



PICKINGS FROM
A POCKET OF PEBBLES

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PICKINGS
FROM
"A POCKET OF PEBBLES".



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FROM
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

“A Pocket of Pebbles,

BY
WILLIAM PHILPOT”.

With Introductory Note by
A. B. GROSART, LL.D., F.S.A.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

I HAVE been asked by the Publisher to introduce these "Pickings" from "A Pocket of Pebbles", by my "brother beloved", the REV. WILLIAM B. PHILPOT. I confess my first impulse was to plead the old saw, "Good wine needs no bush", or unmetaphorically, to decline, as holding it superfluous to come between readers and such a book. Next, there arose the inevitable feeling of one reverentially and lovingly familiar with the original volume (in its two editions) and which one rather wished doubled or trebled than lessened, "Wherefore 'Pickings'?" Sheridan so received Dodd's "Beauties of Shakespeare", adding "But where are *all*

the rest"—accentuating "all"—and on the first blush of it, I did not relish diminution by even one of these "Pebbles" of fine Thought, Fancy, Word-play, wise Teaching, penetrative Criticism, seer-like Warning, daintiest phrasing. I became, however, reconciled to the small task of love by pleasing myself with the notion that perchance my fore-word may lead more to buy and read. I further venture a prophetic hope that this tinier tome will quicken capable and reflective readers to secure the complete work, from the classic press of my other bookish and most loveable friend, Master Robert Roberts, of Boston, Lincolnshire.

Leaving it to be found out how it is the Author designates his book "A

Pocket of Pebbles", and resisting repetition of the well-worn anecdote of Sir Isaac Newton, I may illustrate the two MOODS under which these "Pickings" will be best read and pondered.

First—If you take a piece of mica-streaked or seamed stone,—wave-polished "pebble"—and put it in the water, the golden-silvern gleam is lost. To get that, you must lay it in the sunshine—as last summer I did a glorious find on Lago Como's shore.

Second—If you lift a streaked and veined and speckled stone — again wave-polished "pebble"—and put it on the sand, the streaks and veins and speckling are equally lost. To get these, you must lay it in the water—as

at same time and place I did a fragment of agate.

Similarly, there are in these "Pickings", thoughts and fancies, musings and introspections for hours of gladness, and there are others that must be steeped in tears, or that will only reveal their depth, their graciousness, their apt consolation, their wise suggestiveness, to Sorrow.

Light and shadow, wisdom and wit, pathos and humour, antique-flavoured moralizing, and present-day penetrativeness lace and interlace in my dear friend's winsome little book. I right cordially commend it to gentle and simple.

I know not that I can better close this "Introductory Note" than by adding a dedicatory sonnet prefixed by

me to my collection of the Works of
ABRAHAM COWLEY in the CHERTSEY
WORTHIES' LIBRARY :—

TO

THE REV. WILLIAM B. PHILPOT,
Author of "A Pocket of Pebbles, with a few
Shells; being Fragments of Reflections,
now and then with a Cadence, made up
mostly by the Sea-shore,"

I dedicate, admiringly and gratefully, this
first worthy edition of the Works of Cowley.

The lapse of time has made thy very name
Poetical; and more, it stirs our love,
E'en as 'twere of a personal friend, above
The mists that now, COWLEY, becloud thy
fame.

As, when the sun is set, a swift-shot flame
Gleams in the skies, and upwards still doth
move,
Touching with rosy splendour stream and
grove,

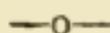
So Cowley 'tis with thee. I may not claim
That thou art now in men's mouths as of old,
Or for thy works the lustre once they held ;
But pleasant memories still thy name enfold ;
Thought—fancy—English rare, of days of eld,
Were thine ; and to a chosen few, to-day,
They still are dear ; Philpot, thou'lt not
gainsay.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART,
LL.D., F.S.A.



PICKINGS FROM

“A Pocket of Pebbles”.



Of art in life.

A large part of life is, or ought to be, spent in making up our imperfections and redeeming old mistakes. In many a drawing, some wrong form in an early stage, some strong or misplaced light, or some unjust shadow, requires for its expunging, or its retiring, for its bringing up, or else for its keeping, valuable hours which might have been spent in doing many things in the pic-

ture which therefore have yet to be done.

“*Bellona pronuba*”.

One of the happiest marriages I know was on this wise. A well-to-do farmer's wife died, and left a large, but small, family. He had an excellent house-keeper. He became attached to her ; but his love cooled, and he was for breaking it off. Nothing of the sort ! Her ladyship had insight enough to see that he was only a weak man ; and she knew no less well that she was a strong woman, a help meet for him, and capable of doing, and wanting to do, the best for him ; and so she sued him there and then—“sued” for his hand ! He, finding it so, like a sensible man, made the best of—I will not say a *bad* job ; for I affirm that this is one of the

brightest and happiest couples I know. She never "has any words" with the first family, who respect and love her from oldest to youngest; from first, as I hope to last.

**A heap of stones, and therefore
not to be numbered with my
pebbles.**

A Parson's business is that of a stone-breaker. But there is usually not a stone-breaker in the parish who has such hard work before him. The power of *converting* people ought, it seems to me, to be a primary requisite in the eyes of those who pass Christian ministers into Holy Orders.

A word to the—unwise.

Ye lovers, be not one-eyed. If, oh eligible young woman, a man has home, and land, and money, but not love—you

will *of course* not be such a little fool as to wish for him because of those? But if he professes love for you *before* he has a home and fair means of common life to offer you, or at least a good hope of these within reasonable time—his love, whatever it may turn to afterwards, is now but an airy, ideal, theoretical, unembodied, unsubstantial thing, not yet the least to be leaned on. Love, if we would personify the little god completely, must have both substance and spirit—a fair amount of wit being taken for granted.

Of laborious trifling.

Seeing that no right-minded man liveth to himself alone, it might seem uninteresting, not to say stupid—except we have to get our bread by it—to steep ourselves in any special know-

ledge which none shall have but we. This however is sometimes made up for and rendered rational, if men leave behind them books which keep for the use of the rising, changing, and growing world the upshot of the exercise of special gifts. Such may become useful some day, except their chosen topics be in their very nature useless. I am told of a man who, having wearied himself over the majestic inhumanities of the Lucretian deity, fell asleep and dreamt this ghastly line—"Immemorabilium perfurva crepuscula palpans"; which his learned brother translates, "Handling the tawny twilights of immemorables."

The other side of the picture.

Those who live always in natural and rightful enjoyment must perforce

fail to realize the keenness of relish with which a man mostly steeped in unnatural misery welcomes such a parenthesis of pleasure as from time to time may come. Can you not sometimes minister that comfort to your poorer neighbour?

Sin brought home.

It is curious to observe, how much more enormous and outrageous we are apt to count a piece of dishonesty, if we ourselves are pinched by it. The other day a man in my neighbourhood was dishonest about an insurance business. I thought it sad, and a heinous thing in the land;—but only when I found afterwards that this very man had actually taken a tax out of my own pocket and not paid it into the Bank—my indignation knew no bounds,

Tum demum I felt what a crime dishonesty was!

Of social estimates.

The world is fouler than some, and fairer than others can imagine.

Of the making of gifts.

When you give anything away, as money, you should not do so with any feeling of triumph in the power of disposal, but with humility, and with a sense of responsibility to the Giver of all things good. We none of us have anything which we have not received. This, like most of these things, is not new. Enough if I remind my readers, and myself, that it is *true*.

Of occasions.

To let an opportunity go is the act of a fool; but in the polarity of stupi-

dity, to go out of your way for disaster and to "go to market for sorrow" is the act of a madman.

"Lacteoli animi".

Rational wonder is but the opening of the mind to draw the breasts of knowledge.

Laws and laws.

The laws of nature must be qualified by the laws of society. The man who forgets this runs his head at every turn against living walls harder than his block.

Of pace in expression of thought.

The power of speaking ought obviously to be commensurate with the power of writing; for the same mental power, be it great or small, is at the

bottom of both. This inequality is a question of *pace*, and is a superable accident. If indeed in his writing a man do not accustom himself to have his thoughts in fair order before he so expresses himself, then it is only to be expected that his tongue will hang fire just as his pen does, and his failure in speaking may be fairly set down as merely his own fault. But many men who write *currente calamo* cannot *speak* on the very same topic with running tongue. How is this? It is because the pace at which he writes must at its quickest be slower than the pace requisite for a fluent oration. To remove this incongruity, the symbols of written language must be so arranged as to admit of the same pace in writing as in speaking. Then he who can write with facility will naturally, and from

uniform pace of thought, be able also to speak with felicity.

The blackberry season.

A man with leisure and education is like one on horseback in a lane in the blackberry season. He can get fine, ripe blackberries, that have been beyond the reach of the little vulgar boy. Who does not envy such high riders?

"Insipiens sapientia."

People sometimes do dispassionately and after long deliberation, earnest consideration, and reconsideration, things more wild and outrageous than other people do by their first unreflecting and unconscious impulse. The marvel is, that this is sometimes true of the very same persons!

Works and hours.

What to do and what not to do, what pertains and what does not pertain to our eternal life, what is a primary and what a secondary duty, and what is not a duty at all, but merely a useless or illegitimate pleasure, is often a painful question. "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost" refers closely to *time* in this regard.

Of platitudes.

In public speaking, or in treating of any subject, be original amidst your accurate array of facts, and have a bony framework of knowledge underlying the nerves of your originality; else what you say is flaccid and pulpy stuff, and not lively oracle.

Of the taking of gifts.

If you lightly take gifts, you blind yourself, and you bind yourself.

The origin of love.

If any of our emotions of love or our impulses of affection begin from our spirit and flow to the spirit of the object, then and then only are they in order. It is from the bottom of the soul that love should take its rise. To be moved towards another in other wise than from the heart is out of place, and is disturbing and dangerous. We cannot well desire more than one at a time from the heart ; and if such a desire be held in due check by social obligation, a man cannot, I should think, go far wrong in these matters. It is, however, only the Spirit proceeding from the

Father and the Son who can order all emotions duly.

Of limits in sympathy.

Take care not to give way too far to that feeling of universal sympathy, whose frequent formula is "it is all the same." It soon comes to universal apathy.

Language of a yawn.

Who has not often noticed that some of the most crucial, telling, obstinate, and determined observations are made with a yawn, as the heart of a letter is sometimes deferred to the postscript? Always take the more careful note of what a man says to you with a yawn!

A word for the dead.

In the march of mind it is habitual for writers to beat down their prede-

cessors, and to tread ruthlessly over their carcasses the moment they have fallen. It may well be so where the impressions of such writers have been based on facts wholly false: but it is too much our habit to forget that, when facts have all been before the mind, the special impressions of men are all valuable, so far as they are genuine, no matter who comes before or after other.

A fool's laughter.

The discovery of truth is often, but most unjustly, retarded by the laugh raised at some isolated failure of an early enquirer.

Of moods.

Our own moods vary widely, yet we cannot at the moment precisely com-

prehend our being in a mood entirely different from the one in which we are.

Prayer and air.

Prayers which are inaudible, are naturally best adapted for the hearing of the Invisible : yet the air being also His, it is natural that this also should vibrate with the voice of prayer.

A sonnet.

Some bird is warbling for my joy—but
where
I weet not : wistfully I gaze
Through all the tremulous rounds of
leafage there ;
All ear and eye about me, lo ! I raise
Peering enquiry for my fount of praise—
That half-articulate sonneteer, too rare
To be commended in elaborated lays :—
Ah me ! I fail to find her anywhere—

Blest could I know who blesses me.—

’Tis so

I prove the sweet effects of some kind
soul,

Whose wishes waft about me as I go ;
I feel some hidden help doth make me
whole.

How like that sightless song this sound-
less prayer !

Some one is praying for me :—tell me,
where ?

A proverb to be put out.

Take care of the proverb “ Wherever
there is smoke, there is fire ” ;—That
smoke very often arises from that little
member which is set on fire of hell.

**The best walk and the highest
talk.**

“ Lord, teach us to pray ” did not
merely mean “ give us words to say ”,

but "teach us what it is, in the heat of the day, among the trees of this regained garden, to walk and to talk with our Father".

Advantage of a mean, but no mean advantage.

In matters of marked import, most successful lines of vigorous action, at least in gentle minds, are a mean between diffidence and dash.

"I know not seems".

Be very careful to accommodate your modes of thought and your views of personal ambition, not to what this or that person thinks "high" or "low", but to what *is* high and low, true and false, and the like. "Nearer my God to Thee"—this must be our motto.

Of limits of ambition.

How are we to regard that which we have not, but which we think it would be good for us to have? All such things from lowest to highest come under the same rule. That rule is quite clear. We must not fasten our minds on anything, except habits of excellence, and say, "I mean to attain that, come what may". It is unrestful, and in some degree dangerous—I do not say always irreligious, but *dangerous*—even with respect to a lawful object of ambition, to fix our gaze on it and go through *fas* to get it; for the temptation may be sore to go through *nefas* also. Not but what a man may be so penetrated with a sense of his powers that he may be convinced, and in some sort may feel inspired with the convic-

tion, that to work them in some unattained sphere may be his duty. But to live rightly under this conviction, and amidst these endeavours to rest in faith, requires constant watchfulness. A man must be very careful not to form any fixed idea that God wants him for any special work. If the work is manifestly to be done and nobody else can do it—especially if it be near at hand, and the time for its doing be passing or about to pass—then in God's name let him "go gallantly on", as Chevalier Bunsen, Arnold's friend, told me he had said to Florence Nightingale; but even then let him be humbly prepared at any moment to find the cup of his purpose suddenly put aside from his lips. Many, as the man I have last named, have come to the edge of their hopes of great work, and had but a

peep into the land where other men were to enter into their labours. But these high examples go beyond my original purpose. I began to write this rather that by help of God I might clear and establish what has to be said about the hopes and desires of common life. Suppose I see before me or beside me, but not within my reasonable reach, a condition which commends itself to my imagination as highly adapted to my powers and my tastes. The fact that this *seems* so is to be entirely merged, drowned, and lost in the fact that it is not within my reach. Circumstances stand round me and sever me from that object of my wishes. God makes them stand there. What *seems* is imagination, however vivid it may be. All *that* lies in the land of uncertainty. It may be a ghost. It

may be a picture painted by the devil. Indeed, being clean contrary to what God allows to me, it is most probable, nay I may say certain, that it is one of the *fata Morgana*, one of those mephitic *ignes fatui*, called up by the foul fiend in the bad air of selfishness ; an image, or child of desire, which has nothing to do with my Father and my God—except to flout and oppose His omniscient love for me. To hanker after it were vanity ; to follow it, insanity.

Vice is its own reward.

One of the most fearful ways by which you can deteriorate, is by thinking other people bad, especially the other sex. If you hold an idea that they are mostly given up to sin and are careless of character, as some love

to maintain, your soul is apt to come crushing down like a house with dry-rot; or like the lungs of a man long diseased, that slough off into cavernous death.

Love-couplet.

Those whom love couples love will hold
 so fast,
 That love at first will still be love at
 last.

ΠΟΥ ΣΤΩ;

The worst part of your becoming worse is if you do not know it. If you light upon some old friend, or find some piece of writing of your better days, it is melancholy if you are smitten with the sense—*quantum mutatus ab illo*. Yet you may indeed bethink you for your comfort, that in other ways

you may be changing for the better. What however is the set of the main current of your being?

A root question.

Which begins first, faith or knowledge—who can say? With children, probably *faith*; but to a man who has grown up—I mean *down*—into ignorance of God, the noting of some fact, or the attaining some piece of knowledge about Him may be accompanied by belief in the way of simultaneity. Then, believing that He is, you find, by diligently seeking Him, your knowledge growing. But to know Him is to love Him. This is to be at peace. Amidst pains and distresses of body, mind, and estate, notwithstanding all passing changes, you rest on the Eternal. Nobody fully believes this to be so, till he

finds it to be so. Everybody who finds it to be so "believes". All men may find it to be so whom we rightly call "good"—for reverence enters into our idea of goodness. The existence of the Father can however be arrived at both by analysis and synthesis. Every examined detail leads you up to God, Whom hitherto you knew not; and taking God for the foundation and starting point of observation, knowing in Whom you believe, you descend to the details of creation and providence by the same chain by which you might, logically speaking, have up-clomb. Morally speaking, can the soul climb without some sort of belief? that is the question. It is akin to that enquiry as to the priority, connateness, or posteriority of matter or of spirit, which is among the things above proof. Here

faith answers in the analogy to spirit ; the appreciation of fact, to matter. It is true that the "honest and good heart" will, either immediately or mediately, reach God ; but then that honest and good heart is not wholly ignorant of God to begin with. Such a heart, like the sound syllogism, involves the *Petitio Principii* ; only, instead of reaching his Universal through an enumeration of particulars, a process not applicable here, he finds Him by an examination of the one great crucial instance Himself.

Of Traitors.

For thirty pieces of silver Judas sold his Saviour to the Priests, and himself to the devil. The whole spiritual world seemed *nothing* to him, and a little hard cash seemed everything. When

it was too late, he saw it all. This was not an exceptional sin, save incidentally. It is so with all sin. Every man who prefers pleasure to duty is of the company of Judas. It is only in circumstantial detail that he is less infamous.

From bad to worse.

It may indeed not be good for a man to be alone—but that is infinitely better than being with any one with whom he ought not to be!

The requisite for spiritual students.

Dr. Koelle, author of the *Polyglotta Africana*, tells me that, when he learns a new language—which at one time was about once a week—he begins by writing its grammar. So, let the man who wishes to cultivate the spiritual

life study the laws thereof for himself. He must not simply go upon books of devotion made by others, though upon these he may well lean, as when a person learns to skate. Indeed all the best men and women maintain their most advanced spiritual life by feeding on such diet, especially on the highest fare which is before them. What I here lay stress upon is, that the life of the spirit cannot be learned by merely paying attention to what is outside our own soul. Spiritual life cannot be duly appreciated as knowledge by the student who is not of a nature to receive it. This is why men merely scientific fail to see the beauty and truth of Christianity. They bring to the examination of the highest phenomena only the same kind of eye which serves them in the lower. They

see nothing, and then employ the authority of their deserved eminence in "science" to persuade men that there is nothing farther to see! As for those who look to *them* for guidance in matters higher than apes and acids, motes and moths, embryos and gases, we know that "if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch";—and the sooner the better for the world—I do not say for themselves.

A greater than David is here.

When the Psalmist says "Shall the dead rise up and praise Thee?" in Christ's name, and in the light of His love, we thankfully answer "*yes*". If the Psalmist, even without our experience and our additional ground of faith, found in that limited trust in his God enough to live upon, how much more

ought *we* gratefully to feel, that in this House of our Father, which the Son hath prepared for us, we "have enough and to spare".

"Wherefore deal ye so madly?"

In religion it mostly is, as in philosophy it always has been, that men get hold of a set of theories, chop them into hard phrases, boil them up with verbiage, and ladle out their stuff to those that live on it. One party cries "Church, Church," when they have no Church, or only a formal one. Another commonly disports itself in dilating upon high-sounding abstractions. It seems to me that our teaching should first seek to impart or revive the seed of new life, and then to tackle with the facts and puzzles of the heart and conscience, bringing the

healing power to bear on these, one by one. Face the special malady:— “Where does the pain lie? what is its cause?” That being discovered, rise to your special cure, your special text, your special truth—your theory, if you have got one for the occasion. Otherwise theoretic preaching too often flies in the air. Not but what it is wholesome to expatiate with reverent love on the high and grand graces and virtues of the absolutely divine life, and to “reason well on immortality”. This is true philosophy, though not to be used to the exclusion of the more special and practical teaching of which I have spoken. The other mode is not philosophy in any sense. It often works upon a bargain supposed to have been gone through by the Eternal Father and Jesus, in a manner far more

nauseating, if possible, than those other modes of treating religious questions, to which some objections are partially reasonable.

“Flentibus adflent”.

Our power of overcoming evil by good depends mainly on our power of compassion.

Of the circle.

The order of our physical cosmos, as you would expect from the unity of God, finds a parallel in our moral life. In both, order is preserved by a combination of movements. The movement of the earth round the sun is arranged co-ordinately with its motion round its axis. The result of these combined movements is the sensation of repose. So in morals there is a

general law of right under which human spirits revolve. But there is also a social law, and there are obligations varying with the individual, which serve as a compensative check, and so preserve society in courses which are fairly even, and which approximate to the perfect figure.

**Of the law of force and the
force of law.**

When once you resign yourself to the fancy that you "cannot help it"; when once you let a phantasy of necessity jump on your back and throw a bit into your jaws: when you begin to breathe *that* impious and blasphemous thought—then there is no recklessness into which you are not ready to plunge. That base and scheming and miserable stroke of madness dashes you aside

from the right path. It is the origin of what is evil to you, and makes you bold for any wrong. Take care you do not say, "I can't help it." Even if you feel disposed to say it about little things which are apparently irrelevant to morals, you must suspect danger. Nothing in fact with which will is concerned *is* irrelevant to moral life. Note the little speck within your fruit, the little rift in the instrument of your life's music. Will is Will, whatever be the matter on which it be called to work; and if it is allowed to be weak in some small thing to-day, the plague is begun, and you form a precedent for avowing helplessness in some greater thing to-morrow. He that admits weakness in one point is potentially impotent in all. *Scelus intra se tacité qui cogitat ullum, Facti primum habet.* This will-weak-

ness opens the door to indefinite crime. What but "*Thy* will be done" can secure us? In the recognition of *God's* will as permanent within us our strength is found. It was not mock-humility, but sober common sense and a clear perception of causes and sequences, which led that holy man to say when he saw a felon going to Tyburn, "But for the grace of God there goes John Bradford."

Of garden gates.

Oh young man, leave not open the garden-gate of your heart for the swine to come in and trample down the flower-beds of the graces of your God!

Of unsettled lees.

When good men move about too much and pass to and fro among incitements to pleasure, it is as when a

bottle of good wine is shaken. Thus the dregs and lees of the soul make the life cloudy.

Of an old watch.

Abstract yourself for a moment, with your watch in your hand, from this beautiful order in which you live, and move, and are. Imagine yourself walking on the high places of heaven, in some place which is not as a place, some state or condition in which you can see the universe lying at your feet. It is better thus to abstract yourself, for otherwise you form part of the argument, and this does not minister to lucidity. But say you see, both in its broad working and in its delicate details of order and law, the Universe at your feet. Except you have carried with you the doubts of carnal question-

ists, would it not at once strike you that what you see *must* have come into existence as much by will and purpose and personal intervention as the watch which you hold in your hand? This is an old image, but it bears dwelling on. If that watch was contrived by a mind, so surely also was that Universe. Moreover, as *a man* constructed the parts of the watch, and brought them under the condition of the natural laws of motion, so it must have been someone like man—or rather someone to whom man is like—some Personage, Who gave life within itself to the universe, as to one infinite living creature. And if this be true of the outside world of matter, shall not the observer, when he goes back again in thought to his own place in that universe, argue much more clearly and certainly the

same origin for himself—namely, a Personal Will? If a man dwells in the body of dust, and yet is not of it, so God, while independent of the universe, may still be in it and give it life. God animates the body of the universe, in all its ranges, just as a man's spirit, indivisible and invisible, animates the body of a man. The fact that the seen part of a man becomes unseen—without, as we believe, carrying into death that part of him which has made the body seem for a time to have life in itself—looks like a prophecy that the “unseen universe” will survive the universe which in part is seen.

**“Things are not what they
seem”.**

Falsehood can never *be* an aspect of truth.

An "a fortiori" receptivity.

If willing in the day of our Maker's power, shall we not much more be willing in the day of our Father's love?

"Voces repercussæ".

Prayer and its answer are, for instantaneous and exact response, like the voice and its echo against that great Rock, under which we find shadow and shelter in this weary land. The words of prevailing prayer come back upon the soul in an answer of rejoicing praise. "When I called, Thou didst answer: and when I was yet speaking, Thou didst hear". The reflection is however sometimes clearer in the waters of the soul than that which is reflected, and the echo sweeter than the parent sound—mostly

multiplying itself with "re-sounding grace".

A word of a body-doctor.

Business is a kind of material body, without which the spiritual life is a kind of ghost. In the perfect life they are essential to each other. Business, whatever attaches to each man's position, is dead, if a man's spirit do not animate it. This spirit however, if it have no body to animate, has but a shadowy life. So also material possession, or the fair power of obtaining food, raiment, and roof, forms that corporeal substance and local habitation, without which the spirit of love, however quick and fresh, is but an airy nothingness flying between the cold moon and the earth.

Of "promoters".

People who float a worldly enterprise by which they hope to gain advantage through the utilising of other people, commonly keep a private boat swinging astern.

A form of conversion.

In proportion as the truth makes men free, freedom will make men truthful.

Pshaw ! pah ! fie !

I was reading a book full of fine writing and vivid picturing, but every here and there I became aware of a smell of sulphur in it : something like the whiffs which puff before your nose and eyes as you are contemplating a beautiful view out of the window of a railway carriage. No young person in

these days should pick up books at haphazard. They should seek good advice as to what they read. He who said "Take heed how ye hear", would also say "Take heed how ye *read*". There may be moral death in those currents of bad air. The modesty of a life may wither in an hour.

"Natura recurret."

If a man, through mistaken kindness, be elevated to great offices, and even though these offices involve dignity, emolument, and the *salutari, appeti, decedi, assurgi, deduci, reduci, consuli*, and the like honours—yet if, having some genuine and special gift, he finds in this post no scope to put it out to the exchangers, he is not rightly happy; but he is apt to be ill at ease, discontented, and at last to flag.

Of an octopus.

If o'er thee little sins have taken hold,
Take heed—or else thine end may soon
be told.

Of a law of disease.

As “to the pure all things are pure”,
so to the impure all things are impure.
Quantum in cælum, tantum in Tar-
tara.

“Amo, amas, amat, et cetera.”

A BROKEN PEBBLE.

* * * *

Then all the phases, told a thousand
times
By tongue, or pen, or scene;—yet ever
new,
And rife with wise concern to all that
live.

For who that lives but knows *some*
mood and tense,
Learned off by heart in this world's
public school—
If not the present—*that* is best to
know,
Most if indicative, no doubt subjoined—
Perhaps the past, finished or still in
course,
A preterite indefinite, with a hope—
Or, it may be, the future, with a glance
Of foolish wisdom at the future done—
All, all have learned, or else may come
to learn,
Some mood and tense of that old verb,
“*to love.*”

Single thought, social crime.

Bring vividly before your mind any
practical moral difficulty. The course
of your probation, say, brings you into

a certain crisis. These crises may be greater or less, but no crisis is unimportant. Such perplexities form part of the holy war of our life. Every man has them, more or less ; and it is futile to say that your circumstances differ from those of other people : nay, it is highly dangerous to say so, for your next step is to try and get out of your difficulty by some way by which other people's consciences do not allow them to get out of theirs. You are tempted to argue, " If my difficulty is an exception, my escape may perhaps also be excused if it be exceptional " ; and that means *sin*. So put away at once and for ever the idea that your *situation* differs essentially from that in which most people are placed. You do not know, and cannot guess, how many good Christians are manfully

struggling through equal misfortune. Well—you want a solution—ease, rest, in short *comfort*. You desire to follow some particular course suited to your mind. It is natural you should thus wish, especially if that course be one in itself right ; but does God make it right *for you* ? This reservation is so important that it is wrong, however natural it may in this case seem, to desire anything except broadly and unreservedly God's will as expressed in His known commands. No man is in a safe or wholesome condition who writhes under his cross. The only wholesome tone of heart is "Thy will be done ; I desire nothing but thine arrangement, O God my Father". This principle or feeling, and nothing else, working in the soul can draw us back, by the constraining love and

grace of the Spirit of Christ and God, from the fearful gulfs of crime or death which lie between us and the objects to which we are being drawn, when we over-strongly desire a rest which our Father is not yet pleased to give us. Our rest must, I say, lie in the doing and abiding of God's will.

A feeling after God.

"I will at once set my will to work to resist this desire of being idle." What is the *I* here? Is "*I*" the will itself? or is it an "*I*" behind the will? or again, is it a name given to distinct parts of the being, as each from time to time comes forward in dominance or prominence? or does it represent the composite being? If this last be the case, then you mean that the whole of you, namely *you*, will set to work, or

set your will to work, to resist that part of you which desires to be idle? But in this case the part which desires to be idle will take part with "you" in your whole against itself as a part, and set the will to work against itself! This will not hold. So does the matter resolve itself to a struggle between you and this desire? Desire says, "You shall not set will to work to keep me down." But your very complaint is, that desire is an overpowering element in you. Desire bribes and buys up the will. So we have not yet found what, behind the overpowered will, is the "I" that can renew its strength. Does not "I" mean the divine Sovereign Power whom I recognise in my island of life, and in virtue of which I partake of the Divine Nature? Therefore do you not mean to say "I will, in God's

name, set in motion this inner agency, namely my will, to subdue that rebel desire"? Thus it is that the voice of God speaks within you. What, I should like to know, is a man, who does not recognise that Power resident in his life, to do, while under the super-human strain of a conjuncture of temptations? What is left for him but to fall? "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou only hast the words of eternal life".

What should I seek beside thy
perfect will?

We must not make anything, even peace and a wholesome moral atmosphere, however much to be desired, a *sine quâ non* in our demands on Providence. We must not imagine any demands at all, but must keep a *tabula*

rasa of all our personal wishes. We must find our only rest in "Thy will be done", and thus calmly face whatever demands upon our action or our endurance the solemn hours and the holy moments may bring us. This obedience unto death is the only spirit which befits those engaged, as we are, to fight under the banner of Christ.

Of flowing drapery.

Except "principle", there ought to be nothing hard and fast in humanity. All rules relating to our dealing therewith ought to fit to it like a Coan vest. Our rules ought to enswathe it as the atmosphere invests the earth. The free play of the winds of feeling ought to curve our conduct about all its beautiful forms, lest they be hidden and cramped. We are not dealing

with necessary matter, nor with things demanding or always admitting rigid demonstration or fixed application; we must measure at least many human cases with a ruler of lead, showing all the contours of their waved moulding; not so much with inflexible justice as with the equity of kindly sympathy; with that equity which, as one has well said, is not better than justice, but a better justice. Fair play is indeed a jewel.

Another small pebble—for the pocket.

It will not ruin *thee* this sum to lack,
Which it would ruin *him* to pay thee
back!

Of tuning an instrument.

It is one of the largest, most interesting, and most practical questions, how

the parts of the life may co-operate. It should be a standing topic for preachers; but it requires the utmost wisdom and delicacy. It embraces all gospel-teaching. Men in possession of the seed of the Christ-Spirit may convert souls, which is the first and main thing, but to guide the details of the Christian life, and to treat cases of conscience, surely requires also the highest culture.

Of weighing anchor.

It is most unwise to let ourselves be brought to anchor by any gloomy thoughts. Anybody may do so who is silly enough for it. Reckon over the things that have happened to you, except you have been unusually fortunate, in the last ten or twenty years, and you may in ten or twenty minutes

come to regard yourself as the most ill-used creature on the face of the earth. Losses of goods, real or personal, in all senses of the words—repeated failures and countless disappointments—why, if you contemplate these “in the lump”, and these only, their dolorous aspect will soon colour your eye; and then in what a black atmosphere may you imagine yourself to be living! But it were an untrue estimate. “Forget those things which are behind, and reach forth to those things which are before.” Is not the whole of hope and the whole of heaven before you? Never dream that *heaven* need be among the things that are left behind you and lost! Be not faithless, but believing, and then all happiness is *before* you and lies yet within your reach. You may yet be more than

conqueror through Him that loves you as His own, and will love you to the end.

A piece of spiritual grammar.

If a Christian is ill—he is ill unto the Lord. It is as active work to suffer God's will as to do it. The soul, like the deponent verb, then wears a passive form, but has an active meaning.

A metathesis.

People often confuse the casual and the causal. In fact nothing is casual. The best definition given of chance is "the absence of known cause."

The Judge before the door.

Let every day be to thee a day of judgment. Seek of the scrutinising and trutinising mercy of the Most High to

examine thy thoughts day by day, to cleanse thee from thy secret faults, and to lead thee into the land of uprightness. Thou wilt meet the Great day well if thou get the Great Judge to judge thee every day.

Of "taking things easy".

Friend, art thou fain to lead a quiet life?

Bear, and forbear, before thou plunge in strife.

Ὅτι τάληθὲς ἐμπέφυκεν ἀνθρώπων
μόνον.—*Soph.*

Remember that Jesus, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever", is not responsible for any foolish things which the Church and the Churches—still less for what wayward and irrespon-

sible individuals—from time to time may have said, may be saying, or yet may say.

"Αλει, μύλα, άλει (Greek song), or
"Meunier, meunier, ton moulin
va trop vite".

A real grievance is the only grist for the mill of discontent. If the grindstones have nothing between them, they grind themselves smooth; and then, and not till then, will the sound of the grinding be low. If they get an imagined grievance between them, "the common sense of most," which soon sees through a millstone, leaves that business to a few; and the character of these is soon added up, and they are not long in wearing themselves out. A wise legislator will keep removing one after another all reasons for indig-

nation, and all temptations and facilities for wrong deeds and for wild and whirling words; and will, by degrees, still the noise of national waves and the madness of the people. Easy-going persons generally complain of nothing—when there is nothing to complain of.

“Distinguo”.

Ware, as a rule, the bearing of a tale;—
But where to tell were just, thou must
not fail.

A piece of contradictory
opposition.

Silence does *not* give consent.

A piece of fairness.

Be careful how you regard your
heighbour's character. With all his low
habits he is, for aught you know, con-

tending against them more sincerely and making head against them more effectually, than you are against those which may beset yourself. No one knows the things of a man, save the spirit of a man which is in him, and—He who knows what is in man, and Who is the Judge of quick and dead. Not but what there are those who must at once be known by their fruits; thistles, from which it is plain that no man can ever gather figs.

**Of not being left on the
platform.**

However this or that nation or generation of the Society of men may deal with their own hopes and chances of salvation, God's Kingdom must come, and the Communion of Saints must go on. Whoever else may linger, do *you*

jump, I tell you, into that Express Train.

**Turning the tables upon
discontent.**

I will not grieve that I am thus bereft,
But think how ill I merit all that's left.

Take heed how ye—read.

If you have an interest in your mind and are still training it, I should advise you, after you have been reading about a matter, to ask yourself before you dismiss it—first, how much of what you have read is worth making a part of your knowledge: then, whether you have really made that a part thereof. To a reading age, the same Voice that said “For every idle word that men shall speak” would, I think, have said, not only “For every idle word that men

and women shall write", but also "For every idle book that men and women and youths and maidens shall *read*, they shall give account thereof in the day of Judgment". In this matter of "light" literature the Enemy, be it well known, is very busy in sowing Tares. Every maiden should, and every young lady will, take the advice of competent judges before plunging into converse, for so it is, with authors and authoresses. If they do not take care, the reading of an hour may poison the sweetness, and wither the beauty of a life.

Of the great gulf.

It is important not to contemplate with the mind's eye the wrong pleasure, while it is important to contemplate rather with the spirit's eye the great

gulf fixed between that false pleasure and the true. That gulf may seem narrow, or it may seem to be no gulf at all ; but once leap at those flowers of wild delight which hang there, and probably forthwith, certainly ere long, you will find yourself, with their few leaves in your hot hands, tumbling headlong into the abyss.

The sign of the Cross.

Christ's cross was mainly an outward and visible sign of His inward and spiritual pain.

Of dark pools.

We stand now over some of the mysteries of Eternity as children that look with fear down into deep, dark ponds on winter evenings. On some eternal summer-day we may pass by

that way and find them dried to the abiding ground, and the mystery at an end !

Of travelling.

When setting out on a long journey we take much thought and make much preparation. We think of where we are going to, how we shall get there, what will be needed for the way, what dangers are to be encountered, what difficulties to be overcome, what companions we shall have with us, and lastly, what requisites there are for our comfortable continuance when we get to our journey's end and to the place where we would be. In all these respects the wise man will look to his passage over the space of time, how wide or how narrow soever, which lies between the present moment and that

of "quick-coming death". Lord of heaven and earth, to whom the wise all aspire, in whose light Jesus, my Master, lived and lives, guide me by Thy counsel, and after that receive me—with mercy.

Of hair-breadth care.

It requires care, both in State and Church, to keep defence from looking like defiance.

The unwisdom of 2000 years.

Caiaphas and the rest were probably many of them "well-meaning" men, "firm" men, men not easily disturbed from their "consistency"; they were men of "settled convictions," "steady principles," "cautious men"—in a word, what some unreflecting people love to call "sound Churchmen". Their sin

was that they thought they saw. They simply regarded reconsideration to be a sin; and, though this was a thought of foolishness, they remained in the sin of not reconsidering. So they tried to put out the Light. The same sin keeps men now from seeing Who Christ really is. The Saviour is thus crucified in the Spirit over and over again, in all circles, "high" and "low". Indeed, the best are only feeling after Him, with more or less success, if haply they may find Him.

A transparent pebble.

Like one that stands in the glow of the sunrise, so, washed in the light of Christ, we may well lose much of our local colour. In Thy light we shall not only see light—but *be* light. "Be ye light in the Lord."

An emigrant couple.

(i.)

Sequestered from the crew, as best they
may,
In sunny nook beside the breezy prow,
By use of voyage made familiar now—
How sweet through all the long Atlan-
tic day,
Neath the broad heaven's shadow-
shifting brow
To list the changeful waters in their
play—
Which falling off in furrows clear a
way,
While the winds chaunt as only they
know how.
Thrice blest to gaze into each other's
eyes
In idle interval of destinies,
And read, as in the volume of the book,

Trust and dependence there in every
look ;
To make each other's breast by turns a
pillow,
And dream of golden homes beyond
the billow.

(ii.)

So love the twain, as only those can
know,
Who, winged as seeds upon the west-
ward wind,
The blue above them and the green
below,
Fare forth with resolute heart and even
mind—
Before them ocean, home and friends
behind.
They know not rightly to what land
they go,

But this at least they know—that
Heaven is kind.
And Faith and Hope and Love endear
them so,
As none can tell but two such souls as
they—
And more than e'en their own sweet
sense can say.
The uncertain sea their only known
abode,
They lean each on the other, both on
God ;
And all the fret and change of this
world's weather
But twine their twi-une fates more fast
together.

Of speaking with authority.

That which gives authority in the
utterance of something just and right,
or merciful and faithful, is, not the

adopting of this or that formula, but the expression of the moral sense upon its own knowledge and responsibility. "We speak that we do know." This tells with natural force, arrests the attention, and bites the heart. We feel that we are being addressed out of Eternity. We hear, as Chateaubriand somewhere has it, the sound of something falling from heaven.

Of public schools.

Children should be given the keys of all knowledge, and the chief ingredients of things. They should be put in possession of main ideas in accordance with the most approved discoveries, and typical specimens of all the best human utterances, not omitting those of wit and humour. Each mental form should be rightly channelled out. It is surely a

great omission not to teach in a simple practical manner, if only in illustrative conversations, the laws of thought :—I do not say they need study Trendelenburg, or the Posterior Analytics. But in all, through all, and above all—they should have the tablets of their hearts engraven with the highest laws, and should be taught God, Christ, and the Holy Spirit, in the conscience. If not, they remain disorderly apes, with the dangerous addition of an “advanced” intelligence, and cultivated not only for mischief but for sin.

Of a donkey-cart and a little donkey.

I once saw a little child try to wheel a small donkey-cart. The cart to his surprise and joy went on at a rapid rate. The child crowed again with pride.

It did not see that its Father was giving it good pushes from behind! Nor did the Father spoil the child's exultation by disabusing it of the illusion; but it was a very little child—and, I need hardly say, of no great wit.

“Words, words,” “without thoughts.”

With some, prayer and praise are, too often, no more and no less than when men say “bless your life” and “good-bye,”—which latter often means “go to the—crows.”

At sixes and sevens.

One of the saddest marks of disorder is, when a man so ill divides his time that, whenever he would enjoy some otherwise legitimate leisure and some otherwise refreshing pleasure, he finds

himself clamoured after by duties undone.

Of soul-talk.

Always listen intently to any sane man who can tell you what God hath done for his soul. There is no topic of such exciting and such abiding interest. You are there face to face with eternal verities.

Of points of view.

Look at a wheat-field from all ways but one, and it will seem to you sown broadcast, and you will be less able to judge of its culture or its produce. But if you move along till you can glance up the rows of the drill, all starts into order.—How much depends on the point of view from which we

regard matters. Look at things *under the sun*.

Of accusing or else excusing
one another.

One man accuses, another excuses, everybody—except himself. The latter is the more graceful character, but "*est modus in rebus*".

Of alternatives.

Caterpillars, accustomed to one leaf, have been known to die, rather than eat of another. I am informed that in the times before the flood of '48 a little German principality used to kill its criminals by giving them nothing but veal and red wine. (I grant that my informant was a red Republican.) It is clear that there is much that is morbid, as well as something that may be wholesome, about the desire in some

of us to live upon the teaching of some one person, and so to assume his colour at the loss of our own. God hath said "of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat"—*except one*. Some people so entirely pervert the right way of the Lord, that they are wont to eat of that one only! *They surely die.*

On the Prince Consort—a
translation.

"Redit os placidum moresque benigni
Et venit ante oculos et pectore vivit
imago."—*Vergil.*

[Quoted by Professor Sedgwick at a meeting in the University of Cambridge, in proposing a memorial for the Prince Consort.]

Those kindly ways, that gentle face
On all our memories rise ;
His image in our heart holds place,
And lives before our eyes.

Of the nobly born.

In a man of great family and of noble blood, these accidents—if indeed they *are* accidents, and if they do not enter into the essence of the man, even as the nature of the oak-tree pervades the latest leaf that dances on its topmost sprig—are only ridiculous if he seem unduly to be conscious of them. Everybody in his senses must surely note that “noble blood” is of a nature to be a blessing. To come of a race guarded through long generations from the corroding causes which accompany need ; never to have had the flame of genius repressed, nor the genial currents of the family soul frozen by penury ; always to have had engrained in the stock the delicate sensibilities and the kindly traditions of a studious

civility ; to inherit the fine feeling and the high honour, which, wherever else it may be found, has mostly in such a family tree become a second nature ; to have enjoyed, under wise tuition, from childhood up, the *pabulum* furnished by the library of a great and good house ; to have fed on the cream of the best literature of all times past and present ; to have had blowing through his life—those winds of God—the breathings of the sweetest poets and the maxims of the purest moralists ; to have assimilated the forthflowings of the sublimest oratory ; above all, to have learned to cherish noble traditions of the history at once of his family and his country ; to own forefathers who have worked and bled in the best causes ; lastly, to have been born and bred to the manner of

high-minded statesmanship, and thus to have both his inspirations and his aspirations of the loftiest—I can only say that the man who calls all that nothing must be a fool. Not but what it holds quite true that, if a man with all these antecedents be not in the Kingdom of Heaven, the least in that Kingdom, though he have had none of those blessings, has risen higher in the world than he.

The law of eyes.

The Gospel bids us be single-eyed
—but not one-eyed.

’Twere better to pluck out one eye, ’tis
true,
Than having two to enter into
Hell :—

But then, to enter Heaven keeping two,
The Lord, methinks, would say were
quite as well.

A fortification agate.

The spirit stands to its food as the mind to its food. Now we observe that the mind, like the body in that, thrives upon food convenient for it. The more just thoughts of an intellectual nature the mind thinks, the more sound books it eats, the more argument it exercises, and the more it converses with reasonable men—the stronger, more active, and more rich it grows. And even though it may rarely reproduce the facts it learns, nor ever repeat the forms of argument it has fed on, yet, from the exercise it takes, and from the habits it forms, it is more fit to grapple with the difficulties that pre-

sent themselves. Now so it obviously must be with the *spirit* of man. What is the food of the spirit? *The things of the Spirit*, above all, the Word of God; holy thoughts, wise sayings, high principles, and converse with the sane people of God. The more it feeds on these, the stronger it grows, the loftier it is, the purer it is. What makes the spirit weak and sickly among us? and why do our spirits sometimes seem to fall into the sleep of death? It is surely from not taking enough of wholesome food; from not reading or hearing the Word of God more; from not dwelling in the love of our God and Saviour more; from not quenching our thirst more at the divine fountains, but rather quenching the Spirit by whom our spiritual thirst can alone be quenched; from not in

joyful regularity nourishing our conscience more with heavenly monitions ; from not praying more, and not watching more unto prayer. This it is which alone can keep down the lower desires. If we walked in the Spirit more, we should fulfil the desires of the flesh and of the mind less. Our spirits, in fine, like our minds and like our bodies, grow thin, withered, gaunt, and emaciated, from not feeding more freely on that which is alone their proper and natural diet. "*He that eateth me, even he shall live by me.*"

God's two homes.

Two homes hath God from which he
ne'er will part—
The highest Heaven, and the humble
heart.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind.

Marriages for beauty or for wit are like those beach-residences, which, being built as summer-houses for passing lodgers, give but a windy shelter to those who try to live in them through the wild winter.

“Abide with us.”

Lord Christ, *what—where* should I have been—

Had it not been for Thee?

And, if Thou bide not by me still,

Where—what may I not be?

Of tolerating intolerance.

Toleration perpetrates suicide when she tolerates within herself a powerful Intoleration, which is backed up by all the worst and strongest prejudices of corrupted humanity.

“Blow upon thy garden and let
the spices flow.”

Thy voice is the mere melody of thy
heart:—

Those sightless chords—as some Æolian
lyre,

That in confiding converse with the
air

Remurmureth all the Heaven’s sweet
breath will bring—

Are set where dewy wafts of fragrant
thought

Thrill through them from the garden
of thy God,

And lend them all they say.

’52.

Of saturate solution.

When the Scripture says “I suppose
the world itself would not contain the

books that should be written," the expression, except indeed it be merely a loose hyperbole, seems to utter a sense of that which even now has welnigh come about. Have not the few seeds of Christ's remembered words already multiplied into an almost infinite crop of books? And do they not still show such a geometric proportion of fertility, that no library can hope to garner all the varied forms of life and immortality which He is bringing to light by His Gospel? No man, however clear his mind and retentive his memory, can profess to grasp and retain the whole range of that which is worth knowing in Christology; to say nothing of those other regions of knowledge to which the Truth that makes men free is constantly drawing us. This interpretation makes it no hyperbole to say what the

Scripture says. Indeed one cannot conceive that the writer, except he simply adopted a common expression, should have had anything else in his mind. There can be no other idea attached to the words save that which I have noted; namely that, in the mental and spiritual capacity and receptivity of the world, the solution of the Christ-nature would become more than saturate. What marvellous fecundity there is in the Divine words! To take one out of hundreds of like instances, I know of a country parson—admittedly therefore a dullard by the force of the term—who has a small library full of Theological things well said, but who hardly has time to absorb and use even those. Why? Because, in pondering merely the great Christian documents, he finds so many things to say, which

simply flow through his own narrow personal experience of the infinite application of those few sayings of The Master. Thus every one who comes to know anything of Christ finds that his own little world cannot contain even the things that *have been* written.

A prayer.

O Maker of our brother-band,
O Lover and Support of all—
Of what should fall let nothing stand ;
Of what should stand let nothing fall.

“ You must love Him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your
love.”—*Wordsworth.*

Those alone do not believe in God who do not know him. Belief increases with knowledge, and knowledge with belief.

A piece of eternal knowledge.

Whatever else I know not, this I know—

That I am Thine, whether I stay or go.

New found land.

What new and pure delight will open upon the soul, when he enters his new abode, and the angels begin to show him some of the beauties that are there—such pleasures at least as he is capable of in that new infancy of his being. How pleasant it is, when we go into a fresh country, or a neighbourhood grander or more sublime than our own, and take in new ideas. We stand with uplifted eyes in moods of attentive rapture, amidst the valleys and mountains that wind away and rise to Heaven ; or if we go into the

Capitals and wander among their galleries and treasures, every step we take enlarges our conceptions of beauty and our standard of wealth. And much more, we trust, will it be so in an infinitely higher range, if, by the grace of God, we find ourselves in the better country, that is in the Heavenly.

The apron-string.

My youth, on pleasure bent, found
ample swing
In the sweet tether of the "apron-
string."

The blessed mourners.

"Blessed are they that mourn." They that take sorrow jauntily, or who amidst work, pleasure, society, or change, seek to quench thought and feeling and so to forget their loss—are

not blessed in their grief. It is not well to forget the loss of those whom we love, but rather to remember it rightly.

“*Litera scripta manet.*”

You cannot help it now—look not so sad—

Such sorrow cannot better what was bad.

Of judges that know not the law.

Christ's main command is that we pray to God. If a man do not keep this main command, how can he know that he knows God? The part which is best in him goes on in darkness. All his foundations are out of course. Are those men who do not even *know* the highest life to be *judges* of that life? Is *their* authority to be taken against

its reality? What can be more preposterous? I do not want to press matters too far home, but you may depend upon it these men do not pray. God's wind in due course shall blow them and their inanities, not to say insanities, into the blackness of darkness for ever.

The Milken Way.

The Earth under Heaven is lain,
At the fount of her life and her rest ;
And yon is a beautiful vein
Streaking that bountiful breast.

Increase and multiply.

St. John, when he wrote to his readers as his "children", wrote from the high position of one who had leaned, and still was leaning, on the breast of

Christ. The new man is in the highest degree philoprogenitive. Who would not fain bring many sons to glory?

“*Odora vis.*”

Those firs that feather black on the
blue—

Yon is an English wood ;
That sea-line faint that bounds my
view—

Yon is our English flood :
The scent of the May from the whitened
vale as far as mine eye can tell—
It makes me love my life the more, that
this is an English smell.

The old man and the old dog.

Canine forms move among a set of ideas and facts which they entirely fail to catch ; and is not that exactly the way in which men of mere intellect,

or rather mere first-Adamic men, move among Second-Adamic men? They are among them, but not of them. This is true whether the men in question be virtuous or not. If, however, they are virtuous, and come up to the first-Adamic make by having good consciences, then they look up to and love Christians, and are, many of them, not far from the Kingdom; but still they regard Christians with a kind of wonder, and sometimes unjustly think they "go too far." The fact is, the latter are "*new*" men and women, while those who are old-fashioned, after the former type, and are not born again, but who have the comfort of being lovely and pleasant in their lives, often are content with the attainments of that grade of being, and do not care to be risen with Christ! But in some

parts of the planet the air is so full of spores of the Christ-nature, and so many seeds of divine words fly about, that such honest and good hearts as these are very likely to be dusted with the *farina* of the new life; and then they arise, and their eyes are opened, and they have joy unspeakable and full of glory.

ἐν πρὸς ἐν.

All that I have, without myself,
Is not enough for Thee ;—
Without Thyself, not all Thou hast
Can be enough for me.

Meet merriment.

Beyond doubt the climate of celestial immortality, that glorious Conservatory of the blest, will bring forth in the lives of many of our kinsfolk and

acquaintance blooms of grace which now the most far-seeing among us would laugh outright at the thought of. May we be there to see, and to be the subjects of this shouting merriment of the sons of God.

Two-unity.

To the GOD-MAN.

So closely art Thou in God's heart,
And God so close in Thine,
I wonder which is human part,
And which is Thy divine.

Of those "not blind, who wait
for light".

"Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." This seems to mean also, Blessed are they who have not seen with the mental eye *how*

things are, but who yet know within their hearts that what Christ tells them is truth ; who, when He says, " What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter," are too delicate to press Him further, but who do not on that account, in vulgar dudgeon, "go away, and walk no more with Him".

The boy and the boat.

Father, be by me when I come to die ;
Deal Thou with me, as I was wont of
yore
To deal with yon toy-craft, that heed-
fully
I sent forth-faring from the firm-set
shore :—
When I am launching forth on Ever-
more,
Come to that verge of Immortality ;

Fix me fair linen, ample, aft and fore ;
Secure its threadage, lest it flap and
fly ;

My rudder fast at some just angle set,
To catch what breezes are careering by;
These temper of Thy grace, lest billow-
beat

I founder in yon dread Infinity ;
But most I pray Thee, then to hold in
hand

A line—to draw me somewhere safe to
land.

Of the solitude of specialness.

As you advance you seem to be getting more and more alone into your speciality of capacity, your special modes of doing your part on earth, and your special facilities of accepting the advices of Heaven. This being so, you will feel that, but for God, you would

be left more and more lonely in life. But as your Christ becomes revealed in you, and as He reveals to you more and more your hope of your special glory, you feel less and less alone, because the Father is with you. You may well pray as you look forward, "If thy presence go not with me, carry me not up hence." To grow, but not to grow in Christ, is a desolate prospect indeed. "The Lord knows" to what such an one is coming. While not varying from the species, pray keep thy special individuality.

The Downs and the Alps.

Fair, as it fell, the morning snow
 Arrays yon hills awhile ;
But waits to heaven again to go
 When once the sun shall smile.

So on my heart, this low-browed plot,
Thy morning mercies lie ;
But as my vulgar day grows hot,
They vanish by and by.

Yet ah, henceforth, when ought comes
down,
May such good luck betide,
That I may make it all mine own,
And lure it to abide.

Let me so praise Thee in my height,
And reach Thee with my crest,
That all Thy graces that alight
Grow parcel of my breast.

Sussex Downs, '76.

Of love and loss.

When we lose one we love, let us
learn to love the more ONE we cannot
lose.

Of wet light.

When the Love of God breaks on our landscape, with "clear shining after rain", then—then—what was dark becomes illumined, and outlines of unimagined charm spring forth from shadows which before seemed one massive neutrality.—Dip every dull pebble in the water of life. Wet light thus does better service than "dry".

The Hour and the Man.

What if the end of the world were to come down upon us instead of our ending during its life-time? What if our Sun were to suffer a sky-change, such as we saw a kindred Sun suffer but yesterday? If we had an hour's warning, how easy we should feel during that hour about the persons who

would not then be left behind ; or about the works half done, which we might not have had time to finish, and which would not then need finishing. All those feelings, which any of us may have, of desire to be remembered ; of leaving, at least among our countrymen or friends, if not for world-wide use, thoughts and emotions by which our memory may be endeared, and by which being dead we still may speak : —none of these things then would move us. Papers would want no arranging ; no mementoes would want leaving, no messages sending ; no disagreeable anticipations would haunt us, or flit before us, of being laid out and wept for ; we should be on the alert for flight, ready to be carried off from the ruins of the world ; looking on the tip-toe of expectation for the

coming of the Son of Man. We should leave our houses, and walk abroad, and watch the heavens; and, if real and humble believers, I think we should lift up our heart and voice, and sing aloud for our Redemption drawing nigh.—And yet, if all our little affairs are now in clear order, arranged for death; if we are working while it is day; if we are trusting our unfinished works, as well we may, constantly in the Master's hands; if we leave with calm common-sense the discomfiture of our dissolution to be got over by our Christian kindred in the course of nature—why, thus we may contemplate the end of this life, come when or how it may, with much the same good-humour as if we knew we had but another hour on the planet; and may say always, “Come, Lord Jesus, come

quickly". Nay this is the only condition in which those at least should be living, who are wont to travel on lines dependent on the overwrought nerves of one signalman, and where immortals fly along the same rails with "goods".

Of mad moodiness.

Some always think that everything is against them. In moods of discontent or unhappiness it is astonishing what trifles can assume an air of antagonism.

A jewel.

What is charity itself but the elevation and refinement of fairness? Have perfect the one virtue of fairness, and you will have all virtues perfect. So indeed with each of the virtues all

round—a *dictum* of Aristotle, repeated by St. James, which will bear the closest investigation.

Spring weather.

I know a life much like an April day,
Here hung with clouds, and there alive
with sun ;
And neither in the selfsame mood will
stay,
While 'neath her heaven the winds of
feeling run.
Lo ! all is dark, where one short hour
agone
Were thousand sunbeams lovingly at
play ;
And presently, I trow, smiles many a
one
Will chase the grief that now can lower
so grey.—

Such weather, to my mind, is fairer
far
Than where the simmering hours all
summer are.
Thy sorrow, girl, is more than duly
sad—
But then thy gladness is divinely glad ;
And soon, methinks, a change will
light thy brow,
And all thine hours be what the best
are now.

Heidelberg, '52.

The Life-Book and the death-
book.

*Inscription for the Register of
Burials.*

May all who breathe this mortal breath
And strive this mortal strife,
Ere written in our book of death,
Stand in Thy Book of Life.

Of better and of worse.

It is only by my fault that I am not better than I am ; only by Thy mercy that I am not worse than I am.

Night-prayer by the sea.

King of the vasty water-floods of grace,
With Thee I pace beside Thy waves
to-night—

My barren spirit, like this foot-marked
place,

Crossed and recrossed by thoughts that
were not right.

O may an even, washed, and ordered
space

Meet the fresh Eye of Day, so sweet
and bright !

To-morrow may no wandering sin leave
trace

On that pure level left at morning-light !

And hear me, Heavenly Spirit, when
I pray
Thy boundless love to lave me day by
day ;
May no unsightly flotsom lig, and bide
The sweeping reflux of Thy nightly
tide ;—
Here, Father, let me love with Thee
to walk,
And ever feel Thee smile and hear
Thee talk !

Littlehampton, '69.

A brilliant engagement.

As in the moral life feelings are to principles, so, in the intellectual, cleverness is to the power of logical inference. The same natures are apt to have the corresponding terms of this proportion. In which sex you com-

monly find which terms, it would be invidious to enquire ! You may often find in a mind a delicacy of observation, a brilliancy of repartee, a rapidity of application, and a wide range of ideas, with an unusual facility of association ; and you may accordingly form a censure of there being very great ability. But once come to close quarters, or engage in a serious discussion, and you will find that your truth has to fight its way inch by inch through phalanxes of all the common fallacies, and to storm successive outworks of vulgar objection :—all those light powers collapse, and that shining array of imposing capacities troops off discomfited and proves itself phantasmal. Teachers will find it well, after having worked the memory mainly (as I remember hearing my great master, Arnold of

Rugby, say) till the age of 11, to teach girls and boys the elementary laws of reasoning. This should be done, not chiefly in necessary truth—for life has very little to do with such truth, except in some of the sciences ; but in contingent matter, that is to say, in the matter of human life. To this practice of reasoning those lighter powers should be made to minister.

γνώμη νικᾶν ἡμέρου νικώμενον·
 or "See the conquering hero
 —goes".

Her talk was neither large nor small ;
 Of neither mind nor mirth was lack ;
 How gracefully she caught my ball,
 And toyed with it, and tossed it back !

'Twas pleasant to behold the play,
 The flashing, merciless intent,

Wherewith, before she stood at bay,
She spent her light-armed argument.

Self-gathered now she quick prepares
Her massed, her main defence—but lo !
Scattered are all her pretty squares
Before my cry of "*divido*".

And yet, such honour fired her van,
When all her fairy lines are broke—
In winning ways, as women can,
Her cruel losses out she spoke.

I could not find the heart to beat,
And gladly strained a point to find
A way to cover the retreat
Of such a gallant little mind.

And though for very Truth's dear sake,
I dared not let her win the day,
I gave her—what she would not take ;—
The conquered man I moved away !

"Tempora mutantur".

How soon passing events become the subject of painting, poetry, and history. We move and act among them, and are a part of them to-day. To-morrow, like Aeneas, who saw his own doings on the brazen gates of the Tyrian Queen, we have the whole hung in galleries or described in books, and moving us again, to indignation, to merriment, or to tears.

The succession of clowns.

Note the extraordinary accuracy with which St. John gives the account of the endeavours made by the Jews to overthrow the miracle of the opening of the eyes of the man who had been born blind. The same also may be said of the narrative of the raising of

Lazarus. They doubtless took great, if not equal pains to overthrow many more, if not most of the great miracles. These accounts seem given us as samples. Thompson, Master of Trinity, in a lecture on the Phædrus of Plato, told us that he did not remember a better instance of that wisdom of clowns (*ἄγροικος σοφία*) which Socrates "turns to scorn with lips divine", than the explanation of the miracle of the loaves and fishes given by that German Professor who said that the multitude brought food in their pockets!

The seeds of time.

There are still nebulous and floating masses of humanity—Tartars, Slaves, African tribes and the like—out of which our Developer is gradually shaping civil societies. From these, in due

time, nations may form themselves, that will orb about in the Family-system of States. Perhaps, as they grow into an orderly sense of right, they will be warned by our recorded errors, and will develop the fruits of Christian life better and faster than our older nations—which have so long been revolving in the sunshine of knowledge and yet are so barren. Yet what *they will be* depends in dreadful proportion on what *we are*.

**The wilderness turned into the
garden of the Lord.**

In how many persons you do not see—I had rather said in how few you do see—the full beauty of their character and the free play of their nature. This is especially so in the case of those lower natures who have not yet

admitted the working of the Spirit of Christ ; but it holds true of Christians also. They never yet fulfil their Master's joy. But kindly remember how much this is due to their surroundings. Plant them in happy circumstances, where they shall be attended by love and encompassed by sympathy; and you will soon see what exquisite flowers, hitherto unsuspected, will be called forth, and will start up in their lives. Then, if never before, will they show themselves "free bloomers".

Of pleasure.

In vanquishing desire, our wisdom is, not so much to bring ourselves to imagine that a wrong pleasure is *not* a pleasure, but, recognising that it *is* a pleasure of a lower kind, we must simply remember as a settled fact that

pleasures which break the predicaments of duty are wrong and therefore moreover full of danger.

Of business-like habits.

Be not lightly turned off from doing one thing to doing another. If you have made your plan to do one thing, let that, except for cogent reasons, be well done first. Do not, in an idle, vagabond way, turn off to whatever else may offer itself, for the mere pleasure of the moment. Let not your actions be swayed hither and thither by the vague currents of the hour, like those long river-weeds, to use the poet's image, which follow every movement of the waters. At the same time I suppose it must always be a trying and painful thing for men of genius to postpone an *afflatus*; and yet the mere needs of

life demand this, even when a man has no other main work; for he still has to eat, drink, and sleep, and maintain some few relations with society. How many great works do we owe to the strong sacrifice of other claims; and even the lives of very plain-going persons require a certain amount of generalship in this matter—that is, if they are wont to become really interested in any works at all.

Of “the booby offspring of a booby sire”.

To-day I said to a young student who was at home for the Cambridge Vacation, “How does the work get on?” He said in an off-hand, self-satisfied manner, “Oh! I *don't* work.” I had been a Tutor; and my countenance naturally fell, and my blood was

up. But the father and mother, who stood by (I speak without exaggeration) positively laughed! Nay but they *did* laugh. Against all the efforts of Tutors, their advice and reproof, their attempts to warn him of idleness, and to induce him to learn what his father, after hard work, was paying for him to be taught, lo and behold, the silly smile of that very sire, showing himself to his son as one who regards idleness as a condition to be amused at, if not an ideal to be aimed at! How woe-fully the difficulties of educators are enhanced by the folly of homes.

With regard to the great
Geometrician.

Let your going out and coming in be with humility, respect, and grace. Often shut to the door, and confront

yourself with the Master-Builder of your life and the Architect of the Universe. Be able to lay your hand on your breast and on the Book, and to call down a blessing on your guileless resolutions. Act on the square ; be what they call in Lincolnshire a "level" man ; rectify your walk by the plummet of truth ; observe all your relations with all your brethren, and measure them with the compasses of a sound judgment ; observe strict morals ; let brotherly love continue ; relieve to the best of your ability those with whom, in the course of your time, you are brought into more especial brotherhood ; and let these virtues distinguish you through all the grades of your ascent through life. This will be to live always in the noonday. You will thus show signs of always being with your Master ; you

will give tokens of keeping the best company ; your words will be seasoned with significant grace ; and so you will pass pleasantly into that prepared and abiding Building of God—the House not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.

**Of our approaches to the Father
by knowledge and love.**

Not till I loved Thee did I know Thee ; nor till I knew Thee did I love Thee. I loved Thee at first under the hazy veils of a faith that was but half faith ; but when I came to know even what I know of Thee now, the love I had before seemed unmeet to be called love ; and yet it was that which lured me on to know Thee, and so to love Thee, more. But, ah me ! how far is

mine eye still from seeing Thee as Thou
art, and my heart from loving Thee as
I ought !

Of changing an "i" into an "o".

Love broadens, lengthens life ; below,
above,
Who loves the most to live will live the
most to Love

DEO GRATIAS.



