his discontent that night, and in the early hours of the morning determined to sell his farm at any price and search for diamonds, and riches, and royalty. After years of fruitless endeavor he came to be an old man, in the extremity of poverty and want. Rags were his garments and despair his companion. Inquiry revealed the sad fact that his loved ones had all died, and some of them without the necessities of life. The peasant who bought his farm was a prince, because in the sand on the bank of the stream he had found a sparkling gem of rare beauty and highest value. He then found that the sand and the farm were sown with these jewels. That very farm was and is the place of the famous Golconda diamond mines.

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The owner had closed his eyes to the enormous wealth at his feet.

At the side of every man is the abundance of wealth from the hand of God; diamond mines of time, and talent, and strength; mines of opportunity, and character, and eternal treasure. The sin is in the failure to appreciate these and in permitting them to be lost. Life's waste is one of the chief factors in life's poverty. Everything is most precious when the divine hand has touched it. He is most guilty and comes to greatest penury who does not gather up these jewels with extremest care. In the abundance is the divine economy. In the twelve basketfuls of fragments is the difference between success and failure. Time is one of our most valuable possessions, and we are held responsible for its honest use. Time is our patrimony, received to be used, and to bring the best possible returns. Dividends are demanded from our investment of it. In our dealings with time is the possibility of our highest integrity or our deepest dishonesty. We have made divisions in time and thus wrought injury upon its value. It is all a part of eternity, and eternity is God. Its sanctity is pre-eminently in the fact of its being God's possession

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and used by us. Not only one day in the week is His, but each moment of each day is held by divine right, and is thus most valuable property. If Sunday is a day for rest, and Monday a day for work, that does not take Monday out of God's calendar or God's ownership. Work is a divine command as well as rest, and carries just as much sanctity with it. Life is a mosaic, and each part is to be fashioned and perfected by itself before it fits into the beautiful pattern.

Among the applicants visiting the "Intelligence Office," which Hawthorne describes so vividly, there is an aged gentleman who makes every motion according to an unyielding purpose. He says, boldly and repeatedly, that he is in search of to-morrow. "I have spent my life in pursuit of it, being assured that to-morrow has some vast benefit or other in store for me. But now I am getting a little in years and must make haste, for unless I overtake to-morrow soon I begin to be afraid it will escape me." But the answer comes back from the man who gives information and carries a certain pathos with it to the discouraged heart of the old man. "This fugitive to-morrow, my venerable friend, is a stray child of time, and is flying from his

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father into the region of the infinite. Continue your pursuit and you will doubtless come up with him, but as to the earthly gifts which you expect he has scattered them all among a throng of yesterdays." The value which a man places upon the moments of to-day is the author of all good in every to-morrow. It is a sad confession which Thomas Hood makes for himself and countless numbers of his fellow men. "My forty years have been my forty thieves, for they have stolen strength, hope, and many other joys." It demands a soul like Charlotte Bronte to know the real meaning of the clock's tick. She said: "I shall be thirty-one next birthday. My youth has all gone like a dream, and very little use I made of it." The hours have swift wings. They fly past a single point but once, and are gone forever, but they carry messages into the other world. There are more prodigals wasting this substance of life than any other human possession. They have received it from their Father's hand, but are fast losing it in the riotous, thoughtless manner of living. Michael Faraday, when a poor apprentice, valued every moment, and said that time was all he asked. In a letter to his friend, this bottle-washer in the

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chemical laboratory wrote: "Time is all I require. Oh, that I could purchase at a cheap rate some of our modern gents' spare hours—nay, days. I think it would be a good bargain both for them and for me." There can be no thrift or ultimate success where hour is not fastened to hour and moment woven into moment in the great pattern of life. These jewelled particles of time are what the single blade of grass is to the lawn, or the leaf to the formation and emerald glory of the tree, what the grain of sand is to the mountain, what the sparkling snow-flake is to the white-robed hill-side, what the drop of water is to the ocean. Its value depends largely upon its association and its vital relation to the perfected whole. When Daniel Webster stood at the foot of his class, which had come to be for him the point of despair, they told him not to give up, but to utilize every moment as life's greatest treasure and preserve it in the casket of determined industry. They said, place the highest value on your time and you will be victor. The advice was heeded, and at the end of the first quarter Mr. Emery, mustering his class in a line, formally took the arm of young Webster

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and marched him from the foot to the extreme head.

At the end of the second quarter when the class was mustered, Mr. Emery said, "Daniel Webster, gather up your books and take down your cap." The boy obeyed, and, thinking he was about to be expelled from school, was sorely troubled.

The teacher soon dispelled the illusion, for he continued: "Now, sir, you will please report yourself to the teacher of the first class! And you, young gentlemen, will take an affectionate leave of your classmate, for you will never see him again."

They never did see him in that classroom again; but the day came when the eyes of the nation beheld him.

There is no class in the world which can keep a young man at its foot who has learned the meaning of a moment. In any department of life, he who will take his hands out of his pockets and say, in the deep of his soul, time is precious, and be true to his conviction, will be crowned a king. Every bridge, and factory, and railroad, and successful enterprise, or work of art, was built out of time. Time is just as much of a mine as the gold

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mine. It is just as much of a quarry as the granite hill. Most men waste it and then grieve over their loss at the other end of the line. Death is the revealer of its real value. Time is not only money but it is everything. Lose that and you have lost all. Waste it and you are throwing life itself away. A single moment wasted is suicidal, and bears the condemnation of all sin. Most men who have made a failure of life and are clinging to the wreckage, can look back and see hours of golden opportunity lost by their own blindness, and negligence, and lack of seizing and holding power. There are test hours which lead on to triumph or failure. Columbus had his supreme moment. What a calamity if he had wasted it! Washington had his hour which was freighted with tremendous import. Lincoln held his watch when destiny itself was in the tick. Luther with the Pope's bull above the flames and Knox before Queen Mary were at moments with an eternity in them. The battles of men and nations have often hung in the balance of a fraction of time.

At the Congress of Vienna Wellington told Stratford Canning, afterward Lord Stratford de

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Redclyffe, how he won the victory at the battle of Salamanca.

Marshal Marmont commanded the French. The Duke, trusting to the ability of the Frenchman to make a slip, drew up his troops in a position where they were not exposed, and then waited. His confidence was justified. Marmont extended a part of his force too much. Wellington instantly detected his adversary's error and attacked him with energy.

"We beat him," said the Duke, in a tone of natural delight, "in forty minutes,—forty thousand men in forty minutes,"—and he repeated the expression again and again. "Forty thousand men in forty minutes."

When this same iron Duke was a boy he was exceedingly unpromising. Even his mother called him a dunce and was so discouraged with him that she neglected him, believing that there was little use in attempting to make anything out of him, but his Waterloo was won in those very hours. At Eton College he was regarded as being dreamy and with no special talent, only to play the violin. He even displayed no desire to enter the army, but inclined to the life of a civilian. His secret is

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discovered in the holy determination to not waste his time, but to regard it as his most precious gift. He held it sacred then, and afterward, and the battlefields of his life tell the story of its triumphant victories. Everything can be bought with the golden coin of time. It is current everywhere, and never fluctuates in value. "Every man has his chance." But with open eye and steady nerve he must grasp it as it passes. "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune," but the fortune lies in the taking as much as in the tide.

"Seize, seize the hour
Ere it slips from you; seldom comes the moment
In life which is ended sublime and mighty."

Critical and strategic moments do not flash their brilliancy in every light, but the open-eyed hero will always detect their real value and claim it as his own.

The waste of time is life's greatest blunder and most destructive force. In the fragments is an abundance of opportunity. Oh, how ruinous waste has shattered the hopes and ambitions of men! It has been the author of despair and even death to the best in life. The greatest discovery of young life is the value of time.

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Paley, who was not a rich youth, went to Christchurch College, Cambridge. One night he spent the whole evening with his friends, wasting his time, not sinfully, but worthlessly. About three o'clock in the morning a heavy knock came to his room door; and Paley, amazed, said, "Come in;" and there came in one of his college friends. He sat down on his bed, and said: "Paley, I have come to talk to you; I can't get any sleep through thinking about you. You know who I am. I have got plenty of money, and it does not matter what I do at college. I can afford a life of indolence, but you cannot, and you have got a good head, and I have not; and, Paley, I have come to tell you that if you waste your time with us worthless fellows, I'll cut you. I have got no sleep, thinking about you. If you are going to waste your time in indolence, I'll call you friend no longer. It came as a thunderbolt to the young fellow, and he said, "Thank you." He rose at five o'clock, only two hours later, and after a word of prayer he went to his books; and he registered a vow that every moment he could spare should be devoted to intellectual study. And he wrote the "*Horæ Paulinæ*," and became a king in the intellectual

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world. It was the industry of one moment added to another which made the granite mountain of his success.

The sides of life's pathway are also strewn with the waste talents which careless hands have thrown away and lost forever. Every man has some endowment from heaven. It may not be the same as that of other men. It is better that it is not, and belongs exclusively to him. His very peculiarity may be his wealth. The one man received five talents, the other two, and the other one, but each gift contained the same possibility of reward. The fidelity of one man doubled his possession and he received the just commendation. The second man, by faithful use, multiplied his riches by two and praise and promise were showered upon him. The last recipient, who had not learned to estimate real values, and who had never discovered the startling possibility of accumulation in one talent, threw it away. He wasted it by burial and received condemnation instead of commendation. Only in use is there righteous reward. To waste a single talent is to be guilty and to be a failure. Any man who will patiently compound the interest on a single

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talent will be rewarded with greater riches and crowned with success.

There is a false modesty upon one hand and a false conceit upon the other which make havoc with some of the brightest possibilities in life. One man misses the mark by an unwarranted modesty or a falsely named humility. He tremblingly declares that there is no great thing to come out of his life and he must be content to stand in the back row. He blindly and sinfully wastes the increasing riches of a single talent. Another man claims to have many talents and brilliant opportunities and he can afford to waste some of them and still be certain of success. False modesty and false conceit are culprits and vandals in the treasure-house of life.

Here is Mr. Gladstone's advice to young men: Be sure that every one of you has his place and vocation on this earth, and that it rests with himself to find it. Do not believe those who too lightly say, "Nothing succeeds like success." Effort—honest, manful, humble effort—succeeds by its reflected action, especially in youth, better than success, which, indeed, too easily and too early gained, not seldom serves, like winning the throw

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of the dice, to blind and stupefy. Get knowledge, all you can. Be thorough in all you do, and remember that though ignorance often may be innocent, pretension is always despicable. Quit you like men, be strong, and exercise your strength. Work onward and upward, and may the blessing of the Most High soothe your cares, clear your vision, and crown your labors with reward!"

She placed the two mites, which make a farthing, in the treasury, and little did she realize what a great loss the world would have suffered had she not filled her part in the sacrificial life. Never was there a better investment made in the kingdom of God. Her conscientious and self-denying service has been made the inspiration of the world's best giving. Every alabaster box in the hand of a Mary has filled the whole house and all the earth with fragrance, and even the flowers in heaven have been made sweeter.

What God can bring out of a gift is equally wonderful. The gift of Mrs. McRobert, of Scotland, to the missionary David Livingstone was only sixty-five dollars. But God used it to save thirty years of Livingstone's life, for the native servant whom Livingstone employed with the money re-

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ceived from the Scotch woman saved Livingstone's life from the attack of a lion at the peril of his own life.

The great wheel in the factory revolves with lightning rapidity and apparently moves the whole mass of machinery, but careful inspection reveals a very small wheel within the larger one. It is geared to the axle on which the great wheel turns. Usually unnoticed, but at the very centre of things, and of supreme importance. There are usually small wheels within the larger wheels. No wife or mother can afford to waste her talent in the home. The husband or son may be a great wheel in the political, or literary, or commercial, or religious world, but there would be no revolutions without the small wheel at the centre.

Washington, a lad of twelve years, was going to sea. When the cart came to the door for his trunk his mother cried and said, "George, your father is dead and I cannot bear to have you go away." He gave up his plans and remained, and obedience to his mother made the presidency possible. John Quincy Adams, till the day of his death, repeated the little prayer his mother taught him, "Now I lay me down to sleep." Lincoln said, "All I am on

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earth I owe to my sainted mother." General Grant's mother went into a room at a certain hour each day during the war to pray for her son Ulysses, and he wrote to his parents a letter every week from the field when it was possible. Garfield kissed the wrinkled face of his mother on the day of his inauguration and said, "Mother, you have brought me to this." President McKinley left the Capitol and the affairs of State to watch at the bedside of his dying mother, to receive her last blessing and to give her his last kiss.

Felix Mendelssohn, when he heard of his sister's death, fell fainting on the floor with grief. They were to produce the oratorio "Elijah" about a week after that time, but he wrote: "Do not put that oratorio before the public now. I cannot take any share in it, because through every part of its construction is my sister's voice and the expression of my sister's love. She advised me after the composition of the oratorio "St. Paul" to take as my subject "Elijah," and she sang in it, composed for it, and inspired me. I cannot listen to it now. It would break my heart,—her voice, her soul, is through it all."

In every life there are elements of strength which

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can fasten themselves upon the very eternities. How carelessly they are regarded by most men. They are the seeds which carry within their small compass magnificent possibilities of fruitage and golden harvest. The granaries of the future can be filled by the wise use of a single seed in the present. In this miraculous world there are no trifles. There are no common things. Nothing is small. Dare not speak of the ordinary. Everything is stamped indelibly with the extraordinary. Under the touch of the master hand marvellous developments arise from the minutest seed germ. Cary, sitting in his cobbler's shop, or tramping with his load of cobbler's shoes, does not present a bright prophecy. His talents were few, and most men could not see them. When he ventured, as an utterly unknown and stringently poor minister, to preach, his congregation did not number fifty people gathered in a straw-thatched building. But the years passed by with talents developed until all the world knows his name and applauds his work. After his marvellous achievements in India and his possession of a fame as wide as the world he said to Eustace Cary: "If they write my life and say I am a genius, they will say falsely, but if they say I can plod, they



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will tell the truth. Yes, Eustace, I can plod." The husbanding of his strength and the valuing of his talent forced him from the cobbler's bench and placed him upon a throne.

Thomas Carlyle said, "Genius is an immense capacity for taking trouble." George Eliot tells us "Genius is, at first, little more than a great capacity for receiving discipline." I read once how a certain prominent man, a judge, wishing to have a rough fence built, sent for a carpenter, and said to him: "I want this fence mended to keep out the cattle. There are some unplanned boards—use them. It is ought of sight of the house, so you need not take the time to make a neat job. I will only pay you a dollar and a half."

But the judge, coming to look at the work, found the boards planed and the work finished with excellent neatness. The judge thought the young man had done it that he might claim more pay, and somewhat angrily said: "I told you this fence was to be covered with vines. I do not care how it looks." "I do," said the carpenter. "How much do you charge?" asked the judge. "A dollar and a half," said the man, shouldering his tools. "Why did you spend all that labor on the job, if not for the

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money?" "For the job, sir." "Nobody would have seen the poor work on it." "But I should have known it was there, sir. No, I'll take only the dollar and a half,"—and he took it and went away.

Ten years afterward this carpenter was the successful competitor for a great contract the judge had to give out,—the man successful among a crowd of others seeking it. "I knew," said the judge, telling the story afterward, "we should have only good, genuine work from him. I gave him the contract and it made a rich man of him."

That is the key to the world's storehouse. Greatness and riches are the direct and inevitable result of a refusal to waste life's talents.

There is a vast waste in the tissues of life by an unwise haste. Our modern world gives evidence everywhere of the passing of the cyclone—hurry. The demands of our high-pressure civilization are death-dealing in their ultimate effect. This insane haste never understands the fundamental principles of life. It pushes ahead and dares to tread upon the most sacred rules for noblest living. It disregards the foundation and leaves a half-completed, tottering structure. Anything, any plan or work, so long as the end is reached. Nature never hur-

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ries. God never hurries, and in the work of Redemption Christ even did not hurry. In their work there is no confusion or impatience, but definite plan, and constant growth, and final perfection. Mere rapidity has ruined the canvas, made discord in the music, wrecked the business, destroyed the home, and fastened a blight upon everything sweet and sacred. Hurry to become rich made the man die dishonest. Hurry to become a statesman made the man a politician. Haste to become a king made the man a fop. Haste to be an artist made the man a permanent amateur. Effort to become an oak in a single night left a mushroom in the morning's dew. The first seven days of the world's history were so marvellously productive because the Creator rested one-seventh of the time. It is an eternal principle woven into the warp and woof of our world. The child is forced through the modern educational system at the cost of health, and heart, and home. Oh, what a waste in the name of education! Some of the best elements in human life cannot be destroyed with impunity. Education in a hurry always deserves an interrogation-mark after it. Development is the larger education. "Haste makes waste," is one of the old and unlearned

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truths. It has emphatic application to the day and the country in which we live. When men are breathing this poisonous atmosphere and rushing through life according to this false ideal, there can be no calmness, or dignity, or joy, or health. It is suicide without a knife. It is the ancestor of ill health and restless disposition. It carries a pill-box and a prescription in its pocket. It draws the nerves to their highest tension and then falsely accuses some other element as the cause of this shattered and broken result. We cannot wait for seasons, but the hot-house produce is tasteless and a mockery of the springtime's sweetness and promise. Haste and waste are indissolubly linked to each other, and when a man on a run grasps the hand of one he necessarily drags the other. They are Siamese twins, and when haste snuffs the success of life, waste sneezes at it. Run any engine fast enough and you will need the wrecker's train to follow it. Growth is never forced, and beauty is ever the result of infinite pains. The little flower may appear suddenly, but all the forces in the universe have contributed to its beauty through the slow movements of an entire year. Hasten its growth by drawing the stem out of the ground or

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pressing apart the bud and you destroy its very life. The flower of life is lost under the hand of hurry. It is the foul assassin of many of the best elements in manhood. These false methods of action are covered in bright garments, and do not lose their sinfulness in their deception. They are large factors in the waste of life. There is an abundance for all men, but the failure lies in the wrong use of it or the carelessness with which men regard it. There is an abundance of force in the world, but the waste of it is startling and the possibilities in it overwhelming. If this vast amount of energy in business and social life and the arts and education and everything was centred upon the highest ends of life, what magnificent and enduring results would be obtained. So much of it is lost by being thrust into secondary purposes and shackled to the lower ideals. If coöperation could achieve their combination for the sublimer ends, there would be a revolution at once. There is enough wasted love and sympathy to drive the darkness and want from every cheerless home in the land. There is enough strength in the schemes and plans and contrivances of business and politics and professions to change the whole condition of society

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if used for unselfish and higher purposes. The noise, and excitement, and strain, and expenditure is where men are scrambling for riches and not in search of truth and character. Oh, what sinful waste! The momentary prize is the power which makes the zeal and effort. It is the trifles of a day which secures the expense of force and energy. The enthusiasm of the Stock Exchange would save the city. The supreme need is the harnessing of all these mighty forces in human society for the noblest ends and not allow this continuous and increasing waste on the secondary things. It is not a lack of force. It is a failure in direction. Unused or misused force is one of our greatest faults, and presents itself as one of the greatest problems. A conservative, and candid, and critical reviewer said of Sir David Wilkes's life: "He did nothing but paint." He had reached prominence and fame at the age of twenty-one, but he simply lived in the narrow circumference of his studio. His motives did not grasp greatness, and he only touched the surface of the world. His paintings were skilfully worked out, but they lacked in breadth, and depth, and mystery, and suggestiveness. There is something more to great art than

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canvas and paint, and even skill. There is an insight, and purpose, and sympathy with the world and mankind. A great artist's world is larger than his studio, and his fellow men are more than machines, but this criticism does not only apply to a painter, but to every man everywhere who adopts the same principles. Many lives are surrendered to one thing, and that is the centre of every circle. A life of power is an inclusive life, not exclusive. The whole world lies within its vision, and the interests of humanity are its interests. Any profession, of business, or home which shackles the heart and fastens it down by these invisible chains to its own interests is dwarfing and paralyzing in its effect. There is something beyond the material for every man who develops genuine manhood and enlarges his outlook and character. If a business ends in making money, it dulls the faculties and creates sordidness. Pecuniary gain is secondary to the man himself. That is only paint, and does not change the heart of the world. Life is ever dull and common when opportunities for good are scorned and pathways to nobility are shunned. A paint-brush, or a pen, or a broom should be moved according to the eternal laws of sacrifice, and sur-

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render, and sympathy, and salvation. Even the ordinary becomes the extraordinary, and the lowly rises to the exalted, and the common creates the uncommon, and everything on earth has the touch of heaven upon it. The artist everywhere is the man who does more than paint. There is more materialism about us than we imagine. It is a practical kind of materialism in which we permit the temporal, and visible, and secondary things to have precedence over the eternal, and unseen, and spiritual. We use the muck-rake when we ought to use the telescope. Most men have false standards of life. They use wrong premises and make false estimates.

Carlyle's severest critic was an old parish roadman at Ecclefechan.

"Been a long time in this neighborhood?" asked an English tourist.

"Been here a' ma days, sir."

"Then you'll know the Carlyles?"

"Weel that! A ken the whole of them. There was, let me see," he said, leaning on his shovel and pondering; "there was Jack; he was a kind o' throughither sort o' chap, a doctor, but no a bad fellow, Jock—he's deid, mon."

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“And there was Thomas,” said the inquirer eagerly.

“Oh, ay, of coorse, there’s Tam—a uselss mune-struck chap that writes in London. There’s naething in Tam; but, mon, there’s Jamie, owre in the Nowlands—there’s a chap for ye. Jamie takes mair swine into Ecclefechan market than any ither farmer i’ the parish.”

Most men reach that same conclusion concerning their brother man. He lives in a higher realm, and they are content to live in the lower, and waste the best of life. The noblest is created out of that which is ignoble. No man has the right to use his strength for any other purpose than the highest. He wastes that which is most sacred, and loses its reward. Every step in the earthly life of the Son of God was toward Calvary. “He set His face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem.” Every minor event went into this larger purpose. Every miracle and work had its bearing in the one direction. He never lost a moment or an atom of strength in the lesser things. The ultimate was his object. He was lifted up only upon the cross. The sacrificial element was the controlling force. That one point in His life was the centre of that beautiful mosaic.

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He was not only Saviour but example. Let not a broken fragment of the precious gift of life be wasted.

In the workshop of a great Italian artist was a poor little boy, whose business it was to clean up the floor and tidy up the room after the day's work was done. He was a quiet little fellow and always did his work well. That was all the artist knew about him.

One day he came to his master and asked timidly, "Please, master, may I have for my own the bits of glass you throw upon the floor?"

"Why, yes, boy," said the artist. "The bits are good for nothing. Do as you please with them."

Day after day then the child might have been seen studying the broken pieces found on the floor, laying some one side, and throwing others away. He was a faithful little servant, and so year after year went by and saw him still in the workshop.

One day his master entered a storeroom but little used, and in looking around came upon a piece of work carefully hidden behind the rubbish. He brought it to the light, and to his surprise found it a noble work of art, nearly finished. He gazed at it in speechless amazement.

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“What great artist can have hidden his work in my studio?” he cried.

At that moment the young servant entered the door. He stopped short on seeing his master, and when he saw the work in his hands a deep flush dyed his face.

“What is this?” cried the artist. “Tell me what great artist has hidden his masterpiece here?”

“O master,” faltered the astonished boy, “it is only my poor work. You know you said I might have the broken bits you threw away.”

His artist soul had wrought this wonderful result. The fragments of life have in them life's mosaic. Not the broken bits of a kaleidoscope, but the masterpiece under the hand of God.

Every soul is a celestial venus to every other soul. The heart has its sabbaths and jubilees in which the world appears as a hymeneal feast and all natural sounds and the circle of the seasons are erotic odes and dances. Love is omnipresent in nature as motive and reward. Love is our highest word and the synonym of God. Every promise of the soul has innumerable fulfilments. Each of its joys ripens into a new want. Nature, uncontainable, flowing, forelooking, in the first sentiment of kindness, anticipates already a benevolence which shall lose all particular regards in its general light. The introduction to this felicity is in a private and tender relation of one to another, which is the enchantment of human life ; which, like a certain divine rage and enthusiasm, seizes on a man at one period and works a revolution in his mind and body. Unites him to his race ; pledges him to the domestic and civic relations ; carries him, with new sympathy, into nature ; enhances the power of the senses ; opens the imagination ; adds to his character heroic and sacred attributes ; establishes marriage and gives permanence to human society.—EMERSON.

And now abideth faith, hope, and love ; these three, but the greatest of these is love.—BIBLE.

VII

LIFE'S LAW

LOVE shortens time, conquers the impossible, and defies death. Love is the keyword of life. It unlocks the chest in which all the jewels of character are kept. Within the four corners of this four-lettered word is the "fulfilment of the law." "Simon, Son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?" strikes at the very centre of a man's heart. That is the most searching of all questions. Its answer makes complete revelation. Belief, profession, and even action are sometimes surface and shallow. This is vital and the plummet which fathoms the depths. One of the most tragical scenes of all history is that of Rizpah, the noble-hearted, heroic mother, sitting on the rock of Gibeah for five long, weary months at the foot of the cross which held the forms of her two sons. She fell upon sackcloth and kept that continuous and superhuman vigil under the burning rays of noonday sun and deadly

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dews of the midnight; from April to October the beasts and birds and all enemies were driven away. Not one moment did sleep compel her to betray her trust. Vulture and jackal were disappointed, and lost their prey. The traveller paused before this strange, sad spectacle and passed on to forget the suffering and heroism of the broken-hearted mother. These two youths had been sacrificed by the enemies of the father, Saul, and a mother's devotion fastened her by unseen shackles to them even in death. What force in humanity rendered that sublime endurance possible? That one transcendent word in the language is the only explanation—Love. It is the element which alone can live in the desolation of the rock, the harshness of the sackcloth, the heat of the summer, the chill of the night, the loss of rest, and the strain of nerve. It defies all opposition and mocks its enemies. It is king if it wills to hold the sceptre. It stands by the side of broken health, and bankruptcy, and empty cradle, and green mound, and every condition of human life, and reveals its supremacy. It is the only explanation of the power of endurance and the willingness of sacrifice. It lightens labor, and pushes the hands of the clock, and forces forgetful-

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ness of self, and even brushes away the fever from the burning brow. It challenges enemies and makes the impossible possible.

Upon one of the Orkney Islands an eagle swoops down and lifts a child to its eyrie far up the mountain-side. With the leap of a deer and the spring of a panther, the mother mounts height above height, and crag above crag, and overcomes every obstacle. She reaches the side of her child. She clutches its destroyer and, with the power of a giant, she hurls this wild, fierce king of the birds down the mountain-side with broken wing. Love empowered her to surpass the ordinary possibility of human strength. It entered into every vein and artery of her human form and transformed a mountain into a mole-hill.

It was declared years ago that no steamer could make the voyage from Alexandria to London in eight days; that it was an absolute impossibility, because no steamer had ever even approached that time. But a telegram came to a steamer's captain, saying, "Lucy is worse; hurry home." It was accomplished in less than eight days. Great love increased the steam and the power of machinery and pushed every billow out of the pathway and

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brushed aside the winds and shouted, "On! on!" until the destination was reached. No power in the world moves by the side of love. It goes ahead. Love is the familiar word of the child. The babe first lisps it and illustrates its meaning in the kiss and embrace of its pure devotion and affection. It is almost the first word upon human lip, but the greatest intellect has never fathomed its meaning or ventured a definition. The most critical insight and vision stand blind before it. It is like other familiar words without definition. Who can define some monosyllables? Love stands between God and man, and all these terms are too much for our understanding. The highest wisdom is that which loves most, and the most acceptable worship at heaven's throne is love. Definition can never deny to it the greatest power in the world and the first place even in the heart of God. Reason beholds it in silence and answers not. We can tell what it does, but not what it is. It banishes fear, it controls conscience, it creates peace, it strengthens faith, it is the author of hope, and it touches with master-stroke every part of human character. It transforms the outside world until the howling winds become musical, and darkness brings out the

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stars, and the storm's increasing strength and the blackest clouds are circled with gorgeous tints. Rainbows are not so much in the far-away distance as in the near-by condition of the human eye. In the warmth of love, winter changes into spring, and every human faculty is made to blossom and change its rough exterior into emerald glory. Some things which are even rigid and unattractive are clothed with brightness and beauty when placed in the atmosphere of love. Love is life. We live in proportion as we love. We want to live simply because we love. We possess a thing when we love it. There is no other ownership. This great fact is not even contradicted when it touches personality. There is no falsehood in saying "God is mine"—if the conditions are fulfilled. A man owns his art if he loves it. He owns his trade, and books, and friends only when he loves them. He does not secure these rich possessions, the gold-mines of earth, by merely honoring duty. Love is more than duty. Duty is only a part of love. Most men are more familiar with the word duty than they are with the great sweeping meaning of love. The one is written in the Bible five times; the other hundreds of times. Love is a fountain; duty is a

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pump-handle. Duty is cast-iron molded according to pattern, but love is the result of life. Yes, love is the germ of life; it is spontaneous and free. The famous soldier at the gates of Pompeii, standing at his post to be buried beneath the lava of the burning mountain, is a magnificent illustration of fidelity to duty, but it is not the ideal of life. True service is only prompted by love. No man can serve himself, his fellow men, or his God, who does it according to rule, and is content to live at that unsatisfactory point. Florence Nightingale did her duty, but it was the compulsion of a love which rendered it the most sacrificial and helpful service. A farthing in the divine economy is worth more than a million if the hand of love carries it. The highest education is to learn to love the best things, to love truth, and character, and humanity, and knowledge, and every virtue, and our occupation. Every man can be an artist just where he is if, in the spirit of love for his work, he transforms drudgery into art. The man who loves his work makes his work live. It is the life-giving force to it. Cannibals murdered the missionary Williams, but the islands of the sea stand as his monument. No knife could be thrust into the heart of his work. Agas-

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siz, when a child in Germany, studied the frogs and creeping things in a small pond near his home and learned a love for the things of nature. He studied flies, and spiders, and insects until he had a passion for such knowledge. He loved his investigation and no one could change the course of his life. They attempted to make him study law, but his great love ran to natural science, and in face of greatest opposition, accepting sublimest sacrifice, his early and increasing love gave him one of the highest thrones in the scientific world. The great landscape painter of America, West, when a small boy, pulled the hairs out of the cat's tail to make a brush, and fell in love with his art. His parents and friends did not wish him to be a painter, but his art conquered their determination, and the hands of love have now placed his paintings upon the walls of the Capitol at Washington, and in the palace of England, and the galleries of the world. It is not rules, or even examples, which make greatness. Love may even destroy rules and go contrary to all precedent, and yet be victor. Ruskin says that some one asked Haydn the reason for a harmony—for a passage being assigned to one instrument rather than another, but all he ever an-

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swered was, "I have done it because it does well." Haydn had agreed to give some lessons in counterpoint to an English nobleman. "For our first lesson," said the pupil, already learned in the art—drawing, at the same time a quatrain of Haydn's from his pocket—"for our first lesson, may we examine this quatrain, and will you tell me the reasons of certain modulations which I cannot entirely approve, because they are contrary to the principles?" Haydn, a little surprised, declared himself ready to answer. The nobleman began, and, at the very first measures, found matter for objection. Haydn, who was habitually the contrary of a pedant, found himself much embarrassed, and answered always: "I have done that because it has a good effect." "I have put that passage there because it does well." The Englishman, who judged that these answers proved nothing, recommenced his proofs and demonstrated to him by very good reasons that this quatrain was good for nothing. "But, my lord, arrange this quatrain then to your fancy. Play it so, and you will see which of the two ways is the best." "But why is this the best which is contrary to the rules?" "Because it is the pleasantest." Haydn at last lost pa-

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tience and said, "I see, my lord; it is you who have the goodness to give lessons to me, and, truly, I do not deserve the honor." The partisan of rules departed, still supposing that in following the rules to the letter one can infallibly produce a "Matrimonial Segreto." Love in the musician's soul is the power which may not go contrary to rules, but works above them and still in them. It seizes upon great principles and works miracles without destroying law. Love in music, and all other parts of the world writes in large letters the names of certain men, because it, through them, fulfilled the law. Love is the highest law and the miracle-worker of the world. There is no real success possible in any department of life apart from its controlling power. Rules are useful for smaller men, but love is sufficient for great men. There is no exception to this mighty principle in the world. At its throne all fame and success have been humble and constant worshippers. No other element could ever brave and conquer the storms and obstacles in the path to greatness and glory.

The great composer Mozart struggled with poverty almost to the point of despair and to the end of life. He was always following up the spectre

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of want; he worked day and night and startled the world by the quality of his symphonies, operas, and sonatas, and yet was unable to secure medicines for his sick wife or necessary food for his own failing strength. When the audience carried him home they might rather have given him bread. At the time of his death his sorrowing wife was left without a farthing, and could not pay for his coffin. Some sentimental tears came, but no money. His funeral was one of the most pathetic scenes ever witnessed, because only five people were present besides the priest and the pall-bearers. The little group of mourners shivered in the rain at the church door. Evening was fast approaching and the weather was too much for the mourners, and, one by one, they disappeared until only the driver accompanied the body and carried it to the "third-class" graveyard. The grave-digger and one old woman—the official mendicant of the place—were the only ones there. Being told that this was only a band-master, she said: "Then I have no more money to look for to-day. Musicians are a poor lot. Better luck to-morrow." Then his body was thrust into the top of a grave already occupied by two paupers. This was an appropriate ending to

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the straining struggles of the whole life of this child of genius, but love had brought life to his music and conquered the extremity of poverty. The sweetest music in the world has been made under the touch of love out of the notes of want, and disappointment, and sorrow, and even the pangs of pain. Every law of success is fulfilled by love.

This great truth has its application also to society. One of the demands in society which is pushing its way to the front in these days is the saving element of service. Its sister word receives a due proportion of attention and emphasis until every vocal chord sounds it—sacrifice. Both are fundamental in the uplifting of the social world. They are not only revolutionizing but regenerating in their effect. Their coming as mighty factors in our civilization has not been sudden, but the centuries have been their forerunners. They have more power to-day than ever before, and a power which carries the prophecy of continuance and increase. This sacred obligation to serve and to sacrifice is bearing down more heavily upon riches and strength, but there is an element in the salvation of society which is beneath all others and out of which everything of value and power must spring. It is the

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very soul, aye, more, the very seed from which sacrifice and service and their kind must grow. Love is most powerful and lasting of all. It is fundamental. It is the one force which is essentially elemental. It carries the germ of all real life-giving factors in society. It is the destroyer of enmity, the creator of harmony, the preserver of the individual in his society, and the author of a society of individuals. It has the power to transform competition into co-operation and to force exception to the reigning rule of the survival of the fittest. The ideal is the brotherhood of love, under the fatherhood of God.

Two great laws in which all others are included are love for God and love for man, but it is possible to condense all law still more and make one word of it. Love for God demands love for man, and there can be no love for man without love for God; dropped into the crucible again, the pure gold is brought out and called "Love." He who desires to do good in the world must begin with love for humanity born of love for God. Discord is driven away under this dominant note. Separation is bridged by this spirit. The sunshine of love makes most fragrant and snow-white lilies to grow out of the swamps of the world. Our century is not mak-

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ing its triumphal march because of education, or the victories of war, or invention, or investigation, or the material implements in civilization, but in the binding of men and nations together by the bonds of love. In this is rejoicing, and hope, and peace, and prosperity. Love will break the implements of war, and tear down jails, and silence quarrel, and usher in the glad day of universal brotherhood.

The home is at the foundation of society, and love is the only thing which makes any home of earth beautiful and attractive. Money fails where love succeeds. The greatest factor in the life of the home is love, not the rod. The engine-room of every factory should be in the human heart. The upward march must be toward love, and that is the characteristic of our present civilizing agencies and movements. Popular discontent and turmoil cannot be overcome by culture, or refinement, or education, or even philanthropy. There is only one remedy; the Sermon on the Mount, and the Golden Rule, and the sum of all the commandments—brought with living force into the every-day activities, and difficulties, and competitions, and struggles of life. The want of power on the part of the com-

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mon people to see the beauty in life and the world, and to discover the charm of the simplest things is not an important factor in the solution of the burning problems of society. The word culture is written too large. Poverty and riches will always exist side by side in their every relation to each other as long as the world and human nature are as they now stand. The improvement lies in the relation to each other. The secret of contentment and happiness is in the sacrifice and service of love. The culture that society needs at top, and bottom, and all the way through is the culture of love. The disease of the heart is not cured by surface treatment. The cause must be fearlessly faced and understood and removed. Superior cultivation has often been famous for immorality. Intelligence has often increased tyranny. There is a more subtle element essential for the betterment of human conditions, and the establishment of peace, than fine arts, or æsthetics, or literature. He is a dreamer who suggests it, and is asleep to the real condition of the thousands within touch of the starvation point. Love alone meets the demand with reason and courage. The pathway to usefulness lies up the slope and by the cross. There is an

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evangel of dying love which secures for society that which no other element can furnish. No relief was ever given to the poor except the relief of love. No enmity was ever effectually destroyed except by the hand of love. No sorrow was ever lessened or burden lightened except by love.

That which is unquestionably true of success and society is also true of salvation. The divine Saviour of men was willing to rest the whole future of His kingdom upon one simple word. It was not a question of creed, or pledge, or law. It was the one demand of personal love. The only security He asked of His disciples was the security of their love. A deathless love would conquer all opposition. "Lovest thou Me," revealed the whole future. Peter might break a promise when he faced a jail door or a cross, but he never could break with love. In that was the certainty of service, and sacrifice, and ultimate victory. When was genuine love ever conquered? Never! The armies of the world could vanquish an army of Peter's with drawn swords, but all the military forces in the kingdoms of earth could not overcome the love in a single soul. What supreme wisdom in the Christ to understand this deep secret and move contrary

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to all the powers of the world! Simple love was to save the apostles and to save their world. Its triumphant march has not disappointed the heart of the Christ. Systems of theology, elaborate organizations, magnificent buildings, perfect methods, are all artificial. The controlling power of the attachment of personal love to a personal representative of God's goodness and holiness and perfection. Man can be made perfect only in the simplicity and naturalness of this method. Perfect love, perfectly lived, is the secret. It is not mystery. It is revelation easily understood and made clearer by a thousand illustrations. This impulse in the heart of man was called by Christ a new commandment. It found its novelty in being a spirit which worked from within, and forced men to cross oceans, and climb mountains, and brave dangers, and face death, to give and spend of self for the sake of others. In the early hours of this new history, as the heroes were slain by cruel hands, other heroes instantly arose to take their place, and startled the old historians into momentary paralysis. The pen refused to make its way through such astounding mystery. They could not discover laws which demanded such obedience. They

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learned that obedience was now trusted to a principle, to the very substance of life itself. Love was the fulfilment of their law. It was not hindered in its manifestation even by unworthiness. The pure love of the founder of Christianity which came to save sinners was the conquering impulse in His followers. It was the spectacle of love's descent. It descends without defilement. It is the only preservation from the impurity of the world and the withering forces about the heart, from the shrivelling and benumbing environment into which we are thrust. Christianity is the only religion based on love. It encircles every moral obligation and every path of duty. The law is not destroyed, but dignified and exalted. It is not a religion of fear, or idolatry, or pharisaism. The only question over the doorway to the Church of Christ is, " Lovest thou the Son of God? " That is profound, and sweeping, and all-inclusive. Creed is partial and unjust, and does not carry everything essential. It may even be outside of any relation to the heart. There are few formulated theologies, but many Christians. Love is prophetic insight, and sympathetic touch and unbroken relation with everything pure, and true, and

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lovely. Answer that question honestly and you have answered all.

The heart has now unveiled its secret, and that is the essence of religion. That forced the cry from the lips of Matthew Henry, "I would count it a greater happiness to gain one soul to Christ than mountains of silver and gold to myself." That holy impulse made John Knox agonize in prayer, "Oh, God, give me Scotland, or I die." It was said that every word of some of Webster's great speeches weighed pounds, but every word of love's expression can never be balanced upon human scales. Richard Sheridan said, "I go to hear Rowland Hill because his heart is red-hot with love." Dr. John Mason declared that the secret of Chalmer's success was the blood-earnestness of his heart. The Chinese convert knew what would save the heathen world when he said, "We want men with red-hot hearts to tell us of the love of Christ."

"Go consult the Wiseacres," some one said to the young man who was anxious to make his life tell most for good.

Solomon Wiseacre—they called him "Uncle Sol" familiarly—said: "Young man, sharpen your wits so that you won't dare to draw your finger

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across the edge. Then you'll cut your way through the knottiest problems. Brains rule in this world."

The young man held his wits on the college grindstone for four years until they were as keen and polished as a Damascus blade. But with all his vigor of intellectual grasp on the truth, something seemed lacking. Men admired the truth he so clearly presented, but did not give a quick and hearty response to its demands. So he came back to his advisers.

The second Wiseacre, Jehu—better known as "Uncle Hustler"—spoke: "What you need is more energy. It is the men of tremendous vitality, the men who can push their purposes hard, that control other men. Earnestness is the watchword. Go back and try hustling."

Then the young man went at it like a steam-engine. He would win success by sheer force of personality. But, while this accomplished more than his clear-cut logic, yet people seemed to be drawn after him rather than after the truth. He still craved the power that would enable him to get close to them and touch their lives for good. So again he sought the Wiseacres.

This time it was Charity Wiseacre who spoke.

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"My dear fellow, sit down and cross your right leg over your left knee. Now tell me what makes your right foot jump so every second. It is the power of heart-throbs; and that is the power that moves the world. It was not the keenness of Jesus' intellect, though none, surely, could boast a keener; nor was it the intense power of his unique personality that moved and still moves the multitudes, so much as the fact that he himself was moved with compassion for them. Go out and try heart-power, my boy."

The thought of his Master stirred the heart of the young worker with a profound, pitying love for men, and when he saw them again it was as though a new pair of eyes had been given him. There was something in them that appealed to his sympathies, and they began to draw to him as to a magnet. "Surely," said he to himself, "not intellect, nor push, but love, is the greatest thing in the world."

When Cromwell was to undertake the difficult task of conquering England for God and the people by destroying tyranny and dethroning the unrighteous king, he went to Parliament and said: "I want no more of this army. I want some few men who

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make a conscience of what they do. I want some few men who are conscientious enough to perform their duties from motives of the heart. I want men who love God; not men who love Him a little, but they who love Him much." He demanded that these men be examined as to whether they loved God or not, and when they found a man ready to face death because of his love for God and humanity, they placed him in the ranks. He was greatly outnumbered by his opponents, but he established the liberty of England. Love wrought the mighty miracle. Washington was asked by General Lee if he had the least idea that he would be able to hold out against England. Lee was in favor of giving up the cause and of appointing commissioners between the English army and Washington, but Washington said, "Not while the Americans love their army." This was the creator of their astonishing bravery, and true bravery can never be defeated. The snows and hardships of the severest winter could not thwart the holy purpose of love. Napoleon's soldiers, it is said, loved their cannon and called them by the sweet names of their mothers, and wives, and lovers. They regarded them as their protectors, and would even kiss them.

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They carried them as tenderly as a child through the snows and over the dangers of the Alps, and when they reached the border-line of that perilous campaign, Napoleon said to one of his generals, "While these men love their cannon like that, we can safely put them in the front ranks." No one of these cannon was ever captured by the enemy. Love, even for these material things, could not be defeated. This is the mighty force which is establishing the kingdom of God in the earth. It has taken on a new meaning and a new power. It leads the missionaries and heralds of the cross into the darkest heathenism, and the greatest sacrifice, and certain peril, and almost inevitable death. Fevers, and wild beasts, and blood-thirsty natives cannot frighten the followers of love's supreme illustration. Thousands of martyrs have given their dying testimony to its resistless power. They can fasten the two Scottish women to the stakes which stand between the high and low water-mark. The advancing tide passes over the elder woman's head without forcing her to renounce her love for Christ. The sight was beyond description, but the courage of the survivor never failed. She sang of her love until the water choked her, when she was

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released and given a last chance to yield, but true to a never-dying love, she refused, and was drowned.

“ From the crowd

A woman's cry, a very bitter cry, dinna ye drown,
Gie in, gie in, my bairnie; gie in and tak' the oath.”

And still the tide flowed in and drove the people back and silenced them. She sang the Psalm, “ To Thee I lift my soul; ” the tide flowed in, and rising to her waist, “ To Thee, my God, I lift my soul, ” she sang; the tide flowed in, and rising to her throat, she sang no more, but lifted up her face,

“ And there was glory over all the sky,
And there was glory over all the sea,
A flood of glory.
And the lifted face swam in it
Until it bowed beneath the flood,
And Scotland's noble martyr went to God.”

The pages of history are crowded with illustrations of love's power as wonderful and sublime as that. All things fail and fall, but love never fails and never dies. The world may burn into a cinder, and the stars fall from their settings, and the whole universe become disorder and ruin, and love will

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still be upon the highest throne in perfect security. Love has eternity in it.

The secret of Christianity is that love is the maker of character, and we come to be like that which we love. The law is as stringent and as binding as the law of gravity. Most men love goodness in order to be good. Christ is the manifestation of perfect goodness, and to love Him is the transformation of character. Our relation to Him is the index of our present state and the prophecy of our future. Love is the author of purpose, and energy, and devotion, and obedience.

“If a man love Me,” and every man can finish the sentence. It is inevitable. If Peter loves there need be no anxiety about the lambs and sheep. All the graces and activities follow this leadership. “Love is the seraph, and faith and hope are but the wings by which it flies.” Love in this world never reaches its best in beauty or fruitage. The seasons are too short. There is too much frost in the spring, and the leaves wither early in the autumn. It is dwarfed and stunted, but there is a promise of another season after the world’s winter. The life is in the root. It will blossom and bear fruit in the garden of God. Preserve and care for

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the root, even though it may seem lifeless and useless. It is life's richest possession. Treasure it and beautify it, and see the stamp of eternity upon it. Go to the manger and whisper it. Enter the carpenter-shop and write it upon the bench. Pause under the olive-trees, and read it in the crimson marks. Stand at the foot of the cross and behold the four letters in the blood of the Saviour of the world, one at the top, one at the bottom, one upon the right hand, and one upon the left,—L-O-V-E.

*Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids, not sit nor stand, but go.
Be our joys three parts pain
Strive and hold cheap the strain
Learn nor account the pang ; dare never grudge the throe.*

—BROWNING.

*Here bring your wounded hearts
Here tell your anguish ;
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.*

—MOORE.

*Now let us thank the Eternal Power convinced
That Heaven but tries our virtues by affliction.
That oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
Serves but to brighten all our future days.*

—JOHN BROWN.

The good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired.—SOCRATES.

*Prosperity is not without many fears and disappointments ;
and adversity is not without comforts and hopes.*—BAKER.

*Sweet are the uses of adversity
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.*

—SHAKESPEARE.

VIII

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THE king of dramatists wrote the Book of Job, and brought it to the last act like a master of his art. The hero of the tale does not rise to the eloquence of his God, but comes at last to a whisper. Glory encircles the result of his intense suffering and silences the cry of pain, when he humbly smites his breast and says, "I know that Thou canst do everything." It may be whisper and muffled tone, but that is the eloquence of religion; that is the answer to every pang of pain; that is harmonious music on the repaired chords of the soul. A right view of God is essential to a right understanding of life. He can do everything, but the impulse is eternal love. God is Almighty, but it is the almightiness of love. This is the conclusion of experimental religion, and not of intellectual religion. This is the wrought-iron which cannot be broken.

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This great truth is elemental in the solution of the problem of pain.

A celebrated artist painted Napoleon crossing the Alps; it was very beautifully and skilfully executed, and won for him the highest praise from the public. Napoleon was seated on a fine white horse, which proudly pranced along with head erect and with dilated nostrils, while the soldiers had bright uniforms and their muskets and cannon shone and glittered as if on dress parade. Napoleon, when shown the picture, remarked about the beauty of it, but said: "It does not tell the truth, for instead of riding a white horse, I sat on a mule, and the soldiers' uniforms, cannon, and musketry were soiled, torn, broken, and altogether they presented a most deplorable condition." The painter had sacrificed truth for beauty.

Pain is one of the chief elements in the composition of human life. We must not sacrifice the fact for the sake of desire. Facts are stubborn things, but wisdom and heroism never ignore them. The fact of human pain is ever before us the most stubborn. We cannot deny it. To attempt such folly is neither philosophy nor religion. There is no victory in denial of man's sorrows in life's economy.

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Sufferings are real, and ten thousand witnesses agree together. The pallid face, the tottering step, the weakening shoulder, the wrinkled brow, the contorted limb, the blind eye, and palsied hand bear unchallenged testimony. The heart's pain is carried in every expression and motion. It is the science of a madman to question the stern reality. As man goes up toward kingship he goes toward the possibility of pain. As sensitiveness increases, capacity to suffer increases. The lower the animal life the less of pain until it reaches the vanishing point, while in man it attains its full strength. In the highest and most cultivated nature is found the climax of ability to suffer. As manhood increases, this possibility augments. He stands at the summit of the animal creation and his mechanism of nerves subjects him to the greatest ravages of disease and sorrow. One of the penalties of getting nearer to God is susceptibility to pain. Pain has enveloped some lives and, apparently, left them without the brightness of a single gleam of hope. Cloud after cloud, and the whole horizon covered. Pain, through heredity, and accident, and ignorance, and strain, and even self-sacrifice, has been their birthright. Physical suffering, intellectual suf-

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fering, and heartache to the breaking point. Affections strained and mind worried within a house falling to pieces.

There are so many sources and springs of pain in human life. Even society gives the earnest and sympathetic man moments of deepest suffering. He appropriates its sorrows unto himself. He bears the burdens of others according to the highest law of the world. Poverty, and distress, and crime are messengers from his world carrying pain to his life. Even the home is a channel of sorrow as well as of joy. If happiness is increased in the sanctity of a good home, the possibility of sorrow increases in the same ratio. You can purchase love only at the hand of possible pain. Within the circle of the fire-side stands the shadow of accident, and loss, and suffering, and death. Years may pass by under the brightness of a clear sky. The circle of the family is unbroken and death is such a stranger that he seems to be unreal, because unknown; but some bright day the sky darkens and the clouds are transformed into his black chariot, and his destination is that home. The charmed circle is broken. Changes are many, and startling, and rapid now in the family record. The joy of the house is silenced, and the

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colors of the wardrobe are changed. The romp of the children is no longer heard, and life is a blank without them. Oh! the pangs of pain at the thought of the little grave; the tops, and strings, and dolls stored away forever. No pain on earth like that pain; it cuts the deepest and last the longest. There is no sound so sweet but the screw of the casket grates through it. Human pain, poignant and piercing, is destined in some form to reach all men. Hopes withered, cradles emptied, friendships fractured, resources vanished, health broken, ideals unrealized, ambitions shattered, all enter into the catalogue of the methods of pain; so hard, so stern, so relentless, so severe. Many members of the human family have not seen a well day throughout life. They have worn a path in the carpet from the couch and the chair to the medicine-closet. The most familiar words in their vocabulary are bottle, and draught, and spoon, and glass, and powder, and pill; backache, headache, sideache, heartache are the closest companions of most men and women. The hardest battle is against ill temper and irritability born of disease. The whole road seems to be filled with obstacles and the air charged with exhaustion. Digestion,

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and respiration, and motion are all on the up-grade and there are stones on the track.

There are also the pains of poverty and the constant cry of cut down, abridge, deny, privation, give up, less, until every cup in the pantry is a cup of bitterness. Appearances must be kept up and reality covered up with a smile, but, oh! what a fierce effort to secure this result and manage the finances of an ordinary home! The out-goings overbalancing the income and pushing the honest heart into anxiety. These conditions rise up like ghosts to frighten, and make the daytime a midnight and the life a nightmare. The doctor's bill, and grocer's bill, and the whole host of these enemies of peace crowd about a human being and peck at his poor body like a foul bird with the sharp point of a bill.

Poverty made Shakespeare hold horses at the theatre door before it would permit him to write the immortal "Hamlet." It made Homer suffer want as he wandered on the shores of Greece before he could sing the "Iliad." It made Chantry, the sculptor, drive a donkey with milk-cans on its back before he carved beauty into the stone. It forced Poussin to paint sign-boards on the road to Paris

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before they hung his pictures on the gallery walls of Paris. There is pain in some form and some degree in every life.

There is a gravel in almost every shoe. An Arabian legend says that there was a worm in Solomon's staff, gnawing its strength away; and there is a weak spot in every earthly support upon which a man leans. King George of England forgot all the grandeurs of his throne because, one day, in an interview, Beau Brummel called him by his first name, and addressed him as a servant, crying, "George, ring the bell!" Miss Langdon, honored all the world over for her poetic genius, is so worried over the evil reports set afloat regarding her that she is found dead, with an empty bottle of prussic acid in her hand. Goldsmith said that his life was a wretched being, and that all that want and contempt could bring to it had been brought, and cries out, "What, then, is there formidable in a jail?" Correggio's fine painting is hung up for a tavern sign. Hogarth cannot sell his best painting except through a raffle. Andrew Delsart makes the great fresco in the Church of the Annunciata, at Florence, and gets for pay a sack of corn.

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For this problem of pain nature furnishes no answer. It is cold and unsympathetic, and gives to the nerve and the tree the same conditions and the same care. Neither is logic an angel to lead us out of the darkness. There must be a moral secret under the whole programme and movement of life. In one of the German picture galleries is a painting called "Cloud-Land." It hangs at the end of a long gallery, and, at first sight, it looks like a great daub of confused color with neither form nor beauty, but, as you walk toward the picture, it begins to take shape to itself. A mass of exquisite little cherub faces is discovered. If you come close to the picture an innumerable company of little angels and cherubim is seen. The clouds of pain are transformed into angel faces by a nearer and better vision. There is a higher meaning in pain to be discovered. There is a divine philosophy underneath all suffering. Wherever it exists sin also exists. The cause and explanation for which men seek may lie remote from the real organ of disease. All pain, and suffering, and tears flow from the one fountain whose eternal name is "Sin."

Pain is causal, not casual. It is not accidental, but necessary. It should never be regarded in any

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other light than a part of the divine plan. It is from the laboratory of the great Physician, and is medicine for the soul's health, but it is medicinal and healing only when taken from the hand of God and according to His own prescription; not when swallowed with a boldness which is only brute courage. Why not make this world free from all pain? Why not keep men eternal strangers to aches? Why not have the family all remain together, and the family record tell the story only of births and marriages, but not deaths? Why the grave, the thorn, the storm, the cloud, the struggle? Suffering is a part of the divine idea. All our faculties are subjects of pain as well as pleasure. It is a twofold nature we possess, but both parts are divine. Pain is an arrow from the bow of God, not to kill, but to warn. God answers our prayers for character by placing us on the anvil. The sound of the hammer precedes the shaping into higher things. The violinist does not destroy the instrument when he screws up the key. It is not to break the chord, but to make it sound the concert-pitch. The child of God is not punished with pain. That looks toward law. God's dealings with His children look toward growth, character, and

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culture. A child is not a criminal. His suffering has no relation to violated law. It has a vital relation to character. The desire is not simply to reach heaven. Blessedness is higher than happiness by the whole diameter of heaven. Blessedness is the result of holiness. That is the highest heaven; that is the objective point in pain. It is an easy admission to declare that God is infinite and man is finite, but it is not a part of metaphysics or theology simply when a man has been driven into it and speaks with the force of experience and a united life. He looks into a Father's face and recognizes suffering as a bright angel on his holy errand of mercy and blessing. He receives it as a seal of sonship. If pain overtakes him in his deepest religious service and strikes him down when he is on his way to heaven, he can say this is the divine means to enlarge manhood and restore kingliness and God-likeness. Most men have never learned the profound truth that to live is better than to have. The world is shouting with the hollow sound of wasted life and broken logic, "Not to have is not to live." It is a difficult task to keep the soul and body at an equal height: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven." The

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descendants of Jeshurun are not outside of the law of heredity. They still kick when they wax fat. It is a fatal mistake to suppose that circumstances are of more consequence than life. Pain is the teacher in life's school, and insists that the pupil shall learn his lesson, and chastises him when necessary. Pain is the guardian angel which stands by the side of bruises and cuts and says, "Come not here." It is a preventive and cautionary element in life. It furnishes the note of warning at the critical moment. Anguish follows disobedience for the sublimest purpose. Death stalks in the path and pain throws in his skeleton face the light so that men may flee from excess and sin. It is a perilous roadway over which we make the journey of life, and suffering reveals the precipices and chasms and lovingly places a fence at the edge. This is the meaning of thorns pricking, and nettles stinging, and hedges scratching. If man is to graduate into heaven and happiness he must pass through the school and learn of the appointed teachers. The goal is only reached by the pathway of sorrow. The upward way is the way of adversity. Every crowning point is some Calvary. Character and manhood are the resultant of suffering and pain. Iron is less

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valuable than steel, but steel is only iron pushed through the fire. Trees gather their toughness out of the storms and winds. Manhood stands in another forest, but under a similar law. Interpret the meaning of suffering and you discover God's goodness. Mercy is in the thorn as well as the rose.

"Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true."

We read God's sentences best when we read them through our tears. A tear is a telescope through which we see the distant and hidden stars. Time is required for many an explanation. We cannot speak fairly about a friend in a moment in which he has caused us grief or anxiety. Let a man speak who has passed the sorrow and seen something of its purpose. The moment of anguish should be the moment of silence. Wait; in the calm of the evening thought and feeling are vastly different from

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the conditions of the heat at noon-tide. The circumstances of life and feelings of the heart are all changed by the shifting scenes of time. The questions are temporary which we thrust in the face of our trials. If the whole explanation lay within the narrow circle of man's drawing no argument can vindicate the larger part of life, but our pencils draw lines too short and mark the circumference of a small circle. The lines of God's map and the great sweep of God's eternity are essential to right judgment. We are too far away from some things to see them as they are. There are no mountains on the moon to naked vision, but nearness would reveal lofty peaks and deepest cañons. We need the astronomer's view of life. If the enemy thrust his sword of questioning and complaint at the heart and threaten the very life, slay him with the sharpened blade of time. In the next hour, or next year, or even beyond the grave, miracles and revolutions are to be wrought. Give God all the time He asks. If you fail in this you will be drowned under the cataract of question and be mangled in the whirlpool of unbelief. The eye can see the sapphire glory of the summer sky, but the hand cannot spoil or stain this fair revelation of God's infinity. But as

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the hand has its limit, so the eye cannot pierce its boundary line. Our vision is limited. Our throats are stuffed with unanswered prayers and skeptical questions because of short-sightedness and impatience. The best elements in character are oftentimes secured by circular processes. It may seem a roundabout way, but God is after the result. If we could, by imagining ourselves good, secure goodness, this would be an easy method, but there is another process. We must all go through the mill. The green field of the springtime, with its violent border, is brought into ruin by the cruel plough. It appears as the work of a despoiler, but, in God's economy, it is the first step toward the golden harvest of autumn-time.

The owner of one of the finest diamonds in the world brought it to one of the most skilful cutters; a small black spot marred its beauty. He wanted this cut out, and waited for the decision of the artist whose skill and years gave him wisdom and right of decision. He examined it and said: "The spot lies in the girdle of the stone. If you wish perfect proportion, and brilliancy, and color, I must decrease the size." So he set his emery wheels to

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grinding it. It was decreased, but now it gleams a rare and perfect gem of faultless radiance.

† The whirling, grinding wheels of pain produce the diamonds of character. This is true, not only of a man's life but the life of the world. Under the present conditions there can neither be character nor civilization without pain. The battlefields, and blazing fagots, and flowing blood are the sources of liberty, and light, and salvation. The present is the child born in the travail and sorrow of the past. "That ye might be partakers of His holiness," is forever the divine purpose. A man's fortune may be in his pain and not in his possessions.

† Sorrow made Bunyan a dreamer; and O'Connell an orator; and Bishop Hall a preacher; and Have-lock a hero; and Kitto an encyclopædist. The pit was Joseph's pathway to a throne, and the lion's den separated Daniel from the sceptre. The breakers of Melita were Paul's benefactors and the fire was Polycarp's refiner. Angelo saw the block of rough stone, but he saw the angel, and his hammer and chisel struck hard and deep until the angel appeared. The angels of faith, and hope, and love, and peace, and patience, and service are all the re-

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sult of the chisel in the hand of the Great Artist. The sweetest notes of music are drawn from the keys by the hand which has first swept the keys of sorrow. Its touch is seen in the grandest painting, its charm is heard in the sweetest song, and its power is recognized in the deepest thought. The great poets, and painters, and orators, and historians, and heroes of the world have been crippled, and thwarted, and hindered all along the pathway toward the goal.

Demosthenes, by patience and effort almost superhuman, conquered the lisp in his speech before he reached the summit of human eloquence. Stewart, the great painter, did his best work in a dungeon where he was unjustly imprisoned. Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott limped through life on club-feet. Lord Bacon was always in the shackles of sickness. Alexander Pope was so much of an invalid that he had to be sewed up every morning in rough canvas in order to stand on his feet at all. John Milton was blind, and Homer was blind, and Ossian was blind, and Prescott, who wrote "The Conquest of Mexico," never saw the paper on which he was writing. They placed a framework across the sheet through which the

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immortal pen moved up and down. Payson was an invalid, and Baxter was an invalid, and Rutherford was an invalid, but they all suffered other tortures than those which were purely physical. Dante failed as a statesman before he wrote his divine comedy. Luther suffered failure before he experienced any triumph. For many years after Shakespeare's death his work was so little appreciated that in 1666 there was only one edition of his works, and that of only three hundred copies in existence, and that edition was nearly all burned in the great London fire, but forty-eight copies had been sold out of the city, and those forty-eight copies saved Shakespeare.

Broken in health, in bitter poverty, Elias Howe sat by his young wife one day in their dismal lodging, not knowing from whence the next meal was to come. As his wife sewed, suddenly the idea came to him, what a saving of time and strength there would be if a machine could do the work of her fingers.

He went to work at once. In six months he completed his first machine, which was about a foot and a half high; but the tailors in Boston, to whom he showed his model, laughed at it, or were

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afraid of it. Not discouraged by obstacles of every sort, he finally took steerage passage for England, cooking his own food on the way. In England he gave the use of the machine to a London capitalist, who turned him out as soon as he had learned to use it.

Still undismayed, Howe pawned most of his clothing for a supply of beans that barely kept soul and body together, and again he spent four months in making a machine, which he sold for twenty-five dollars. Finally in poverty so severe that he drew his baggage in a handcart to the vessel in which he had secured his passage by engaging as steerage cook, he returned to America. On landing in New York he was overwhelmed by the news that his wife was dying in Cambridge. He had not money enough to go to her, but earned it in a machine-shop, and reached the one friend who had waited and longed for his coming only a little while before she died. And then he had to borrow a suit of clothes in which to follow her to the grave.

The best trees in the orchard have been pruned. The grass on the lawn never looks so beautiful in its emerald glory as when the mower has just passed over it. God's mowing-machine makes

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beautiful and attractive the Christian graces. All earth and heaven admire patience, but "it is the trial of your faith which worketh patience." No Paul ever wore golden slippers this side of the gates of pearl, and no Lincoln was ever reared in a king's palace. Hammer the bronze to make it rare and beautiful. The discipline of the human heart is the grandest work in which divine wisdom and love are now engaged. The ripest and most beautiful graces are grown only in the garden of suffering. The divine hand places the silver in the crucible and must hold it in the fire until he sees his own image reflected in it. The brightest crowns in heaven are for those who have maintained their courage and faith amid failing strength and vanishing nerve. Their heroism was not in the rush of excitement, or sound of clashing arms, or daring charge, or world's applause. A bold dash with martial music as its inspiration is easy in comparison to the courage in face of the onslaughts of pain with doctor and nurse only to witness and be helpless.

In this sublime endurance, even unto the end, was the crown of the Christ. Even He learned obedience through suffering. I accept the fact that

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it was necessary that Christ should suffer, but its secret lies in the bosom of God. I know the word vicarious, but its meaning is in heaven's dictionary. His pains were the sharpest and keenest that ever forced their way into a human life. Not a muscle or a nerve escaped. All the griefs of the human family were pressed into His cup. All the pains of hand, or foot, or brain, or heart racked His sensitive body until the last cord snapped on Calvary. Christ was the world's greatest sufferer, because He had risen highest and was the most sensitive and most sympathetic.

Roll every grief of life on that sympathetic and experienced heart. He declared His willingness and anxiety to bear them for us.

A famous surgeon had a dangerous operation to perform upon a child. He said to the father: "I cannot perform the operation unless that boy's whole soul shall brace him up through it. You must explain it to him and get his full and free consent, or he will die under the operation." The father went in, and, as best he could, told the child and asked if he could endure it. With blanched face and trembling lips the child looked up and re-

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plied. "Yes, father, I can if you will stand by me and hold my hand." And he did.

When under the knife, clasp the hand of divine love.

To go and lay life into the obedience of God as a diamond lays itself into the sunshine, that the mere surface brilliancy may deepen, and region behind region of splendor be revealed below—that does not seem to come into our thought.—
PHILLIPS BROOKS.

*Take your vase of venice glass out of the furnace and strew chaff over it in its transparent heat and recover that to its clearness and rubied glory when the north wind has blown upon it, but do not strew chaff over the child fresh from God's presence and expect to bring the heavenly colors back to Him, at least in this world.—*RUSKIN.

*When I talked with an ardent missionary and pointed out to him that his creed found no support in my experience, he replied, "It is not so in your experience, but is so in the other world." I answered, "Other world? There is no other world. God is one and omnipresent; here or nowhere is the whole fact."—*EMERSON.

IX

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THERE are two great laws which meet every human being upon the very threshold of life. The law of heredity and the law of environment. Both demand instant recognition, and each carries a look to startle, if not to frighten. Blood and circumstances are not ordinary words in our vocabulary. "Blood will tell," and, alas, it so often tells the saddest of stories. Condition and surrounding have such fashioning and almost fixing force that they complete the biography, and oftentimes write the last chapter of the tragic story.

The facts are so evident that there can be no dispute. The greatest peril is that men carry the truth to an extreme and write with it that false word—fate.

Open eyes are speedy discoverers in this field of observation. Even closed eyes learn the great lesson of life in the school of experience. Every

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man is acted upon and affected by that which moves in the circle about him each day and each moment of his life. Information concerning the company a man keeps is always information concerning the man himself. An associate invariably stamps himself upon the life of his companion. Even a refined and cultivated nature is completely changed by this process. It has the power to debase the highest, and transform refinement, and culture into brutality and dissipation. A book, or a paper, or a picture is effectual in elevating or lowering the life into which it enters. No man ever walked through an art gallery without carrying the gallery away with him, and yet he was not a thief. No man listened to a symphony of Beethoven or a creation of Haydn without absorbing rhythm, and harmony, and heaven's own music, but the trash of the common playhouse leaves its impress also. Light, sensational literature makes light and frothy character. Solid and thoughtful reading is the author of noble manhood and womanhood.

A man's mind in a book is like a sponge in the water. Who is not affected by the day itself? A cloudy, foggy world pushes its way into the soul. A day when the king is on his throne in the sky

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and seen in all his glory with the golden sceptre above the head of man forces its way into every word, and act, and attitude of the life. An east wind is not a good forerunner of smiles. It is a better companion of an unhealthy liver. Eyes for beautiful scenery are the gateways for beautiful thoughts and deeds. Who can be surrounded with the glory of an ideal summer evening,—the fragrance of flowers never so sweet—the songs of birds never so musical—the sunset never so heavenly—the breezes never so balmy—the whole earth never so homelike,—without being lifted toward the upper world. It is so indisputably true that much depends upon where a man lives. He is marked by his dwelling-place. There are tenement men and cottage men. The character is widely different. The one wears a honeysuckle, and the other the faded leaf of life. Where a man was born has much to do with his whole career,—a cradle in the slums is vastly different from the cradle on the hillside, and the lullaby of all nature, and the odors of heaven. Life is moulded and shaped by occupation. The profession a man follows is stamped upon him. Readers of character declare that they can tell a man's business by seeing him on the

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street. Not so much by the clothes he wears, as the features he carries, and the moves he makes, and the words he may chance to utter. Business reacts to such a degree upon character and the deep inner soul of life that it must be regarded as one of the mightiest factors in life.

A black duck which could quack, but would not swim, was hatched by a hen, and the only one of the setting. When she saw that he was so different from the downy chicks of the other hens she would not feed or cover him, but pecked him and drove him away. They were compelled to take him into the house to save him from the fury of his foster-mother. Thinking that, as he was a duck, he would take naturally to the water, when he was a few days old they offered him a bath in a basin.

But he refused to go into it, and when they put him in he hurried out, squawking and flapping his wings. When he was older the boys took him with them to the pond when they went swimming, but he would not swim or stay in the water. When he was out in the yard and it began to rain he rushed under shelter, shaking off the drops as if they hurt him.

The duck lost in some way his aquatic nature.

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Was this due to its indoor raising—its environment?

The Bengal tiger wears the stripes of his jungle, and the fish in the Mammoth Cave lose their eyes in the darkness, and the mole which insists upon burrowing in the ground shuts out the light of day forever. Man lives in the same world and is subjected to the same laws. A butcher is in the awful peril of becoming brutal, and the records give the astounding fact that a very large percentage of the murders committed in society are from the hands of the butchers. The familiar sight of blood and the disregard of life brings this to pass. Men who are employed in work of an exacting nature, demanding straight lines, and perfect curves, and true mathematics are always men who, in other things, even religion, insist in the reasonableness of the plan and the certainty that it will fit the case exactly, and be a compliment to their lives. They must first see how the other half comes into place when pressed against the semi-circle.

He who chooses the profession of law, or medicine, or literature, or art, or music, or enters commercial life, or learns a trade, ought not to be blind to the fact that he has chosen one of the greatest

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factors in his character and his destiny. That with which he surrounds himself enters into every drop of his blood, and into every part of his eternal life. What then? Is a man's environment that which makes him all that he is? After the inheritance of his blood does this take possession of all his life and his future. Some philosophers are so radical and extreme that they would answer "Yes." Change man's home, business, etc., and you change the man. Transform his surroundings and you transform the individual. Move him from a hovel into a palace, and you have done all that is necessary.

Grass and trees, pictures and baths, are the revolutionizing forces. There may be blessing in all this, but not a power of regeneration. There is not new life in things. The new creation of manhood demands something more than any or all of these externals. Where nature remains the same, the palace would be likely to assume the characteristics of the slum and the tenement. A drunkard or a thief would be apt to obey his appetite or ply his trade in one with almost as great freedom as in the other.

There are men in the finest mansions with unlimited wealth who are almost as low as the animal in

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their beastliness and dissipation. There is advantage in the better home, but it is not the supreme saving force. There is great opposition in low or evil surroundings, but they are not sufficient to claim unquestioned power for the destruction of character or the triumph over success.

There are two victorious elements in human life—the will of man and the power of God. Next to the omnipotence of God is the will of man. This scatters the darkness which hangs like a midnight in the environment of some men. This reveals the shining possibility of success and the crowning of manhood in every life. These are the hands on the barred gates of opportunity which push back the lock and swing the iron on its hinges to reveal the gold on the other side of the gates, and the glittering star of hope in the sky.

None of us dare say, "I have no chance," for we all have the same chance that the world's greatest and best men have enjoyed and often a better one. Chances, plenty of them, fall under our eyes if we only have eyes to see them and hands to pick them up.

Richard Awkwright, the thirteenth child, in a hovel, with no knowledge of letters,—an under-

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ground barber with a vixen for a wife, who smashed up his models and threw them out,—gave the spinning-wheel to the world and put a sceptre in England's right hand such as no monarch ever wielded.

A chance remark from a peasant girl, in an obscure country district, falling upon the ear of young Dr. Jenner, gave to the world vaccination, which saves hundreds of lives annually.

The picking up of a pin in a Paris street by a poor boy as he left a great bank discouraged by the denial of his application for a place, was the beginning of the successful career of one of the world's greatest bankers. That simple act, illustrative of the economical spirit asserting itself over present grief, was observed from the window. The lad was recalled and given a position. Industry, patience, and honesty did the rest.

A pewter plate founded the great Peel family. Robert, in the poor country about Blackburn, with a large family growing up about him, felt that some source of income must be added to the meagre products of his little farm. He began quietly conducting experiments in calico-printing in his home. One day, picking up a pewter plate, from which one of his children had just dined, he sketched upon

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it a parsley leaf, and, filling it with coloring matter, found to his delight that it could be accurately transferred to the cotton cloth. Here was the first suggestion toward calico-printing from metal rollers. This parsley leaf on the pewter plate opened up a world of industry to Lancashire; and Sir Robert Peel to this day is called in that neighborhood "Parsley Peel."

Don't say you have no chance. Men uniformly overrate riches and underrate their own will; the former will do far less than we suppose, and the latter far more.

I knew of a drunkard's son whose inherited appetite was so strong that every effort to save him was in vain. He was crazy for strong drink. If kept from it, he would rave like a madman. He died in a fit of delirium tremens, in early manhood. But I knew another drunkard's son who hated the very sight and smell of alcohol from his early boyhood. He never could be induced to taste the intoxicating cup. His radical teetotalism seemed to be an instinct rather than a principle, and to be intensified by the fact that his father had died a drunkard.

Whence the difference in these two cases? In

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the former no influence was applied early to counteract the hereditary tendency. In the latter case there was a wise and loving mother. The motherly environment was stronger than the alcoholic taint. That taint was eradicated in the germ, before it had time to grow into a morbid appetite.

That is not the just explanation. She was rather educating the boy's will ; a thousand times she taught him to say " No " and to hate it and reveal enmity to it.

It is safe to say that not one in a thousand wrongdoers ever meant to do wrong, or to act meanly, but every one of the thousand is controlled, at times, by something in his nature which he has failed to master until it is nearly or quite impossible to do so.

Some of his friends had taunted Tennyson because he could never give up tobacco. " Anybody can do that," he said, " if he chooses to do it." When his friends still continued to doubt and tease him, he said, " Well, I shall give up smoking from to-night." He forthwith threw his pipes and tobacco from the window. The next day he was charming, though self-righteous; the second day he

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became moody; the third day no one knew what to do with him. That night he went to the garden, gathered up what tobacco he could, stuffed it into a broken pipe, had a smoke, and regained his good humor, after which nothing was said about his giving up smoking.

Much has been said and written about the web of life—composed of the warp and woof of heredity and environment. One having the threads at right angles with the other, and thus both forming the pattern in the whole fabric. “The web of our life is of mingled yarn, the good and the ill together.”

Our ancestors, living and dead, stretch the warp from end to end in the loom of Providence or chance, call it which you will—it matters little—for this warp is crossed by the threads of environment, and that is all. But spinning is quite as important as threads in any web, life, or a spider's silken wonder. The shuttle is the human will. No threads cross and recross without its silent but sublime operation. “I will” pushes the thread and sends it in a chosen direction. All men who have become successful or who possess noble character know that they are the earners of their own success and the authors of their own character. They

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never hesitated or waited for "luck" or "chance" to drop fortune or morality at their feet as a free and undeserved gift. That is the plan of shallow, nerveless, shiftless, lazy folk. The man of energy and grit of purpose and determination never utters the folly of being a victim of fate or wastes value in time and strength by complaining of ill luck and the partiality of God. It is not happening to be in the right place at the right time. There is a pathway which always leads up to that point in life. There may not always be a way where there is a will, at least the way chosen by that will. There are other elements in life. There is a difference in talent and genius. Will power and industry cannot overcome nature and make a Raphael or an Angelo of every blacksmith, or a Beethoven out of every grinder of a hand-organ, or a Demosthenes out of a deaf and dumb boy, but it is a cause of amazement to the observant and thoughtful man how much opposition and how great a number of obstacles can be overcome. Some acts of men in this respect touch the border-line of the miraculous. There have been triumphs won over an apparently insurmountable obstacle, simply by the power of an indomitable will. It is the annihilator

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of fate. The conqueror's motto, "I will," has often been mocked, but it was the smooth stone and felled the giant.

Idle and dawdling men do not understand this, and continue to murmur, but will is the jewelled crown upon the brow of intellect. It is the golden sceptre in the hand of genius. It is the king among the faculties and the ruler of thousands of slaves. Grant all the credit and honor possible to environment in hindering temporary power and success. It still remains forever true that in the higher realm of righteousness and character the will is the master.

The more trying the circumstance sometimes, the better the opportunity to develop true nobility. No man is shut out of this highest success in life. It is the peril of the rich and the idle to have abundance and not need to toil. The best of life is lost. This is the maker of weaklings, dwarfs, and paralytics in the world of manhood and womanhood. In this time of sin the Graces demand for their life the atmosphere of denial and hardship, and even suffering and sorrowing. It is over all this that the conqueror "Will" rides and demands the badge of the victor.

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Dr. Edward Everett Hale says that when he brought home his first report from the famous Boston Latin School, it showed that he stood only ninth in a class of fifteen. "Probably the other boys are brighter than you," said his mother. "God made them so, and you cannot help that. But the report says you are among the boys who behave well. That you can see to, and that is all I care about."

It is not what a man does so much as how he does it which deserves note and reward. The lowliest task is elevated by this lever underneath it. Yes, it is raised to the very throne of God. Indifferent, careless, slipshod, botched, and half-finished work of any kind is the degradation of life. Not what we do, but how we do it, is the question which cuts to the core of the heart, and echoes in the judgment. In the sample of what we do, reveals the secret of what we are.

George Eliot, in "Middlemarch," was drawing a picture from life when she described the gradual collapse of Mr. Vincy's prosperity from the time he began to use the cheap dyes recommended by his sham religious brother-in-law, which were soon found to rot the silks for which he had once been

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so famous. On the other hand, the man who, like Adam Bede, always drives a nail straight and planes a board true, is the one whom men employ at good wages, and who is the maker of his own fortune.

The Athenian architects of the Parthenon finished the upper side of the matchless frieze as perfectly as the lower side, because the goddess Minerva would see that side also. An old sculptor said of the backs of his carvings, which were out of all possible chance of inspection, when remonstrated with for being so particular about them, "But the gods will see them."

"In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care,
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods see everywhere."

Perfect environment is not sufficient, or the Garden of Eden would not have been desecrated by sin. Will power is mighty to the pulling down of evil forces, and the building up of the good, but that is not all of life's necessity.

Education even may increase the capacity for sin and crime. It certainly is not such a preventive as is generally supposed. Conscience must be de-

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veloped to correspond with the sharpening of the brain, or a man becomes more dangerous. "An ignorant thief robs a freight-car. An educated thief steals the whole railroad."

The man of almost iron will, the Duke of Wellington, coming from victorious battlefields, and being the hero of a Waterloo, said, "If you are only going to educate the children, you are only going to make clever devils of them." He recognized the want of a more vital and regenerating element, something to touch the very heart of the man, nothing less than the presence and power of God.

Almost overwhelming and yet brightest of all thoughts is the revelation that a human being can live in God. "In Him we live," before we really live and triumph over blood and circumstances. There is no more mystery about the fact of a man's existence in God than there is about all life. It is the unanswered question; the unsolved riddle. The greatest thought of any man is, "Life in God:" All other environment, good and powerful as it may be, is partial, and only touches the surface. There must be something to surround the very germ of life at the core of the heart. If any man is con-

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scientifically abiding in God he is master of his world. This element of divinity remakes the man, and that is better and more permanent than removing his dwelling or changing his work. What a false method is that which begins with the external in order to reform the man. The beginning must be with the man himself. This is not contradicting or destroying the law of environment. It is emphasizing it and lifting it into a larger sphere. It simply makes God to become the whole circle about a man's life, and thus, his protector and Saviour.

The history of Chosroes the blessed, the greatest of the Sasanian Shahs, may be instructive here.

Through rash and inexperienced generalship his armies were defeated with disaster, his empire was invaded, his subjects were seduced into rebellion, and from all quarters the alien Powers of Asia came mustering to join his enemies and to compass his final overthrow. "And day by day were the Iranians weakened, for they were smitten with great slaughter, and the number of their dead was past counting." Then in the extremity of his distress and humiliation the Shah sent greeting unto Rustem, his Pehliva, and besought him to come forth from his retirement and lead his army, for

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in him alone could he now put trust. And Rustem replies: "O Shah, since the day when mine arm could wield a mace I have ever fought the battles of Iran, and it would seem that rest may never come nigh unto me. Yet since I am thy slave, it behooveth me to obey. I am ready to do thy will." And with the coming of the great Pehliva the Iranian armies took new heart, and they overcame the allied hosts of Chinca, and India, and Byzantium with tremendous victory, which is known to this day as the Vengeance of Chosroes.

Said Napoleon to La Place, "I see no mention of God in your system of theology." "No, sir;" was the answer, "we have no longer any need of that hypothesis." A half century of anarchy and social disorder in unhappy France was the result—the awful "reign of terror." How much wiser was Montesquieu, who said, "God is as necessary as freedom to the welfare of France!"

Yes, you cannot have freedom for nation or individual without God as its author and finisher. Real life finds its source in God. That is the Gospel. It is not a method of repair. Its process is not one of mending, moral or spiritual; tinkering or cobbling is not salvation. The divine principle is one

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of new life, a constant environment of the life of God. He creates new character, new creatures in Christ, and keeps them there. That is the only possible redemption of the slums and the depths of society. Calvary was not an order to move. It was an invitation to live. Salvation is a new creation, not a moving-van. It is the greatest miracle. It is God at first hand. It is the conqueror of all other environment. Our progress in civilization has been marvellous. Inventive genius has almost revolutionized the world. Thirteen great inventions have been made within the last one hundred years, while in all previous human history only seven have been made of equal rank, and even that is questionable, but what avail for us if we do travel sixty miles an hour if we are not any more satisfied or any better when we reach the station. A stage-coach is just as effective for this purpose as an express-train. If we cannot talk any better and more Christlike when we talk from New York to Boston, what character value is there in it. This is one of the modern delusions, and even a snare.

Amid all these achievements, and changes, and straining activity, and killing rush, and peril to sanity, there is a supreme need. That is what

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Nicodemus could not understand but experienced.
A life with God as its environment.

Memorable is that celebrated siege of Acre on the coast of Palestine. On one day they had broken all their swords. They had crossed their swords until both sides had broken every blade. They then voluntarily withdrew each from the other, admiring each other's bravery. Into the city went the besieged and secured new swords. Outside the city a wise old Mohammedan said: "Don't fight to-day nor to-morrow. I will need time to temper your swords." And so, with an added temper, put in by one flash of fire, the Mohammedans had swords that would bend like a Damascus blade; and it was impossible for the Christians to defeat them. The Christian blades broke as before, and the only reason why the Mohammedan in his chivalry won that battle, which entitled him to the respect of Christians, was because he added just a little more temper in the Damascus blade.

Pause, man, just one factor will change defeat into victory.

Philanthropists and moralists have no hope. All history is against them. Permanent victory has not been and cannot be the result of their work.

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The world will never be saved by philanthropy or surface changes. Mosquitoes infest every shady nook, and crocodiles are where they have perennial summer. Give the drunkard or his family more money, and you increase drunkenness. Poverty ought not to exist, but charity oftentimes only increases it. So far as circumstances or even the laws of the world are concerned, evil has just as bright a hope as the good. They seem to be balanced. Some weight must drop into the side of the scales called the good. That extra element in a man's life is God. With Him he can be master, and at least become like God Himself. He who lives in the life of God must pass through a process of transformation. In Christ all this becomes reality with increasing sweetness and power.

In every human being is the germ which demands this as its environment, if it is to live, and grow, and become perfect. Take two seeds, and place one in a box on the shelf. Place the other into the soil, and then the sunlight, and moisture, and air. Any child knows the result. One shrivels up, and becomes worm-eaten, and dies. The other pushes its arms out in a hundred directions, and is the king of the forest for a hundred years, and lives

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in a hundred generations, and whole forests yet unseen.

Man needs God. Without Him it is death, even eternal death. With Him, what marvellous development and transformation.

In 1832, Charles Darwin, the celebrated naturalist, and, even then, renowned scientist, went around the world on a tour of circumnavigation, which is one of abiding interest. He touched at the coast of *Tierra Del Fuego* in South America. His description of the people is one of horror. He declares he never saw such people, nor would he have believed they existed. They were of the very lowest type, and almost, if not quite, inhuman. Their practices and appearance were shocking. Their habits were too vile and low to permit description. He left a line in his diary which says they were beyond the reach of civilization. That was the cold and convincing testimony of a great naturalist, not a missionary, but rather a skeptic.

In one of the ordinary days of the world, a babe was found lying helpless and alone, and crying in the streets of Bristol, without known father, or mother, or friend, a foundling crying in the night, and with no answer but a cry, until one heart list-

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ened to the call. The day on which it was found by a constable was St. Thomas Day, so the babe was named Thomas. The infant was found in a place between two bridges, so it was called Bridges—Thomas Bridges. It was lodged in an almshouse, and fed on public bounty, veritably a little pauper.

The years brought him up into young manhood, and then he longed to be a missionary. There was one place which no one had ventured to go. The missionary society said he could go to the land which Darwin had described and declared was absolutely hopeless. It was taking his own life in his hands, but he went, and revealed the heroic spirit of the Gospel. He dared to go amongst the savages, and live with them, and spelled out a language for them, and then related the story of Christ and His salvation. He made a translation of the Bible for them, and, as they read it, they were melted by it, and subdued, and Christianized, until Darwin, honest and fearless man that he was, publicly acknowledged his mistake, and gave a contribution to this work which had demonstrated the power of God in changing men and their environment.

The English Admiralty had sent out orders that

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no ship of theirs should land on that coast. They now sent out orders that all ships could land there and trade.

Civilization was manifest everywhere in that region, and a miracle of miracles was witnessed by all the world. Environment at first remained the same. God was revealed and then lived. Behold also the environment of the babe, an outcast in the street of the great city. Behold the King among men in Thomas Bridges, mighty on earth and mighty in heaven. Any man or any place can know the power of the divine life through the Divine Man.

*And when the stream
Which overflowed the soul was passed away
A consciousness remained that it had left
Deposited, upon the silent shore
Of memory, images and precious thoughts
That shall not die and cannot be destroyed.*

—WORDSWORTH.

*When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay
And half our joys renew.*

—MOORE.

*Friends depart and memory takes them
To her caverns pure and deep.*

—BAYLY.

*How cruelly sweet are the echoes that start
When memory plays an old tune on the heart.*

—COOK.

*Oft in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken ;
The eyes that shone,
Now dim and gone
The cheerful hearts now broken.*

—MOORE.

X

LIFE'S MEMORY

THE sweet waters of memory touch the parched lip with refreshment and enter the veins of life with creative power and bring back the disturbed heart to its normal beat. Memory is one of the greatest factors in success and one of the most powerful ingredients in character. It is the beneficent hand which carries the past up to the threshold of the present and gives it, as a sacred offering, to the future. Every to-day and to-morrow has an unbroken relation to every yesterday. The golden thread of memory binds them together in "the bundle of life." The young, kingly minstrel David was hunted like a bird among the hills and rocks of Judea. He had just wept upon the neck of the faithful Jonathan, and the last effort for reconciliation with King Saul had failed. He now sought refuge in the caves of the mountains where he had found shelter from other storms when

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a shepherd. Then the fierce lightnings and loud thunders were picturesque and musical to his soul in touch with God. But now his loyal heart was almost broken, and it fluttered like a frightened partridge before the sudden appearance of the hunter. Around him had gathered a motley crowd of disheartened and discontented people, but among that number were some mighty men of valor who were ready for most heroic service. They were chivalrous, and imperious, fleet of foot, and lion-like in strength. They wrought no devastation in the country nor drew the blood of a single lamb, but were devoted to the commands and interests of their young captain. They were in a desolate region where the eastern sun scorched every green thing which grew around the edge of the barren rocks. The retreats within the rocks were oppressive with heat of noon-day. In this close atmosphere and utter desolation the courage of young David's heart began to waver for a moment. Now behold one of the most pathetic touches in his whole life. His memory takes him back to his old home in Bethlehem, and he sees again the waving grain-fields and purple-clustered trellises, and the emerald glory of the hillsides. Brightest and

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most attractive of all, his deepest desire and greatest need carries him back to the old well at the gate with its clear, sparkling, sweet water. His heart forces the cry: "O that one would give me to drink of the waters of the well of Bethlehem that is by the gate!" Three of his brave men, who heard that cry, instantly volunteered to make the perilous journey to the old well. They rushed through the burning heat, and over rocks, and even forced their way through the lines of the enemies' army. They drew the water from the favorite spring and carried it back to the hand of their king. That self-devotion was too much, and the water was too sacred. He must make a sacrifice of it. It was poured out unto their God. The memory was sweeter than the water itself. It was sufficient. In that was his greatest riches. A few drops of water were not the supreme requisite for strength, and new determination, and certain victory. He drank at the fountain of the past and in that new life fought the battles of the future. The thought of the old well revived the shepherd songs and the music of other days echoed back into the deeps of his soul. Where is the man who has once stood at the old well and pressed his lips against the moss-

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covered oaken bucket who, in after years and in distant lands, and in perilous hours, has not tasted those waters over again? The crucible of time has transformed the bucket into silver; the old rusted tin cup into gold; and every drop of water into a sparkling jewel, more precious than rubies or diamonds. The great chasms and spans of life are made to shrink under the power of the heart's memory. The old home, and the past days, and the well at the gate have been inspiration for poet, and musician, and artist, but they have also inspired the music, the art, and poetry of life. These sacred memories have not only driven the dark clouds from the sky of a Tennyson, and a Whittier, and given birth to that hope which grasped "the far-off interest of tears," but the mechanic, and artisan, and farmer, and all men have shared in this wealth of the past. One of the most beautiful and familiar scenes in all the world is that of the old man tottering up to the spring-side and drinking from the same fountain at which his mother kneeled and gave him to drink when he was a child. These recollections and reminiscences make up the larger part of life. We are all bundles of memories. Childhood memories; memories of youth; manhood

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memories; memories of pleasure and success; memories of victory, and sometimes defeat; memories of exuberant health, and sometimes weakness; memories of the wedding bells; memories of the cradle; memories of the faded cheek, and the last sleep of the treasure of home; memories of love and friendship; memories of prayer and worship; memories of smiles and tears; all come rushing into the heart and demand recognition and life. They cry, "I will not be forgotten; I am a part of thee." All thy past is bound together in one bundle by cords which are none other than the heart's strings.

The importance of this faculty in human character has never been justly emphasized. It is not only an intellectual element, but pre-eminently a spiritual power. This treasure-house should not be treated carelessly and left open for every passing robber. It holds that which is most valuable and precious. A good memory is a great blessing. A poor memory is worthy of cultivation. Some men have possessed this power to a degree which has created astonishment everywhere, but they have not always used it to the best advantage. Cyrus knew the name of every soldier in his great army.

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Mithridates, who had troops of twenty-two nations serving under his banners, became proficient in the language of each country, and also knew all his eight thousand soldiers by their right names. Ezdras is said by historians to have restored the sacred Hebrew volumes by memory; they had been destroyed by the Chaldeans, and Eusebius declares that it was to his sole recollection that we are indebted for that part of the Bible. St. Anthony, the hermit, although he could not read, knew every line of the Scripture by heart. Lord Granville could repeat, from beginning to end, the New Testament in the original Greek. Thomas Cranmer committed to memory in three months an entire translation of the Bible. Bossuet could repeat not only the whole Bible, but all of Homer, Virgil, and Horace, besides many other works. Euler, the mathematician, could recite the *Æneid*. Leibnitz, when an old man, could repeat every word of Virgil. Themistocles could call by name every citizen of Athens, although the number amounted to twenty thousand. Seneca complained in his old age that he could not, as formerly, repeat two thousand names in the order in which they were read to him. George Third never forgot a face

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he had once seen, nor a name he had ever heard. Mozart possessed a wonderful memory of musical sounds. When only fourteen years of age he went to Rome to assist in the solemnities of Holy Week. He went to the Sistine Chapel to hear the famous Miserere of Allegri. It was forbidden any one to take a copy of this renowned piece of music. Mozart hid away in a corner while he gave undivided attention to the music, and afterward wrote down the entire piece. The next day he sang the Miserere at a great concert and accompanied himself on the harpsichord. This created such a sensation in Rome that the Pope sent for this musical prodigy and declared that he had performed one of the most marvellous things of the world. Such a remarkable power as this, given to all men in a greater or less degree, deserves the most careful attention, and development, and consecration. That which can bridge chasms of time and space and take a man back to the old well and give him to drink of its sweet water must be one of the most important factors in life. Most men have never thought of its vital relation to character and the responsibility which is wedded to it. These precious memories of life comfort the soul in trouble,

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and carry it lovingly through the darkness of trial. The impressive recollection of rainbows circling the clouds, and the glory of the sunset after the storm, is a mighty power in the present hours of trial and fierce storm. The comfort of memory is one of the richest of human blessings. The harmony of the music may have been perfect during the early years of life. You stood on the threshold where the air was full of joy, and health, and brightness. The step was so light as to become almost a skip. The notes of pleasure reached their perfection when the wedding-bells sounded your delight and prophesied your brilliant future. Those first years of marriage were wedded happiness and prosperity. Like a lightning flash in clear sky the stroke came. It revealed the flush on your child's cheek. The whisper of death told the awful, heart-silencing secret. It forced the cry of agony, "God save my child." The whole world trembled and tottered, and seemed, in the dense bewilderment, to be passing out in darkness. It was the world going if that child must go; all the value in home, or land, or store, or society is gone if that jewel of love disappears. "Dig two graves instead of one," cries the broken heart. As the lights went out in the home and you

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pressed the bitter cup to your lip, the voice of everlasting comfort said to you what the world could not hear and could not interpret, if it did hear, and you turned toward the empty crib, and empty life, and empty heart, and sighed a deep sigh and said, "Even so, Father." The years cannot obliterate that experience or its effect. Whenever the clouds gather again the memory of the past forbids the storm to overwhelm or destroy, but commands it to make the life richer and more fragrant and fruitful. The first sorrow enters into the second by the pathway of memory, but its entrance giveth light. The cloud of to-day obscures all the sunlight and brightness of yesterday. Our present darkness almost destroys the recollection of an abundance of light in the past. It is our common sin; yesterday's page was written carelessly and with pale ink. Under one brush of our ready hand, it disappears. Shame to the soul which permits this work of the vandal. Every Job emphasizes the ash-heap, and sackcloth, and points, with unceasing groan, to the carbuncles, while he forgets every word in the marvellous sentence of his past days. "His substance also was seven thousand sheep, and three thousand camels, and five hundred yoke of oxen,

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and five hundred asses, and a very great household, so that this man was the greatest of all the men of the East." Satan was working with Job. This is a large part of Satan's work in the earth. To obliterate the light, and joy, and riches of other days. Blessed is the man who thaws the icicles of winter in the warm remembrance of the summer day.

This recognition of past deliverance is one of the greatest elements of comfort in present difficulty. The future is filled with hardship, and burden, and peril; yes, but if the train has carried you one thousand miles safely over bridges and around curves and through the darkness, undoubtedly the bridges will be solid and the conductor awake, and the managers competent. Have confidence for another hundred miles at least. God has a perfect system. Every signal is in order. Rest in the memory of past safety. These experiences of bygone days are the separate notes which make music in the soul. He is a master who gathers them into the bar and creates harmony.

Ole Bull, the great violinist, was a friend of John Erricson. They were both brought up in the same part of the world, and passed their boyhood days together, but their occupations had made a wide

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divergence between their paths. Erricson's machinery had silenced the music of his early life, and he even now refused to listen to it. Ole Bull visited him and was determined to make him listen to his violin. The inventor did not invite him to come and play, and showed no interest whatever in that piece of wood and its strings. Ole Bull went into Mr. Erricson's shop and began to talk about woods, because wood, you know, is a very important part in a violin. He talked about the scientific properties of wood, and Erricson listened. He talked about the mechanism of a violin, and Erricson listened. Then Ole Bull put that violin to his shoulder and thumbed a few little strokes with his finger, and still Mr. Erricson listened. Then Ole Bull took his bow, that bow which had delighted so many people, and drew it carefully across the cords, and it seemed as if the angels were singing a long way off. All the workmen in the establishment stopped and listened; and Ole Bull drew the bow again, and in a few moments Erricson stopped and the tears began to come down his cheeks, and he turned to Ole Bull and said: "Go on, go on; all my life I have missed something and I never knew what it was until just now; go on!" He had heard once more

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the brook in the valley; the birds warbling upon the hillside; the old scenes all depicted and made to live again, and his own soul now began to sing for joy. It was a magnificent discovery. He who awakens a sweet memory is his fellow man's benefactor and offers some of the sweetest comfort and delight in the human heart. What bliss in the memory of the early days with their freedom, and health, and abundance of joy, if those hours are also marked with purity, and industry, and love, and holy ambition. A record without a moment misspent is the crown of old age. The very soil at the foot of the western side of life's hill which produces fragrance and fruit in abundance. A sweet memory that!

The opposite of this supreme satisfaction and joy is found in the mocking struggle to forget those days. The man has forgotten the worship in the old church and the early religious life, the peace of a soul in touch with God, and memory silently gathers all these precious hours and lays them upon his desk or bench, and the soul cries out, "O that I could know that experience again. This is the great void in my life. I am the guilty party. I must go back to the old well, and drink at that

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fountain of highest living and noblest service." Some sermon of long ago suddenly, but vividly, comes back at the critical moment. A prayer which the wings of faith once carried to heaven's gate and left there was not lost. It returns to us as a bright angel of encouragement. Some word uttered in the long ago past comes with energy and pressure almost infinite. At mother's knee the child's prayer was repeated through those sacred days. Mother is dead. Fifty years have passed on. The whole world is changed. That prayer is lost in the increasing darkness of the past. What, lost? No, never lost! At some pivotal, strategic moment, at the call for sublimest service, memory forces its way through the darkness and the distance, and the child is once more at mother's knee. All the pledges and love of that hour push the man on now to do his best. Those days have infinite meaning in this day. The far-away past is sometimes buried, but under the almost divine force of memory, there is the power of resurrection. Memory will not permit death. The holy sabbaths of life stand out always as the chief joy and strength of the soul. They come as determined accessories of strength. The yesterday of life has everything to do with the value

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of the service to-day. Recollection is a gigantic force. Rich indeed is the man who can say, "The Lord delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, and He will deliver me out of the hand of the uncircumsized Philistine."

Old trials, and temptations, and struggles, and battlefields, and victories are the bodyguard of the warrior in the new fight. Human experience is a costly but precious jewel. It should never be thrown carelessly away, but prized and held at its true value. It is stamped with eternity. The Czar of Russia summoned the world to a Peace Congress, but who shall say that there is not some connection between this initial step of his in this great world's movement and the single event of eight years ago in his own personal experience; the memory of that day in 1891 when the fanatical, half-insane Japanese policeman smote him with his heavy Japanese sword. Providence made it to be a glancing blow and the Czar to wear a very hard hat. Trifling things—thick hair, tough hat, rapid movement—but they were in one side of the balance and life in the other. In the strange Providence about every life it was ordered that he should suffer just enough, by loss of blood, and cut of sword,

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and pain of surgical operation, to make him sympathetic for the millions of wounded and dying men in the armies of the world. The thoughts of these past years have all converged toward the Peace Congress at The Hague. His memory of that hour is unquestionably the introduction to a new chapter in human history.

During the Mexican war General Scott's army were pressing through a somewhat mountainous country when they were arrested in their progress by a deep, dry cañon, the only bridge over which had been destroyed by the retreating Mexicans. The engineers, called for consultation, reported that owing to the great depth and the precipitous sides of the canyon it would take two days to replace the bridge. There was in the army a regiment from Maine, recruited from the lumbermen of that State, commanded by a colonel whose own experience had been greater in log-driving than in soldiering. A man who in the spring freshets of the Penobscot—freshets augmented by letting loose the pools of water of the lakes of the northern wilderness—had led his men along. Now breast-deep in icy water, now struggling through the thickets on the banks, and again leaping in mid-

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stream from log to log, guiding the on-rushing million of feet of lumber in the mad career to tide-water. In spite of all effort he had occasionally seen those logs in the gorges of the Rippogenus, pile and jam and twist themselves into masses, towering aloft like Cologne Cathedral. As he listened to the report of General Scott's engineers and glanced at the hillsides thickly grown with pine, he exclaimed: "Two days to bridge this crevasse, and my men standing here idle!" The hint was taken. All the axes in the army were distributed to the men from Maine. The trees came crashing down as fast as the horses, loosed from the artillery wagons, could haul them to the edge of the abyss, into which they were tumbled as you tumble hay out of a hayrick. Other men hewed string-pieces and cross-pieces for a corduroy road, and in two hours the army were marching across the cañon. Memory brought back all the scenes and struggles in the Maine forest. All the experiences in the distant homeland rendered the impossible for other men the strangely possible for these men. The thought of what a man has done makes him ready for equal or larger service. They placed a small handkerchief over the back of a chair which stood at the

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head of the coffin when John B. Gough was buried. The silver-tongued orator had many times told the pathetic story of that handkerchief. He said: "I have in my house a small handkerchief, not worth three cents to you, but you could not buy it from me. A woman brought it and gave it to my wife and said: "I am very poor. I would give your husband a thousand pounds if I had it, but I brought this. I married with the fairest and brightest prospects before me, but my husband took to drink, and everything went. The piano my mother gave was sold, until at last I found myself in one miserable room. My husband lay intoxicated in a corner and my child was lying restless and hungry on my knee. The light of other days had faded, and I wet my handkerchief with my tears. My husband,' said she to my wife, 'met yours. He spoke a few words to him and gave a grasp of the hand, and now, for six years, my husband has been to me all that a husband can be to a wife, and we are gathering our household goods together again. I have brought your husband the very handkerchief I wet through that night with my tears, and I want him to remember, when he is speaking, that he has wiped away those tears from my eyes forever. Ah,"

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said Gough, "these are the trophies that make men glad. The memory of that handkerchief has inspired me for twenty-five years to do better service for humanity and God."

Meditation upon such hours, with their stupendous meaning, give inspiration to every true man for greater sacrifice. No man, with vision in his eye, and with space on the walls of his memory, ever stood on Inspiration point two thousand feet above the Yellowstone and looked upon that marvellous climax of beauty and grandeur in the natural world, who did not find its impression and inspiration growing upon him as the years separated it from him. That graceful, dancing movement of the emerald stream, that mighty plunging of the jewelled falls, that avalanche of exquisite and heaven-touched color, that mingling of countless rainbows in the spray, that perfect representation of ruined castle and cathedral, that towering rock and gorgeous tree, the eagle in his eyrie and the chorus of forest birds in their glee, who can ever forget? Those are moments when lips are speechless and the soul prays for silence. Memory can never lose that. No Moran, or Bierstadt, ever painted it like memory's brush.

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There are inspiration points in life; not disappearing, but abiding and increasing in power. That is the work of this human faculty, and makes it one of the chief elements, even in religion. This makes the water too sacred to drink and inspires sublimest sacrifice.

During the mutiny in India in 1857 an English officer named Baird was taken prisoner. He was severely wounded and was very weak. Nevertheless the order was issued to put fetters on him like the others. But a gray-haired prisoner stepped from the crowd and protested against their putting fetters on a man so weak. He even offered to wear Baird's fetters in addition to his own. He was taken at his word, and was doubly fettered. He had been a sufferer once himself. Now memory made him a saviour. Through the agency of this powerful faculty the sacrifices made for us in the earliest moments of life are brought into the circle of vision as if they were only yesterday. Who has not gone over the childhood days again and again and with increasing delight and love? The stone cut the foot, but mother's salve was the healing balm. Father's protection was always a certainty and the bliss of security. The old tree is leafing out again

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in the springtime, even though the axe has taken the last remnant of the trunk away. The club flies into the apple-tree and the apple swings but stays, while the crooked limb keeps the club. The brook ripples over the pebbles and continues its sweet mission all the way through life. Who can forget it? Even the cows remember that. The meadow-larks and the robins are again companions, and the odor of the new-mown hay never disappears. Memory, with an unaccountable rapidity, brings all this to the present and says, it is not lost to you forever. Treasure it and use it. Where is the man with the soul of manhood in him who will not meditate on this wonderful condition of his existence and say the old home is not forgotten. Mother's sacrifice is not forgotten. Father's devotion is not forgotten. Even the trifling incidents are not obliterated. All of it enters into life as an important element. In this is the loudest call for his sublimest sacrifice. He declares, I will burden the present with the best, so that when it is a part of the past the memory of it will be clothed in brightest garments and be always a welcome visitor. Memory discovers for us this important fact, that all the events of life are linked together. The chain is

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composed of large links, and small links, and silver links, and iron links, and gold links, and beautiful links, and shapeless links. All kinds, but one chain. There is no isolation, and the present struggle and every future victory depends upon that which has gone before. The waters of the old well in Bethlehem furnished new courage and heroism for David. They banished despair and fear. He saw all the opposition and enmity of the past conquered and the—now was only another link in the same chain. The memory of other battlefields, and other victories, and the old implements of warfare, bring new courage into the perilous moments. The fallen giant, and the headless body, and the famous old sword are the messengers of hope and heroism. “I can because I have” is the battle-cry. “Give me the tried sword. There is none like it.” That is sanctified soliloquy. That is life’s best tonic. It has marvellous power of invigoration. These events of the past are the brave armies supporting a conquering commander. He is rich, indeed, who possesses old milestones, and old stiles, and old wells, and old gates, and wrinkled memories. An old book may make a man twenty years younger whenever he opens it. Beware of the new blades—sharp

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but brittle; new philosophies; new criticisms; new Bibles; which never killed even a dwarf. Memory is the jewel-casket of the soul. Give pity to that man who uses it as a worthless box for rubbish, and confusion, and shame. The rarest curiosities of eternal life and divine love should be there, and so carefully arranged, and treasured, and guarded that the owner could take them out at will and with praiseworthy pride. A man's wealth is in his experience. History ought not to be like a vapor—to be cloudy and disappear. The hours of prayer, and deep thoughts of God, and the things Eternal will come back to the true man laden with greater blessing and increasing vividness. The events, apparently trivial and commonplace, are transformed, in the secrets of the heart, into the cause of deepest joy or most energetic accusation. Memory makes the true man a hero. Behold the shallowness of past fear and the triumphal march over seemingly impassable barriers! A young man started in business when little more than a boy, and by the time he was twenty-one had what seemed to him to be a fortune of \$10,000. Every dollar he had worked so hard to make was lost in one night, and the young man was forced to begin

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anew. He went to an inland city in New York, and at twenty-nine sold out his interest in a business in which he had become connected, and retired with \$30,000. He entered the office of a leading physician as a student, worked hard, and had just been made an M.D. when his old partner failed, and having indorsed his notes, the young doctor found himself without a dollar. He borrowed \$500 of a brother-in-law and went West. He struck for the largest city in the State, opened an office, and waited for fortune to come his way. In a few days the Governor of the State was taken suddenly sick in the night. A messenger was sent for the family physician, but he was not in; a search was made for some doctor, and the young man from Maine was found at home. He took the case, cured the Governor, and soon had more than he could attend to. He made money, invested in real estate, was elected mayor, and held other offices, and died president of three banks and a railroad, and worth \$900,000. He recalled, in that critical moment, the experiences and victory of other hours and then rose in his kingliness and made the very opposition of the present his obedient servant. One of the most touching incidents in all the world of literature is

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the sad death of Thomas Chatterton. His own hand wrought the cruel deed when only eighteen years of age. He had already written such masterpieces that the critics were deceived, and declared them to be newly discovered manuscripts of some of the world's greatest authors. He was a boy with the brain and genius of a man. He was on the threshold of wealth and fame, but in these early hours he was subjected to ill treatment and forced to suffer the pangs of poverty. In these days of hunger, and disappointment, despair seized him, and death was welcomed, even if it was suicide. The secret of this sad career and the stain upon his early grave lies in the fact that he was too young and yet too old. Life's experience was necessary for his support. He had no great and sanctified memory. He came to those hardships unprepared. Memory plays a large part in the essential preparation for the battle of life. It has wrought out marked moral revolutions and brought the soul to its regeneration. A father called his son into his shop, and, taking up an old axe, said to him: "My son, I have obtained more happiness cutting wood and hewing timber with this axe, and thus earning money, than you will ever secure in spend-

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ing it." It was a wise saying. The father died, and years went on. The son found his way to Porto Rico, and there he dreamed that he was a young man again, that he was in his father's shop, and that he saw his father take up that same old axe; and then when awake it came back into his mind what his father had said. Then the son remembered how he had inherited his father's property, how he wasted it, and how little good he had obtained from it. He became, under the impulse of that memory, one of the world's best men, and by the power of God made not only a brilliant success in life but worked out the restoration of the divine image.

The saddest condition in human existence is when memory brings the sins of a man's life before him and leaves them there as his companions. Who can tell the story of the pangs of conscience! Only the soul understands its own suffering. On his twenty-fifth birthday Hartley Coleridge wrote these sad verses in his Bible:

"When I received this volume small
My years were barely seventeen,
When it was hoped I should be all
Which once, alas, I might have been.
And now my years are twenty-five,
And every mother hopes her lamb

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And every happy child alive
May never be what now I am."

That is drinking at the spring of Marah before the tree is dropped into its bitter waters. Surrounded by memories of sin, and impurity, and wasted life, Byron wrote on his thirty-third birthday:

"Through life's dull road, so dim and dirty,
I have dragged to three and thirty;
What have these years left to me?
Nothing except thirty-three."

In such agony of vivid memories there is the sound of peace for the listening ear. "I will give you rest" is the welcome message to every prodigal. Alone, with tear-stained face and hungry body, he is feeding the beasts and eating their food. He had squandered his father's wealth of love, and now memory brings back to him the father's house, the father's table, the father's abundance, the father's heart, and the old well at the gate. He rises in the remnants of his manhood and says, "I will go home." Such a recollection is an angel-messenger. Turn not thy back upon that bright form nor stop thy ears to that heavenly messenger. Drummond repeated the cry of a sin-

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ful man who was dying, "Take my influence and bury it with me," and then he said he was going to be with Christ, but his influence had been against Him; he was leaving it behind. As a conspirator called by some act of grace to his sovereign's table remembers with unspeakable remorse the assassin whom he left in ambush at his king's palace gate, so he recalls his traitorous years and the influences which will plot against his Lord when he is in eternity. O, it were worth being washed from sin, were it only to escape the possibility of a treachery like that. It were worth living a holy and self-denying life, were it only to join the choir invisible of those almighty dead who live again in lives made better by our presence." Drummond said, "That shall not be my life. I will crown it with sweet memories. My influence must be a force which lives forever in the elevation and salvation of humanity." And it does live and will live until the last man has made his record upon earth. His was the ideal life which came face to face with most grievous pain in the sunniest hours of his triumphs. He showed other men how to endure physical suffering without a murmur and without a fear of death. He forgot his brilliant gifts, but talked much of the

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power to help men. His anguish of body whitened his hair within two years and caused his very bones to become so brittle that the slightest touch would shatter them. As the sun was disappearing in the glory of the evening sky he asked a friend to sing to him the words, "I hope to meet my Pilot face to face when I have crossed the bar." Afterward they sang for him his favorite hymn, "I am not ashamed to own my Lord," to which the dying scholar and Christian whispered: "There is nothing to beat that, Hugh. I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day." Then he wandered in his thoughts and tossed in his delirium, but the two words, "Mother" and "Christ," lingered longest on his lips, and when Death said "Stop," they stayed at the doorway as sentinels over the sanctity of everlasting memories.

When I was a little boy in my fourth year, one fine day in Spring, my father led me by the hand to a distant part of the farm, but soon sent me home alone. On my way I had to pass a little pond, then spreading its waters wide, a rhodora in full bloom, a rare flower which grew only in that locality, attracted my attention and drew me to the spot. I saw a little tortoise sunning himself in the shallow waters at the roots of the flaming shrub. I lifted the stick I had in my hand to strike the harmless reptile ; for though I had never killed any creature, yet I had seen other boys do so, and I felt a disposition to follow their wicked example. But all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said clear and loud, " It is wrong ! " I held my uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion, the consciousness of an involuntary but inward check upon my actions, till the tortoise and the rhodora both vanished from my sight. I hastened home and told the tale to my mother, and asked what it was that told me it was wrong. She wiped a tear from her eye, and, taking me in her arms, said : " Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen to and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right, but if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out little by little, and leave you in the dark and without a guide. Your life depends on heeding that little voice." —THEODORE PARKER.

XI

LIFE'S CONSCIENCE

THE power of conscience is strikingly illustrated in the relation of the wicked ruler Herod, the new Jezebel, and the stern and holy Prophet. In response to the demands of Herodias and his fantastic sense of honor, this crafty and cruel ruler had slain a king among men who dared to protest against his unholy manner of life. He had a certain respect for the man, but the claims of a wicked woman's pleasure, his own veracity, and the applause of his intoxicated associates conquered all hesitation, and the truth incarnate was murdered. A kingly head was carried into the banqueting hall to increase the mad revel of the hour. A woman's revenge was satisfied, and the event was soon hidden in the dark past, and the blood-stain apparently forgotten. There is a resurrection day for every buried conscience—here or hereafter. Another strange and holy life appeared upon the world's

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stage before the tragedy was finished. In the king's palace the story of the Christ found its way. When this new sensation burst through the royal gates, the startled ruler shouted with intense and terrified exclamation: "I know, I know it is John whom I beheaded. He is risen from the dead."

It was morning; the clock had struck and conscience awoke. Memory may be silenced, but never slain. In momentary blindness and deafness, because of confusion, and excitement, and the wild rush of the world, a man deceives himself and thinks that the evil deed was put to death. But some new man or event suddenly appears to startle and frighten. An unseen hand draws the garments from the skeleton. It may be only the color of an eye, or the manner of the step, in which there is a resemblance, but it is sufficient to summon all the past in review and create a never-dying terror. The fog of the morning may keep the remnants of night about the day, but a slight breeze scatters the mist and sweeps every cloud from the sky. Conscience dips its pen in blood. The second coming of the deed through the pathway of conscience makes it even more vivid and the personal element emphasized. It was not a great and emphatic compunc-

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tion that accompanied the commission of the crime, but when it came to light again, Herod cried: "It was *I*." "*I* beheaded him." There is no shifting of responsibility, or even offering the excuse of oath and honor, but "I murdered him." Alone with the deed, in after days, all apology and wrappings and deception, and soft words vanish. Conscience and its companion memory spend all the hours of their silence in stripping the robes and trappings from the naked crime. Conscience even has no mercy on a man's theology. Herod was a Sadducee. His theory was against the doctrine of a future state. It was good theology for some hours, but not for all. This present was his world; he did not want the future, and therefore adopted the usual custom of refusing to think about it, and declaring himself a Sadducee in theory. But now there is at least one man who can rise from the dead. The invisible world is made very real by the lantern of conscience. That light has a vital relation to belief. The thought of the judgment is not a stranger to any man's mind. Penalty is shackled to transgression. The cry of the king is the soul's cry of fright and dread. Conscience is the prophet of punishment and condemnation for the awful

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crime of the death of innocence and truth. "It is conscience that makes cowards of us all."

The great novelists, and dramatists, and poets have all emphasized the truth of conscience and given most vivid illustrations of its methods and its power. The master of the world in this respect is unquestionably Shakespeare. In Richard III. he cries exultingly, "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this son of York." Then Clarence is murdered; then Hastings follows; then the noblemen; then Richard's wife; then the helpless boys in the tower; and conscience has conquered the monarch at last and made him a shivering coward. In his tent he sits at midnight, while before him pass all of his victims in ghostly procession, and he cries, in the deepest agony of the human soul: "Have mercy, Jesus! Soft, I did but dream. O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me! The lights burn blue. My conscience hath a thousand several tongues, and every tongue brings in a several tale, and every tale condemns me for a villain."

Hamlet knew the power of conscience, and watched the guilty monarch, and when the poison was poured he cried: "Give me some light—away!

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O my offence is rank, and smells to heaven! It hath the primal curse upon it—a brother's murder."

Macbeth's conscience is like a thousand stinging serpents in the centre of the heart, and forces the cry: "Avaunt and quit my sight; let the earth hide thee! Take any shape but that! Hence, horrible shadow." Then Lady Macbeth, in her sleep, endeavors to wash an imaginary blood-stain from her hand, and exclaims, "Out, damned spot!" And then, and with a wail of woe and terror, adds: "Here is the smell of blood still. Not all the perfumes of Arabia will sweeten this little hand." The indelible stain would not wash. If the ocean-bed were the basin, and it was full, the blood would still remain upon the hands of Cain, and Pilate, and Judas.

There are two men in every man. The inner man is the better. When the outer man violates conviction, the inner man makes emphatic protest. This is a great fact of life which must be reckoned with the same as every other fact. It will not suffer denial or ignorance. It is real and most vital. This is God's best gift to humanity. Imagination, and reason, and memory, and all other faculties take a secondary place. This is the supreme element in man. It is the eye of the soul. There is a war

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for life or death between the higher and lower nature; between good and evil. In this struggle for mastery conscience is the commander of the good forces. It is that peculiar power in the soul which commands all the rest of the army of faculties. It always orders death to the evil. It stands courageous for righteousness, with all the reserve force of heaven at its call. Man is a free moral agent. All men act that truth whether they theoretically proclaim it or not. In the realm of that freedom conscience moves with kingly attitude, We are slaves only as we will be. It is not by compulsion of the higher laws. It is the glory of our manhood that the dictates of conscience can be carried out. It is the voice of the Supreme Will in the soul, and the greater good is attained by action in conformity to this Will of all wisdom and all love. Man would be the creature of circumstances if it was not for his will and his conscience. But he can be now the king of the world and his royalty be eternal. "He is a free man whom the truth makes free and all are slaves beside."

The Bible does not prove the existence of conscience. It simply recognizes the fact. Neither does it prove the existence of God, but declares,

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"In the beginning, God." Revelation takes for granted the reality and the recognition of conscience in human history. It is born with the child the same as any other faculty. Appearances are always against the cradle. Reason and imagination, even, do not seem to be there. The argument is won only by comparison with other members of the human family. The child cannot speak, therefore it is dumb? No! Wait for development. Conscience demands time for its appearance. It may not be a separate faculty; it may be of a composite nature and more intimately related to the other faculties than they are to each other. However that may be, it is rocked in the cradle and grows with its human home and the other occupants.

This moral sense is not the result of law or social life, or any other element. It lies deeper than that. It is a part of the human constitution. It is a part of man without which he would not be man. It is the part nearest to the divine. It holds the secret of God and carries the voice of God. The highest ideal is "to have a conscience void of offence toward God and man."

The child in the home is an interrogation-point at the end of every act of its own and "no" of its

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mother. "Why is this not right?" "Why is that wrong?" but gradually he inclines to the right because he feels that inward impulse of duty to obey. He may be naturally disinclined, but drill and teaching change that bent of disposition. Conscience is born at the moment of his birth, but its discipline is a life-long process. In this sense it is an artificial and educated faculty, but no more so than any other one of the two score and more faculties. The child goes out from the home into the world and still remains in the school of life where conscience receives constant instruction.

Conscience does not discover good and evil; it does not interpret right and wrong; it does not determine the moral quality of things. It simply but emphatically declares that man must do the right and not do the wrong. The understanding must decide as to the right or wrong, and immediately the voice of conscience is heard, like the bell within the clock when the machinery has moved the indicator far enough. Conscience does not change with time and circumstances, but there are the most delicate distinctions between right and wrong being made more numerous and more difficult by circumstances and time. Conscience means, etymol-

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ogically, "with knowledge." Living with or according to our highest knowledge. To be conscientious is to live up to our light. In this is the transformation of knowledge into character. Conscience does not furnish the evidence. It is the infallible judge which forever condemns the wrong and praises the right. It is man's guide through the dangerous and unknown country of temptation and sin. It is the compass which never fails on life's stormy sea.

O the tragical possibilities in man's relation to this supreme element in life, and character, and destiny! It may be "seared as with a hot iron;" it may be made to undergo such a process as to be stunted, and dwarfed, and withered, and the last drop of sap taken out of it. It may be made to lose its power to control and ennoble. This ruin is wrought within before it appears outwardly. Its beginning is not in the flesh or upon the surface; so all change for the better, and final redemption must come from the inner nature. That is the secret of the gospel. That is the meaning of the new birth. It is new direction; new impulse; new desire; in reality, new living. That is regeneration. That is the only salvation. Conscience must for-

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ever derive its vitality from God. Otherwise it goes down and creates moral darkness. Conscience disobeyed is will weakened. The power of resistance is less. Habit is formed and the propagation of evil goes on. If the sound of the alarm-clock is heeded when it first disturbs the sweetness of sleep, it is effective in its purpose, but if the eyes are again closed, the next morning there is less wakefulness, and, at last, that hated piece of machinery has lost all of its usefulness.

Only a few years ago Mr. Parnell was the great leader of the Irish cause in the English Parliament. He possessed a characteristic eloquence, and was master of great occasions. He was a leader with magnificent common-sense and royal bearing. He fought his way, step by step, until the greatest in the world respected him and the morning of victory began to dawn for his cause. Every man prophesied that he would live in history as one of the greatest of men. He was great enough, in 1882, to offer, of his own accord, to Mr. Gladstone, to retire from public life if such an act would be helpful to his people. But, on the threshold of his triumph, he began to trifle with and trample upon conscience. In his inner life this disobedience was first doing its

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deadly work without the knowledge of his fellow men. He did not resist the wrong, and conscience was gnawing at the very vitals of his being and his success. In 1890 the cloak was unfastened and thrown back. Then Justin McCarthy, who had been his dearest friend, said of him: "He seems suddenly to have changed his whole nature and his very ways of speech. We knew him before as a man of superb self-restraint—cool, calculating, never carried from the moorings of his keen intellect by any waves of passion around him. A man with the eye and the foresight of a born commander-in-chief. We have now, in our midst, a man seemingly incapable of self-control; a man ready at any moment, and on the smallest provocation, to break into a very tempest and whirlwind of passion. A man of the most reckless and self-contradictory statements. A man who could descend to the most trivial and vulgar personalities; who could engage, and even indulge, in the most ignoble and humiliating brawls." His star became a shooting-star, and fell forever from the world's sky. No foot ever stepped upon the sacred treasure of conscience with impunity.

(Charles IX. of France in his youth was of a lov-

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ing and sensitive nature. His mother's training, so inhuman, had much to do with his sad transformation. Even when she first proposed to him the massacre of the Huguenots he shrank from it in horror and said, "No, no, madam; they are my loving subjects." If he had listened, in this critical moment, to the voice of conscience so that its demands could never have been forgotten, St. Bartholomew's night would never have made crimson the pages of history, and he would have escaped the agony and remorse of the dark hours about his death-bed. In the terror of the judgment and the memory of his bloody deeds, he cried to his physician as death demanded his soul: "Asleep or awake, I see the mangled forms of the Huguenots passing before me. They drip with blood; they make hideous faces at me; they point to their open wounds and mock me. O that I had spared at least the little infants at the breast." Then he screamed and cried in his misery, while the bloody sweat oozed from the pores of his skin. He crushed that beautiful cluster of tender and pure impulses of the soul into the cup of remorse, and death pressed it to his lips and forced him to drain its very dregs.

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Every sin has its avenging angel, and it never deserts its duty. Men attempt to bury crime, but no grave is deep enough. Conscience never dies. It is oftentimes bruised and trampled upon, but never slain. It still cries out, "Do forever that which makes for holiness, and happiness, and heaven." It is permanent and universal; it is at the centre of being. It is safe from destruction. It is the echo of eternal law in the soul. It is like the atmosphere; it bears down upon a man out of heaven from every point of the compass and at every tick of the clock. Self-control and every element of divineness in us depends upon the ascendancy of conscience. Conscience in the moral world is what gravity is in the physical world. You cannot ignore or get away from it, or live without it. It is not an accident in human life; it is elemental and essential.

Loyalty to conscience is the only foundation upon which character or manhood can be erected. If the other and upper stories are beautiful, sham in the hidden foundation will work ultimate ruin. To be a man is to despise all effort to silence the voice of God by failure to obey.

Socrates wrote no books, and did not leave his

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deepest impression upon the world even in his teaching, but in his brilliant example of deathless devotion to conscience. The world would never have remembered his name with the glory that now encircles it if he had not held the cup of hemlock and stood in the face of death true to his deepest conviction. And the long catalogue of the world's heroes have been enrolled according to that same principle. Even in the commercial world it is conscience in business which carries the reward of real success. When a piece of his work seemed inferior and did not reach his ideal Wedgwood, the master would hurl it away from him, saying, "That won't do for Josiah Wedgwood." Conscience makes character, and character makes permanent reputation, and Wedgwood pottery won and held a world-wide celebrity. Ask questions of the life of Benedict Arnold, and Aaron Burr, and George Washington, and you will discover the philosophy of true life and the power of obedience to conscience. Carlyle says: "Who is a true man? He who does the truth, and never holds a principle on which he is not prepared in any hour to act, and in any hour to risk the consequences of holding it." Angel's visits are the poetry of truth. The bright angel

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of a good conscience, after the battle won or duty done, is man's companion. No pleasure can compare with the joy of his presence, and no music so sweet as the sound of his voice.

At a critical hour in the life of the famous Tolstoi he came to the conclusion, after studying the gospels, that the Sermon on the Mount contained the secret of religion, and that its heart-searching and life-changing commands must be obeyed. Love for God and love for man, even his enemies, fastened itself upon his whole life so that ordinary charitable work failed to satisfy him. His fine carriage, passing his miserable neighbors, seemed arrant hypocrisy. He began to loathe that elegant style of life and to come as close as possible to the great hard-working and poverty-stricken mass of humanity. "I am sitting on the back of a man whom I am crushing," he said. "I insist on his carrying me, and without setting him free I tell him that I pity him a great deal, and that I have only one desire—that of improving his condition by all possible means, and yet I never get off his back. If I wish to help the poor I must not be the cause of their poverty."

We find how consistently Tolstoi first acted in

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conformity to conscience. He retired to the country. He stripped his home of every luxury. He clad himself in the rough clothes of the peasant. He gives up all delicacies. He abstains from all wine and tobacco. He works in the fields when his health permits. He learns to make his own boots. He continues to write, but only such books and articles as he believes will help the world toward Christ. Every man may not agree with his manner of life or with his social theories, but every man must agree with his love for humanity and his supreme loyalty to conscience. To be considered a lunatic, and a heretic, and a traitor for twenty years is magnificent heroism. What others call the value in life he has sacrificed, but in all this the laws of earth and heaven have coöperated to give him greater influence in the world than those who are at the head of Russian army or navy. He is a prophet of the future power of character and sympathy against the forces of the world.

Conscience is often fragmentary, and touches vigorously and emphatically only a part of life. One man has a conscience in his business, but leaves it at the office, and lives without it in the home. Another is a slave to conscience in the home, but

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rebels against every demand for it in the store. One man is exceedingly conscientious concerning his theology, but forgets the necessity of that righteous element in his morality. John Calvin could burn Cervetes after he had made a new theology for the world, and made it to take his name. Charles IX. could stay three hours in church, and on the same day inaugurate St. Bartholomew's massacre and fill the streets of Paris with human blood. It is a poor conscience which is seen only in spots. To be conscientious one day and not the next; in one environment and not in another; in one temperament and not all conditions, is not to be an obedient subject of the world's greatest sovereign, God's vicegerent in the soul.

As conscience is stifled by disobedience, it is strengthened by obedience. It is subject to education, but there are many false factors in the educational force. The statements of other people, the customs of society, personal opinions and personal desires. Such as these are not heaven's graduates carrying diplomas to teach in life's school. You can educate into almost any course of life. You can make one man believe that a stone is his god, and another man believe that the best way to serve

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God is by thrusting himself through with a knife and tying cords in knots through his flesh. Religion is made irreligious by education. Many a musician, and orator, and artist, and writer has been ruined by false education. Recipients of splendid natural ability, but given the wrong bent.

Conscience may be trained upward or downward; may be strengthened or weakened; it may be defiled or beautified. It is not necessarily a perfect conscience or a good conscience, but it may be trained to goodness. This education is first from the divine side. No man can have a good conscience in society who has not a good conscience toward God. Love for God precedes love for man, so conscience has its first relation to God. Communion with the upper world is the introduction to right living on earth. It is a religious conscience before it is a social conscience. Right with God and then right with man. Hearken to God's voice before you can listen to the cry or understand the need of suffering humanity.

Because of the certainty of difference in the understanding of what is right and what is wrong, every man should have charity and respect for the conscience of every other man. Constitutional

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temperament and biases are wrought into conscience. There are consciences just as different as intellects and emotions are. Just as different as people themselves are. An artist never had the same conscience as a financier. Their disposition, and nature, and life make a contrast in their moral sense. Some things that are the essence of weakness to a man who is a worshipper of a creed or a bit of theology may even seem righteous to his neighbor who never saw this world or the next as he sees it. God never gave one man a conscience for another, any more than He did a brain or a heart. He ordained that every man should have toleration, and not a conscience, for his neighbor. Prejudice and self-esteem and popery are the enemies of morality and spirituality. We shall not be judged by our neighbor's conscience, but by our own. The Spartans taught their children to steal. They did not believe in disobedience, but admired the power of concealment. It was their skill that was praised, and not their thievery. This was a strange conscience, but right to obey it. Doing what seems to be right is the only road to finding out what is right. We are responsible for convictions and the way we reach them, but there is only

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one pathway, and that of obedience. Violation of conscience is death to morality and the higher life. Conscience is so sacred that it must not be opposed, even in others. Our action is controlled by offence given to another man's conscience. Pity the weaker man, but do not thrust a sword into his loyalty to that which he honestly believes is the right. Christian conscience is one throne higher than Christian liberty. Boasted liberty may destroy conscience, but it strikes at the very life of the soul. Deny thyself from the impulse of sympathy and fear to cause others to sin and you have entered into the very inner temple of human life. There is a primary right and a secondary right. There is an eternal right and a temporary right. There is an absolute right and a circumstantial right. The Sabbath day has changed, but not the law of God. Every creed has changed, but not the fundamentals of Christian truth. Worship God forever, but whether at ten or eleven o'clock is not a part of the eternal arrangement. Method is always changing. Homes, and churches, and enterprises are killed by irrational conscience. Emphasis is too often laid upon petty and minor matters. Conscience must be founded upon reason if it triumphs in the world,

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because reason is always victorious. It takes a long time, in some instances, but it is crowned at last. It is folly to spend strength on anything less than principles. In the secondary matters most of the false judgment of others is formed. Here is the place for liberality, but in the sanctity of the inner right—never! Beware of oppressing others with your conscience. It may be only a secondary and temporal one. It may be unworthy of a long sceptre. We only learn the primary and the eternal from communion with Christ. Washing hands and eating with the Pharisees did not make up the larger part of His life. It was not empty and hollow, but solid and cubic. His was the very life of God. The kingdom of God is not in externals; it is in life, and life more abundantly, and life eternal. He furnishes the standard in precept and example for all men in their relation to their own conscience and that of other men. He conquers who stands by the Christ, even if his feet press the rocky soil of Calvary.

They say a bright light fell on Luther's face as the German monk stood before the Emperor at Worms, and said, "I cannot and will not recant."

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But a brighter light entered his soul as he boldly fronted death for conscience' sake.

All happiness comes through one channel, and that is the peace which flows through the deepest part of life, the peace of conscience. Peace with myself, peace with my record, peace with my God.

In the olden time Hawthorne says there lived a knight who fell in love with a strange but beautiful maiden. She dwelt in a fountain in the seclusion of a lonely and hidden forest. She charmed the boy's soul. She was so attractive and so near to nature that the birds, and fishes, and all the animal world were her friends. She taught him how to make them all his companions. She could always make him happy and bring sunshine into his darkness. He made a journey to the distant city, and in a perilous and unguarded moment he fell and became guilty of grossest sin. A few days passed in the transgression, and after it, when he appeared one morning in the forest again. He was now a coward and trembled. His appearance had changed. Glances flashed from his blood-shot eyes. He tried his old power, and whistled to his forest friends. They came all about him, but suddenly scampered and fled away with frightened cries. He gave a slight

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scream too, but hastened on toward the fountain. He reached its side only to find the very waters shrinking away from him and refusing to touch his lips. He cried for the maiden, but only an echo of bitterness and woe came back. He at last saw her blessed face only for a moment, and then it was lying upon the water, pale and with a blood-stain upon the forehead. His crime had slain the fountain girl. His hopes were blasted, and his world darkened, and his condemnation the greatest reality. Conscience had been trifled with and trampled upon, and this was the end.

*Sow an act, reap a habit ; sow a habit, reap a character ;
sow a character, reap a destiny.*—ANON.

*Man is not the creature of circumstance. Circumstances
are the creatures of men.*—DISRAELI.

*We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made
And all our future's atmosphere with sunshine or with shade.*
—WHITTIER.

*Time the shuttle drives, but you
Give to every thread its hue
And elect your destiny.* —BURLEIGH.

*Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we
must carry it with us or we find it not.*—EMERSON.

*If we would see the color of our future we must look for
it in our present. If we would gaze on the star of our
destiny we must look for it in our hearts.*—CANON FARRAR.

*The end of life is to be like God, and the soul following
Him will be like Him.*—SOCRATES.

XII

LIFE'S DESTINY

THE smallest fraction of human life does not know chance, and scoffs at fate. Destiny is in the citadel of law and guarded by all the forces in the universe. Greek and Roman fates are still frowning upon a trembling world. Their despotism is the gift of pagan theology. Dignity of freedom is forced back by their power and boldness. The human will is left out of the weaver's hands and the fabric of life is tangled and knotted threads. This has not the sanction of reason, experience, or revelation. There are three forces which operate in human life,—will, environment, and God. They not only operate but cooperate in the making of character and fixing of destiny. Man is no more the creature of circumstances than the creator of circumstances, and a supernatural power forces its way into his environment. No one questions the effect of surroundings upon character and life, but

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kingly man swings his sceptre over these conditions and says, "There shall be no Alps." He calls "impossible" a "blockhead word," and casts it out of his vocabulary and finds no definition for it in the dictionary. The engine halts before the great barrier of the mountain-range, but man speaks the impossible and says, "go on, go on," but his commands are for obedience, and a hole is bored through the granite hills. Bedford Jail makes "Pilgrim's Progress" and Milton's blindness makes *Paradise Lost*." One day is as good as another. We are the foolish victims of superstition. Friday is the best day in American history.

Friday, Christopher Columbus sailed on his voyage of discovery.

Friday, ten weeks after, he discovered America.

Friday, Henry VII. of England gave Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America.

Friday, St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States, was founded.

Friday, the Mayflower, with the Pilgrims, arrived at Provincetown; and on

Friday, they signed the august compact, the forerunner of the present Constitution.

Friday, George Washington was born.

Friday, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified.

Friday, the surrender of Saratoga was made.

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Friday, the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown occurred; and on

Friday, the motion was made in Congress that the United States were, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

God makes man, but man also makes himself. In that is his responsibility. He has been endued with will power, and that is the maker of character. This power of choice makes every man the author of his own destiny. The glory of manhood and its distinctive feature is its power to choose. The absolute necessity of freedom is in morality, and character, and destiny. There could be no moral quality in action if chance or fate were in control. There must be free agency in order to manhood, morality, or religion. Napoleon said he had his star, his fate, but he toiled and strained every faculty and nerve to the highest tension nineteen hours out of each day. Success and character are surrounded by conditions which every man must courageously face. This is the genius of salvation. It is offered to every man upon his personal acceptance of the conditions; a complete surrender to its claims. Chance does not control it, and fate does not compel it. One journey through the halls of memory in the companionship of conscience stamps this

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great truth upon the soul of every man. He recognizes himself as the architect of his own life and its destiny. God never hardened any Pharoah's heart. He was the maker of his own condition, the author of his own end. He ruled by obduracy and selfishness. He forgot God and the principles of truth and righteousness; he mocked heaven's messengers and ignored their warning. He trampled upon the law of God, and by that process made his own heart as hard as the granite rock. This sad result was reached by laws as binding and relentless as the laws which make the mountains themselves. The law of gravity works no more perfectly or effectively than this law of the soul life. A hard heart is ever the result of man's act. It was not compulsion; it was choice. This is not the sovereignty of force; this is the kingdom of will. God is to us only what we are to Him. He does not compel us; he begins where we are. The process of hardening is the process of nature. God's sovereignty is never divorced from God's love. Man's freedom is never destroyed in the presence of divine power. Man has no control over his birth, and finds himself in a world which he did not create. He is subjected to these conditions, and, in a measure, under their

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power. Is this man, then, the instrument of blind fate? No, a thousand times no! He is the king of his own realm. He is the creator of his own character. There is no power in blood, or circumstances, to condemn a man. The almost omnipotence of his own will is at once his salvation and the cause of his responsibility. Nature furnishes the materials, but man fashions the tools and makes the furniture. God gives man forests, but no house. Every man is the recipient of materials for the making of character, but it is his time, and his strength, and his persistency, and his perfect pattern which bring the result. The raw material of blood and environment are his for higher use. Even a man's thoughts come to be the greatest workmen in the building of life. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." His very features are the lines upon which his thoughts are written. The secret things of the soul reveal themselves at last. A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here it goes!" And he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher. In

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X every man's life there have been moments of such revelation, but not always moments of victory. Skakespeare was arrested for deer-stealing and brought before a Warwickshire judge. He fled from the ire of Sir Thomas Lucy and became a second-rate actor in the theatre. His natural disposition was to a dissolute life. Some of his minute descriptions reveal his thorough familiarity with the low life and sin of the London taverns. His father was determined to make his boy live as he had lived and become an ordinary wool-comber of Stratford, but this boy could not be chained fast to that kind of an occupation. He harnessed his wagon to a star and changed the whole course of his life and at last wrote the dramatic as no mortal has ever written, and secured an imperishable fame and made a glorious record in the literary world. His natural inclination was conquered by his holy resolution. He wrote marvellous dramas, but played his part better. He never bowed to chance or fate.

The great fact of human existence is that character makes destiny. Every man comes to his own place. The motive of a man's heart controls his life and makes his measure of success. Agassiz so loved natural history that not a bone, or a bird, or a fish,

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or even a strange pebble escaped his notice. The skeleton of a peculiar fish was brought into the museum at Cambridge. The excitement of the old man was intense. He placed it beneath his glass⁴ and examined it hour after hour and forgot his food and his sleep. He was so enthusiastic over the study of God in nature that it became his real life, and the world crowned him. Why is Pasteur known the world over and recognized as supreme authority in his speciality? Because he has been obedient to the leading great passion of his life. His discoveries in bacteriology were his delight, and at last entered into every drop of blood which coursed through his veins. He could not let it go; he must toil at it unceasingly. It was on his heart in the daytime; it was the dream of the night. Obstacles and difficulties were banished before this great, overmastering passion and supreme motive of his life. He could not conceal it; it was himself. The inner life stamped itself upon every part of the external. That was his world. He conquered it and owned it. There are no exceptions to this great rule. Every man fashions his own world and makes his own future. There is not a mean moment in life. It is all sublime and glori-

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ous, freighted with the gold of possibility and stamped with eternity. The gallery of the human soul may be covered with works of art and frescoed with the beauty of fidelity, or it can be a wretched daub. No space is left blank; something must be done; even idleness takes a brush in hand and does its work unceasingly and indelibly. Every stroke remains forever. Remorse and regret are the associates of a man who thus fills his life. If he will not have flowers he must have weeds. If he will not have wheat he must have nettles. There is no wisdom in challenging the divine economy. The laws of nature never change to accommodate carelessness or negligence. The rule has no exceptions, and is bold in its demands upon obedience. It never succumbs to the prayer of ignorance. Gardens and harvests depend upon an inexorable law. But life also has its laws, and character bears its sacred and eternal relation to them. Neglect and refusal to obey forever grows weeds instead of flowers. Intellectual and physical strength or weakness come always by their own pathway to every man. Moral nature is subjected to the same principles. The end has an inevitable but direct connection with the beginning. Sowing and reaping can be separated

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only in time. Negative condition is not an option. There will be growth without cultivation. Production is a necessity. Man has the power to declare its kind.

Neither the sluggard nor the fool is relieved from obligation. Here is evidenced the sharpest wisdom or the bluntest folly. This great and binding law does not confine itself to a man's own life. It even works on with startling and pathetic effect in the lives of others. It is a delusion to suppose that a broken commandment touches only the offender's character and condition. He racks his body, and shatters his mind, and forfeits his property, but he is convicted before the suffering of his family and the blight he places upon society. No man lives unto himself. He has no possession exclusively his own. His life itself is a sanctified trust. Weeds in a garden give their seeds into the hands of the wind to be scattered in a hundred other gardens. The far-reaching result of one life is not measured by the mathematics of the schools. The eternities and infinities enter into the calculation. It is a dramatic and tragical moment when man holds the germs of righteous or evil action in his hand. He recognizes the result, but knows it only

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in part. That critical moment shares in the making of his own destiny and has an emphatic bearing on his fellow men. He cannot force them, but he can help or hinder them. There is sin even in neglect and ill use. The demand is made for right use and increase. Possession without cultivation is sin. Riches of any kind—money or opportunity—in a napkin is under the condemnation of highest justice. This relates to the whole circumference of life's circle. Every man has been called a trustee and a steward. Property is wealth only in its use in the interests of character. All other values are subservient to the good done to self or others. This makes the solemnity of life. What the world calls defeat may be grandest victory. To strive simply for fame or wealth is a sign of weakness; they are not the prize of life. The great laws of the world do not govern them, nor do the forces of the world always operate to their possession. They are tossed about carelessly in the crowd and are not worth the scramble. To be great in the sight of God and a man's own heart is as distant from them as the east from the west. Here is certainty. Any one can achieve greatness if he will pay the price. It is a mastery of self, and a living for others, and

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a divine association. Popularity, and reputation, and fortune are large words with small meaning. Character compasses the very eternities themselves. He who secures these baubles for which the crowd are madly seeking is simply striving to displace another man; to outdo his fellow; to embitter human life. This is the brute law of competition, but there is a diviner law which ennobles manhood and saves the world. The world's failure is often heaven's success. Alexander and Napoleon, Herod and Caiaphas, and even Cain, were successful. Dante was an exile; Savonarola a martyr; Homer a beggar, and the great army of missionaries died unknown in heathen darkness. The greatest failure in all the world was nailed to Calvary's cross, but His shall be the most triumphant success of all time and eternity. Raleigh failed, but his name is shackled to heroism and nobility. Kossuth failed, but his deathless fidelity and his golden words will have power with men until the last second is ticked off on the clock of time. O'Connell failed, but in the failure was the seed of enduring fame as the apostle of liberty and the silver-tongued orator of the people. Joan of Arc was burned alive at Rouen, but she still lives. Lincoln was assassinated

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in the very centre of his career, but his life is surrounded with a halo of glory. Wykliffe and Cranmer were burned at the stake. The world shouted failure; heaven declared victory. "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man," said Latimer as he stood with his friend at the stake, "we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England as I trust shall never be put out," and every word sounded around the world and echoed through the corridors of the eternal city. Garrison and Phillips failed, were jeered and hissed at every turn, but on that very ground men are building monuments to their memory. Demosthenes, and Curran, and Disraeli were thrust to the heart by the taunts of men, and even driven from the rostrum, but the power of greatness would not be silenced, and time, ever faithful, brought the reward. Apparent defeats may be the greatest victories. They may kill Wallace, but Scotland is his monument. Austrian spears may draw Winklereid's blood, but Switzerland is free. Leonidas and his three hundred perish, but they are greater than the whole Persian army. Men become intoxicated with worldly success who have not yet discovered real greatness and the eternity

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of character. Heaven's dictionary will be a vast improvement upon our words, and their proper meaning in the sentence of life. The world's success is a cheap and worthless article. One day the Sultan had a toothache and he sent for the court dentist, a highly paid and highly honored functionary. The dentist happened to be away from his palace on a hunting expedition. The Sultan could not wait, and dispatched messengers to find some other dentist. They found a practitioner in a poor quarter of the city whose business scarcely kept him in food, and they ordered him to accompany them to the imperial palace. He was first hastily taken to a clothing store, where his old clothes were exchanged for sumptuous garments at the Sultan's expense, and he was then taken to see his imperial patient. He extracted the aching tooth and gave the tortured monarch instant relief. The grateful Sultan at once made him court dentist, deposing the absent official. Thus in two hours the dentist was raised from penury to affluence, and made a Pasha, with a palace and a princely income. The good fortune turned his head, and he became crazy. Promptly again the Sultan acted. The dentist was deposed; his title, his palace, and his income were

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taken away, and in one day he was as poor as before. Joseph's brethren received seven dollars by the sale of a part of their own flesh and blood. They thought it was riches, but no man can sell his own blood in any manner who is not the loser. Joseph enters the pit to be buried alive; then becomes a slave; meets sorrow, and suffering, and misrepresentation, and false imprisonment, but faces them all like a hero. They were the stepping-stones to his throne. His own wicked relatives were at last compelled to bow in humble reverence beneath the sceptre of character. "The soul that sinneth it shall die." That is not a mere thread of arbitrary statement. It is under the law of necessity. That is the open and downward path to destruction and death. It is a simple move by which the very fibre, and sinew, and dignity is taken out of life. Weakness has only one course, and that a downward one. It rolls on in a mad rush and plunge. Sin has an irresistible velocity. This is the most emphatic line of history. It is not false use of language to frighten. Even the trifling things of life reveal themselves as tremendous in the end. An opening through which a pin is thrust with difficulty has given the reservoir over to be a destructive force of

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greatest power. The real wealth of any kind, even of character, may be thrown away in an instant. He is a wise man and lives an eloquent life who considers every moment and circumstance as freighted with most valuable treasure. The bearing of everything upon character and destiny is one of the sublimest and most inspiring thoughts of the human mind. There is character in environment, and habit, and voice, and motion, and all things. Who is he? Tell me where he is and what he does; that is sufficient. The common and routine things of each day make character, and character makes destiny. Every man comes at last where he belongs; where the pathway of his life leads; he finds his right place. Judas was not an exception, only a striking example. The truth of the great principle is in every drop of human blood. It is better for every Judas not to have been born than to end his life with a sin. Not to exist is better than to sin. If the lie is on our lips, or the stolen good is in our hand it is better, at that instant, never to have been born. That startling statement finds its explanation in the sinner rather than the man. In the sudden shock of some revelation of human character we are made blind to the many

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minor offences which pave the way to this climax. It is possible to hide so much that it seems as if disclosure never would be made, but the fatal hour strikes, and the character is revealed and destiny is sealed unless God interferes. Self-deception is self-destruction. He who has lost enough sensitiveness to sin so as to fail to see his real nature is not exempt from the inevitable. Manufactured blindness is not material for excuse. Violation of righteous law is never accomplished with impunity.

When the Santa Fe Railroad contractors reached Williams, Ariz., they attempted to tunnel through the mountain. A fire broke out in the workings which was not extinguished until large quantities of water had been thrown upon it. Scarcely had new woodwork been put in, when the fire broke out again, and this time it could not be put out. It appeared that the geological formation of the mountain is chiefly limestone in a high degree of purity. The water used in extinguishing the first fire had set the lime to slacking. The lime, as it slacked, dissolved into gas, liquid, and ashes, which, falling out of place, released the adjoining strata and exposed a fresh surface to the chemical action of the air and vapor. How far the strata

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extends is not known, but it looks as if the whole inside of the mountain would be eaten away. There are men sometimes to be met with in society who resemble this mountain. One sin in their nature leads to another, until their whole being seems to be given up to the curse.

Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards. The crisis simply unveils the man. The critical moment is only the revealer of what we have silently and imperceptibly become. It is better and easier to take care of the harvest field at the sowing end. There is greater wisdom and keener foresight in planting pure seed than in the unsuccessful attempt to clean out the tares in the mill. The "by and by" of action is ruinous to character. Liberty at first is shackles afterward. The mouth of the river is not the place to change its course or its character. During the long journey, the impurities and sand have sifted in and the stream of habit have mingled their waters and increased the size and muddiness of every Mississippi. At the source is the opportunity for change and the making of purity. Right or wrong in life always comes to its appropriate reward or punishment. Delay is not escape, and should not be deceptive. The drop of water

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and the grain of sand which fell upon the mountain twenty years ago are the makers of the avalanche to-day. The single acts of sin may be dropping into the heart for twenty years and their effect undiscovered upon the surface. Defiant, boastful man says, "Behold me; for twenty years I have been living in this way, and I am perfectly healthy and happy." It is the wisdom of the fool to say you should not do this or you should not do that. Here is the emphatic argument which overthrows all that religious warning: "Suddenly the tree crashes before the storm, but the single drop of water found its way over the joining of limb and trunk to the very heart, and the years produce weakness, and decay, and resultant ruin. It is the inevitable. Future punishment is not arbitrary, but the natural and inevitable result of evil desire and evil life. A man who lives in wickedness has the beginning of hell in him now. Milton says, "Which way I fly am hell; myself am hell." The place is already in the heart. No man can get away from himself. Every mortal being will come where he desires to come—not surface desire, but the deepest movements of his soul. He lives, and thinks, and plans, and acts in sin. The future is simply the effect of

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that cause. His present character demands that kind of a future. It is character which comes to its own place. No love for God here—why live with God there? Life has no ingredient except what you have placed there.

“We are building every day
In a good or evil way,
And the structure, as it grows,
Will our inmost self disclose.
All are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of time,
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.
For the structure that we raise
Time is with materials filled,
Our to-days and yesterdays are the blocks
With which we build.”

No one can estimate the bearing of the slightest event on the final issue. Diamonds are made out of carbon, and rubies out of coal. Commonest things fill up the pattern in the mosaic of life. This is not only an outward and divine judgment, but the deep, and cutting, and abiding self-condemnation. It is not only so much punishment for so much sin, so many strokes for so many offences, so much penalty for so much guilt, but it is the

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holy rebuke of conscience against the whole life. The soul's implacable wrath against the offender. The laws of society did not hang Judas. Even God would have forgiven his criminality, black and deep-dyed as it was. But the foul betrayer could not pardon himself. The rope about his neck was the pressure of destiny. He twisted his own rope and mixed his own bitterness. The ingredients of his sorrow and ruin were the simple elements of his life. He came by a direct pathway, but it was his own choosing, and he was himself and not another.

In the Kensington Gardens, in London, at the beginning of their enterprise, they sent over to China, to Oceanica, to India, to Arabia, to Palestine, to Egypt, and parts of Africa, and gathered specimens of all the beautiful birds. It was a great collection. They were placed in individual cages and those cages packed into a huge crate that covered a third of the deck of the small vessel on which they were brought from Alexandria. But when they were taking that immense crate off the ship, by some accident the great iron hook which lifted it from the deck to the wharf ripped off the top of the crate. It crashed down on the taffrail, on some of the iron projections, struck on the side of

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the ship, and then broke on the wharf. It was shattered into thousands of pieces. The cages were broken apart. Birds of blue and birds of yellow, birds of red and birds of green, birds from Oceanica, birds from China, birds from India, birds from Africa, birds from Egypt and from Palestine, were all set free on the shore of England. They found but one of those birds, a pelican, and that one is still shown in the Zoological Gardens in London. The pelican had done its best to get back to the upper Nile, but he could not swim or fly so far. But the other birds evidently went back home. They were released from their prison, and each went to his own place. Now, while they were in prison, they were not going where they wished to go. They desired to be free. They did not wish to be exhibited in the London Zoological Gardens. That was not in their nature. But they were placed there by circumstances beyond their control, and when providence did release them each went to his own mate, to his own nest, to his own country, to his own tree, to the shade of his own natural home, to his own place.

No cage can destroy the soul's desire. Death is

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the moment of release, and each man finds his own place.

But while character is the maker of destiny, the blessed thought was born in the heart of God to have Christ the maker of character. Byron had a dream about the sun being blotted out of the heavens and the shocking results which followed, but it was not all a dream. George Stephenson, who invented the first locomotive, was once standing on a terrace when he saw the smoke and steam of an engine at a distance. Turning to a friend, he said, "Do you know what drives that engine?" "Well, I suppose some Newcastle driver." "But what makes the engine go?" The friend confessed himself unable to answer. "Well, then, I will tell you; it is the sun that drives that engine." The light and heat of the sun had been stored away in the coal mines during the passing centuries, and now this heat was released from its prison in the fires of the engine. The heat produced the steam, the steam moves the engine, therefore it is the sunbeam which pushes the train. We warm ourselves at the fireside because the sun was warm. That same sun provides water, and the iron, and even the vital processes of our own bodies. The sun draws the

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gardens and harvests out of the earth. It brings light and life everywhere.

That is the relation of the Son of God to human life. He is the author and finisher of character. He is everything to any man. To be a man is a grand thing. "Before I go any further," says Frank Osbaldistone in "Rob Roy," "I must know who you are." "I am a man," is the answer, "and my purpose is friendly." "A man?" he replied; "that is a brief description." "It will serve," answered Rob Roy, "for one who has no other to give. He that is without friends, without coin, without country, is still, at least, a man." But a better statement was made by a young man recently converted from darkest heathenism. He said to the man who told him the sweet story of a Saviour, "When you go home write it down in your book that I am Jesus Christ's man." That is the sublimest position in the world. To be "Christ's man" is eternal victory. Rider Haggard, in one of his fascinating books has an exciting chapter in which the weary travellers who have braved starvation and countless dangers, at last reach the renowned cave in which is hidden an innumerable collection of diamonds, every one of which is worth a fortune. They are

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within an inch of becoming millionaires. Their mission is all but accomplished, when the door, which can only be opened on the outside by a secret spring, quickly closes and they are caught like mice in a trap. Surrounded by countless diamonds of rarest value they are, nevertheless, buried in a hopeless tomb. That is real life rather than fiction. It is sternest truth. There are no riches for an imprisoned soul, but Christ comes with liberty and life everlasting. Christ does not come to a man as some external help, like a cane, or a crutch, or a guide, but He comes as breath and blood. The stronger and nobler we are, the more we need Him. To believe in Christ is to be like Him. To live as He lived is to share His eternity. He gives inspiration for life, comfort for sorrow, strength for labor, redemption in death. Christ draws the bow of His love across the heart-strings and makes the world's sweetest music in harmony with every note in the sweet melodies of heaven. The Son of God has the only real reward in His pierced hand.

In Paris there was a young doctor who had exhibited wonderful skill in surgical operations and who had pursued an original line of investigation, which had interested many of the professors, and

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which had thrown new light on the branch of medical science that he had made his specialty. He had studied, and investigated, and experimented, toiling for "La Gloire," as only a Frenchman can. He had pursued the bubble, Reputation: he had worked late and early; and at last Fame, he had it! The papers in the boulevards were full of the fame of the young doctor, and it was decided that he should get, what is the aim and ambition of every Frenchman, the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. He was on his death-bed, and far gone in consumption, gaunt and ghastly, with his eyes in a flame, yet with his mind searching and investigating to the last, and thinking, "Surely this will bring me undying fame," when there came to him a messenger with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. When the eyes of the young man rested upon it, he said, "Just what I have been toiling for, undying honor." He took it up, and feeling the hand of death upon him, he raised himself in the bed, and exclaimed, "I will not die! I will not die!" and he fell back and died, with the decoration in his hand.

In the gorgeous ritual that inaugurates the coronation and enthronement of the popes, there is a remarkable stage. When the wall that had

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closed the entrance, where the college of cardinals had been electing the Pope, has been broken open, and the voice of the clerk of the Holy College has been heard proclaiming the name of him who is to be Pope, a procession is formed to St. Peter's: and, as they pass with all the splendor of ecclesiastical display upon them, up the echoing aisle of that wonderful building to where the throne is, on the other side of the high altar, there is a sudden pause; and amid the silence, before the new Pope, a priest suddenly appears, within his hand a reed, and on the top of the reed, a loose bundle of flax. The lighted taper in his other hand is applied to the straggling ends of the flax; there is a sudden flare, and in a moment the ashes have fallen at the feet of the supreme pontiff; and you hear a sonorous voice say, "*Pater Sancte, sic transit gloria mundi.*" (Holy Father, thus passeth the glory of the world.) Another bundle of flax is placed on the reed; the white ashes sprinkle the place; and again the voice says, "*Pater Sancte, sic transit gloria mundi.*" For a third time the impressive ceremony takes place, and the voice proclaims just the text, "*So passeth away the glory of this world.*"

The burning flax is a poor symbol of the passing

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glory of this world. Eternity is the only reality. Christ alone has the power to change destiny by changing character. The gift of His character to an immortal soul is the gift of His glorious destiny. Let us give the most triumphant shout of mortal lips, "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

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