

SOCIAL AND

PRESENT DAY QUESTIONS

FREDERIC W. FARRAR D.D., F.R.S.

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John Falk

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SOCIAL AND PRESENT DAY QUESTIONS

BY

FREDERIC W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.
ARCHDEACON OF WESTMINSTER,
LATE FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
CHAPLAIN TO THE QUEEN, AND TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



BOSTON:
BRADLEY & WOODRUFF.

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TO THE

Right Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D.,

BISHOP OF MASSACHUSETTS,

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED WITH CORDIAL
AFFECTION AND DEEP RESPECT.

PREFACE.

I HAVE contributed the publication of these subjects to Messrs. Bradley & Woodruff, of Boston, Mass. There is a fitness in their publication by an American firm, because several of them pertain to the lives of eminent Americans, and have touched on events which are of special interest to the Western World. My distance from the place of publication has rendered the task of editing less easy; but I trust any defect may be forgiven, and hope that the volume may be received with generous consideration.

F. W. FARRAR.

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QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

SOCIAL AMELIORATION.

“Which now of these three proved himself a neighbor to him who fell among the thieves? And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus to him, Go, and do thou likewise.”—LUKE x. 36, 37.

Nearly nineteen centuries have elapsed since the angels sang their carol at the birth of Christ. What have been the issues of that first Christmas-tide? Let no sorrow, no discouragement, make us fail to see that the results have been immense in their beneficence. The French statesman cried in despair: “Christ has come; but when cometh salvation?” An English poet sings,—

“We have preached Christ for centuries,
Until, at last, men learn to scoff,
So few seem any better off.”

Let not such notes of distress blind us to what is still a splendid reality. The abolition of slavery among Christian nations; the extinction of gladiatorial games and the cruel shows of the amphitheatre; war rendered more merciful; womanhood honored and elevated; childhood surrounded with an aureole of tenderness and embraced in the arms of mercy; education extended; marriage sanctified; the bonds of serfdom broken; hospitals built; the eternal and inalienable rights of man everywhere asserted; pity for the prisoners; compassion even to the animal

world; the gospel preached to the poor,—these are some of the *Gesta Christi*, some of the triumphs of Christianity. These belong not only to its ideal, but also in large measure to its achievements. This is one side of the picture,—the blessed and the hopeful side.

There is another. Do not make the common mistake of saying, when you hear it, that it is a proof that the gospel has failed. Never and nowhere has the gospel failed. Never and nowhere has Christianity, where it has been a reality, been other than a consummate blessing, and the greatest of all blessings, to mankind. You might just as well say that Duty has failed, because, though it be a thing sublime as heaven, yet men have not given obedience to its mighty law. But, although *Christianity* has not and cannot fail, yet, alike in heathen and Christian lands, *Christians* have failed, terribly, egregiously, again and again,—have failed to rise to the standard of their own profession or to realize the efforts and self-denials which their Lord required.

Whole ages and generations, alas! have failed to carry forward His banner; and multitudes in every age and generation have even betrayed His cause. And different as are our degrees of guilt, in our measure we are all guilty. Darkly and terribly guilty are all they who are living in wilful and constant violation of the law of God; all they—every one of them—who sell themselves to do evil; who work all uncleanness with greediness; who call evil good and good evil; who are gaining their livelihoods in ways which demoralize or degrade or defraud their neighbor; and who thus fundamentally deny the Lord that bought them, and count the blood of the Covenant whereby they were redeemed a common thing.

Guilty also are all those—and they are many—who, without active and flagrant immorality, live only to the world or to the flesh; selfish, egotistical, indifferent; caring only for their own comfort or interest; shut up amid their own refinements and indulgences, heedless of the howling winds which wrestle on the great deep without, and of the multitudes who are being helplessly swallowed up in those wild waves.

Less guilty, yet still needing to be aroused to nobler aims, are the multitudes who, though not useless, not immoral, yet too blind to the solemn responsibilities which God lays upon us all, raise no finger outside the circle of their own narrow domesticities to make the world happier or better.

Least guilty, yet not wholly to be acquitted, are those who *do* love and pity their suffering fellow-men, but, folding their hands in mute despair before the perplexities of life's awful problems, need to be fired with fresh energies and brighter hopes.

It is to the latter classes that I would mainly speak, yet not I, but the Voice of God in the events of this our day. And the message of that voice to all of us alike is, Do not be apathetic, do not be selfish, do not despair! "And the Lord said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto Me? Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."

One of the many ways in which the world, and the merely nominal Church, try to check every effort for good, to discourage every reformer, and choke in anguish the voice of every prophet, is, when the tale of misery and sin is brought under their notice, to say that it is "sensational," or "exaggerated." It is a very contemptible form of obstruction. But I suppose that the most callous and

the most selfishly optimistic person will hardly take upon him to deny that here in England,—here in London,—here, under the very shadow of our Abbey, there is a vast area of want and vice, of crime and misery, the existence of which it is shameful to ignore, since the facts of it are daily before our eyes and the proofs of it daily thrust upon our notice. Within a bow-shot even of this place are streets where drink and harlotry are rampant; where men, women, and children live in chronic misery; where every now and then some terrible crime is perpetrated. And, if the ordinary comfortable citizen does not know all that we know, yet the daily journals and the commonest records of justice will tell him of the ravages of sin in London,—of betting and gambling, drunkenness and impurity, beggary and ruin, starvation and despair; of wife-beating, wife-desertion, child-murder, outrage; of the slum and the rookery; of rotting tenements, where generation after generation pass away in filth and vice, steeped in dulness, sodden into brutality by drink; of the training-house of the thief, the den of the sweater, the cell of the felon, and the grave of the suicide.

According to various careful estimates, those who may be called “the submerged classes,” or “the army of the destitute” in England, are some three millions,—one in ten of our people,—a population equal to that of Scotland.

However much we may try to escape from the burden of our common Christian duties by talk about exaggeration, the fact remains that here, at our very doors, is an awful waste of splendid human material, an awful shipwreck of redeemed humanity, of which the responsibility falls on the Church,—that is, on every one of us; on the nation,—that is, on every one of us. We talk of slums, but the

voice which is now calling to England says, "To many the world is all slum, with the workhouse as an intermediate purgatory before the grave. And what a slough it is," he adds, "no man can gauge who has not waded therein, as some of us have done, up to the very neck, for long years."

"A volume of dull, squalid horror—a horror of great darkness, gradually obscuring all the light of day from the heart of the sufferer—might be written from the simple, prosaic experiences of the ragged fellows you meet every day in the street."

And is all this nothing? One of our Bishops, not given to exaggeration, says that "the zones of enormous wealth and degrading poverty, unless carefully considered, will presently generate a tornado, which, when the storm clears, may leave a good deal of wreckage behind."*

Such is the state of the present; and, if we do not grapple with its evils, must not the future be far more terrible? Consider these four facts:—

First, the country is being more and more depleted; the great cities are becoming more and more densely overcrowded; and in great cities there is always a tendency to the deterioration of manhood morally, physically, and spiritually.

Secondly, our population is increasing at the rate of nearly one thousand a day, and the most rapid increase is among the most destitute and unfit.

Thirdly, in spite of all that temperance reformers have said and done, drink still continues to be the chief curse of our country, the awful waste of its resources, the utter ruin of tens of thousands of its sons; and even the progress of last year was disgraced by an ugly rush to alcohol and rum.

*The Bishop of Winchester.

Fourthly, the struggle between capital and labor, the moneyed classes and the destitute, the employer and the employed, the union-man and the non-unionist, is constantly assuming proportions more menacing and more colossal, so that in this last year it has daily filled the hearts of all thinking men with anxiety, and may end in a crisis such as shall shake to its very foundations the structure of our national prosperity.

To face these perils, to grapple with these difficulties, will need all our courage, all our wisdom, all our manhood, all our faith. But, if we meet them with nearly one out of every ten of our population helplessly sunk in pauperism or sodden with drink, or, at the best, steeped in grinding poverty, what will happen to us? We are truly warned that then "the vicious habits and destitute circumstances of multitudes make it certain that, without some kind of extraordinary help, they must hunger and sin, and sin and hunger, until, having multiplied their kind and filled up the measure of their miseries, the gaunt fingers of death will close upon them and terminate their wretchedness." While we are waiting, men are perishing on every side!

And, all this being so, what is the attitude of the nation towards this state of things?

The attitude of some — let us hope the very few — is simply not to care at all; to live in pleasure on the earth, and be wanton; to have hearts as fat as brawn, and cold as ice, and hard as the nether millstone; to heap up superfluous and often ill-gotten wealth, to be hoarded in acquisition, squandered in luxury, or reserved for the building up of idle families. But to men whose immense riches are squandered, in all but an insignificant fraction, on their own lusts and their own aggrandizement, comes

the stern, strong message of St. James: "Your riches are corrupted, your garments are moth-eaten. Ye have lived delicately on the earth, and taken your pleasure. Ye have nourished your hearts in a day of slaughter."

The attitude of others is that of a scornful pity, half cynical, half despairing. Such is the spirit expressed in these lines of an English poet respecting the wretched and the lost:—

In dirt and sin ye all were born;
 In sin and dirt ye all were bred;
 Not yours in truth, not yours to scorn
 The offal which is food and bed.

.

Take gold; disperse the rich man's store;
 Take it, and satisfy your need.
 Then misbeget some millions more
 For our posterity to feed.
 Wallow until your lives be through,
 Satan's godchildren, take your due!

That spirit, surely, is the most absolute antithesis to the humility, the hope, the yearning pity, which should actuate the Christian's life.

The attitude of others, again, is stolid acquiescence. They are weary of the whole thing; sick of hearing anything about it. It annoys them. Tell them of it, and they shrug their shoulders with an impatient "What can we do?" Ask them for help, and they have "so many claims" that they practically give to none. Press the claim, and they resent it as a personal insult. Suggest a plan, and they will call it "Utopian." Describe a case of anguish, and they will call you "sensational." Take part in a public effort, and they will sneer at you as "self-advertising." The one thing they believe in is selfish

laissez faire. Things will last their time, and that is all they care about. They grow too indolent and too selfish to care about anything but their own indulgences and their own ease.

The attitude of others is at least a tender, if a somewhat despairing, pity. They would fain stretch out a helping hand if they knew how. They say, with the good Bishop of Wakefield:—

O brother, treading ever-darkening ways,
 O sister, whelmed in ever-deepening care,
 Would God we might unfold before your gaze
 Some vision of the pure and true and fair!
 Better to know, though sadder things be known;
 Better to see, though tears half blind the sight,
 Than thralldom to the sense, and heart of stone,
 And horrible contentment with the night.

And how can we be blamed if, indeed, our individual pity does take a tinge of despair? Almost every week there come to my door men—perfect strangers—asking for money or asking me to find them work. What can I, what can any man do, for such cases? To find work is of course impossible: to give money to all such chance mendicants is not only impossible, but would merely feed the sources of misery and do positive harm. The case lies wholly beyond the reach of such isolated and often pernicious almsgiving. It needs the brave effort of a whole nation. It needs the courageous self-denial of the whole Church. It needs the hearty co-operation of all true Christian men.

What, then, is England doing in this direction? Legislatively, I fear, very little; and scarcely anything effectual, unless it be effectual to produce Blue-books full of damning evidence, and then leave them to moulder on

dusty shelves. When a deputation of the destitute went to a great statesman, all he could answer was that he knew their sorrows, and pitied them, but did not know what to do. Our fathers paid £20,000,000 to emancipate black slaves; but our own countrymen we leave to perish, by myriads, in a lower and more helpless wretchedness.

And what is the Church of England doing? Pastorally, she is doing a great and a very blessed work,—a work most noble, most self-denying, of wholly inestimable value; but I only echo the universal experience, and the most impartial testimony, when I say that for aggressive, for mission purposes, to recover lost ground, to keep pace with the running tide of population, to plunge into the very depths of misery and pluck the perishing from their destruction, to dig down to the roots of vice and destitution and stub them up, she needs a more burning enthusiasm, a more powerful and unencumbered organization.

It is with that conviction that I have tried for some time to urge upon the Church the establishment of new agencies—call them Brotherhoods or what you will, bind them by temporary vows, or leave them unbound, as you will—to live in the midst of the people, to come face to face with them in their lowest slums, to grapple hand to hand, to wrestle shoulder to shoulder, with the evil conditions by which they are surrounded.

Even to Him whose eyes are as a flame of fire, it would not, I trust, be true to say that we have been like the Priest and the Levite, only glancing at the wounded man, and then, absorbed in our formal functions, passing by on the other side, while we leave the Samaritan to pour oil and wine into his wounds. But, whatever be the cause, and whosoever be the blame, two things are fatally true,

I fear, alike of the Church of England and of almost every other religious body.

The one is that, in multitudes of cities and parishes, alike in the town and in the country, we have practically lost all effectual hold on the mass of the working classes, so that not one-tenth of them frequent our Churches, not three per cent. are partakers of our Communion.

The other is that, while to our honor there are multitudes of good societies and benevolent agencies, they affect, for the most part, but a fraction of the population. Many, perhaps most of them, are struggling for funds; a large part of their work is hampered and swallowed up in their expenses; they are working in a sporadic and discontinuous manner; they achieve a partial improvement, but accomplish no general deliverance. They do but touch a spot here and there on the outermost circumference of the ever-widening circle; they do not clear away the dense and poisonous forest, but, as it has been expressed, "only peck at the outside of the endless tangle of monotonous undergrowth." What they do is a thing for which to thank God; they do alleviate sorrow, and prevent the still wider spread of its fretting lichen. I for one have rejoiced to do what I could, in many ways and in many places,—to give labor, and time, and effort,—to plead their cause and to swell their funds. If—to use St. Paul's expression—I may speak as a fool, I do not think that many of the clergy have been more desirous than I have to promote the blessing of the poor. We have, too, our own Church Army. It has had, from the first, my most cordial sympathy, and such help as it was in my power to lend.

But the movement with which the thoughts of many are now filled, though religious in its origin, is predominantly

and fundamentally social in its aims. So far from hindering the work of all the other workers for good,—such as the brave and patient clergy in East, South, and North London, Dr. Barnardo, Mr. Mearns, Mr. Charrington, Mr. Benjamin Waugh, the Oxford House, Toynbee Hall, the various school and college Missions, and others,—so far from extinguishing or injuring these, my hope and belief is that the scheme now proposed will, in every way, render their special efforts more effectual.

But there are multitudes who feel convinced that something more resolute, more thorough, more centralized, more systematic, more fundamental than any existing effort is required, if we are to obey the voice which is ever sounding to us across the centuries,—“Undo the heavy burden; let the oppressed go free; break every yoke; deal thy bread to the hungry; cover the naked with a garment; hide not thyself from thy own flesh; bind up the broken-hearted; set at liberty them that are bruised. Then shall thou be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in.”

You are all aware that the great scheme for grappling with the want and misery of which I have spoken has been put before the world by the head of the Salvation Army. I have examined this scheme. I have been deeply stirred by it. In my best judgment, however feeble that judgment may be, I believe it to be full of promise if the funds are provided; and, therefore, I have regarded, and still regard it to be, my plain Christian duty to lend to it the best aid in my power. Had any scheme so large been proposed by any member of the Church of England, who possessed either the power or the means, or the agencies by which it could be carried out, I should have done my very utmost

to further it. But although our Church has mighty witnesses, and has originated many noble efforts, I regard this effort as supplementing, not as interfering with, her labors; as preparing for, not hindering, her work. It has not pleased God as yet to call obviously to the front from her communion any one gifted with the large hopefulness, the genius for organization, and the holy confidence and courage which can alone make a deep inroad into the borders of the Kingdom of Darkness.

This scheme, as I have said,—though no Christian scheme can be wholly dislinked from religion,—is yet primarily social. It is not intended, as such, to promote the work of the Salvation Army, but the work of the whole Church of God. It has been felt that Christianity has a duty here, now, on earth, in this life, to men's bodies as well as to their souls. It has even been felt that, if we disregard the hunger and misery of their bodies, we cannot effectually touch or reach their souls. Is the scheme, then, to be thrown aside out of sectarian jealousies and ecclesiastical prejudice, because it emanates from the Salvation Army, though not pertaining directly to their religious crusade? If any think so, I blame them not; but I for one stand here, in the presence of Christ my Saviour, and say that I cannot share their views. Would such aloofness be in accordance with the parable of the Good Samaritan? or with the tests of pity and mercy on which, and not on ecclesiastical differences, Christ said the Great Assize would turn? or with that definition of pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, which says that it is "to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world"?

Some years ago I uttered a note of warning respecting

some of the views and methods of the Salvation Army, and the perils to which it was liable. On those points my views have not changed. Except in the great fundamental truths of Christianity, on which all Christians are agreed, I differ perhaps even more widely from the Salvationists than many of my brethren. Nevertheless two things I plainly see. The one, that God has not left them unblest. Another, that there is much which we might profitably learn from the methods which have enabled them to accomplish, in so short time, so great a work. A few years ago there was no Salvation Army; and its present leader was an unknown Dissenting Minister, without name, or fame, or rank, or wealth, or influence. To-day the Salvation Army, growing like a grain of mustard seed, has 9,000 officers and 13,000 voluntary workers, many of them in the flower of their youth and youthful energy, who have tested in many ways their sincerity, and given their hearts to God. It has, all over the world, nearly 3,000 centres of work; and it raises, in large measure from the contributions of the poor, an income of nearly £800,000 a year. Apart from its directly religious work, it has thirty Rescue Homes for fallen women, five nightly Shelters, three Food Depots, and eighty officers working in deep poverty in the poorest of the slums.

These, surely, are credentials which even malice must blush to deny. I believe that God has raised up these humble workers to effect now an immense social amelioration. Are we, then, to stand coldly, finically, critically aside, because we are too refined and nice to touch this work with one of our fingers?

For myself, I should have thought that I failed grievously in my duty if insult or love of ease or self-interest

made me hold aloof from any effort which Christ, the Lord of our lives, were He here in visible presence among us, would, I believe from my inmost heart, approve. But, if you desire weightier evidence than mine, let me quote to you the testimony of two of the great dead, whose praise is in all the churches.

“The Salvation Army,” said Bishop Lightfoot, the wisest and most learned of our Prelates, “has at least recalled us to the lost ideal of the work of the Church,—the universal compulsion of the souls of men.” “It fills me with shame,” said Canon Liddon, the most eloquent of our preachers, after attending a Salvation Army meeting, “I feel guilty when I think of myself, to think of these poor people, with their imperfect grasp of truth! And yet what a contrast between what they do and we are doing! How little effect do we produce compared with that which was palpable at that meeting! I take shame to myself when I think of it.”

God knows, I have no desire whatever but to fulfil the tasks He lays upon me; and I may assume that I am speaking at least to some serious men and women, who will not think themselves injured if their attention is asked to a matter of national significance, which concerns every one of us, not as Christians only, but even as citizens and lovers of our country.

Here, then, a proposal of which you have probably all learnt the general outlines, is laid before us. How shall we receive it?

There are various ways of receiving any and every proposal for good. It is well for us to consider them, and to question our own hearts faithfully respecting them, that we may be sincere with ourselves and before God.

One way — the simplest and commonest, when any effort to do good is brought to our notice — is (as I said) to ignore it, and let it disturb neither our dinners nor our sleep. To those who thus deal with it, I have nothing to say.

Another way is to talk about it, then let it drop, and do absolutely nothing. To those who adopt this line, I have nothing to say.

Another way is to examine it, and, if convinced that it will do no good, deliberately to reject it. That is perfectly manly. It is a course which every one may take without blame. Let each man conscientiously form his own opinion; let each be fully persuaded in his own mind. Only let our decision be conscientious; let it not be biassed by petty or by secret motives. To those who, having examined the proposals made in "Darkest England," regard them — if they can regard them — as either nugatory or pernicious, I have, of course, nothing to say. They may be quite as good, and better judges, than I am. They are responsible for their opinions as I am for mine, but it is to God and not to man.

But another way, alas! is one far too common when any good work whatever is suggested, — even if it be casting out devils, — especially if it be by one who followeth not after us. It is a way to which all of us are often tempted. It is to sneer, to object, to misrepresent, to find fault, to pick holes; to say, "Your plan has nothing new in it"; to say, "Who are you?"; to riot in offensive personalities; to call the scheme visionary or a dodge of vanity; to damn with faint praise; to throw cold water upon it; to smother it in the wet blanket of cynicism; "to just hint a fault and hesitate dislike"; to snatch up

any one of the millionfold varieties of excuse, opposition, and half-hearted selfishness which the world, the flesh, and the devil readily supply to every one of us who, on any occasion, desires to veneer the slothfulness of his own callous conscience. This is the way of those—and they may be counted by tens of thousands—who do not mean to help in this or in any scheme, but to keep their money and their ease to themselves, and to let the sins of the world go on unheeded till the pit swallow them, and until upon their own sensual selfishness crashes the awful message, “Thou fool! this night!”

(*e*) Yet another way, not quite so base and vulgar as this, but yet sufficiently ignoble, is to leave others to bear the brunt; to stand aside till the forlorn hope has been killed, and then walk triumphantly through the open breach; to wait till there is no more opposition; to be timid, safe, cautious, hesitating, eminently respectable, immensely careful of our own personal interests, infinitely on our guard against facing insult and opposition. “Fools,” the poet says, “rush in, where angels fear to tread.” Yes, but it has been answered, the safe and timid angels are sometimes glad enough to follow when the poor fools, with sweat of brow and anguish of heart, have forced the way.

(*f*) But the last way—and I trust that this is the way which we shall adopt, if, on examination, we can approve this scheme of trying to uplift the unemployed from their misery—is to support it by our influence; to give to it of our means. You will see that it is a scheme immense and far-reaching, a scheme which, if it please God to bless it with success, may bring help and hope to thousands of the helpless and the hopeless,—who have been made

helpless and hopeless by the terrible conditions of society — but for every one of whom Christ died. To begin the scheme in desperate earnest, £100,000 are wanted. What is that to the wealth of England? The annual expenditure of London alone is estimated at £200,000,000. What is a 2,000th fraction of this? A mere drop in the ocean! Not one tenth of what is wasted every year, to the destruction of men's souls and bodies, in beer, and rum, and gin. In 1889 the income tax assessments were £681,000,000. In 1884 it was found that the net wealth had increased by 130 per cent. There are a hundred men in England who might immortalize themselves by such a gift, and bring showers of blessing on their own souls, and yet not have one gorgeous luxury or one boundless superfluity the less. There are tens of thousands of men and women in England who could each give £100 this very day, and never miss it at the year's end. I leave the question to your consciences. Will it not be a desperate shame to England, and an awfully lost opportunity, if, for lack of an infinitely small self-denial on our part, any scheme which gives so hopeful a promise of social amelioration, should be, like a broken purpose, lost in air?

But, in conclusion, you say, "The scheme may fail." Alas! do I not know it? Is not the world full of worn-out enthusiasms, and defeated efforts, and broken hearts, even as the desert is full of the bleaching bones of them that have traversed it? Has not many a full rejoicing river of human sympathy been lost in the muddy ooze, and hardly seemed to fertilize the barren sands? Have not many thousands of the weak waves of human effort been dashed into mist upon the wind, into scum upon the shore, by the hard and jagged rocks of selfishness, and greed, and sin?

Yes, the effort may fail; for very fallible are the judgments, and "toilsome and incomplete" is the best work of man. "Toilsome and incomplete," says the late Dean of St. Paul's, "full of pangs, and disgust, and disappointment, has often been the work of genius. Toilsome and incomplete, the effort of the leader of a great movement for the overthrow of a wrong, for the welfare of his brethren, for the deliverance and happiness of a people, amid unpopularity and suspicion, the delays and contradictions and provocations of petty and unrelenting adversaries, or unworthy friends. Toilsome and incomplete the labor of him who, in daily contact with all that is horrible and desperate, spends a life to bring the mercies and peace of Christ down to the coarse misery which festers around all our brilliant capitals." Yes, the scheme may fail. Well, but, if to die amid disloyalty and hatred be failure, St. Paul failed. If to perish at the stake be failure, all the martyrs failed; if to die amid the howl of the world's disapproval be failure, Savonarola, and Luther, and Whitefield failed. If to die on the Cross, with all the priests and all the mob jibing at Him and insulting Him, be failure, then the Lord Jesus failed. Yes, the effort may fail; but fear, and timidity, and jealousy, and suspicion, and indolence, and impatience, and despair are counsellors who will find multitudes to listen to them; and as for me I will listen to the counsellings—the wiser, the better, the nobler counsellings—of hope. And failure,—what is failure? Cannot we get behind the word? Are none of us brave enough or noble enough, in trying to do God's work, to prefer such failure to the most gorgeous success in pleasing the world, and making truce with the devil? Failure?

Speak, history! who are life's victors?
 Unfold thy long annals, and say,
 Are they those whom the world called the victors,
 Who won the success of a day?
 The martyrs or Nero? The Spartans,
 Who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,
 Or the Persians and Xerxes? His Judges or Socrates? Pilate or
 Christ?

Yes! the plan may fail, but I for one mean to pray, and to hope, that it will succeed; and the question for each of us is, about every good effort which is made, Shall it fail through my cowardice, my greed, my supineness, my prudential cautiousness, my petty prejudices, my selfish conventionality? If, on examining this plan in the light of conscience, we see in it any element and augury of efficiency in the removal of the deadly evils which lie at the heart of our civilization, we are in duty bound to do our utmost to help it forward. But how, if we conscientiously disapprove of it? Are we then free from obligations? Nay: then we are in duty bound to propose, or to forward, something better. One way only is contemptible and accursed; that is, to make it our excuse for envy, malice, depreciation. He that heareth, let him hear; and he that forbeareth, let him forbear. But God shall be the Judge between us; and His Voice says in Scripture, "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? And He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it? And shall not He render to every man according to his work?"

NATIONAL PERILS.

“And in the morning ye say, It will be foul weather to-day: for the sky is red and lowring. O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?”—MATT. xvi. 3.

PROBLEMS of the gravest import await our solution,—problems which need all our nerve, all our determination, all our courage, all our hope, and which affect the life and duty of us all. It is possible to paint the condition of the present age in two very different ways; and this has recently been done by the master hands of two of the greatest sons of this century. The Poet Laureate in his new “Locksley Hall” has drawn it in dark colors, as it might appear to the mind of an aged and disenchanted man: the late Prime Minister has, in reply, drawn it in its most glowing lights of hope and gladness. I have tried to show elsewhere that there is nothing antagonistic in these views. There is one series of facts which, if we contemplated them exclusively, would make us hopeless pessimists. There is another series of facts which, taken by themselves, would fill us with rose-colored optimism. But apart from either picture new conditions are arising round us of endless significance,—conditions which need immediate and strenuous action, and which, unless the nation rises to the true meaning of the situation, may be pregnant with individual and national disaster, such as it is hardly possible for the imagination to conceive. And these evils cannot be remedied, these perils cannot be averted, except by a nation which is thoroughly in earnest; by a nation prepared for

higher thinking and plainer living than England is at present; by a nation which will rise, with heroic self-denial, to face the extremity of its own enormous needs. It is on the way in which the problems of the present touch every one of us individually that I must speak to-day. The man must be indeed callous and selfish who can think of the menace of the sky without a heavy heart. To the lounge, the idler, the frivolous waster of time; to the drunkard, the glutton, the dissolute; to the hypocrite, the money-maker, the Mammon-worshipper; to all who basely sit at the feast of life, and "try to slink away without paying the reckoning," the facts should be full of significance; and would that these my words could have all the solemnity of that voice which he who heard the Apocalypse heard cry in heaven, "Woe to the inhabitants of the earth!" I will say nothing of that red glare flung on the lowering horizon by the menace of European war. I know not whether these rumors of war are only like the waves that "roll shoreward, and roar and strike and are dissipated," or whether they mean a tide which shall redden a hundred fields with blood. When we see mighty nations armed to the teeth against each other, exhausting their resources, squandering their strength, swelling their national debts, in these costly and gigantic follies; when we read of these frightful inventions, explosives of unknown force, guns of infinite destructiveness, torpedoes which go far under the sea to blow up navies; when we see man's ingenuity exhausted in the elaboration of devilish enginery, and international jealousy adding its dread quota to the miseries caused by commercial rivalries; when we see in Europe at this moment at least twelve and a half millions of armed men doomed to lives of unproductive menace, amid

groaning and tax-burdened populations, I ask you which seems most likely to happen in our days,—the dawn of that millennium,

When the war drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags are furled,
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world,

or, rather, that dim, awful Armageddon-battle of the last days, when the hosts of evil shall concentrate all their wrath for one last and deadly struggle against the hosts of light.

But, passing over this question, there are two dangers which here in England are already upon us, and which, if we care at all for the prosperity and for the future interests of this nation, need all our consideration. One is the unstable equilibrium of our whole commercial system,—the fact that the so-called national prosperity enriches not the many, but the few; the fact that our industrial organization shows signs of perishing by its own inherent vices. We are constantly told of the wealth of England; of our national income of one thousand millions a year; of the fact that out of this income, according to the most eminent statisticians, we are yearly saving and investing two hundred and thirty-five millions; the fact that while every philanthropic society is struggling and many efforts for good are bankrupt, yet, when some huge brewing business is to be sold, hundreds rush forward ignobly emulous, and a hundred million pounds is at once, and with passionate eagerness, imploringly put forward to buy a share in so blessed a concern and to participate in the huge gains which it brings in amid the general decay! Who enjoys the luxury of this enormous mass of wealth? The few, and not the people. We have a population of over 36,000,000,

but out of this population $30\frac{1}{2}$ millions belong to the lower-middle and poorer classes, and their quota of the national income, as calculated by the most competent authority, shows a miserably small average for the total weekly expenditure. "Clearly, the existence of fabulous wealth in the country no more proves general prosperity than the hectic flush upon the cheek of consumption is a sign of health." It was only for a brief space that steam and machinery added to the general well-being. Latterly it has heaped riches into a small number of hands, and done nothing to popularize the use of them; and, now that it has glutted the markets, and diminished the profits of the capitalists, whole classes of Englishmen are at this moment engaged in a terrible struggle to hold back by the ears the wolf of poverty. The retail tradesmen are in a state of depression; the tenant farmers are in many parts of England on the verge of bankruptcy; many of the clergy are in the anguish of destitution; innumerable clerks, sempstresses, and shopmen are working many hours a day on the merest pittance, and, if even for a month they fall out of the race, it is harder and harder for them to find employment. Work grows more and more uncertain and irregular; crowds of dock laborers madly struggle at the dock gates for the poor labor which only a few of them can obtain. The number of unemployed in England is increasing, and in all probability will increase. It is now numbered by thousands. What will you do when it is numbered by hundreds of thousands, and when with the pauperism deepens also the fierce and sullen discontent? We are complacently told that, while our population has increased fivefold, our wealth has increased sevenfold: the fact remains that while there is more wealth there is more general misery. There are in London at this

moment 80,000 paupers, and half a million are at hand-grips with destitution and are helped by charity. In this dreadful city alone there are as many fallen women,—miserablest and most fallen of the human race except the wretches who have made them what they are,—as many, we are told, in this city alone “as the whole population of Norwich; as many known criminals as the whole population of Huntingdon; as many homeless nomads who live on the verge of famine as twice over the population of the town of Nottingham.” Is not this a warning against the selfishness of luxury and of comfort-worship? Is it not possible that under such conditions all they that are fat upon earth and have eaten and drunken may, in the warning of Scripture, have only been heaping up treasure for the last days, and nourishing their hearts as in a day of slaughter?*

And, besides this congestion of wealth in the hands of a few, the other grave peril to which the thoughts of many Englishmen are now being awakened, and that on every side, is the growth of population. It has increased more since the year 1800 than it did for fully six hundred years after the Conquest. The Saxon races of Europe now double their number in every seventy years. In India myriads are scarcely ever free from the pangs of hunger. In twenty-five years more the United States of America, that great outlet for emigration, will be fully occupied by its hundred millions of inhabitants. Long before another century has run its course the economical conditions of the whole world will be fundamentally altered, and on this ground alone there must be some immense change or crisis in the history of our race. The catastrophe dreaded by

* Many of the facts set forth in this chapter have been powerfully stated in recent works, such as Mr. J. Cotter Morrison's "Service of War" and Mr. Arnold Morley's "Problems of Great Cities."

some writers in the last century has only been staved off for a time by the unforeseen importation of food; but this resource is far from inexhaustible, nor has science discovered a means of increasing the supply of food in the same geometrical ratio as the increase of population. As one writer expressed it, "the human race in old countries is being jammed into an *impasse*, from which there is no escape until Nature take the matter in hand." But how? Will she send forth God's four sore judgments? Will the red horse of war, and the livid horse of famine, and the black horse of pestilence be let loose among mankind? Or is the shadow, indeed, reaching that line on the dial-plate of eternity when the earth shall thrill with the trumpet of the Archangel and with the voice of God?

I do not make the faintest pretence to forecast the future. I do not pretend to know what the end of these things will be. I am touching on this point solely to emphasize our sense of individual duty. But this is plain,—that this stupendous increase of population is complicated by two other elements in England of a great and silent revolution which is going on in the midst of us. One is the growth of great cities, and the other is the multiplication of the unfit.

No one who has a grain of thoughtfulness in his composition can dispute the facts or can question their significance. "The population of England, on the one hand, *was* rural, and is become urban;" on the other hand, the strong are in danger of being crowded out by the weak. Of the first of these facts, I will only say a word. Every year the country is more depleted, the cities, and, above all, this monstrous imposthume of London, are more overcrowded. London alone adds a new Exeter, a new city of seventy thousand, to her inhabitants every year. If things go on like this

unchecked, before two centuries are over England will be mainly one huge, intolerable town, "a furious centre of prolific vitality,"—the curse alike of the *physique* and *morale* of the race.

Take the other serious fact, that the increase is preponderantly among the unfit. The tendency of civilization is to multiply from the lower and not from the higher specimens of the race. The idle, the squalid, the unthrifty, the undersized, those who practise no forethought and exercise no self-control, those who live on degraded and adulterated food, and whose one joy is drugged and poisonous drink; those who have no vista but the workhouse and no paradise but the gin-shop, are at this moment multiplying ten per cent. more rapidly than the prudent and self-controlled. I will quote, not from an aristocrat, but from a Socialist leader, who describes the ever-waxing crowds of the East End as people of stunted frames and dwarfed intelligence, and who speaks of the dwarfed sympathy of children in the slums, suckled on gin, poisoned by foul air, corrupted by filth and bad food, crippled by too early toil. Premature marriages intensify the curse. In the year 1884 in the East End of London 59 per cent. of men—that is to say, 14,818 men—and 75 per cent. of women were married,—if the name of marriage can be given to such wretched unions,—were married before twenty-one years of age; whereas in St. George's, Hanover, only 1 per cent. of men were so married. Fresh complications arise from the ceaseless influx into London of starving laborers, helpless Jews, pauper Irish, and indigent foreigners, and by the dominance in this afflicted land of the horrible curse of drink. Blighted and shiftless youths without health, without hope, without resources, without God, with nothing to bring to

the work of life but their hunger and their lust, swarm penniless from the feverish slums in which they scarcely ever wash or change their clothes, and swamp the labor market with the crudest forms of unskilled and superfluous labor. And what do these things mean? The Socialists know if you do not. They mean that, unless remedies be found in our earnestness and in our self-denial, and in our promotion by every possible means of the common good of all, then the Huns and Vandals who shall shipwreck our civilization are being bred, as Mr. Henry George has warned us, not in the steppes of Asia, but in the slums of great cities. They mean that they who put down their ears, and listen to the ground-swell murmuring restlessly in the great ocean of humanity, hear in that dull hoarse roar a prelude of the tidal wave; and that, as Prince Krapotkin tells us, a multitude whom no man can number, are as the ocean, and shall rise and swallow up all else. They mean that, if there be no remedy, sooner or later — and sooner, I fear, rather than later — there will, and must be, a social revolution which will deepen unspeakably the general catastrophe. They mean that if the upper classes — the comfortable classes, the upper and middle classes — do not rouse themselves from what has been called their “awful selfishness and bovine contentment,” they will be shaken out of it by the impatient earthquake. They mean that our drink, and our vice, and our Mammon-worship are bringing about by natural laws their own inevitable retribution, and that the vultures which scent decay from afar, and may be seen already like black specks on the horizon, will soon be filling the whole sky with “the rushing of their congregated wings.”

Fools and selfish men, and those who do not care what

happens to the world when they cease to consume its fruits, will be deaf and blind to all such facts as these; but every earnest, and every honorable, and every Christian man and woman will ask, Is there any help and is there any remedy? And thus much I will answer at once,—that there is no help and that there is no remedy except in lives of increasingly earnest effort and more self-denying duty, and that to all who are not enclosed in their own fat such considerations should sound as a clarion call to be up and doing.

For Socialism is no remedy. Socialism, strong only in the existence of neglected evils and wrongs unredressed, may conceivably triumph for a time in England, as it did in France; but, if so, it will not be a remedy,—it will be an aggravation. It may preach to hungry and ignorant men—as it openly does abroad, though not in England—its devil's gospel of plunder and confiscation; it may cripple the State and overthrow the Church and trample on the Crown, and, so doing, it may plunge the realm into some irretrievable calamity. But, if it does, its own helpless children will be the very first whom it will ruthlessly devour, and it will be in its turn blown into ruins by the indignation of mankind.

Legislation, again, is no remedy. Legislation might, indeed, furnish some alleviations, though at the best but partial ones. This century has seen many noble enactments, the outcome of all that was best and wisest, most just and merciful, in the national heart. Had it been otherwise, our case would long ago have been desperate. But there can be no more legislation adequately noble and adequately strenuous, unless legislators, after all these years of warning and struggle, have the courage at last to make a ruthless sacrifice of sterile

party chatter; to grapple with the destroying curse of drink; to economize, if they cannot extirpate, the tempting facilities to vice; to make short work with the owners of rotting houses, and the vested interests of all those who batten on the degradation of mankind; to give brief shrift to the so-called liberty which means free license and temptation to do wrong,—a liberty to the weakest to make themselves the beasts and slaves of their lowest appetites!

But if Socialism be but an aggravation, and adequate legislation be at present hopeless, individual effort *is* a remedy. Instead of sitting still in aimless acquiescence and selfish stupefaction, let us each see how God calls upon us to act. Are we helplessly to wait for miraculous interpositions? If so, we shall perish in our supineness.

There is no way whatever to help the struggling masses of our population which does not elevate the poor. The condition of things which I have described never can be remedied—nay, will grow worse and worse, until the pit swallow it—unless the poor can be roused to make a resolute effort to uplift themselves. Without moral and religious remedies all others will be in vain.

Alas! the classes whom I would fain address are not here: they have, for the most part, been lost long ago to the Church of England and to every other religious denomination. On us, as members of the National Church, rests in this matter an immense responsibility. Our present methods will not reach them; to our elaborate theologies, and our routine ceremonies, and our professional fineries they have nothing to say; for rubrics and millinery and stereotyped services, they care no more than they do for the idle wind; they want a broader, simpler, larger, truer, manlier, less conventional, less corrupt, less fourth-

century gospel; they want the *essential* gospel; they want Christ. And, oh! if He were here now, how would He be moved with compassion for them; how would He go amongst them: how little would He care for our petty ecclesiastical jealousies; how unmixed with *isms, ologies*, and rites, and forms would be His pure, heart-searching gospel! But this certainly He would tell to these masses of the poor whom the Church has lost, these sheep having no shepherd,—that nothing which can be done to help them will be of any avail until they have learned to help themselves. They and their demagogues point often with scornful finger to the scandals in the lives of the aristocracy: their own lives are often ten times more scandalous. They talk of the selfish rich: the poor, too, often in their way, are ten times more selfish. The pauper youth who marries within half a crown of starvation; the labourer who drinks five shillings' worth a week of gin and ale, while his children are starving and his wife is in rags; the loafer who will scarcely do an honest day's work,—each of these is a far worse enemy of society, far more selfish, and far more of a voluptuary in his vile way than any of the rich. They talk of being slaves: they are only too free,—free to destroy themselves body and soul, and through drink and lust to kindle the fires of hell in their hearts and on their hearths.

But is it nothing to us? Are we each, like so many Cains, to say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" I say that on every one of us is incumbent the plain duty of considering these signs of the times, of considering the poor, of doing our utmost in whatever way God makes clear to us—and, if we *seek* the way, He *will* make it clear to us—to avert the lurid menace of these lowering skies. If Social-

ism be a ruin and not a remedy, if the action of legislation be at the best but tardy and partial, can the Church of God do nothing? To me it seems that what I mean by the Church of God is the only power which can do anything. God's arm is not shortened; the outpouring of God's Spirit was not confined to Pentecost. The Divine enthusiasm which grappled with the abominations of paganism, refuted its philosophies, routed its legions, regenerated its corrupt society, reinspired and reconstructed its shattered institutions,—the Spirit of God which of old brooded upon the face of the waters and said, "Let there be light," and there was light,—that Spirit is omnipotent to deliver us from dangers far more threatening than these, only it waits for hearts strong enough and pure enough to receive its mighty inspirations; "hearts pure and transparent as crystal, strong and active as fire, patient and enduring as the hearts of martyrs." Even now that Spirit is calling, "Whom shall I send and who will go for us?" And when men are noble enough to say, with all their hearts, "Here am I: send me!" and to go forth, if need be, without bread, or scrip, or money in their purse, then the apostolic succession of inspired men will be renewed, and we shall see once more such miracles as were wrought of old by Paul and John, by Benedict and Francis, by Luther and Whitefield. The Church of God, I say, is the only power on earth which can face the enormous and complicated problems of the future. And by the Church of God I mean you, every one of you,—I mean all true Christians, whether they worship in Abbeys or in Ebenezers. The clergy alone are as nothing in this work: they are but 20,000, and you are more than 30,000,000. Until each one of you does his own duty, the work of God's Universal Church will be miserably paralyzed; until each

sweeps before his own door, the streets of the New Jerusalem will not be clean. We are treated to loud jubilation in these days on the work of the Church, and, if we hear a string of notices given out about endless services and Holy Communions, we think that a great deal must be doing. I attach very little importance indeed to services and communions at which, out of parishes of many thousands, perhaps not half a dozen persons are present; and, in general, much which passes in our ecclesiastical circles for extreme clerical activity is little better than outward function and strenuous idleness. All that kind of activity was in its very fullest bloom in the Temple at Jerusalem, and Priests and Pharisees thronged its courts at the very time that Jesus was saying on the Mount of Olives, "Not one stone of it shall be left upon another."

I cannot share, I grieve to say, in these jubilations about our progress. When in one city of four millions, three millions and more on one Sunday are in no place of worship, I think the Church should rather be sitting and weeping in dust and ashes than glorifying herself about her own activity. New times want new methods and new men; and if we do not adopt new methods, and find new men who really *are* men, we shall die of our impotent respectability. It is not enough for us only to edify, or strive to edify, the faithful few, when so little is being done to reach the lost many. We need a new order of clergy altogether, side by side with and nobler than ourselves,—an order that will live poor and unmarried in the very midst of the poor, as poorly as they live, giving up, as the apostles did, everything for Christ; men who shall take the simple gospel in their hands, and nothing else; men conspicuous for their manliness, their humility, their self-sacrifice, and who by

their whole lives will pour silent contempt on gold. And we need among all classes of Englishmen a deeper sincerity, a more willing self-denial, a larger liberality, a truer estimate of the real ends of life, an awakening conception of the truth that "heaven means principle," and that life means service, and that there are times when he who would really find his life must lose it. There is not one person in this congregation, young or old, who ought not to ask himself to-day whether he has been really enrolled in God's army, or whether his life is useless for any purpose but his own self-indulgence; whether he has been individually told off into active service in the contest between the powers of life and the powers of death, or whether he is living to any better purpose than to eat and drink and sleep, and turn the whole world into a feeding-trough for his own special use.

If so, woe unto him! And woe unto that society and woe unto that nation that has many such sons! Oh, I entreat you, let us all take to heart this warning, and let us feel sure that in God's battles slackness is infamy! On every side around us there are calls for the most fearless love of truth, and scorn for illusions and for hypocrisies; calls for the most strenuous action, and scorn for greedy and selfish ease. For it was on the eve of one of the most terrible destructions which the world has ever seen that Christ said to the full-fed Sadducees and Pharisees of a self-satisfied generation: "In the morning ye say, Foul weather to-day: for the sky is red and lowring. O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?"

THE SACREDNESS OF PUBLIC DUTIES.

“Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!”—LUKE xi. 44.

THERE are two causes to which a good man may devote himself as the fit occupation for a noble life,—the cause of the individual and the cause of the race. There is but one cause to which no truly good or noble man may or can devote himself: it is the cause which the vast majority of mankind serve with intense devotion all their lives,—the cause of self. It is quite true that men who are deemed great do devote themselves to this cause of self, and that exclusively; and, in doing so, succeed beyond the wildest dreams of avarice and of ambition. They succeed, and they are miserable; and they deserve to be so. Such a worshipper of self, ready for self’s sake to deluge the world in blood and steep his conscience in crime, was Bonaparte. His life was a colossal effort to succeed without a conscience. You know what came of it,—its retributive anguish, its miserable collapse.

“Behold the grand result in yon lone isle,
And, as thy nature urges, weep or smile;
Behold the scales in which his fortune hangs,—
A surgeon’s statements and an earl’s harangues.”

Yes! such a life is one of the numberless comments written by history, with endless variations of detail, but perfect unity of teaching,—comments on our Lord’s oft-repeated words, “He that saveth his life shall lose it; and

he that loseth his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it."

Now I shall dwell a good deal on the life of a man who, whatever were his faults,—and they were very grave and even deadly faults,—and who, however serious was the injury which he inflicted on religious belief, yet did, in his measure, and in some directions, fulfil the high duty of man to his race. He was one who has been often and most bitterly denounced as a sceptic, as a blasphemer. He has been often, and not unjustly, described as vain, impure, theatrical, unscrupulous, untruthful. He dealt many a wicked blow, not only at things falsely deemed sacred, but at things which *are* sacred; and he stood pre-eminent among a band of men who are regarded as enemies of religion. There have been, thank God, hundreds of saints in the world; and there have been hundreds of saints who perhaps were all the more saintly that they have never been sainted. But the man of whom I speak was no saint, no hero. He set in many respects a bad and low example. He cannot, I fear, be called, in any high sense, a good man. But, on the other hand, there has often been a fibre of goodness and nobleness, whether you call it saintliness or not, in many of the utterly unsaintly, just as there is, alas! many a root of bitterness in the characters of those who pride themselves on being religious men. Judge for yourselves whether it was so or not in the character of the man of whom I shall speak. But before I mention his name, or say a word about him, you will perhaps ask me why, in any case, I hold up the virtues of such a man for example and admiration. Well, among other reasons, because I choose for once to follow the example of Scripture. The Scriptures, again and

again, hold up to us imitable examples in men who were in other respects far from good,—in Saul, in Gideon, in Jephthah, in Samson, in David, in Solomon, in Jonah, in many men intensely faulty, in whom, nevertheless, there was a salt of righteousness, and of whom there is much that was good to tell. I will cut short further cavils with the plain practice of our Lord. He found more that was estimable, more that was redeemable, in publicans and sinners than in scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites. His type of Christian love to our neighbor was not sleek priest or scrupulous Levite, but a hated and heretical Samaritan. And, when in His teaching he wished to emphasize some special point of justice or prudence, sometimes, as in the parables of the dishonest steward and of the unjust judge, He set it in relief by throwing it on the dark background of a character otherwise evil, or of conduct otherwise to be condemned. We must not be afraid of Christ's own methods; and I shall try to show you the grandeur and the beauty of certain forms of duty and service as illustrated by the character and as prominent in the conduct of one at whom, when I have finished, he who is without sin among us may, if he will, fling a stone, as at a wicked man. For my part, I will try to learn a lesson from the good that was in this man, while I leave all that was evil in him to the Judge of all the earth.

Now there were vast principles for which the man of whom I speak struggled all his life,—vast and splendid principles; principles often terribly lacking in Christians,—lacking most of all in many of those who call themselves ecclesiastics and churchmen. They are the principles of justice, of tolerance, of humanity. Many churchmen breathe of deliberate choice the very atmos-

phere of intolerance. They turn religion itself into a chaos of violent hatreds and petty spites. They see injustice and inhumanity around them, and look at it with an immoral acquiescence. "The worst of the worthy sort of people is," said this man, "that they are such cowards. A man groans over wrong; he shuts his lips; he takes his supper; he forgets." And again, "People talk about a wrong for a moment, and the next they are hastening to the comic opera; and barbarity, becoming the more insolent for our silence, will cut throats at pleasure." Their attitude towards the great mass of mankind resembles the terrible ballad of the French poet. A young and lovely girl named Constance was burned to death as she was arraying herself for a ball at the ambassador's. The news arrived during the ball. What happened? They said, "Poor Constance!" and they waltzed till daybreak at the house of the ambassador of France!

This man could not take so lightly the existence of these wrongs and crimes. They filled him "with a blaze of anger and pity." "With an unrelenting perseverance, inexorable as doom, he got wrong definitely stamped and transfixed." It was by fighting against oppression and cruelty with all the keenness of his radiant genius that, whether you call him a bad character or not, he, amid all the evil which he did, still rendered immortal service to the cause of civilization, to the cause of man.

I will tell you his name, but not at once. At present we will call him Arouet. It was his real name, the name of his birth, but not the name by which he is usually known, or the name by which he will be recognized by most of you. And, if many of you do by this time recognize who he was, remember that, so far as he was an enemy

to religion, while yet he was a friend to so much that was noble and good, it was because, in his day, religion was mixed up with much that was false, corrupt, and hypocritical. In its pride and ignorance, the thing which called itself religion — which was not true religion, but its fatal counterfeit — often proved itself, as it now so often proves itself, an enemy to all that he loved most passionately, — an enemy to tolerance, an enemy to humanity, an enemy to truth.

You have all heard in English history of the name of the unfortunate Admiral Byng. In the year 1756 he was sent to seize Port Mahon in Minorca. His opponent was Marshal Richelieu. By some accident, probably through no fault of his own, Byng failed to relieve Minorca. For this he was tried. Chatham, the great Prime Minister, was for mercy: the House of Commons inclined to mercy; but the king was inexorable, and the English people, in one of their periodical paroxysms of mad injustice and ignorant fury, were, in their disappointment, clamoring for blood. By a sentence disgracefully iniquitous, Admiral Byng was shot on his own quarter-deck. But the man of whom I speak — Arouet — did his utmost to save him, and for this purpose forwarded to him a letter in which his opponent, Richelieu himself, had spoken of his bravery and good judgment. The effort was in vain. Had it succeeded, the page of English history would not have been encrimsoned with that ineffaceable stain of innocent blood.

Again, in 1702 there was an infirm old man at Toulouse, a Protestant bookseller named Calas. His elder son had become a Romanist. His second son was found hung in his father's shop. Calas was accused of having murdered this son, in order to prevent him from abjuring

Protestantism. There was not a particle of real evidence against him; but, under the influence of a bigoted judge, his youngest son was banished, his widow and children were put to the torture, and he himself, brutally broken on the wheel, died protesting his innocence with his last breath. His wife and family fled to Arouet, who supported and protected them. Devoting his genius to their cause, though the brutal sentence was sustained by the whole power of the Church, he got the judgment against Calas unanimously reversed by the Council of State, and the ruin of the family restored out of the public purse. The work occupied the soul of Arouet for three years; and during all that time, he said, "if a single smile escaped me, I reproached myself with it as a crime."

Again, a young girl named Sirven, torn from her parents who were Protestants, and shut up in a convent, weary with cruel treatment, escaped from the convent, and flung herself into a well. The priest who had shut her up, the nuns who had ill-used her,—they doubtless deserved punishment; but instead of this the miserable father was falsely accused of having murdered her, and was condemned, like Calas, in the same year, to be broken on the wheel. He fled in time; but his wife, who accompanied him, perished of misery among the snöws of the Cévennes, and Sirven joined the wretched family of Calas under the protection of Arouet at Geneva, who there supported them. Arouet once more flung himself into the poor man's cause, and by his influence and his eloquence, and by agitating the whole world with pity and indignation, secured his acquittal.

Once more, in the same year, 1766, it was found that a wooden crucifix on the Bridge of Abbeville had been

mutilated during the night. Suspicion fell on two lads of eighteen and sixteen,—a young soldier, the Chevalier de la Barre, and his friend, D'Etallonde. There was not an atom of proof against them; according even to their sentence, they were only "vehemently suspected." But private grudge and vile fanaticism were set to work. Priests and Jesuits with dark lies maddened the blind multitude. D'Etallonde fled, and Arouet procured him a commission in the army of the King of Prussia. He thus escaped the abominable sentence pronounced upon these poor boys by the Bishop of Amiens. The sentence pronounced by this bishop was that the two boys should have their tongues cut out, their right hands struck off, and be burned at a slow fire. The Parliament of Paris commuted the punishment to decapitation; and young De la Barre was first horribly tortured, and then beheaded. For twelve years Arouet held up to deserved execration the hideous and criminal punishment by which the official ministers of the gospel of mercy and forgiveness had immolated a boy's life on the Moloch-altar of religious bigotry.

Again, in 1766 Count Lally was condemned to death in Paris, after a trial tainted with every kind of illegality, for asserted misconduct in India. It was a case analogous to that of Admiral Byng. The French were infuriated by the loss of their Indian possessions, and thirsted vindictively for blood. A victim, like Byng, to the blind and brutal passion of the populace, Count Lally was condemned, and, with a gag between his teeth, was dragged off to execution. For twelve years Arouet pleaded for a reversal of the attainder, and the news that he was at last successful cheered his dying-bed. "I die happy," he wrote: "I see that the king loves justice." Those were the last

words—that word “justice” was the last word—that he ever wrote.

I might tell you more of the same kind: how this man, indignant to see some 12,000 peasants treated as serfs by twenty lazy monks, lived to hasten the abolition of serfdom throughout France; how he lent to a poor family the means of supporting their rights to an estate against the encroachments of the Jesuits; how he relieved the poverty of the grand-niece of Corneille; how he once burst into anger because two white doves which had been given him had been killed for food; how his heart was ever open to the cry of the persecuted, and his purse to the miseries of the needy. And I do not hesitate to say that, in deeds like these, I see in this man who was no Christian, who may well be regarded as an enemy of Christianity, better Christian qualities than have been shown even by many Christian priests. In an age of gross injustice, in an age when the eyes of justice were bandaged and blinded by the fury of sacerdotal superstition, I see in him a splendid love of justice. “My cause,” he wrote, “is only that of an obscure family, but the meanest citizen murdered unjustly by the sword of the law is precious to the nation.” “Punish,” he wrote, “but do not punish blindly. Reason must be the guide of justice, though she be painted with a bandage over her eyes.”—I see in him faith in human nature. “The love of honor,” he wrote, “and the fear of shame, are better moralists than the executioners.”—I see a hatred of cruelty. Torture, he pleaded, should be utterly abolished.—I see a hatred of fanaticism, which he justly characterized as the rage, the madness, of souls.—I see the courage of insight. A crime was always to him a crime, whether a king committed it in the madness of anger or a

law court with the formalities of statutes. And for these principles in which our whole race is concerned Arouet maintained for sixty years an incomparable struggle. Wherever he saw a right oppressed, he strove to vindicate it; wherever he heard of a victim of injustice, he strove to redress or avenge his cause. When he was an old man, the wise and good Franklin brought his grandson to him, for his blessing. "God, liberty, tolerance, that," he said, "is the best blessing for Franklin's grandson."

I began by saying that there are two mighty and noble feelings which may sway the human heart: one, the pity for individual suffering, the pity which, like the little new-born babe, sits in the heart of a John Howard or a Vincent de Paul; the other, the passionate indignation for human wrongs. There are souls which feel wounded when reason is wounded; which, moved by a lofty and masculine sensibility, are keenly alive to the mighty interests of order, justice, and human dignity. The spirit of man plunged in ignorance and error, liberty of person fettered, liberty of conscience strangled, justice perverted, innocence oppressed, reason hurled down by violence, multitudes crushed by a selfish despotism,—these are the wrongs which fill their souls with flame. And what are these but violations of the Christian law, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you"; violations of that holy law on a vaster scale, and transferred from the individual to the social sphere?

But now who was this man, this Arouet, of whom I have spoken to you? None other than he who is known to the world by the detested name of Voltaire. You have never heard of him but as an enemy to religion, as he who, in the poet's words,

“For the bane of thousands born,
Built God a church, and laughed His word to scorn.”

Yes! but herein lies my lesson. If an enemy to religion can do such deeds, what ought we to do who call ourselves its friends? Alas! it might be well for many a Christian if, when he stands before the awful bar, the recording angel can plead for him against the accuser of his sins such good deeds as were done for Byng, for Calas, for Sirven, for Lally, for De la Barre, for many more, by this Voltaire, whose body, when he died, the Church of France, implacable even to the dead, would fain have flung forth unburied upon the dunghill.

The enemy of religion? Yes! but what kind of religion, calling itself religion, did Voltaire see? In his very infancy, he had been trained by that monstrous but in those days not uncommon thing, an atheist priest. On all sides, he saw among the professors of religion a fierce and infatuated intolerance, a scheming and licentious hypocrisy, a petty and wrangling party spirit, a mean and frivolous superstition. In the State he saw prisons filled with brave and innocent citizens. He saw luxurious splendour supported by oppressive taxes at the expense of general starvation. In alliance with this State he saw a Church in which Jesuits were dominant. Under their dominance, in his youth he saw Louis XIV. unreprieved by the Church when he was a profligate and flattered by the Church when he was a prosecutor, suppressing Protestants by dragonades, and driving from his kingdom 50,000 of his best subjects. In his manhood he saw Louis XV. suffering harlot after harlot to toy with the contaminated crown of St. Louis in the palaces of France. He saw the clergy solicitous about the gay plumage of the court and careless

of the dying bird of the nation. He saw them cruel, arrogant, idle, among a lower class sunk in ignorance, and an upper class steeped in immorality. He saw contending sects animated by bitter mutual hatred. He saw a tyrannical inquisition, which tortured the consciences of the dying and wreaked vengeance even on the dead. If religion was attacked in France,—if religion has, alas! fallen, dragging down with it morality and glory,—that is due, not to the shining arrows launched against it by Voltaire, but, on the one hand, to the faithlessness by which it was degraded and the insincerity with which it was corrupted through and through; on the other, to its own absence of wisdom and candour, of tolerance and justice, to its own cruelty and its own godlessness, to its alliance with arrogant stupidity and intolerant superstition.

Do not think that I have been relating history. I never allude to the past except to point a lesson to the present. And I call attention to these great principles of a very imperfect—if you will, of a bad—man, because I think that they are eminently needed among Christians still.

For instance, you profess and call yourselves Christians. Are you tolerant? Doubtless you can be sweet as summer to those of your own sect or clique or school of thought; you can praise and honor those who flatter you, those who answer you according to your idols. But have you the least tolerance, forbearance, kindness, candour, for those who disdain to speak to you anything but the truth? Have you any charity for those whose views are entirely different from your own? Have you long made up your mind that those who oppose your views must be very stupid or very wicked people?—I hope better things of you; but

such, I see, is the tone commonly adopted by religious partisans.

Are you just? If you are, I can only say that I can testify, from large experience and constant observation, that many persons who call themselves religious do not seem to have of justice even the most elementary conception. Judging by their newspapers, judging by their anonymous letters, judging by their ways of carrying on a controversy, judging by the line which they take towards opponents, I see on all sides in the religious world men who are habitually and conspicuously unjust.

Are you humane? Do you really care for the struggles and the sufferings of the drunkard, of the sick, of the wretched? Which do you think of most,—the duties of property or of its rights? the riches of the few or the misery of the many? the protection of the multitude or the privileges of the millionaire? Is there one of the world's heavy burdens which you are helping to lift, were it so much as with one of your fingers?

Well, of this be sure. These virtues of conduct, these principles of life,—tolerance, justice, humanity,—which are but Christian charity exercised in the sphere of the world, are essential to the very existence of religion. And if the Church does not develop these virtues among her sons—if she develop none of these large and masculine virtues, but only thin, effeminate, ecclesiastical virtues—then, in the days of coming struggle, she cannot and she will not hold her own. And if religion does fall because Christians are uncharitable and priests are partisans, or because churchmen, forgetting the weightier matters of the law, care only for the mint and cumin of the infinitely little, then Voltaire shall rise up against this

generation and shall condemn it. And, as it will be better for Nineveh and for Sodom in the day of judgment than for Chorazin and for Bethsaida, so, too, it may be better for the robust virtues of men who had been disgusted by a narrow and corrupt ecclesiasticism than for the smooth conventionalities of men who, absorbed in their petty sectarianisms of system and of ceremony, look on at the wounds of humanity as indifferently as the cold Levite and the sanctimonious Priest.

One last word. You are all, doubtless, better than Voltaire; you can all afford to speak of him with the hiss of contempt, and fling at him the stone of condemnation. Be it so: then do better than he did; or do what you will, but do in these directions one-tenth part as well as he! We want large, manly virtues, not miserable squabbles and heresy-huntings. All the formalism and all the profession in the world will not elevate you even to his standard; but, if you have faith, if you have love, as a grain of mustard-seed, you may be, in all that affects man's deepest interests, incomparably more happy and incomparably more wise. For in failing to know the blessing of Christ and the power of his resurrection, Voltaire lost the purest happiness, the most sustaining consolation, of our sad life here.

“The Frenchman first in literary fame,—
Mention him, if you please. Voltaire? The same,
With spirit, genius, eloquence supplied,
Lived long, wrote much, laughed heartily, and died.
Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store,
Receives no praise; but, though her lot be such,—
Toilsome and indigent,—she renders much;
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true,—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew,—

And in that charter reads with sparkling eyes
Her title to a treasure in the skies.
O happy peasant, O unhappy bard,
His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward ;
He praised perhaps for ages yet to come,
She never heard of half a mile from home ;
He lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
She safe in the simplicity of hers !”

NATIONAL DUTIES.

“Cast out devils.”—MATT. x. 8.

“Lord, even the devils are subject to us in Thy name.”—LUKE x. 17.

“In My name shall they cast out devils.”—MARK xiv. 17.

THE first of these three quotations is the command which Christ gave to His seventy disciples when He sent them two and two before His face to preach His kingdom and prepare the way for His coming. The second is the report brought back to Him by the disciples who had believed His word and obeyed His bidding. The third is the prophecy which He spake to His twelve apostles when He had risen from the dead and was leaving them His last commands. Do not, I entreat you, my brethren, escape the cogency of these words of Christ by taking refuge in those conventional glosses which make nine-tenths even of the Gospels so utterly unreal to us. Do not, I entreat you, say in your hearts, “Oh! this is only a command to work miracles, and miracles have long since ceased”; or, “Oh! this is only a command of Christ to His apostles, and our circumstances are very different, and at the best the injunction has only some sort of significance for the clergy”; or, again, do not say: “We don’t know anything about demoniac possession. The Jews seem to have assigned to the direct agency of evil spirits what in these days we call epilepsy and lunacy, and so on!” Ah! my brethren, thus it is that, by mere literary and exegetical controversies, which have in reality only the most distant bearing on religion,—thus it is that we empty the significance of

Christ's most precious words. These questions about demoniacal possession, and so forth, have no bearing whatever on the tremendous practical reality of the question whether we are, or are not, obedient to Christ's law, whether we are, or are not, living in accordance with His righteousness. Never limit His commands. What He spake to His apostles He spake to His church, He spake to all. Beyond the sacred functions of worship, and religious guidance, and the due administration of the sacraments, whatever is the duty of the clergy is the duty of the laity as well. Never let the Christian laity supinely betray their privileges or lazily abnegate their sacred duties. Ye are all, if you will, children of the Most High; God, if ye will, hath made you all kings and priests. Would to God that, like Eldad and Medad, ye all prophesied! Would to God that you were not satisfied to leave so much as you do—the serving of tables, the administration of charity, the work of mercy—in the hands of the clergy! Would to God that so many of you, Christian men and Christian women, were not content to do nothing at all and give nothing at all; and so many more were not content to be charitable only by proxy, charitable only by organizations, only by machinery, only by dropping here and there, or not even dropping, a promiscuous shilling or penny, the absence of which will not cost you one ribbon or one cigar the less! Oh that you, the laity, even the church-going laity, of the great Church of England, felt that the elevation of the tone of society, the purifying of literature, the evangelization of heathendom, the education of the people, the sympathy with suffering, the struggle against iniquity, were every whit as much your work individually as they are ours; more your work collec-

tively, inasmuch as you are a thousand times more numerous. Into these points I have no time to enter now. But this I say,—to this I would earnestly call your attention,—that to you, to every one of you, no less than to the clergy, comes the command, “Cast out devils”; to you, to every one of you, no less than to the clergy, the prophecy, “In My name shall they cast out devils”; for you, for every one of you, if only you be not faithless but believing, shall come the rapturous and astonished acknowledgement, “Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through Thy name.” And, therefore, I repeat to you, in our Master’s name, as our Master’s message,—I repeat to you, all the more solemnly the command,—“Cast out devils.”

But, beginning with one consent to make excuse, you will perhaps say, “To cast out devils was a miracle, and miracles have ceased.” Yes: that is one of the ways in which we paralyze Christianity into a dead religion, having first frozen it into a hard and abstract orthodoxy, utterly remote from our daily life. It is true that to cast out devils was a miracle; but, except for those who, like ourselves, are “fools and slow of heart to believe,” miracles have not ceased. *Miracles* have not ceased: it is *faith* that has ceased. Well might the timid, wavering disciples ask Christ, when they had failed in the case of the demoniac boy, “Why could not we cast him out?” and clearly the explanation came: “Because of your unbelief. For verily I say unto you, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you.” I have somewhere read that two centuries and a half ago, in Geneva, its good bishop, St. Francis de

Sales, was walking in the streets, when he saw confined, in a sort of iron cage, a priest who had become a raving maniac,—the Evangelists might have said, and perhaps quite as accurately, a raving demoniac. For a few moments, in tears and with deep emotion, the good bishop watched the frightful spectacle, and then, with one intense victorious prayer, strong in faith and love, he boldly entered the cage, took the dangerous maniac by the hand, and saying, “Come home with me, my poor brother,” instantly calmed his paroxysms, and led him away in his right mind, gentle and quiet as a lamb. Whether you call this a miracle or not I care not, but I think that the Evangelists, knowing all that Christ had promised, would have called it so; and rightly called it, for it *was* a miracle, and one which you and I would probably have been too faithless to work. It was a miracle of perfect faith, a miracle of spiritual ascendancy, a miracle of irresistible gentleness. And we, if we had the same strong faith, the same burning love,—we, too, by the aid of Him who said, “Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world,”—we, too, might work these and the like miracles. Not in our own name, not of our own power. If we attempt that, we shall be as deservedly battered and beaten back as were the seven sons of one Sceva, a Jew; and the devils, and those possessed with them, will say to us with just contempt, “Jesus I know, and Paul I recognize; but ye, religious squabblers, easy livers, selfish money-getters,—ye, of the earth earthy, of the world worldly,—who are ye?” But, if we set to the task in Christ’s name, in Christ’s power, in the strength of Christ’s life, we, too, weak and worthless as we are, shall feel the outpouring of the Spirit from on high, and may yet live to say, “Lord, even the devils are subject unto us.”

Alas! the devils which I would urge you to help in casting out to-day are far, far harder to deal with than those which seize possession of individual souls. They are the devils of national temptation, the devils of national apostasy, evil spirits which ride abroad in legions upon the darkened air, the rulers of spiritual wickedness in many places, alike high and low, whose work is the overthrow of men.* Call them devils or not, they are, at any rate, pestilent vapours which diffuse themselves through the age, and insinuate their venom into the heart, corrupting, subtly and imperceptibly, the soul of nations. Men are too often unaware of them, because they avail themselves of the current of human inclinations. They hurl their victims over the precipice on the side towards which they naturally lean. With deep and inventive hatred they change harmless customs into deadly temptations, they stimulate natural desires into reckless passions, until — by clever epigrams, by popular sophisms, by specious hypocrisies, by gilded bribes — they have moulded to their own purposes the very spirit of the time. They come in the guise of indignant virtues, of Scripture precedents, of prudential respectabilities. That is why it is so difficult to cast them out. That is why so many a possessed nation, pleading in vain for its demoniac sons, seeing them flung oft-times into the fire and into the water, has been forced to moan aloud to its Lord in heaven, "I spake unto Thy disciples that they should cast out this demon, and they could not." That is why those who, in any degree, try to cast them out, are sneered down as fanatics and Pharisees; and, because the many will not stir so much as a finger to do herein their duty, the few, weary and sick at heart,

* Operatio eorum est hominis eversio.—*Tert. Apol. 22.*

hurl themselves against national sins in vain. Yet, at least, you shall be once more reminded of your Lord's express command, "In My name cast out devils."

And of these evil spirits I would name, first, the devil of Intemperance. My brethren, it is perfectly easy for you, if you like, to pooh-pooh the whole subject; to quote Scripture to prove the blessing of drink, though there is ten times as much Scripture to warn against its curse. All this is perfectly natural. It rises in part from the selfishness which hates to be disturbed in its own indulgences; in part from profound ignorance of the entire subject; in part from laziness; in part from conceit. In taking such a line, you are only doing exactly what your fathers did when they upheld the blessedness of the slave-trade; or denounced the spread of education; or defended the burning of all who did not agree with them; or upheld the "manly pastimes" of prize-fighting and bear-baiting; or proved from the Bible that the world was flat. But things, for all that, are as they are; and no amount of ignorance or of indifference, will alter the plain, glaring, patent fact that the present conditions of our drink traffic, and the drink it sells and the drunkenness which results from it, are the direct source of untold disease; of widespread lunacy; of immense and premature mortality; of nearly all that there is of pauperism; of domestic misery so deep and bitter that it is fully known to God only; of a stunted population cursed with a diseased appetite and an hereditary crave; of nearly every act of brutal atrocity committed in England; of nine-tenths of all our existing crime. It is drunkenness and the love of drink which sours the temper, which inflames the passions, which brutalizes the hearts, which obliterates the affections of myriads.

There is no enormity of blasphemy in language, or of cruelty in action, to which it may not goad even the naturally gentle. At this moment, in this city, there are not hundreds merely, but thousands — ay, and I fear tens of thousands — of houses in which, because of drink and of drunkenness, and to gratify the artificially created crave for drink, children are being left ragged and starving, or wives are being beaten, or daughters are being driven into shame. And this curse, against which well-nigh every Judge upon the bench has uttered his stern indictment, is now strong in possession, intrenched in social customs, defended by all the force of the incomes it creates and the interest which it commands. Well, if England perishes of this her besetting sin of drunkenness, she must not, she will not perish, unwarned.

The devil of Excess may hide behind the wings of the angel of Moderation, or shoot his fiery arrows from under the stainless shield of Liberty, “hung up as the signboard of the gin-palace”; but England must cast out this devil. She must cease to recruit her ghastly procession of 600,000 drunkards; must cease to spend £150,000,000 a year on alcohol; must cease to multiply her maddening temptations precisely where the power of resistance is at the minimum; must train her working classes not to soak away a degraded leisure,—squandering honest earnings in the smoke of tobacco and investing them on the ruin of disease; must cease to “girdle the groaning globe with a zone of drunkenness”; must cease to be the most intemperate of nations. Else, as her pleasant vices are now the instruments to scourge, so shall they be the engine to destroy her; and, as it was in the days of Noah, so she may be eating and drinking when the deluge of her calamity

shall come. For the day comes, sooner or later, when devils are driven into the abyss, and the pit swallows them and those whom they possess. And you, whether you will hear or whether you will forbear, He who said to His disciples, "In My name cast out devils," says to-day,— says to England, says to you,— "Do your duty, do your part, in casting out the devil of intemperance."

And there is another devil,—not yet universal, not yet so apparently irresistible, not yet intrenched in the citadel of selfish interests, but which has of late years reared his head among us, and is daily gaining ground,—the devil of Lying. Strange, you will say! Are we not a nation of truth-tellers? Is not an Englishman's word as good as his bond? "Truth-teller was our own English Alfred named; Truth-lover was our English Duke." Ay, and long may it be so; or let us die, or, like the Pilgrim Fathers, shake from off our feet the dust of our shores, rather than see the day of England's shame! And yet a great statesman said the other day that there was "a lying spirit abroad." And I will tell you, my brethren, what is very nearly akin to lies, and what seems every day to be growing more popular in the midst of us, if we may judge by what we daily read and by what we daily see; and that is gossip, scandal, spite, libel, eavesdropping, tattle, slander, calumny, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. It is what one has called a spreading leprosy. "Truly," as Edmund Burke exclaimed, "the age of chivalry is gone. The unbought grace of life is gone. . . . It is gone,—that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor." Let us only hope that what a living prophet calls "the age of bronze and lacquer, the age of animalisms and mendacities," has not begun. Alien from all mag-

nanimity, alien from all that is great and noble, alien, one used to think, from the very conception of a gentleman,—how alien slander is from anything remotely resembling the spirit of a Christian, I need not tell you. “‘They say’ is half a liar”; and “they say” is becoming more and more the staple of I know not how many purveyors to the diseased appetite of a prurient curiosity. Nor is it a valid excuse when the lie happens to contain any grain or shadow of the truth:—

“For a lie which is half the truth is ever the greatest of lies,
Since a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is half the truth is a harder matter to fight.”

And, indeed, I hardly know which is the baser and more devilish,—to probe, out of sheer malice, the half-healed wounds (it may be) of the guilty, or to fling mud on the fair name of the innocent. It is not only that this cruel spirit is now assuming a definite head and front as a new phenomenon, in literature, but it even reflects itself in more honorable quarters,—in the mutual recriminations and virulent animosities of party politics; in the reckless imputation of the meanest motives, bandied unblushingly as an element in the maintenance of differing opinions; even in the gross injustice and reckless misrepresentations of so-called “religious” newspapers. Let every honorable man and every honorable writer help in casting out this devil from amongst us, if England would not see her brave, true sons — not merely gray-headed *roués* and worn-out men of the world, with hearts as callous as the nether millstone, after worthless lives, but even young men who should know better, and should not yet have lost all the generosity of youth, — if England would not see men who, a little time ago,

would have blushed to repeat a slander or disseminate a gossip, beginning to be eager

“To catch a loathly plume fall’n from the wing
Of that foul bird of rapine, whose whole prey
Is man’s good name,” —

then it is time, ere a new year dawns, to bid England cast out the lying spirit from the midst of her, if she would not have even her king’s chambers invaded by legions of Styx and Acheron, the abhorred children of hatred and of spite.

“In My name cast out devils.” There is yet a third evil spirit, whose dark wings have brooded of late over our national life. There is another sin which disputes with drunkenness the claim to be the besetting sin of this great people: it is Avarice. No wonder that St. James calls it a root of all kinds of evil; for covetousness is idolatry, and idolatry of gold is indifference to God. If God gives us riches, let us at least strive rightly to use this unrighteous Mammon. But it is at best a doubtful blessing, and many make it a deadly curse. When you hear the “Woe unto them that lay house to house” of Isaiah, or the “Woe unto you, rich men,” of St. James, perhaps you set it down as prophetic fanaticism; but dare you so make light of the words of Christ when he says, “Blessed are the poor,” or, “Ye cannot serve God and Mammon,” or, “How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God”? Which of us all believes enough to say with Luther, “O my most dear God, I thank Thee that Thou hast made me poor, and a beggar upon earth”? Is there not folly, and worse than folly, is there not guilt, in this greedy pursuit of gold? When Napoleon called us contemptuously “a nation of shopkeepers,” we scorned the taunt, because we

knew that honorable commerce is a blessing to mankind. But woe to the nation that takes to dishonorable commerce! Woe to any nation which, having won the markets of the world by honest industry, loses them by that hasting to be rich which never is, and never can be, innocent,—by inferior goods, by dishonest contrivances, by scamped work, by diminished industry, by fraudulent imitations, by adulterated products, by the false weights and the unjust balance which are an abomination to the Lord! Woe to any nation which, in the fever of competition and the greed of gain, will defraud a myriad consumers to enrich one producer; which prefers undue returns to fair profits; which will pinch the miserable earnings of the workmen to swell the bursting coffers of the millionaire; which will destroy tons of good food which God has given rather than lower an artificial price. Every eleven years we are told we must expect a commercial crisis; a sort of broken imposthume, to relieve the diseased system; a thunder-storm of ruin, to purge the air of the pestilence of greed. Is there nothing to learn from this present distress, of which all newspapers are full? When God's judgments are abroad, shall not the people of England learn wisdom? Shall we do nothing to avert a crash which, if the same causes work on unchecked, may some day drag down the whole country with it, in some great ring of dishonest combination, some intricate network of interminable fraud? When, amid rotten businesses and reckless speculations, the very wind "like a broken worldling wails, and the flying gold of the ruined woodlands drives through the air"; when, on Manchester Exchange, a gentleman can show a roll of paper, yards long, of the year's bankruptcies and liquidations; when we are told that 4,079 such failures have occurred in the

last thirteen weeks alone; when men who have grown gray amid the world's esteem—elders in churches, Sunday-school teachers, rigid Sabbatarians, attenders of prayer-meetings—can invest in gambling securities, produce cooked balance sheets, publish falsified accounts, enter bad debts as good assets, issue splendid dividends to conceal hopeless and ruinous bankruptcy, who shall dare to say that he, too, may not be tempted to descend from carelessness to culpability, from culpability to fraud? In such an age do we not all need the warnings of Christ, lest we drift from greed into peril, and from peril into crime? And, oh, the misery of the many caused by this mean and guilty money-hunting of the few! Oh, this stealing of the bread of the orphan, and embezzlement of the pittance of the widow! Oh, this snatching of a wicked luxury from the hard-won earnings of the honest through long years! Oh, this frustration of the weary work which has only been sweetened by the love of wife or child! But, you will say, the guilty are punished. Not always here, by any means; for

“In the corrupted currents of the world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above.
There is no shuffling: there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compelled,
Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence.”

Ay! but for the nation punishment is not sufficient: there must be reform as well. If we are to listen to Christ's commands, this devil of Avarice must be cast out.

Do not think, my brethren, that you and I are private persons, and so cannot help to cast out these devils. States-

men have, indeed, a vaster power. Chatham was never nobler than when he thundered and lightened in defence of civil liberty or in denunciation of savage war; nor Wilberforce than when, for twenty years, amid taunts and lies, he fought in the House of Commons the battle of the slave. Our fathers have cast out devils: why cannot we? The devil of Intolerance, the devil of Cruelty, the devil of Tyranny, have been cast out; but why and how? Because statesmen spoke in the voice of nations. The destinies of people are in the people's hands. Think rightly, speak bravely, act vigorously in these matters; and, even amid signs of peril, though the 'fingers of a man's hand have written "Mene, Mene, Tekel," they may yet be stayed before they write "Upharsin" on the wall. First of all, let us have clean hands ourselves. "Thou shalt do no murder." "Thou shalt not commit adultery." "Thou shalt not steal." "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." The law of kindness, the law of purity, the law of honesty, the law of truth,—let us write those commandments of the Most High God on the fleshy tables of our hearts.

If a lying spirit is abroad, let us, as the high rule of the life, if not of the Christian, yet, at the lowest, of the gentleman, "Speak no slander,—no, nor listen to it"; no, nor so much as even read it; nor in any way, directly or indirectly, encourage it, nor inwardly rejoice when others suffer from it; but let us rather study on our knees St. Paul's grand hymn to that Christian charity which thinketh no evil, and rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth at the truth. If we do this, our souls shall be ready to sicken within us at the thought of our being so base as to encourage, in any way, the innuendoes of malice and the lies of hate.

If the devil of Drunkenness is abroad, let us not lead others to perish by permitted things; let us not abuse our personal safety to perpetuate the causes whence others perish,—let us not, for the sake of drink and its interests, cause souls to stumble for whom Christ died.

If the devil of Greed and Avarice is abroad, luring thousands to shame and ruin by the gleam of gold, let us cultivate the spirit of simplicity, which is content with little; let us show that godliness with contentment is great gain; let us prove that we do not wish to be of those who heap up treasures for the last days, and fatten their hearts for the day of slaughter; let us not, to save our pounds or our pennies, rob the poor of their offering and the Church of her due; let us count ourselves too high and our redeemed souls too godlike for the dismal, illiberal lives of base gettings and mean spendings, for the “petty but conscious dishonesty which looks God full in the face, and every hour of its day charges a half-penny too much for a pound of sugar or a yard of tape.” Oh my brethren, if at this close of yet another year we will but utterly cast the devils out of our own hearts, by the aid of His grace who died to save us from ourselves, how much God might bless us in the noble endeavor to cast out devils from our national and social life! What constituted, in fact, the mighty force of Luther? Did not Pope Leo X. hit it rightly when he said, “This German beast cares nothing for gold”? When men are true, when they are really in earnest, when there is no speck of hypocrisy in them, they become, as has been well said, magnetic; they create about them an “epidemic of nobleness”; they flash in upon the consciences of others their own heroic convictions, and the courage and constancy which are necessary to carry them out. Oh that

some, oh that many, for the strengthening of their own souls, for the good of England, for the amelioration of the world, for the love of God, in the cause of Christ, would catch that sacred flame to-day! Oh, if all of you here assembled could see these truths, how vast might be your aggregate influence! How far different might be the end of this year from that year which closes in unrest and gloom! Oh that we were all more true to the command, "Cast out devils," and heartier believers of the prophecy that to do so is in our power. Then should we also say to Christ, in humble exultation, "Lord, the very devils are subject to us through thy name"; and He should answer us: "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven. Behold, I give you power to tread over all the power of the enemy, and nothing shall by any means hurt you. Notwithstanding in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you, but rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven."

FAITH IN HUMANITY.

“Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return again, ye children of men.” — PSALM xc. 3.

IF I were asked to sum up in the most comprehensive manner two of the greatest lessons which Christ came to teach us, I think that they might be expressed in these words, the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. There is a vast difference between Christ's way and the world's way of treating the individual. Christ's way is help, encouragement, cheering and inspiring kindness: the world's way is, too often, spite, envy, injustice, ingratitude, depreciation. The duties which the imitation of Christ entails upon us are to be kind and unselfish in our family circles, to strive habitually to look on all men at their best, to write all our own wrongs in water and in ashes, and let them be to us as though they had never been. But our estimate and our treatment of the individual are closely connected with our estimate and treatment of the whole race of man. I would earnestly endeavour to point out our duty to the great world of humanity,—to the communities to which we belong, to the generation in which we live, to the great family of mankind of which God has made us members.

What have been, what are, men's thoughts respecting the race of man? We know not for how many thousands of years our race may have lived on this little planet, rolling and spinning (as it has been described) like an angry midge amid the immensities of space; but over a space

of forty centuries at least, in the pages of many literatures, in the accents of many tongues, we find the opinions of men respecting man. They have been uttered as freely as to-day by the bards and prophets of races long since vanished, in languages long since dead. Man has ever been a mystery to himself. "Who are you?" asked an irascible person who had been delayed by running against Schopenhauer in the street. "Ah!" replied the philosopher: "if you would tell me that, if you would tell me who I am, I would give you all I possess in the world." To-day, however, we do not want to enter into transcendental mysteries. We only want to learn what men have thought of man in his moral, his spiritual, his religious aspect.

We want no *misereres* on the sorrows of his experience: we want no elegies on the briefness of his span. If we did, we might go back to Job, "Man is born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward"; or to Homer:—

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
 Now green in youth, now withering on the ground.
 Another race the following spring supplies,
 They fall successive, and successive rise:—
 So generations in their course decay,
 So perish these when those have passed away;—

or we might come down to Addison, "Alas! man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!" or, again, to Sir Walter Scott: "And this, I said, is the progress and the issue of human wishes! Nursed by the merest trifles, they are fed upon hope till they consume the substance which they inflame, and man, his hopes, passions, and desires, sink into a worthless heap of ashes and embers!"

Nor, again, do we want any eulogy upon the splendour of man's powers. If we did, we might go back to Sophocles, "Wondrous are many things, and naught is more wondrous than man"; or we might come down to Tennyson,—

"Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new.
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do."

But what we rather would seek to-day is men's opinion of the moral worth, the moral character, the moral capabilities of man. And here, strange to say, we are confronted at once with a chaos of conflicting judgments. According to some, man is a being so small, so intolerably contemptible, so radically unjust, mean, and selfish, that he is not worth working for: he is not only "a shadow less than shade, a nothing less than nothing," but he is a creature essentially allied to the animal, a blot on God's fair creation, a jar in the untroubled silence, a discord amid the infinite harmony, "a flutter in the eternal calm." It is remarkable how cynics in all ages have coincided in this view. Think of Diogenes searching in daylight with a lantern to find a man in the streets of Athens; think of Phocion, when a passage in his speech was applauded, turning round and asking, "Have I said anything wrong, then?" think of Pyrrho the atheist, describing men as a herd of swine, rioting on board a rudderless vessel, in a storm; think of La Rochefoucauld reducing even man's poor seeming virtues into selfish vices in thin disguise; think of Voltaire describing the multitude as a compound of bears and monkeys; think of Schopenhauer condemning this as the worst of all possible worlds, and arguing that man is a radical mistake; think of the more serious voice which says,—

“Let the heavens burst and drown with deluging rain
The feeble vassals of lust and anger and wine,
The little hearts that know not how to forgive.”

“However we brazen it out, we men are a little breed.” But, then, turn to the other side,—the grand and exalted opinions which men have entertained of man. Think of Shakspeare: “What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and manner, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!” Think of Henry Smith: “All those discourses which have been written for the soul’s heraldry will not blazon it so well to us as itself will do. When we turn our eyes upon the soul, it will soon tell us its own royal pedigree and noble extraction, by those sacred hieroglyphics which it bears upon itself.” Recall the saying of Novalis: “Man is the true Shechinah, or glory light of God. We touch heaven when we lay our hands on that high form.”

And, strange to say, we find these contrasted judgments not only in different writers, but even in the same writer, expressing himself in different moods. “What is man?” asks David in one place; and the exulting answer is, “Thou madest him a little lower than the angels; Thou crownest him with glory and honour. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands; Thou hast put all things under his feet.” Yet, in another place, the answer to the same question comes like the wail of a sufferer, as though it were some voice of shipwreck on a shoreless sea. “Man is like a thing of naught; his time passeth away like a shadow.” That was three thousand years ago. But we find contrasts no less striking in a writer of genius to-day. “Truly, it seems to

me," says Mr. Ruskin, in one place, "as I gather in my mind the evidences of insane religion, degraded art, merciless war, sullen toil, detestable pleasure, and vain or vile hope in which the nations of the world have lived since first they could bear record of themselves,—it seems to me, I say, as if the race itself were still half-serpent, not yet extricated from its clay,—a lacertine brood of bitterness, the glory of it emaciate with cruel hunger, and blotted with venomous stain, and the track of it on the leaf a glittering slime and in the sand a useless furrow." And yet this same writer has said, "One thing we know, or may know if we will, that the heart and conscience of man are divine; that, in his perception of evil, in his recognition of good, he is himself a God manifest in the flesh." And in another place: "I trust in the nobleness of human nature; in the majesty of its faculties, in the fulness of its mercy; in the joy of its love."

Which, then, my friends, are we to follow of these diverse judgments? By which are we to be guided in our own dealings with our fellow-men? I answer with all my heart, Take the nobler and better view of mankind, which is the Christian view. Think that Christ loved man so much that, even while we were yet sinners, He died for the ungodly. Adopt this view not as a voluntary illusion, but as a living faith. Good and evil without end may be said of man; and both be amply borne out by history and by experience. That is due to the fact that man is a composite being; that he partakes of two natures,—the animal and the spiritual; that he is swayed by two impulses,—the evil and the good; that he has in him two beings,—the Adam and the Christ; that the angel has him by the hand or the serpent by the heart; that

“Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By balance of two opposite desires,—
The struggle of the impulse that enjoys
And the more noble impulse that aspires.”

Hence we may say of man in the same breath,—

“How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!”

“Glory and scandal of the universe,” says Pascal, “the judge of angels, a worm of earth: if he exalts himself, I smite him down; if he humbles himself, I lift him up.” But is there no practical reconciliation of these antitheses? Yes, my brethren, there is. Not in the world, not in nature, not in philosophy, but there is in religion, there is in Christ. Look at man in himself, look at him as he makes himself by yielding to and aiding the fraud and malice of the devil, and hardly any language is too bitter to describe his baseness and degradation; but look at him in the light of revelation, look at him under the triple overarching rainbow of faith and hope and love, look at him ransomed and ennobled into a filial relationship with God, and you will see at once where men have learned their high faith in themselves, and who has taught them to speak of man in such noble accents. They have learned them from St. Paul: “And such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and in the Spirit of our God.” They learned them from St. Peter: “But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people, that ye may shew forth the excellencies of Him who called you out of darkness into His marvellous light.” They learned them from St. John: “Beloved, now

are we children of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." They learned them most of all from Christ Himself: "I say not unto you that I will pray the Father for you; for the Father himself loveth you, because ye have loved Me, and have believed that I came forth from God."

I would urge you then, my brethren, even amid life's most bitter disillusionments, even when you experience the worst proofs of the world's malice, falsity, and meanness, still not to abandon your faith in man, or in God's destinies for man, nor sweetness, nor charity, nor invincible hopefulness. To lose faith in man is to lose faith in God who made him. To lose faith in man's nature is to lose faith in your own. Surely, we have seen, and not in dreams, the glory of the Divine on human countenances. All men are not liars. All friendship is not feigning. All virtue is not prudential egotism. The man who has nothing but bitter condemnation for human nature is no longer to be trusted: he is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils. To be in a condition in which no man pleases us is a fatal sign of our own degradation. It is recorded of two men in ancient history that they were firmly convinced that no human being was pure; but who were those two men? They were the very vilest men whom a decaying civilization ever produced: one was the Emperor Nero, and the other was the Emperor Heliogabalus. Men who fall into such abysses of vile judgment have become the enemies and the corrupters of their race. And in this fact you have one of the mightiest inducements to personal effort after goodness. For how could men ever become so utterly vile as to hold that all men are vile? Whence comes the infernal

possibility of this debasing pessimism, this utter incapacity to believe in human nature? It is never instantaneous,—we are never worst at once; but neither again is it abnormal: it is a fearful sequence of natural retributions. Look at some splendid tree with its crown of foliage and flower and fruit,—a thousand girths of spring in its giant bole, and a song on its every spray; look at another tree, shrivelled and hateful, when the canker-worms have crawled to its topmost boughs, and swing down from its every leaf; look at yet another tree, blighted, dead, rotten, phosphorescent, covered with chill and clammy funguses, deathly and like a corpse's cheek. Each of those is a tree; but the one is a tree in the glory and majesty of its true being, because it has followed the laws of strength and health and vigor, feeding on the pure earth and the pure air and the pure dew; while the others are trees whose very roots have been as rottenness, and their blossoms have gone up as dust. So it is with human beings. But, just as you would not go into a dead forest to judge of the glory of a tree, so neither ought you to judge of the true majesty and beneficence of human nature from that nature when, having rotted inwardly, it bourgeons perversely into all sorts of poisonous growths. It makes all the difference in the world whether you judge mankind from Thersites or from Achilles; from a Nero or from a Marcus Aurelius; from a Marat or from a St. Louis; from living men, like one or two who could be named, or from the evil men and seducers, who ever wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived; from living women full of grace and meekness or from those unmotherly mothers and unwomanly women who nigh turn motherhood to shame and womanliness to loathing. Oh, judge mankind from the best and highest!

You want to know what a glow-worm is like. Which is the true glow-worm, the black insect which you see crawling in the day or the lustrous emerald of the starlit bank? And which is the true man, the man who is yielding to foul distempers, and whose soul is dimmed with rage and envy and lust, or the man who, be it for a moment, shakes himself free from the cerecloths of his own contaminating baseness to unfold the wings wrapped within him and rise redeemed from earth?

Look at man in his eternal aspect. Look not at the feet of clay, but at the golden head crowned with spiritual stars, and you will learn to say, as even the pagan moralist said, "Man should be a sacred thing to man," and with the Christian apostle, "Honour all men."

But remember at the same time that in each of us is the potentiality of either development. The great and polished Goethe said that there was no crime which he did not feel that he might have committed. The martyr, Bradford, when he saw the criminal being led to the gallows, said, "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Bradford." It lies in our own power whether we will be thus or thus. If we have not already made up our minds to do the right and eschew the wrong, it can only be because already we are, in our secret heart, traitors to God and to our best selves. Some men lose all faith, because they have deserved to lose all faith in their own nature; and they who lose that lose also their faith in man.

Let us, then, try to believe that there is a good side in every man. Often in the most hardened criminals the thought of home, the thought of a mother, the thought of innocent childhood, a flower which recalls the memory of a better past, a proof of confidence, an unlooked for

kindness, will open the fountains of the great deep of purifying emotion and restore the true attributes of a man. We sometimes read with amazement how some one, who seemed to be past all remedy in abandoned vileness, suddenly, touched by the glory of heroism, will rise to a great act of self-sacrifice. We read of some poor soldier, whom his general has rated for backwardness, who, bidden to charge, one against a thousand,

“Hurls his soiled life against the pikes and dies.”

Look at the battle of Waterloo, look at the trenches of Sebastopol, look at the charge at Balaklava, look at the burning of the “Goliath,” look at the wreck of the “Birkenhead,” to see how the commonest and coarsest of men can recognize the invincible claim and sovereignty of duty, even at the cost of life. The world is not wholly bad. Amid its sin, amid its want, amid its misery, there move everywhere the white-winged messengers of mercy. If you will believe in the natural goodness of men and throw yourself upon it; if you will appeal always to that spiritual faculty which a man may waste and desecrate, but never quite destroy, you will find that man’s nature has never lost all touch of its original brightness, nor seems less than archangel ruined. That nature may often look like the dull waste of the Alpine mountain side, darkened only by the shadows of its black and stubborn pines; but let the dawn blush in the vernal sky, and the south wind breathe, and the sun fire the high tops of those mountain pines, and the chilled snow will melt and vanish under their soft and golden touches, till its accumulated mass at last rushes down in avalanche, and where yesterday was snow to-day shall be green grass and purple flower.

And, as another way to help us in retaining our faith in human nature, let us turn away from the thought of bad men altogether to that galaxy of heaven wherein shine the clustered constellations of saintly lives. The saints, in the long ages, have not been few. And to these have been due the progress, to these the ennoblement, to these the preservation of the world. Among all the bad passions, among all the disordered lives of men, amid all their meanness, and littleness, and emptiness, and egotism, it is as water in the desert to come, in life, and more often among the records of the dead, on natures such as these. Look on these, think of these: do not think of the heartless and aimless crowds that vegetate without living, but read the lives and actions of these few children of the light. When you would escape a sense of suffocation in the secular or ecclesiastical atmosphere around you; when, after the cramp and torpedo-touch of the world, numbing every generous impulse, chilling to death every ardent aspiration, you would cause your spirits once more to dilate as it were, and "conspire with the morning wind," turn from the dreary and abhorrent proofs of human wickedness; turn from the spectacle of good men made the mock of fools, disliked by the envious, abandoned by the weak; turn to the spectacle of what men have been and may be; turn to these our nobler brothers, but one in blood, who have been better and lived nearer to God than we,—not hollow, grasping, ungenerous, but sincerely and eminently good.

But above all, as the best of all rules, think constantly of Christ, and fix your eyes on Him. "Of what account, after all, are the saints compared to Christ? They are," said Luther, "no more than sparkling dewdrops of the night-dew upon the head of the bridegroom, scattered

among his hair." The only measure of a perfect man is the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. Consider what has been the history of many minds respecting their faith in their fellow-men. Many, in their childhood and early youth, have believed in the beauty, the sacredness, the tenderness, of humanity. They have seen it in the transfiguring light of a mother's love. Faith in all high things has beaten in their blood. The old English poet says of the pet white fawn which died:—

" Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within."

The same exquisite words might be applied at first to many a delicate human soul. Had it continued as it was in childhood, it would have "glowed like the roses of morning with enthusiasm, and been white as the lilies in its purity." No human soul can retain this ideal beauty and freshness; but, if a man will still keep firm hold on Christ, though he may never recover the gracious illusions of childhood, he may still look on his fellow-men as redeemed and glorified in the light of the Lord he loves.

And, oh! lastly, the most sure way to justify our faith and hope in human nature is to justify it in ourselves. *Our* nature is human nature. If we feel how much our own nature is capable of all nobleness and self-sacrifice; if we feel that we cannot breathe the stifling air of sin and shame, then we shall soon learn to feel that God has created man for holiness, as the trees of the forest for light. There could be no such compound misery, no such disease and deformity—physical, moral, and intellectual—as exists around us, without violation on violation of eternal laws. Ah! but let not us become "stockholders in this

sin," and so add to the necessary expiation! Has not your contempt for human nature, your despair of human nature, a terrible secret ally in your own heart? Turn out the idols thence, cleanse the precincts, expel the creeping things, introduce the light of heaven into its darkest corners, make it a temple of the living God, and then you will see that the sanctuary in your own heart can be built no less in every other. If you would raise others, live yourself as on a mountain, live yourself as on a promontory. Say "Whatever happens, I must be good," even as though the emerald or the purple should say, "Whatever happens, I must be emerald and keep my colour."

If we believe in good, not in evil, if we look to the good men and not to bad, if we make our own moral being our prime care, we, too, can make one man a Christian, and all that a man and all that a Christian ought to be,—one man; and that is ourselves. We can do this: we can do all things, through Christ who strengtheneth us. And when we have attained to this pious and just reverence for our own souls, we shall learn no less to honour all men, because the Lord Christ despaired neither of man, nor of humanity; but for all no less than for ourselves Christ died.

TRIALS OF THE POOR.

“Blessed is he that considereth the poor and the needy.”—PSALM xli. 1.

THERE never has been an age, since the world was, in which there has not been a contrast between the lots of the poor and the rich. But in southern and eastern lands, where life is easily maintained, poverty is never so pressing as in lands like ours. The life of England is unfortunately becoming a city life; and it is in cities—above all, in great cities—that the contrast becomes most glaring, and the distress at times so ghastly as to madden the multitude with a sense, however blind, of intolerable wrong. And, when this is the case, it has often been the sign of social decay, the omen of impending ruin. What was one cause of the downfall of ancient Rome? “Latifundia,” says Pliny, “perdidere Italiam.” What was the cause of the French Revolution? The hard reality of inexpressible misery “brushed by the rustling masquerade” of careless luxury. One day, as Louis XV. was hunting in the wood of Senart, away from his gorgeous and guilty Palace of Versailles, he met a ragged peasant with a coffin. “What did the man die of?” asked the king. “Of hunger,” answered the serf; and the king gave his steed the spur. When Foulon was asked how the overtaxed people were to live, he brutally answered, “Let them eat grass.” Afterwards the mob, maddened into wild beasts, caught him in the streets of Paris, and hung him, and stuck his head on a pike, the mouth filled with grass, “amid sounds as of Tophet from a grass-eating people.”

What is history but a reflection of the experiences of the past for the warning of the future? In these days it is the duty not only of every Christian, but of every patriot, of every lover of his fellow-men, to think often and seriously of his duties to the poor. Whether distress is more or less universal than in past days is a question which we need not consider. Suffice it for our duty and our sympathy that distress there is; and for Christians the sight of the suffering is an appeal from Christ himself.

In a society so complicated as ours the change of a fashion, the shifting of a tax, the accident of a discovery, the alteration of a line of commerce, may affect the livelihood of thousands. The numbers of the unemployed may be exaggerated, and the fact of being unemployed may, in many cases, result from untrustworthiness and misconduct. Still there are in this city thousands who are out of work, and I will quote to you from the pamphlet of a Socialist what this means. It means "to gradually sell or pawn the few sticks of furniture which convert the single room into a home; to blister the feet in walking in search of work, while hope deferred makes the heart sick and want of nourishment enfeebles the frame; to see your wife sinking for lack of food, and send your children to school without breakfast; to know that, as you grow each day more gaunt in face, more shabby in appearance, more emaciated in physique, there is less and less chance of obtaining employment; to return, faint and footsore, after a long day's tramp, and hear those you love best on earth crying for food; to ponder, in cold and hunger, whether the theft which would save your family from starvation is a crime or a duty; to be restrained from suicide only by the certainty that your death must drive your helpless daughters

to swell the ghastly army of degraded womanhood; to feel drawing ever nearer the day when you will be driven alone into the living tomb of the workhouse; to feel through all this that you have done nothing to deserve it." That is what it means to be out of work, and the picture is not exaggerated. I claim your attention, I claim the attention of the nation to it. And the question at once arises, If there be this deep distress, how is it to be remedied?

Let us see how nations and classes sometimes deal with it.

Sometimes — and this is the very worst and basest way of all — they treat it with neglect and indifference, shut their eyes hard to it, ignore it altogether.

This most fatal course is possible, but not for long. It is possible, for a time, for men to make colossal fortunes by grinding the faces of the poor; to surround themselves with every form of luxury; to make the calendar of the year one round of careless, heartless, selfish dissipation; to be indifferent to the fermenting mass of unhappy human beings around them; to encourage the traffickers in drink, and poison, and lust, and death, and spurious excitement, until the society beneath them is as "an accumulation of Dead Sea wreckage." So it was in the France of 1750, the population growing daily more and more wretched, more and more vicious, more and more ferociously sullen, more and more madly discontented, till the low moan and mutter of miserable humanity burst forth into the roar of the flood and the typhoon. Of all courses which a nation, and its rich, and its rulers can take, the indifference to social problems, the neglect of social problems, the mere *laissez-faire* as to social problems, is the most insensate and the most base.

Another way of dealing with distress is the sudden adoption of spasmodic, ill-considered, panic-stricken remedies, which only intensify the virulence of the disease. It is like the policy of Ethelred the Unready in buying off the incursions of the Danes.

One of the worst and commonest of remedies, a remedy altogether temporary and contemptible, is that of indiscriminate dole-giving. It is the perpetual feeding of a foul disease. It neglects the sufferers to support the rogues. The person who, without inquiry, gives his money to the hypocritic whine and lying tale of professional beggars, is flinging it away in the encouragement of lazy imposture. Such mercy is not mercy: it is pure selfishness. It is twice cursed: it curses him who gives and him who takes. There are classes of the community whom it is a simple wrong to the community, and to themselves, to encourage in their worthlessness. The roughs, the criminals, the professional pickpockets and burglars, who make life a terror to myriads of unprotected households; the blear, blaspheming groups who loaf about the thievish corners of the streets, blighted by depravity and gin; the wretches who haunt the parks to levy blackmail by trumping up lying charges against the innocent; the brutal bullies who assault helpless girls and snatch purses from helpless women,—these are the obscene birds of prey to whom every true society should mete out a pitiless justice; and the sturdy vagabonds, the begging letter-writers, and the rogues who go about begging, with sham deformities and borrowed children, are hardly less noxious and depraved. When you give to these, you are not giving indiscriminate charity, but doing indiscriminate mischief. To consider the poor is a high and blessed thing: to fling chance doles,

which you do not miss, to the drunken and the worthless, is a mere baseness and folly. Funds administered at haphazard may only do the same harm on a larger scale. The East End of London, according to some who know it best, has been irretrievably demoralized by the careless scattering of ill-considered doles. It is only when we give wisely and generously that God will approve our gifts; and the wise giving of money becomes a most stringent duty in exact proportion as we take no personal part in those forms of kindness which are more blest.

Again, distress is not to be remedied by hasty interferences with well-understood economic laws,—interferences, perhaps, rashly conceded on the one side because they are menacingly demanded on the other. By all means, let everything be done which the legislature can do; but it ought not to do what only tends to pauperize the working classes on the one hand, while, on the other, it lays heavier burdens on others whose sufferings are more silent, but not less real. I am, for instance, wholly opposed to what is called free education. The pence paid by the poor are in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred easily paid. Is it much that a man who has incurred the responsibility of a family should pay for the week's education of his own child as much as the cost of one pint of ale? Is it just that two millions should be added to the crushing burden of our taxes, to save men from paying the merest fraction of what they weekly spend on tobacco and beer? Where the inability is real, there let the pence be freely excused; but, where the inability merely means sloth and drink, let them be required. Nor, again, do I think that all the children should be fed at the public expense. Let this be done for all who need it, as it is done in many of our parishes by

private generosity; but, if the State does it, it will only come back on the poor in rates and rent. Nor could the State do a deadlier disservice than to teach parents that they are not responsible for the support of the children that they have brought into the world.

Nor, again, do I think that works not otherwise necessary ought always to be opened directly they are demanded. It cannot be done wholesale except as a very temporary remedy, nor without increasing the influx of crowds into cities already overcrowded, nor without ultimately deepening the evils it is meant to cure. All that is necessary, and just, and wise, and kind in these remedies—in free education, in free dinners, in supplying work—can be done, ought to be done, and is being done in detail in each parish by those who are working, not speechifying. Each parish of the Church of England, when clergy and laity alike do their duty, is an agency for dealing with distress, whether continuous or exceptional, which has alike the power and the will to do merciful, discriminating, permanent, and useful work.

Least of all can distress be remedied by wild dreams of revolution or communism, the destruction of capital, the robbing of property, the disturbing the peace of cities, or anything of the kind. These things merely mean pillage, anarchy, bloodshed, national madness, unfathomed misery, irretrievable ruin, which would not fall mainly on the rich, but on England as a nation, on its whole great middle classes, and most of all, and most irretrievably, upon the poor. To set class against class; to teach the ignorant, the criminal, and the lazy to turn hungry eyes of hatred on property; to teach them the falsehood that property is plundered from them, or that they would be any-

thing but infinitely the worse by the vain attempt to seize it,— is the most speedy and the most certain way of turning partial distress into universal catastrophe, and present discomfort into final ruin. The communists talk of the “contemptuous” charity of the rich. I venture to say that the charity of those rich who are charitable is as much the reverse of contemptuous as it possibly can be. What is needed is to abolish, not to exacerbate, the existence of needless and unchristian bitterness between those who have been called “the masses” and “the classes.” What we desire to promote is the feeling that the interests of oft-contrasted classes are not antagonistic, but identical; that the rich and the poor are alike brethren in the great family of God; that each may be equally happy in their own lot; that they cannot do without each other; and that by every law, human and divine, they are bound to work with and to help each other.

But I turn from the negative to the positive side. If nothing but evil can come from the remedies or no remedies on which I have touched,—from neglectful indifference, from indiscriminate almsgiving, from panic-stricken legislation, from socialistic revolution,—are we to sit still and do nothing? God forbid! There is a world of room for Christian effort; there is ample work to be done by every human being who has a brain to think, a heart to pity, an arm to aid.

So far as the Socialists are moved by a deep compassion for human misery; so far as their action may serve to startle a selfish apathy; so far as they succeed in opening the eyes of the nation to a state of things which it will tax all the wisdom of the wise and all the mercy of the kind to remedy, so far they may well have the sympathy

of all, even when we are compelled to consider many of their words inflammatory, and some of their methods as a certain cause of deeper misery and worse complications.

But there is one remedy which goes to the very heart of the matter; and, if the Socialist leaders wish to benefit not to madden, to uplift and not basely to flatter, it is their special duty to make their genuine adherents see that, if distress is to be relieved and pauperism abolished, the most prolific and permanent causes of distress and pauperism must be removed. He is a better patriot and a truer philanthropist who cuts off the causes than he who potters with the effects; he who prevents the disease than he who alleviates the symptoms. Now, it is a very sad fact, which we must face, that, besides the distress which is innocent and undeserved, and which needs all our sympathy and all our effort, there is a great deal of distress which is absolutely self-caused, which is the necessary consequence of laziness and vice. It is a duty to say this. If it be a duty which requires courage to speak of the sins and vices of the rich, it is no less necessary, and requires more courage, in days when the working classes are practically our masters, to point out, not harshly, not unsympathetically, yet with perfect faithfulness, the sins and vices of the poor. Now, among the poor there are three wide-spread and prolific causes of distress,—thriftlessness, disgracefully early marriages, and, above all, drink.

First there is thriftlessness. The poor clergyman, the poor clerk, the poor tradesman, is, as a rule, thrifty. He denies himself; he lives within his narrow income; he lays by some of his scanty earnings. In the sum-

mer he does not forget the winter, nor in sunshine the rainy days. It is not so with multitudes of the poor. When in good wages, many of them waste what would have kept up their self-respect when work is slack. They have not realized that extravagance and luxury are quite as possible and quite as culpable in the poor as in the rich.

A second cause of distress is the prevalence of disgracefully early marriages. In the upper and middle classes it is the exception, and is regarded as discreditable, if a young man thinks of marrying much before the age of twenty-nine or thirty, or unless he has sufficient means to keep a wife and family. But, unhappily, in the poorest classes marriages between mere boys and girls of eighteen are disgracefully prevalent, and they marry often when they have no more in hand than to pay a month's rent for some filthy and squalid room. Hence, as statistics painfully prove, the rate of increase of the population is very much more rapid in squalid centres than in the wealthier suburbs; and the result is an offspring stunted, rickety, diseased, unhappy children of the gutter and the slum, who, on the border lands of destitution, are, in the terrible language of South, not so much born into the world as damned into the world.

Beyond all question, and beyond all remedy, pauperism will be multiplied and misery deepened till the poor learn, as well as the rich, that marriage is not to be enterprised nor taken in hand unadvisedly, lightly; wantonly, but discreetly, advisedly, reverently, soberly, and in the fear of God.

But the third and master curse, the Aaron's rod among the serpent curses of distress, is drink. A philan-

thropist bore witness that last year he relieved 2,900 cases of distress, and had ascertained that of those 2,850 were directly due to drink. A statistician, minimizing rather than exaggerating, found that the working classes spend annually £36,000,000 in drink; and of this very many millions are not merely *spent* in drink, but *wasted* in drink. A sum sufficient to redeem the whole kingdom from pauperism is squanderea in excess. I do not wonder at it so long as we are, by law, sowing our streets broadcast with gins and traps of glaring temptation, and while legislators listen with cynical indifference to the long-continued appeals of those who know that this is the one master fiend of national degradation. While we leave this curse unchecked, let us leave the beasts of prey upon our shield, but tear the lilies out. Nor can any one effectually help the working classes till in these respects they make a strenuous effort to help themselves. Where there is sloth, incontinence, bad work, recklessness, there is no power on earth which can prevent distress. The working classes loudly complain that our ships are being filled with foreign sailors and our trades crowded with foreign competitors; and so it will be if foreign sailors are the less drunken and the more trustworthy, and if foreign workmen be the more industrious and the less incompetent. That which controls, for men's good, the laws of life, is not the shout of the noisiest, the wish of the idlest, the decree of the vilest, but the hand of the diligent and the knowledge of the wise. The man who helps to put down the curse of drink will not earn millions by it, nor will he be made a peer for it. He will be furiously attacked by the selfishness of monopolists, and by all who have a vested interest in the causes of human ruin; but he will have done more good

by diminishing misery than by building cathedrals, by preventing sickness than by endowing hospitals, by promoting virtue than by rearing prisons.

It is, then, of supreme importance to encourage thrift, to discourage reckless marriage, to put down the curse of drink. Further, we can help all wise institutions. Thank God, there are many of them. Every effort to make men good, steady, diligent workmen; every effort to raise the swarming myriads of our youth into health and purity, into self-reliance and self-respect; every effort to cleanse our nightly thoroughfares from their shameless impurity; every help given to well-conducted hospitals; every help cheerfully and self-denyingly extended to all who are thoroughly willing to help themselves, is a remedy in the power of each of us; and it is a remedy which blesses and is blest.

Every one of us belongs to some parish; and I am more and more convinced that each faithful parish, if properly assisted, can best cope with the distress in its own limits. Every well-worked parish abounds in thoughtfully planned agencies to raise and comfort the suffering poor. The clergy often provide that in some, at least, of their densely crowded streets, not one person shall suffer cruel and intolerable hardships unless those hardships be self-induced by drink and crime. The deserving poor are helped with clothes, with coal, with work, and that with no grudging hand, wherever the innocent are suffering need. If each of us will do our individual duty in the parish wherein our lot is cast, we shall be doing in the aggregate an immeasurable amount of good.

There, then, are three ways in which you all can help, — by fighting against the causes of distress, by assisting

every good and careful institution of relief, by generously and strenuously doing your individual duty.

It is ridiculous, and it is faithless, to take pessimistic views and to despair of the whole state of society. If only every man and woman among us recognized the plain truth that we are the Church; that all these duties are not the duties of the clergy, but *our* duties; that we can no longer shift on to other shoulders the sacred responsibilities which God, and no other, lays upon ourselves;— if, in other words, Christians could only be aroused to *be* Christians, to feel as Christians, to live as Christians, to labor as Christians, we should soon sweep away the subterranean horrors of

“ This deep, dark underworld of woe
That underlies life’s shining surfaces,—
Dim, populous pain and multitudinous toil,
Unheeded of the heedless.”

There is wealth enough to relieve, ten times over, all real distress, and not feel it. Oh, terribly heavy in these days are the responsibilities of the wealthy! Some few of them are liberal. Many of them are the reverse of liberal; and to all such St. James says: “Go to, now, ye rich men, weep and howl for the miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are rotted, and your garments moth-eaten.” Such was the apostle’s terrible denunciation of selfish ease and arrogant rapacity. It is valid forever against the tarnish and corruption of riches greedily amassed, ungenerously withheld. Wealth may be honorable, and may be used blessedly when men regard themselves as being, what indeed they are, the stewards of it, not the owners; when they know how to acquire without avarice, and to communicate without grudging. But the

wealth of the covetous, the selfish, the greedy, the luxurious, the selfish,—their gold and silver is rusted, and its rust shall be a witness against them, and shall eat their flesh as it were fire! God has said, the voice of the Saviour Himself, has said to you, “Whosoever hath this world’s good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him,—how dwelleth the love of God in him?”

DUTY OF GIVING.

“And they came, every one whose heart stirred him up, and every one whom his spirit made willing, and brought the Lord’s offering.”—EX. xxxv. 21.

THE duty of almsgiving, of self-sacrificing generosity, of systematic and proportional charity, of the responsibility for and the right stewardship of what God has given us. It is a subject of grave importance, of serious difficulty, of great distastefulness to most people. For that very reason it is one which we ought to face, and to face seriously as in the sight of God, since it is undoubtedly one of the duties, and one of the too much neglected duties, of life. I am speaking to the poor as well as to the rich, and I beg my poorer readers to bear in mind that the spirit and principle of every word that I say apply quite as strongly to them as to their wealthier brethren. In point of fact, the highest eulogy which our blessed Lord pronounced on any act of charity was given to that poor widow who did but cast in two mites, which make one farthing. It was, He said, a greater gift than that of the rich donors; for it was all that she had. Her gift left her no margin: their gifts still leave them a boundless superfluity. To all, then, rich and poor alike,

the rule is "to do good, and to communicate, forget not"; to all the exhortation, "Be merciful after thy power: if thou hast much, give plenteously; if thou hast little, give gladly of that little"; to all the assurance, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and, look, that which he layeth out He will pay him again"; to all the promise, "He that soweth plentifully shall reap plentifully"; to all the warning, "There is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth only to poverty." We profess to reverence the Bible as our rule of life, but the Bible is full from end to end of the duty of giving back to God of that which is His, though for a brief space He has lent it to us. We profess to take Christ as our example; but Christ not only insisted again and again on this duty, but it lay at the very centre of His whole earthly sacrifice. The poor man Christ Jesus gave warning after warning to the rich, and condemns the selfishness of poverty as distinctly as the luxury of wealth.

That there is a special need just now for every true Christian, and indeed for every patriotic citizen, to consider this subject, is apparent from the attention which it excites. When it has become a common topic in magazines, it may well demand the consideration of the pulpit; and, when the duty of less greed and larger generosity is insisted on by agnostics and infidels, it is surely time for it to be considered by Christians.

May I, then, ask every one of us to take seriously to heart the duty of facing this question for himself,—of asking himself, not perfunctorily or self-deceivingly, but with simplicity and sincerity, Am I, on any reasonable estimate,—am I, even with every allowance for family cares and duties, really free from that love of money which is a

root of all kinds of evil? Am I too selfishly squandering on personal comforts, or am I too eagerly hoarding for family ends? Am I in God's sight, who sees truly, among the mean, the greedy, the niggardly, like churlish Nabal, who refused to recognize even just claims; like luxurious Dives, too self-absorbed even to notice the misery which lay unpitied at his gate? Or am I, by God's grace, of the nobler few who are not unconscious of the neighborhood of misery, not swathed and surfeited in gross indulgence of self? Am I one of the liberal souls who devise liberal things, one of those who shall experience the beatitude of him that considereth the poor, of those who have a bountiful eye, of those who remember the words of the Lord Jesus,—"It is more blessed to give than to receive"? When we look at the conditions of society,—at cheating conventionalities of profession; at wealth gotten by fraud; at some into whose bursting coffers runs the gold which is wet with the tears of women and red with the blood of men; at gains swollen by tempting the perverted passions and diseased appetite of mankind; at gains swollen by pandering to the spurious excitement of betting and gambling; at low gin-shops where the poor woman spends the last penny on that which shall poison the blood of her children, who die like flies; at false weights, at scamped work, at forged trademarks, at adulterated goods, at scant hires, at starvation wages, at sweaters' dens,—we have nothing to say to criminals who live by such pandering to the worst instincts of their own nature, whether they be gorgeous criminals who loll in carriages or squalid criminals who booze in beer-shops, except that, by God's eternal law, wealth gotten by wickedness shall perish. But, if these be the crimes of the comparatively few, are not vast multitudes of us

guilty of possessing means stricken with sterility and stagnation, of earnings needless, disproportionate, untithed, unutilized for good, laid up in secret, prolific of deterioration to ourselves, barren of all blessing to others,—earnings which contribute nothing, or nothing adequate, nothing in God's estimate, to the honor of God and to the service of mankind?

My friends, the special gravity of such questions at the present moment lies in the consideration (let me ask your solemn attention to it, as patriots, as citizens, as Christians, even as men) of England's poverty and of England's wealth.

Of England's poverty I shall say but very little now. Suffice it that the paupers in receipt of parish relief represent but a fraction of our national poverty, and neither the sorest nor the most pitiable part of it; yet, in the first week of January, 1891, there were 761,312 paupers, vagrants, and pauper lunatics in England. Suffice it that the committee of the London School Board report 110,759 children whose fees are remitted because of poverty, and 63,888 children habitually attending school in want of food. Suffice it that poverty—honest poverty, or poverty dirty, drunken and vicious—lies at our doors, confronts us every day in our daily walks. We see daily the ragged, squalid, blighted, emaciated groups of its drink-ruined victims. The social wreckage is always and everywhere before our eyes, in all its sin and agony and shame. Blind must be the eyes and callous the hearts which do not see and will not grieve for it.

But what shall I say of England's wealth? What I say shall be based on the calculations, and sometimes stated in the very words, of men who have spoken on the subject

with authority. In 1886, according to Mr. Giffen, the total yearly income of the United Kingdom had reached the enormous amount of £1,207,000,000 sterling. The amount assessed for income tax has much more than doubled in thirty years. In forty-nine years it has been nearly trebled. Will you try to take in these facts, stated by Mr. Gladstone? In 1862 the income of the nation not derivable from land was £99,000,000. In 1889 it was £336,000,000, showing an increment of £154,000,000, or 85 per cent. It is estimated that at the present time the entire capital of the country amounts to the altogether stupendous and appalling sum of £12,000,000,000, and this increase by leaps and bounds is mainly in "irresponsible wealth," as it has been called, "little watched and checked by opinion, little brought into immediate contact with duty." Irresponsible wealth! My friends, do not be deceived: there is no such thing. The owner of wealth is responsible absolutely and always. He may bury his talent in the earth, or in the consols, but he will have to give an account to the uttermost farthing. How shall we give an account of this awful stewardship? The very word "steward" is absolutely meaningless, if it does not mean that we have to render an account. To whom? Ask yourselves whether the thought that we are accountable to God, who cannot be deceived, with whom excuses become speechless, to whom no shams can be palmed off, ought not, if indeed we have grace to be faithful, to be "a prevalent motive of almost incalculable power, entering into the secrets and recesses of our lives."

What ought we to give? You know that Jacob, in his vow to God, said, "Of all that Thou givest me, I will surely give back the tenth unto Thee." That was the rule of

Moses in the Jewish legislation. It is still kept by all faithful Jews, and kept so strictly that they do not regard this tenth as belonging to themselves at all. Their charities begin where the tenth ends. Now, the gospel lays down no hard-and-fast rule. It only bids each man give "as God hath prospered him," "according as he is disposed in his heart," cheerfully, with a willing mind. But is Christianity meant to make us more free at the cost of making us more selfish? If the lower law has been annulled, it has been so only by "a more searching, constraining, peremptory law, a law which has its roots in nature, a law older than the Decalogue," the law of Christian charity and Christian generosity. And yet do we give as much as the ancient Jews? or is most of the wealth of England coagulated in the slimy and stagnant pools of selfishness, from which no rill dribbles to fertilize the barren and miserable plains? Nothing is more certain than that as a nation — which means that in countless individual cases — we do not give adequately, and that the rich, and the very rich who would feel it least, give, as a rule, least adequately. "The clutch and gripe of most possessors over their money," says Mr. Gladstone, "is scarcely ever relaxed. And this gross defect of duty which prevails is not due to the odious vice of conscious and hardened avarice, but to ignorance, carelessness, and the love of indulgence. It is due to the existence in all classes, but perhaps most in the wealthiest, of those — of all men the most miserable — who, however imperative their obligations, however vast their wealth, have comprehended from youth upwards no idea but that of enjoyment, and all whose incomes are swallowed up without compunction in the insatiable maw of their desires." Why, if English Christians dreamed of giving anything

like a tenth part of their incomes to the service of God and their neighbour, how much, do you think, would annually go to purposes of charity? No less than £130,000,000 a year, and would still leave £70,000,000 at the close of the year in the prospering stores of the wealth-making classes. The sad fact is that the wealth of this richest country in the world "has increased with a profuseness and rapidity unequalled in history; and, as it has increased, the proportion given to the service of God and our neighbour has become less and less. We are dazzled by £1,000 given to a hospital or a cathedral. We forget that the vast, glorious cathedrals themselves, which so incomparably surpass the powers of any attempted munificence of ours worthily to maintain, were built by a population not one-fifteenth so numerous and not one-hundredth part so wealthy as ours." We forget that the wealthy men who give worthily of their dangerous accumulations, are not one in a hundred. We forget that the vaunted charities of England, when estimated by the certain wealth of England, are not the glory of our national generosity, but the most damning proof of the national meanness and national indifference. Why, if we had the courage to break the accursed tyranny of drink, and if men gave but a tithe of the millions which are but the annual increase of our wealth, England might bloom once more like a garden; the horrors of slum life, the festering misery of East, and North, and South London, the starvation of many of the clergy, the debt on our struggling hospitals, the destitution and squalor of hundreds of thousands of miserable men and women and children — all of which we ought to mourn as the cruel misery of such vast multitudes for whom Christ died — would live but

"In the memory of Time,
Which, like a penitent libertine, should start,
Look back and shudder at his former years."

Is it not time, then, that our moral sense should be aroused, that we should think about "opening a private bank account with our own consciences"? For let us not be deceived. All the wisest and most serious voices are telling us that the present condition of things, the present startling and glaring contrast of colossal wealth and ostentatious luxury amid masses of human beings who live all their lives on the grim borderland of starvation, constitutes a grave danger both to individuals and to the State. In the wicked, luxurious empires of ancient history the co-existence of utmost luxury and urgent need was not uncommon; and amid gold and perfumes and precious stones there were counted also, in the destroying apparatus of luxury, the slaves and souls of men. But never did this occur without peril, never but as a menace of the sky. An English prelate, the Bishop of Winchester, says to us, "The zones of enormous wealth and degrading poverty, unless carefully considered, will presently generate a tornado, which, when the storm clears, may leave a good deal of wreckage behind." An English cardinal, Cardinal Manning, says to us: "The present condition of our laboring people is one of wide-spread unrest. The world of capital is combining in alarm against the world of labor." An American cardinal, Cardinal Gibbons, warns of a struggle, how imminent none can tell, "the signs of which fill us with disquiet, because the thirst for wealth becomes daily more insatiable, and the cries of the distressed more poignant and violent." An English Positivist, Mr. Frederic Harrison, writes that "a society in which generation after generation passes away,

consolidating vast and ever increasing hoards of wealth, a society in which capital has created for itself a gospel of its own, and claimed, for the good of society, the divine right of selfishness, such a society the workmen will not forever tolerate." A French sceptic, M. Renan, testifies that, "when modern individualism has borne its last fruits, when a dwarfed, paltry, shop-keeping society shall have been driven out with scourges, by the heroic and idealistic portions of humanity, then life in common will be valued again." "There is," says an American poet, Mr. Lowell, "there is a poison in the sores of Lazarus against which Dives has no antidote." "Lazarus," says a Wesleyan minister, Mr. Hughes, "is no longer lying on the doorsteps of Dives, in the quiescence of sullen despair, but vehemently gesticulating to hungry men at the corners of the street." "The working classes," says Bishop Barry, "are now demanding that Christianity should be tried by the test of its social effectiveness, its power to serve the welfare, physical, intellectual, moral, of the great mass of men." "The generation which is about to take our place," says the Bishop of Derry, "will certainly judge the Church by her works. I see them rising to their feet, the greatest host that time has ever known, and hear the murmur of millions speaking to millions across the sea in many languages. What there is in the gospel to rectify the relations of human life, to elevate the selfishness of capital and chasten the selfishness of labour, to carry to the homes of the poor improvement in the present and hope in the future, that will find eager listeners. But to the men of the near future religion will appear a barren and worthless stem unless it be taught to clothe itself with the blossoms of worship and bear the fruits of human love."

Can you neglect the weighty admonitions of so many voices? And do they not all point to one and the same lesson? I will explain it in the words of two great prime ministers of England. Said Lord Beaconsfield as far back as 1832, "I will withhold my support from every ministry which will not originate some great measure to ameliorate the condition of the lower orders." Said Mr. Gladstone last year, "We ought, in this life, to foster all that makes goodness easier, and sets barriers of whatever kind across the flowery ways of sin."

My friends, I have touched on the public danger of wealth that falsely regards itself as irresponsible: I have left the private peril to our own characters almost untouched. Yet the accumulation of stagnant wealth breeds in the wealthy "a supercilious cynicism, an impenetrable obduracy, which cannot understand the miseries of the people." That there is a danger to our own personal character and well-being from the love of money, from being too eager to get it, and too close in grasping it when gotten, all Scripture warns us, and all experience shows, and Christ, our Lord and Master, emphatically teaches. A selfish life, an egotistical life, is, whether in millionaire or in pauper, a life conspicuously contemptible; and "a heart at leisure from itself," a hand generous in blessings, is the heart and hand of a Christian whom God loves.

I will not dwell further on the subject. But I have touched upon it now, because at this season of the year appeals are made to you for some of the most needful and Christ-like of the Church's efforts. The mean and the selfish will hate those appeals: the noble and the generous will hail and welcome them. Oh that the considera-

tions which I have urged upon you might tell in the habitual generosity of our gifts to the cause of Christ, to schools, to hospitals, to missions, to temperance, to all the great work of social amelioration, to the indispensable maintenance of your Church and its worship, to the immediate care of the poor who are at your doors. In the weekly offertory we have what we should all regard as a happy reminder of our obligations, as a precious opportunity for the fulfilment of duties which otherwise too many of us would callously and habitually ignore. It is ancient, it is Scriptural, it is free. Man does not know, man will not inquire, whether our gifts have been mean or ample, adequate or wholly disproportionate; but God knows, and God will reward, and God will judge. Public spirit, magnanimity towards man and in God's service, is in itself a form of charity as noble as it is rare. Even of the poor wanderers of the desert, Aaron said, "The people bring much more than enough for the service of the work." "Much more than enough!" O happy Aaron! O vanished days! "Much more than enough,"—what a glorious river of munificence, compared with our agonizing dribblets! much more than enough given by exiled wanderers in the barren wilderness, while here, in a city of which the annual income is counted by so many millions, nearly every charity is struggling, and people perish for lack of bread! It is sad, it is humiliating, to think how much more fascinating to most of us is the love of gold than the love of God! how very few of us are capable of the effort of honouring ourselves by honouring God, how few of us will trust Him with a loan, as though He were a creditor who, we fear, will not repay! how few of us really believe in the promises which He has pronounced upon those sacrifices of the cheer-

ful giver with which He is well pleased! Read in the thirty-fifth chapter of Exodus how the desert Israelites poured forth their gifts for the tabernacle; how the women took off and gave their brooches and earrings and armlets; how every man that offered offered gold, a free-will offering unto the Lord. Will ye see that ye abound in this grace also? will you, like them, thank God that you have (as indeed you have) the means, and, what is better than the means, the will to offer willingly? Test your own superiority to lower considerations, show that you can endure the — to some of you agonizing — martyrdom of an infinitesimal self-denial. About a hundred and fifty years ago the French Protestant preacher, Saurin, preached a sermon on charity, in which he mentioned, as I have done, the example of the Jews, and the beatitudes of wealth enriched by liberality, and at the end of his sermon men placed all the money they had in the collection plate, women heaped upon it their jewels and their gold. Do you think that they missed what they gave? Were they the losers for being for once carried out of themselves — out of their meaner, narrower, more worldly selves — by a wave of sacrifice? May we not feel sure that they looked back on that impulse of generosity as having caused them greater happiness in the gold they gave than in all the gold they kept? I, alas! am no Saurin; but is there any reason why you should not be as generous as the French eighteenth century audience which Saurin addressed? Life is fleeting; opportunity is short; the needs are great; the Master presses. Then, while you have life, and health, and means, give to God that which is His. Give for the sake of the poor, that they may live; for the sake of society, that it may endure; for your own sake, that the work of your hands may be blessed; for the dignity, and beauty,

the worship, and usefulness of the House of God; for the sake of duty, honesty, and honour; to-day and always, as habitual and generous and cheerful givers, give, and it shall be given unto you. There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; there is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing; there is that withholdeth more than is meet; and it tendeth only to poverty.

MAMMON WORSHIP.

“For the love of money is a root of all kinds of evil.”—I TIM. vi. 10.

IN the fifth of the chasms which form the abyss of Fraud, Dante, in his Vision of Hell, sees a cleft marvellously dark. It reminds him of the lake of clammy pitch which he had seen in the arsenal of Venice, where in winter-time the sailors caulked their damaged ships. “So,” he says, “not by fire, but by divine art, boiled down there a dense pitch which beplastered its banks on every side. It I saw, but I saw nothing else there, except the bubbles which the boiling raised, and the heaving and compressed subsiding of the whole. And, while I was gazing down fixedly upon it, my guide cried out, ‘Take care, take care!’ A demon came running by, bearing a sinner on his shoulders, and shouted to his fellow-demons: ‘See, here is one of Santa Zita’s elders (from Lucca). Thrust him under the pitch while I return for more. There at Lucca they turn “Yes” into “No” for money.’ Then, as the other fiends rush at the hapless wretch, and push him under the pitch, they tauntingly cry to him, ‘Here the Sacred Face avails not; here thou must lie underneath the pitch, so that, if thou canst, thou mayst pilfer privately.’”

Let me explain. Dante’s vision of Hell is a vision not only of the future punishment of men, but also of their present sins; not only of what shall be the case with the soul hereafter, but also of what is the case with the soul now. That lake of pitch is the dark, evil, slimy sea of usury, malfeasance, commercial fraud, feverish speculation,

sordid avarice. The Italian city of Lucca was infamous for this greed of gain. Like many a modern city, it was wholly given over to the idolatry of gold. The sinner whom the fiend has brought from thence is scornfully called "one of Santa Zita's elders" by way of contrast. For seventy years before this time there had lived and died in Lucca a holy servant-girl, a maid of all work, named Zita, who, living and dying in uttermost lowliness and poverty, had yet been sainted for her good deeds, and was much nominally honored in that city of usurers and cheats. Lucca prided itself on a very ancient and holy crucifix known as "the Sacred Face," and the demon tells the greedy pilferer that no hypocritic adoration of Christ or His crucifix will avail him here. But how forcible is the emblem! how awful the scene! A lake of pitch, at a little distance, looks quite resplendent in the sun: it looks, in fact, exactly like a lake of gold. But go near, and it is pitch, not gold. Touch it rashly, and it defiles you. It even overglues its banks, so wide is its polluting influence. So the love of money looks respectable and even resplendent, yet it is full of peril. Basely gained, ostentatiously squandered, meanly hoarded, it sticks to the fingers, defiles the mind; and, while its outer wave overflows with filth and baseness, its inner depths heave and bubble as with excitement and depression, and the sighing of souls which will not be satisfied. And the dark dealings of fraud are punished in kind. He who has secretly wallowed in them here shall wallow there in an agonized obscurity, as undiscernible as his nefarious life on earth.

How disproportionate, how vast a place has money ever occupied, as now it does, in the thoughts and desires of man! How vainly emphatic are the warnings of Script-

ure respecting it! How many, how varied the crimes which attend its servitude! For money, men, alike rich and poor, have been ready to make all their lives a lie to themselves and a fraud upon their neighbours. For gold men have betrayed their country, their friends, their God, their immortal souls. For gold they steal, and rob, and break open houses, and commit assaults and murders, and become the terrors and scourges of society. For gold men forge and cheat and start bubble companies, and tamper with securities, and snatch the support of the widow, and steal the bread of the fatherless. For gold they live by trades and manufactures which are the curse and destruction of mankind. For gold they involve whole countries in the horrors and crimes of war. For gold they soil the honour of their sons, and sell their daughters into gilded misery, and poison the world with stagnant gossip, and stab noble reputations in the dark. For gold they defraud the hireling of his wages, and grind the faces of the poor, and wring the means of personal luxury from rotting houses or infamous pursuits. Gold corrupts trades and professions into that commercial standard which is often little better than systematized dishonesty. Gold can condemn the innocent and shield the guilty.

“Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Clothe it with rags, a tiny straw will pierce it.”

“Look into the history of any civilized nation, analyze with reference to this one cause of crime and misery the lives and thoughts of their nobles, priests, merchants, and men of luxurious life. The sin of the whole world is essentially the sin of Judas. Men do not disbelieve in Christ, but they sell Him.” O my friends, let every one

of us — poor as well as rich — take heed and beware of covetousness. For Mammon is a jealous God. When once a man has accepted his shabby gospel, he will not be content to leave one single spark of nobleness in that man's soul. He lives in the pitchy slime of base hopes and temptations. For Mammon, the churl Nabal threw away his life. For Mammon, Achan sold his whole house. For Mammon, Balaam profaned the vestal fires of prophecy. For Mammon, Simon Magus wished to tamper with holy things. For Mammon, Ananias lied to the Holy Ghost. For Mammon, — yea, for thirty paltry pieces of silver, — Judas sold his Lord and bartered the wretched thing which had once been a human soul. Oh that our eyes were open, and that we could see as he is that thrice despicable spirit, — that yellow, withered, mean, accursed devil, with luxury attending him at his right, and felony on his left; with care grim and gaunt stalking at his heels with his votaries grovelling in the mud around him, feeding on dust; the serpent's meat, bowed down under crushing weights, while

“Over them triumphant death his dart
Shakes, but delays to strike.”

When we speak of the dangers of covetousness, the great mass of persons, who are not rich, are apt to think that the warning applies only to the wealthy. It is an immense mistake. The old woman who hoards her few shillings and tells lies about them in a back street, the needy clerk secretly longing for the death of some one who may leave him £20, the mechanic fraudfully trying to make bad work pass for good, the begging-letter impostor, the hulking idler, the Anarchist indulging in senseless ravings to persuade men that luck will come to them by the ruins of tens

of thousands more worthy than themselves,—all these have quite as much or even more need than the rich to take heed and beware of covetousness.

This is a message to all, rich and poor alike. Gold is of so little value that its possession or non-possession makes, in God's sight, simply no difference in human life. The rich may despise Mammon, though they are rich; and the poor may be worshippers of Mammon, though they are poor. The rich by his use of wealth, no less than the poor by his indifference to it, may pour silent contempt on gold. There is a very shallow proverb which says "that it is easy to be virtuous on ten thousand a year." It may be easy to be virtuous as the world counts virtue, but it is quite as hard to be holy as God counts holiness on ten thousand a year as on a labourer's pay. Riches may increase, and yet not harm a man, if he sets not his heart upon them. Nevertheless, if there be any truth in Scripture, there is in wealth a peril and a snare which requires constant watchfulness. You know who it was who said, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven!" George Peabody was a millionaire, but how few can say as he does, in that sentence of his diary carved upon his temporary grave, that it was his daily prayer to his heavenly Father that he might be enabled to use his wealth for the good of his fellow-men! Many men, alas! become only the harder, the less generous, the less useful, and much the less happy, because of their riches. On the whole, the absorbing ambition to get wealth, which is the master desire of so many minds, is about as poor ambition as there can be. On the whole, no more vulgar advice could be given to the mass of a nation than Guizot gave, when, to make the French *bourgeoisie* content with the

Orleans government, he said to them, *Enrichissez-vous*,—"Enrich yourselves!" We want more examples of simplicity in life. We want public examples of men

"Who find contentment's very core
 In the light store
 And daisied path
 Of poverty,
 And know how more
 A small thing that the righteous hath
 Availeth than the ungodly's riches great."

Oh that we all desired rather to live richly than to die rich, to do rich deeds than to leave rich properties. When a man dies, his fellow Mammon-worshippers ask, "What did he die worth?" but God asks, "Wherein was he worthy?" "He died worth a million!" says the admiring world. Ah me! in reality he may not have died worth one halfpenny, as God counts worth, and a beggar might have refused to have that man's character as an alms. A great living physician told me how once he was attending the death-bed of a rich man who seemed as if he could not die; for, with aimless and nervous restlessness, his hands kept moving and opening and shutting over the counterpane. "What is the matter?" asked the physician. "I know," answered the son for his speechless father. "Every night, before he went to sleep, my father liked to feel and handle some of his bank-notes." The son slipped a £10 note into the old man's hand, and, feeling, handling, and clutching it, he died. Ah me! that £10 note grasped in his trembling hand,—how much would it avail him before the awful bar of God? Yet how many men die, and have nothing better to show to God than that!

Men sometimes excuse themselves in their passionate

love for gold by saying, "Oh, if I were but rich, I could do so much good, so much more good." Such a remark may be intensely hypocritical; but even when it is sincere, or half sincere, it is an absolute mistake. In the first place, we are only called upon to do good with that which we have, not with that which we have not. We may all say with St. Peter and St. John, "gold I have none, but what I have give I thee." If we have nothing else to give, Christ will only ask us whether we gave in His name that cup of cold water which every one alike can give. In His sight, the widow's two farthings may be a real gift, and the £1,000 of the rich be no gift at all. The question is *non quantum, sed ex quanto*,—not what we give, but the proportion which it bears to what we *could* give. The best good in the world has always been done by personal service, and beyond all proportion poor men have been greater benefactors of the world than the wealthy. Run over the names of all who have made nations great and kept them so, the names of all the world's greatest benefactors, reformers, poets, artists, writers, philanthropists—scarcely one among them all has been rich. Were the apostles rich? What was the monetary value of St. Paul's cloak and parchments, which were all he had to leave? How much would any one have given for the sheepskin coat of St. Anthony, or for the brown serge of St. Francis, or the poor rosary of St. Vincent de Paul? Was not that saintly poverty one secret of Luther's power? Wesley only possessed two silver spoons. Would he have done more, or as much, if he had had ten thousand a year? St. Edmund of Canterbury used to leave his money on the window-sill for those to take it who would; and often, strewing it over with dust, he would exclaim, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." "*Satis*

viatici ad cælum,”—“Enough money to get to heaven with,” said the dying Archbishop Warham, when his steward told him that he had but £30. Would the world have thought as much of him if he, like so many worldly and vulgar-minded prelates, had enriched his family out of the revenues of the Church? “I have no time to get rich,” said, with disdain, both Faraday and Agassiz. The Charity of Giotto’s picture gives corn and flowers, and receives from heaven a human heart; but she tramples on bags of gold. Most of the great heroes of antiquity also were poor. More to mankind is one page of the Bedford tinker than all the banks of the Rothschilds. More to God is one self-sacrificing Christian than whole generations of gilded and self-indulgent youths. More is one poor true woman than legions of the frivolous who have toiled through the pleasureless dissipations and glittering emptiness of a dozen seasons. “The blessing of the Lord that maketh rich; and he addeth no sorrow with it.”

Let us, then, get rid of the idle fancy that, if we were rich, we could do more good, and of the yet idler fancy that, if we were rich, we should be more happy than now we may be. “No more desire riches,” said the wise Erasmus, “than a feeble beast desires a heavy burden.” “I live like a galley-slave, and am worn out with care,” wrote one of the most successful of modern millionaires. Yes, for God’s best gifts are His commonest,—the gifts which He gives to all, the things which we can all see and all enjoy. “George,” said a very rich man to his elder brother, “you are a struggling man, you can only just support yourself, you have made no money, and I have got money enough to buy up your whole town, bank and all;—and yet your life has been a success, and mine a dead

failure." "Having food and raiment," says Scripture, "let us be therewith content."

My friends, all that I have said applies to all of us alike. Some few are rich, the great majority of us are poor: there is no intrinsic evil in riches, no inherent blessing in poverty. Rich or poor, high or low, our chances of happiness here and of heaven hereafter are exactly equal. For alike and equally we may be innocent and generous, and pure and kind; and it is on those things, not on wealth or poverty, that happiness and hope depend. If we are poor, let us be content; for our treasure may be with our heart in heaven. If we be rich, let us also be rich in good works. If our riches have come honourably; if, when they have come, we do not set our heart upon them; if we account ourselves the stewards of them, not the owners; if we learn the luxury of doing good with them, then, indeed, we shall have made friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness. A man's wealth may turn into pride and splendour, and little else; and then, assuredly, he will neither be the better for it nor the happier. Or, as one has said, "it may put on the snow-white robes of an angel, and pass out into the streets, and gather up little children in its arms, and do the Saviour's work. It is this last transformation of wealth that brings the most blessedness to the place where it goes and the bosom from which it comes. Strange law of our earth, rich and poor may alike do good or do harm: the rich man may touch the world, and it shall sink lower in misery and commonplace, or he can touch it, and it will rise up into nobler and happier manhood." The poor man may waste his life in squalid idleness or besot it with stupefying drink, or, on the other hand, he may make his home like the

home of Nazareth, and his life wealthy with the great gain of contentment with godliness, and his poverty blessed, accepted, patient, innocent. Rich or poor, we may alike be free from that love of money which is a root of all kinds of evils. God cares less than nothing for what we have. He cares solely for what we are. Read once more the life of our blessed Lord in the Gospels, the birth in the manger, the thirty years in the shop of the humble carpenter, the three years of homeless and wandering ministry,—shall not these teach us not to envy the rich, not to desire riches? Would not all our lives be more rich to God, more peaceful, more upright, more contented, if only we were wholly convinced that “a man’s life consisteth not in the multitude of things that he possesseth,” that “man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God”?

RELIGIONISM.

“He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?”—MICAH vi. 8.

It would be impossible to pass over these deeply interesting words of the prophet Micah. They express the true object of all revelation, which is to make men good; they express the inmost meaning of all life, which is the attainment of holiness. Two passages of Scripture propound the most momentous question which the mind of man can formulate, and give the very clearest and plainest answer which the language of man can express. One is this verse: the other is the passage in which the young ruler asks, “What shall I do to inherit eternal life?” There the answer is, “If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments”: here the answer is, “He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?” Unmistakable in their plainness, these words sweep away the cobwebs and confusions of ages. Frankly accepted, they would be an eternal cure for all the maladies which in age after age have afflicted religion. They show that the aim of religion is to elevate character, to purify conduct, to promote goodness; they sum up the mighty spiritual teaching of the prophets; they herald the essential moral revelation of the Son of God. There are two streams which flow side by side through the Old Testament and through the history of the Christian

Church, and frequently do not commingle their waters,—the stream of religion and the stream of righteousness. The word “religion” is used in a loose, inaccurate way for various things; but in its proper English meaning—as when our Bible speaks of “the Jew’s religion,” and as when Milton speaks of “gay religions full of pomp and gold”—the word implies certain opinions and certain ordinances; it means a set of doctrines; it means a mode of worship. Now, outward ordinances, when their importance is exaggerated, tend to become burdensome and superstitious, and religious opinions, when maintained by ambition and self-interest, have deluged the world with crime; and that is why the great poet Lucretius represents religion as a lurid and menacing spectre, and writes the famous words “*Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.*” “So many curses could religion cause!” To avoid confusion, however, I will call this not religion, but religionism.

Now, a stream of religionism flows through the Old Testament. It centred in the Temple, the Levitical ordinances, the whole ceremonial law; and the same sort of externalism belongs as much to idolatry as to Judaism. All this code has neither value nor significance in itself, but solely in so far as it may be a help or adjunct to higher things. Religionism, when it *ends* in opinions or observances, is worthless. Any impure and ignorant youth, any empty-headed and sour-hearted girl, any worldly or greedy Dives, can in this sense be religious. Persons of all classes are delighted to believe that with such cheap and easy superficiality God is pleased. Hence all that was poorest and most pagan in Judaism eagerly seized on this element in their sacred books. They would please God by orthodoxy, ritual, gifts, fastings, genuflections, holy days, sac-

rifices, the right way of burning the two kidneys and the fat. This would give them a delightful sense of being very religious, while they let their slanderous tongues run riot, and sated with worldliness their greedy hearts. The religious reform of Hezekiah and others, being mainly outward, easily slid into the pagan frippery and superstition of Manasseh; and it ended in the worship of the dead letter, the substitution of tradition for truth, and of religiosity for godliness. It reached the splendour of its zenith in Pharisaism, which paid scrupulous tithes of mint, anise, and cumin, but forgot justice, righteousness, and faith. It tried to establish itself forever by committing the deadliest crime which even religionism ever has achieved; it said, "This is the Heir; come, let us kill him, and the inheritance shall be ours." In the same endeavour—the endeavour to make opinions and to make observances stand in the place of sincerity and righteousness—it scourged St. John, it imprisoned St. Peter, it cursed St. Paul, it beheaded St. James, it stoned St. Stephen. Yet they who committed all these deadly crimes were very religious. They would have held up their hands in horror and amazement, had you called them irreligious; they would have said, "Our whole life is religion, and we think of nothing else." Ay, when religion is put in the place of righteousness, when, instead of being regarded as a mere adjunct to godliness, it is substituted for godliness, then it becomes a deadly thing. And, therefore, side by side with this stream of religious ordinances flows through most of the Old Testament, and through all the New, the richer, purer, deeper stream of righteousness. And righteousness expresses, and alone expresses, the essence of true religion; for true religion is "a good mind and a good life." It is not an affair of

copes and candles and such childish things; but it is something which restores man to God. It enables us not merely to wear phylacteries and to make long prayers, but to deny our wills, to rule our tongues, to soften our tempers, to mortify our evil passions, to learn patience, humility, meekness, forgiveness, continuance in well-doing; it is "the will in the reason, and love in the will."

Ask a dogmatist the question, "What must I do to be saved?" and he will perhaps give you some elaborate metaphysical definition, and will tell you that he who would be saved must thus think of the Trinity. Ask a party religionist what you must do to be saved, and he perhaps will say to you that you must hear the Church, and believe in the Real Presence. Ask Samuel, David, Isaiah, Amos, Micah, Jeremiah, the four evangelists, the twelve apostles — ask your Lord and Master Himself, — and their answer will be different not only in the letter, but in the entire spirit. It will not be "You must believe in this or that particular doctrine"; it will not be "You must practise this or that special ordinance": it will be simply, "If thou wouldst enter into life, keep the Commandments." Whatever may have been the original intent of Levitical rules and Temple proprieties, they had become so terribly perverted, so fatally meaningless, that the greatest prophets speak of them again and again with sweeping and exceptionless depreciation. "Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt-offerings and sacrifices as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." So spake Samuel. "Thou requirest not sacrifice, else I would give it Thee; but Thou delightest not in burnt-offerings." So sang the Psalmist. "And now, Israel, what doth the Lord require of thee,"

asks the Book of Deuteronomy, "but to walk in all His ways and to love Him?" "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord. Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto Me; your hands are full of blood. Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before Mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well." So wrote Isaiah. "I hate, I despise your feast days," says Amos; "but let judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream." And, on the positive side, to the question, "Who shall ascend to the hill of the Lord, and who shall stand in His holy place?" the answer is nothing else than, "He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, and hath not lifted up his mind unto vanity, nor sworn to deceive his neighbour." And what does the Preacher tell you is the end of the whole matter? Is it to believe in a vast mass of traditional propositions? No. Is it to go through a numerous huddle of fantastical pomps and cumbersome ceremonies? No. But the whole of the matter is, "Fear God, and keep His commandments; for that is the whole duty of man."

That was how, one after another, the greatest of the prophets spoke; and the New Testament so completely endorses their spiritual ideal that, while every page and verse of it breathe of righteousness, you scarcely find any religionism in it at all, scarcely any organization even the most rudimentary, scarcely any ritual even the simplest, scarcely any dogmatic creed even the most brief. What was the sum total of the preaching of the glorious Eremite, John the Baptist? Just two words, Repent, Obey. What is the sum total of the moral revelation of Christ? Just two words, the two words carved on the statue of that

noble philanthropist* which has just been added to our Abbey, the two words, "Love, Serve." Not one syllable did Christ say for the traditionalism which in His day passed for the only orthodoxy; not one syllable did He say in favor of all the elaborate ablutions, vestments, fringes, phylacteries, genuflections, feasts, fasts, long prayers, which then passed for indispensable ceremonial; but while He was the Friend of sinners, and forgave the penitent harlot and approved of the prayer of the publican, He struck the mere professing religionist with flash after flash of His terrible denunciation. And the teaching of every one of His apostles was the very antithesis of the spirit of externalism. They seemed to treat that with sovereign disdain, as though it belonged to the infinitely little. Their language is identical with that of the great prophets. "Circumcision,"—then regarded as the very first of necessary ordinances,—"circumcision," said St. Paul, "is nothing, and uncircumcision is nothing, but the keeping of the commandments of God." "I am afraid of you," he says to the Galatians: "having begun in the spirit, do ye now end in the flesh?" What was the sum total of the preaching of St. Paul? Two words, "in Christ"; and again two words, Faith, Works. What was the sum total of the teaching of St. James? Two words, Compassion, Unworldliness. What was the sum total of the teaching of St. John? One word, Love. He explains his apparent truism, "He that doeth righteousness is righteous," by that deep account of what true holiness means: "He that doeth righteousness is born of God." You know that popes and cardinals and priests burned John Huss; and when they sent him to the stake, as they sent many another saint of Christ who hated mummeries and lies and bondage, they clothed him in a

*The Earl of Shaftesbury.

sanbenito, a robe painted all over with flames and devils, and they told him that from the earthly fire he should pass to the endless torments of the fire which is never quenched. But the angels, meanwhile, were clothing in the sanbenito not the victims, but the priestly inquisitors; for it was they who were the murderers, it was they, and not he, who did not righteousness; — and “he that committeth sin is of the devil.” When Christ was asked what was the one test by which you could know true teachers from false, was it, “By their *doctrines* ye shall know them,” as men have most fatally taught? Nothing of the kind. It was, “By their *fruits* ye shall know them.” To preach these principles is to preach the very essential heart of the Scriptural morality; but yet it is a preaching that invariably makes religionists very angry. For its importance lies in this,— that it is the very touchstone which discriminates between true and false religion. It sweeps away, at any rate, the exaggerated importance attached to the adjuncts, the scaffoldings, the traditions and ordinances of men, which to so many make up the whole of their religious life.

Nothing is more important than that you should know whether your religion is a sincerity or whether it is a sham. The Bible teaches you — as I have shown, and as I could show you over and over and over again — that righteousness and holiness are the inmost essence and the only outcome of true religion; that they are the very end and object of your life; that, if you have attained to them, you may stand free in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free, — free from all morbid scrupulosities, free from all priestly domination, free from all carnal ordinances, free from all weak and beggarly elements, free from all petty rules about things which perish in the using. If you do not possess

this purity of heart and righteousness of life, the most orthodox opinions and the most elaborate ritual in the world are not one whit more pleasing to God than sounding brass or tinkling cymbal, and they will weigh no more in your favour than the small dust in the scales of the balance. Are you,—as I have asked before,—in God's sight, not deceiving yourself, but going up into the tribunal of your own conscience, and there setting yourself before yourself? Are you in truth a good man or a good woman? If you are, then, though every Pharisee who ever lived should hate you, and though every Church in the world should excommunicate you, and though every priest that ever lived should hurl at you his separate anathema, as they once did at the King of Saints, yet to you the golden gates of heaven shall open, harmonious on their golden hinges, and you shall be folded forever under the wings of Eternal Love. But if you are not in God's sight simply a good man or a good woman, then you may, like an ascetic of old, torture yourself, for long years together, with fasts and miseries; or, like St. Simeon Stylites, you may bow yourself twelve hundred times a day; or, like another saint, you may make your boast that you daily offer seven hundred prayers; and, after all this, you may say to Christ your Lord, "Have we not prophesied in Thy name, and in Thy name wrought miracles, and in Thy name done many wonderful works?"—but if, in spite of this externalism and profession, you have not truly loved God, and have not been true to your neighbour,—true by *God's* standard, and not by the conventional standard of the world on the one hand, or of churches and party on the other—if, I say, you have not been thus essentially true to God and man, then shall He say unto you, "I never knew you."

I know well that this is an old lesson. I know that I have tried to insist on it before; yes, and I may have to do so again, for it is the one lesson which insincere profession tries to escape, and the one lesson to which it must be pinned down by the sword-point of the Word of God. What God wants is not so-called orthodoxy, but "truth in the inward parts." What will avail you is not any amount of religiosity, but righteousness. There are thousands of religious persons who would attach immense importance to such small matters as whether a clergyman does this or that little thing, which is supposed to be the badge of party; or whether we define Christ's presence in the elements materially or spiritually; or whether we hold the Bible to *be* or to *contain* the revelation of God; or whether we think that every poor, wretched, feeble sinner goes, the instant he dies, to writhe for endless trillions of years in sulphurous flames, or whether we may believe something larger of the mercy of God. Well, all this may or may not be important as opinion, and may or may not be important as ritual; but our opinions the one way or the other, and our ritual the one way or the other, are of quite infinitesimal value as regards the saving of our souls. God does not care for our opinions at all, if only they be honest; He does not care about our ritual; but He does require our goodness. Without that goodness, without that kindness, without purity, without honesty, without truthfulness, without unselfish humility, and that rarest of all virtues, the love of truth,—without these all our opinions or rituals may only mean that our leprosy is white as snow.

The reason why it is necessary to insist on this is the eternal Pharisaism of the human heart, which prefers formalism to spirituality, and which causes a constant recrudescence

cence of Judaism in the heart of Christianity. Very early, from entire ignorance of the real relation of the Old Testament to the New, there arose, in spite of the whole Epistle to the Hebrews, a disastrous confusion between the Christian ministry and the Jewish priesthood. And there followed a rapid glorification of shibboleths and glorification of ordinances. The sacraments were soon regarded as magic amulets, and Christ's presence was thought to be nearer if it was localized in the sacred bread. The grace of the Spirit was confined to mechanical transmissions; none were "religious" unless they went to deserts or monasteries, or tortured themselves with fasting and scourging; but, if all this teaching in Scripture which I have quoted be true, such things are not what God requires, and—for whatever else they may be valuable—are, at any rate, valueless for salvation. And religion became more and more corrupted. The conceit of infallible opinion became a horrible curse to mankind; the blood of ten thousand martyrs is on its head, and the bitterness of millions of broken hearts lies at its door. What was called orthodoxy, what was called Catholicity, was often hideous error, despicable for its ignorance and execrable for its cruelties. Men were massacred wholesale for supposed mistaken tenets, while vice and villany flaunted in high places unrebuked. A pope steeped to the lips in infamy founded the Inquisition. Murderers and adulterers died in the odour of sanctity, if they professed zeal for orthodoxy and subservience to the priests. Charles V. and Philip II., men grossly immoral in personal character, doomed eighteen hundred innocent victims to the scaffold or the stake, in the Netherlands alone, for such crimes as eating flesh in Lent, or reading the Psalms in their native language. When, after the Renaissance, "Greece

arose from the dead with the New Testament in her hand," when "the bright and blissful Reformation, by divine power, strook through the black and settled night of ignorance and anti-Christian tyranny, and the sweet odour of the returning gospel embalmed men's souls with the brilliancy of heaven," there was a brief bursting of this iron network of false traditions. But the yoke was soon reimposed in other forms, because men who love moral license love also spiritual serfdom. And at this very day there are many whom I do not wrong in saying,—for they make it their open boast,—there are many who are trying to undo as far as they dare the work of the Reformation. But the Reformation was nothing but the sweeping away of accumulated falsities and mountainous corruptions. And if—may God avert the omen!—but if the Church of England should grow gradually false to the principle that she is a Reformed Church, one thing then I see with the absolute certainty of prophecy, that there will be from her a vast-secession,—“Every knee that hath not bowed to Baal, and every mouth that has not kissed him.” If,—and I say again may God avert the omen!—but if the Church of England should indeed dwindle and degenerate into a feeble imitation of the Church of Rome, with a pale reflexion of her doctrines and a poor copy of her practices, then sooner or later, if truth be truth, she will collapse into irremediable ruin, and upon those ruins shall be built once more a truer and a purer fold.

But meanwhile the lesson for us is clear, and it is this: Our religious opinions may be false; our party shibboleths may be but the blurred echoes of our ignorance and our incompetence; our private interpretations of Scripture may be no better than grotesque nonsense in their presumptuous

falsity; and all this may not be at all fatal to us, if by some divine deliverance from our opinionated follies we still do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly with our God. But if, on the other hand, any one of you here present, while he prides himself on his orthodoxy or on his Churchmanship, is mean in his conduct, false in his judgments, dishonest in trade, a slanderer in society, impure in life:— if he be a liar,—and many a man who calls himself religious, and many a man who tries to stand on good terms with the world, is a liar in God's sight,— if in his heart, in spite of his profession, he be a false witness, or a covetous man who is an idolater, he may present himself at the wedding feast, but he has not on the wedding garment. But if, on the other hand, any one of you be indeed pure, and kind, and true; if you always admire that which is admirable and follow that which is noble; if in humility and love you be a follower of Christ's example,—you may die hated by all the world and hated by all the nominal Church, yet your Saviour, in whose footsteps you humbly desire to walk, shall decide your destinies for ever, when He shall whisper to your weary spirit, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

And, if you would have the moral of this chapter, it is this: "O ye that love the Lord, see ye hate the thing which is evil." Do not talk about your views, or your party, or your observances; do not deceive yourselves with your religion, which may be but vain, but search yourselves with candles as to your real character. What you think, how you worship, to what sect or party you belong—all of you in a moment could tell us that; but God is not the leader of a sect or the champion of a party. God trieth the reins, He searcheth the heart. He will not ask you what you were

called, but what you *were*. Try yourself, judge yourself. You may be zealous for parties or views ; but are your hearts set upon righteousness, O ye people? If not, then cleanse your hands, ye sinners; purify your hearts, ye double-minded! *That*, through Christ's mercy, shall avail you; that shall avail you by the merits of His infinite sacrifice,— that, and nothing else.

ATHEISM.

“Thou believest in one God; thou doest well.” — JAMES ii. 19.

IS EVEN this much true in any deep sense? He who professes openly that he believes in no God is an atheist. Is the man much better than an atheist who, acknowledging God, acts as though there were none? Theoretical atheism says with its lips, “There is no God”: practical atheism says the same thing by its life. Is it less atheism than the other? The bold rebel who, bidden to go work in his father’s vineyard, said, “I will not,”—was he so much worse than the smooth hypocrite who said, “I go, Sir,” and went not? Alas! it might be possible to look round us to-day and to be driven to the conviction that even this most elementary of all religious beliefs — this belief which is as the primitive granite on which all other strata of belief must rest,—has been loosened and corroded. Many of our literary and scientific men avow their disbelief: others are ostentatious in their reticence. Scoffing allusions to truths the most sacred abound in our popular literature. Young men think it a sign of emancipation, and of intellectual superiority, to throw off the trammels of the creed of their fathers. Thousands who still call themselves Christians seem to have so relegated their Christianity to the remoter regions of their being that it exercises no visible influence on their lives and motives. Large English constituencies, with their eyes open, fully aware of all the facts of the case, return as their represen-

tatives to Parliament, deliberately intrust with a share in framing the laws of a Christian nation, men who deny the existence of a God. We pause, and ask ourselves: What is coming? Where have we got to? Does the English nation believe, or not believe, that there is one God? In the face of facts so startling, and so significant, can we say to any large promiscuous audience of a nation in which a chance constituency attaches so little importance to the most rudimentary fraction of religious faith,— can one say any longer, Thou believest in one God? The Psalms say, “The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.” Have the days come when one cannot repeat words, which we treat as sacred, without an apology? Have the days come in which one cannot point out the awful peril of national apostasy without being charged with political meddling? In past times, when the Creed was repeated, the nobles of Hungary used to rise, and draw their swords, and wave them in the air in sign that for that faith they would, if need be, fight and die. Far, far are we removed from the days when the northern nations laid down their fury at the feet of the white Christ, when the young knights swore on their cross-hilted swords to take Christ for their captain, and to do their duty to all the world! I will not believe that England will range herself with those who proclaim that God is but an invention, and religion a fable, and immortality a dream. Now that the stone, hewn without hands, has grown into a mountain, and filled the whole earth; now that Christianity and Christendom exist as the mighty witness of history to the truth of the evangelists, I will not believe that we mean to roll back the divine progress of nineteen hundred years. But, if we do, I know that it is not *religion* which is in danger, but *we* that are in danger. No jot or

title shall pass away from the words of Him who said, "Whosoever shall fall upon this stone, he shall be broken; but upon whomsoever it shall fall, it shall grind him to powder."

For the vast majority of mankind two phenomena have been in all ages, and I believe will be to the end, the all-sufficient proof that there is a God. One is the Universe, the other is the Conscience. One is the starry heaven above, the other is the moral law within. You may make men defiant, you may make them indifferent, you may drug and stupefy their intellects by the fumes of their own corrupt pride, you may bewitch them by the fatal sorcery of their own depraved passions, you may bribe them by the hope of unlawful gratifications, you may drown the still, small voice of religion in the yelling tumult of anarchy and license; but, until you can destroy the Universe, and calcine these tablets of the heart, which cannot be shattered like the tablets of Sinai, and whereon God's own finger has inscribed His own law,—till you can do this, which will never be until the sun itself has burst into destroying conflagration, I take it that you will not make atheists of mankind. "It is all very well; but who made all these?"—so asked the young Napoleon, raising his hand to the stars of midnight, when, on the deck of the vessel which was bearing him to Egypt, the French *savans* had proved to their own satisfaction that there was no God. We take up a book,—the poems of Homer, or the Vedas of Hindostan,—they were written many centuries ago. The hands have long been unmortised from the wrists of them that wrote them, and they themselves have become but a legend or a name or not even a name. Yet you might as well try to persuade us that the material constituents of

those books — vellum, and ink, and glue, and paper — had sprung into existence by the accidental conflux of chance atoms, and that the letters had danced into accidental agglomeration and shaped themselves into philosophy and song, as to teach us, with the atheist, that the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the wide seas, and the everlasting hills, the air we breathe, the liquid crystal that we drink, the blue sky over our heads, and the white clouds which rest upon it, the trees in the illimitable forests and the birds and beasts that live in their shadow, and man with his wide thoughts and holy prayers, all these things with all their beauty and beneficence, with all the pomp and prodigality of their wonder and their power, — that all these things made themselves, or, which is the same thing in other words, that they were the work of eddying atoms, dead forces, impersonal laws. Why, from the great sun in the heavens to the little wayside flower, freaked with crimson and purple or adorned with the delicate network of tender lines; from the star Sirius, rushing from us into unknown spaces, down to the tiny, roseate shell upon the sands; from the galaxy to the feather of a bird, the stalk of a wheat-ear, the smallest of the thirty-four thousand eyes of the dragon-fly, the whole Universe in its dread magnificence is telling us, in language voiceless, but never ceasing, of

“The unambiguous footsteps of a God,
Who gives its lustre to the insect's wing,
And wheels His chariot on the rolling worlds.”

And if we be blind to these sights, deaf to these voices, dull and dead to these infinite appeals, if our every outward sense is locked up, we have — if we drown it not — a voice within us, still and small, yet louder than the thun-

der. To every good and true man Conscience not only tells of the God above him, but of the God within him. It is the categorical imperative, which says to him direct from heaven, "I ought" and "I must." "It is," as Newman said, "the aboriginal vicar of Christ, a prophet in its informations, a monarch in its peremptoriness, a priest in its blessings and anathemas." "It is," as Kant called it, "the wondrous power which works neither by insinuation, flattery, nor threat, but merely by holding up the naked law in the soul extorts for itself reverence, if not always obedience, and before which, however secretly they may rebel, all appetites are dumb." And with this starry heaven above us, and this moral law—this glow of the eternal light, this mirror of the divine majesty—within us, I say that I will not believe that England, as a nation, will proclaim herself blind as the fool's heart to the light of heaven, and deaf as the adder's ear to the voice of God. I will not believe that she will belie in degrading apostasy the experiences of the world's six thousand years, or abandon the one truth which has been the blessing and safeguard of mankind since the world's gray fathers first gazed upon the rainbow, or Abraham, the friend of God, went forth from Ur of the Chaldees, to establish forever among idolatrous generations the truth that "it is the Lord that ruleth the heavens."

"Thou believest in God; thou doest well: the demons also believe, and shudder." So, with tremendous and crushing irony, exclaimed St. James. He meant us to see that there are beliefs, and beliefs, and that the external belief of rebellious antipathy and shuddering abhorrence is a very different thing from the loving, trembling adoration of holy and faithful souls. There can be nothing

subordinate, nothing secondary, in this belief. It is, it must be, it must ultimately become, everything or nothing; for the belief in a God — if only it be a belief, a *real* belief — is a faith so awful in its sanctions, so illimitable in its application, that, if we can treat it as a secondary matter, as a thing of no great importance, as a thing which a man can wear or not wear like an article of dress,—as a thing which can evaporate at the church door,—our hypocrisy in this matter must be nothing short of monstrous. God is not “a metaphysical hypothesis,” but a Living God; and, in the sense that He cannot accept a lukewarm and divided allegiance, a jealous God,—“the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty.”

In Him, whether we will it or no, we live and move, and have our being. This transcendent mystery is always about us, this Eternal Voice ever sounding in our ears. He is a besetting God; He is a pervading God. If we go into heaven, He is there; if we go down into hell, He is there also; if we take the wings of the morning, and fly into the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall His hand lead us, and His right hand shall guide us. And the belief in such a God who made us, and not we ourselves, who hideth His face, and we are troubled; who taketh away our breath, and we die; to whom darkness is as the light; who searcheth the very thoughts of the heart; who will require something more of us than our sleep and our selfishness; whom to deny is as though a sand-grain would set itself up against the Universe,—allegiance to such a God must be something more than a tepid assent or a patronizing acknowledgment, something more than a lip service or a

Sunday fashion. We must live in it, and die in it. It must be a sovereign passion, a supreme devotion. Common duties must be transfused by it; common men transfigured; the significance of common deeds expanded to infinitude. It is a thing about which there cannot be indifference. It is not a matter that we can play with or patronize. If it be not everything, it is nothing. There either is a God or there is not a God; and you must decide which you believe. It is not a question, to-day, between God and Baal. I do not say to you, as Elijah said to apostate Israel: "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him." But I must say to you, On which side are you,—the side of the atheist or the side of those who say, "I fear God"? Every nation, every tribe on the whole face of the earth, that has had the least germ of civilization, or even of decency, has owned some sort of God; no nation above the most bestial and the most abject has been found without some object of worship. Will you deface the records of all history? Will you say that Judea, and Greece, and Rome, and Europe, and Asia, the bright, the civilized, the noble races of the world, were all deceived, and that the wisdom which ignored the Almighty was with black Andamanese and brutish cannibals? But you might as well quench the sun, and suppose that the world could get on without light, as think that men or that nations can do without God. Why, from this belief has sprung all that is greatest, best, most glorious, in the world's history. The divine ideals of righteousness and of holiness have had no existence apart from it. It has been as the dew of heaven, refreshing every withered hope. It has been as the fire of God, rekindling every divine enthusiasm. It has been to

all humanity the one inalienable element of life. This it was which sent forth the Apostles and Evangelists to convert the world. This it was which made the Church of our fathers the defender of the poor. This it was which tamed the wild flood of northern barbarians into the Christendom of Europe. This it was which made childhood sacred, and ennobled womanhood, and turned poverty into a beatitude. This it was which founded the greatness of England, and led the Pilgrim Fathers to America, and proclaimed the brotherhood of man, and broke the tyrant, and emancipated the slave. Mercy, and equal justice, and tenderness, and inflexible truth, and noble purity,—all that makes life sacred, and uplifts it into holy self-control; all that saves men from sinking into natural brute beasts, speaking evil of things which they know not, and corrupting themselves in the things which they naturally know,—has sprung, and sprung solely, from their belief in God. You might as well tell me that the Indian rivers would still flow in their majestic volume, to fertilize the plain, if no snows fell on the Himalayan heights, as tell me that morality, every form of morality,—purity, truth, honor, soberness,—would not suffer if atheism prevailed. Do you mean to tell me that if England gave up her faith for no faith, gave up her God for no God, overthrew her altars, tore up her Bible, denied her Christ, turned her churches into infidel lecture halls,—do you mean to tell me that if England comes to believe that men are bodies without souls, that we only are what we eat, that God is a fiction, that the commandments are a result of disputable experience, that the death of the body ends our being,—that if you thus remove from morals all their divine sanctions, and rob them of all their inspiring hopes, if you thus rob the future of its immortality and

empty heaven of its God,—do you mean to tell me that without God, and without hope, men will still be gentle, and humble, and pure, and good? I tell you on the evidence of all history that the stream of morals would dry up; that men would become sensual egotists, that man's vile motto would be, Each for himself; that interest would become lord of all; and that the mass of bad and of average men, who now are only restrained at all by the general faith of Christendom, and that which lingers like an echo and a reminiscence, in their own hearts, would become what the apostle prophesied they would become, scoffers walking after their own hearts' lusts, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, perjurers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God:—that is what they would become. Those words were used by the apostle concerning men who *had* a form of godliness, but denied the power thereof. What, then, would become of those who had not even the form? Read the first chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and you will see. You will see there the moral picture of an age which had not been guilty of the crime, the last, worst crime, of apostatizing from Christianity into atheism:—that is, of turning from the best to the worst, of deliberately loving darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil, of counting the blood of the covenant wherewith they were redeemed an unholy thing, of crucifying to themselves the Son of God afresh, and putting Him to an open shame. No; but of the far less heinous crime of turning only from Paganism, and from natural religion; of denying the testimony of their conscience only, and not seeing the Invisible in the visi-

ble. And what was the issue of even that lesser apostasy? It was an issue as historically certain as it was logically inevitable. It was a universal degradation. It is not only St. Paul who will tell you; but Tacitus will tell you, Suetonius will tell you, Martial and Juvenal will tell you,—their own poets, their own historians,—that theirs was the vain imagination, the darkened heart, the debasing, degrading, unnatural filthiness of vile affections. Their professed wisdom became glaring folly. Because they refused God, God gave them up to a refuse mind, which revelled in the uncleannesses which they loved. They called right wrong, and good evil. It is not St. Paul only who seizes that godless age by the hair, and brands upon its leprous forehead the stigma of its shame. Carved on its own gems, painted on its own walls, stamped upon its own coins, written in putrid stains on its own abhorrent literature, you may read the confession that they were filled with unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, full of envy, debate, deceit, malignity, whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, spiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, who, knowing the judgment of God that they who do such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them. For nations there can be no morality if they own no God. “In a brief, tormented existence ungoverned by any law save sensation and the appetites,” the answer of a world deprived of a holy ideal will always be summed up in two words,—heartless cruelty, unfathomable corruption.

I say that any nation which denies God becomes by an invariable law an infamous nation, and any age which denies God an abominable age. History, alas! does not lack examples to emphasize the warning. We have seen

what the last Pagan century was: let us see what the fifteenth Christian century was. That, too, was an atheistic century. It seems to be the characteristic of such ages that they should be glittering and corrupt, clothed like the blaspheming Herod in tissue of silver, but within eaten of worms. Christianity had ceased to be Christian. Priests, turned atheists, made an open scoff at the religion they professed. The world was filled with pride, greed, and pollution. There is not a single historian of that period who does not admit that a fearful moral retrogression followed on the overthrow of faith. As the Emperors of the first century were a Nero and a Caligula, and its writers a Petronius and a Martial, so the Pope of the fifteenth century was a Borgia, and its writers an Aretino and a Berni. Take another century in which unbelief was predominant, the eighteenth century. In the chambers of St. Louis a king debased the very ideal of manhood in the *Parc aux Cerfs*. In Russia reigned Catherine II.,—

“That foul woman of the north,
The lustful murderess of her wedded lord.”

In Saxony an Augustus the Strong filled with his shamelessness the trumpet of infamy. In Prussia a Frederic II. made his court the propaganda of infidelity. In England—alas! even in England—we had a grossly tainted literature; a corrupt society; gambling, drinking, all but universal profligacy, and the election to Parliament of a man—John Wilkes—who had written an infamous book, and taken part in the blasphemous orgies of Medmenham Abbey. England was saved by the religious revival; but for Europe that epoch ended in the thunder-clap of the French Revolution. Among those frivolous and atheistic kings, “a people, which

had followed in the wake of their corruption to feed upon its offal, flung the head of a king shorn off by the ignoble axe of a machine." The boast of liberty ended in the Reign of Terror; the boast of humanity in a Paris drunk with blood; the boast of virtue in the desecration of churches by blasphemous obscenity, and the worship of a harlot on the polluted altars of Notre Dame!

Nor are our warnings a century old. The Scripture says that, when God's judgments are in the world, then will the inhabitants of the earth learn wisdom. Were they not abroad in France ten years ago, when her glory melted away like a vision of the Apocalypse, and like the corpse of some exhumed king her strength slipped into ashes at a touch? Whom shall I summon as witnesses of this? Not bishops, not clergymen. I will summon a sceptic, M. Renan. He says that the cause of that awful collapse lay in a press filled with mean buffooneries, in puerile vanity, in a vulgar cynicism which sneers at all faith and all virtue, in a total lack of the chastity which makes nations strong. I will summon another Frenchman, an opera writer, M. Alexandre Dumas, the younger. "Tainted," he says, "all of us in the depths of our hearts, we must disengage ourselves from our habits and conventions of yesterday to reascend to the primitive sources of humanity, and ask ourselves simply and resolutely: Is it right, Yes or No, that there should be a God, a morality, a society, a family? Ought woman to be respected? Ought man to toil? Is the good absolute? Yes! Yes! a thousand-fold Yes! And societies, governments, families, individuals, can they, if they would be noble, durable, fruitful, do without these conditions? No! No! a thousand times No!" I will summon another French novelist, M. Alphonse Karr. He describes

the youth of unbelieving France as having lost their youth in a precocity of vice and presumption, and as employing the first decades of life in longing for the second, and the second decades of life in regretting the first. He adds, "If we shake down the blossom of the tree when it is in flower, if we pluck prematurely the fragrant snow which crowns it in the spring as with a bridal garland, who can expect the summer fruit?"*

Will these results encourage England, too, to enter on the path of Atheism? If she does, let her not be deceived by the notion that culture will save her, or civilization will save her, from the flood of vices which will grow darker and darker till the pit swallows them. They did not save the first century, or the fifteenth, or the eighteenth. What should save her if she professes the neutrality of ignorance between the faith which produced a Howard and a Wilberforce and the atheism which produced the Renaissance murderers and the French dynamitards? Does England want her journalists to become like Marat? her statesmen to become like Collot d'Herbois? her politics to become an anarchy of socialism like the Commune which burned and murdered in 1872, or the lustful and sanguinary orgies which made its toy of the guillotine in 1793? Does she want her youth to have no dignity of manhood, no reverence for womanhood, to be strong only in blasphemies against God and basenesses towards men? If she choose infidelity for her portion, what is to save

* The following appeared in the *Times* March 20:—

"Yesterday being the anniversary of the Commune, twenty-two banquets were held in Paris and its suburbs, with an aggregate of four thousand attendants. Louise Michel harangued at three of them on the glory of the martyrs of 1871, the impending collapse of a rotten society, the terror of the middle classes, and the approach of vengeance:—

"We shall be merciless; we shall not limit the number of victims; we shall cleave abysses. We have been styled pétroleurs, we shall again be incendiaries, and we shall think nothing of burning down a city!"

her? "Culture, without religious consciousness, is nothing but civilized barbarity, and disguised animalism." So said Bunsen; and, if you do not care for the testimony of a Christian statesman, will you accept that of the republican Mazzini, of the philosopher Goethe? "All epochs," says Goethe, "in which faith has prevailed, have been brilliant, heart-elevating, and fruitful both to contemporaries and to prosperity. All epochs, on the contrary, in which unbelief, under whatever form, has maintained a sad supremacy, even if they glitter for a moment with a false splendour, vanish from the memory because they have been barren." "Times which have ceased," says Mazzini, "to believe in God and in immortality may continue illogically to utter the holy words 'progress' and 'duty'; but they have deprived the first of its basis, and the second of its source."

Let me conclude this large and perilously important subject by one or two remarks. I am not speaking, I am not thinking, of individuals. To them I would show all courtesy, all consideration, all justice. I speak in warning to the nation. I am speaking of atheist ages, not of atheist individuals. The number of avowed atheists who have risen to any notoriety in this world has been but small, and there is scarcely one of them who is inscribed on the roll of the world's benefactors. Not a few of them have lived lives which, if imitated, would in one generation be fatal to the world. But God forbid that every individual atheist should be immoral! It is not so. There are some who have served God, though they have not known Him; some who, though speculative infidels, have been practical Christians. I cannot now pause to explain how or why this has been so in the case of a few. But it never has been so, and never can be so with an atheist nation or an atheist age. Such

a nation, such an age, may continue for a time to kindle its dim torches at that fount of light which it has denied, but they soon die out in smouldering fume. It may walk for a year or two in the dubious twilight left upon the western hill-tops when the sun has set, but the twilight soon rushes into the deep, dark night. When God is denied, when faith is quenched, when prayer has ceased, it is never long before the holy warfare of ideas is abandoned for the base conflict of interests; never long before hatred and envy usurp the place of charity, and lust the place of love. For a time an atheist populace may uphold "the tattered banner of corpse-like traditions which it has stolen from the rifled grave of Christianity," but it will never be long before it declares itself the enemy of the Church, the enemy of the family, the enemy of the throne; never long before it tears down the flag of decency and order, and uphoists in its place, if not the red flag of socialism, the black flag of spoliation, yet certainly the foul standard of material appetites and sensual desires. Let the mass of the English working classes once adopt atheistic principles, and I would not give five years' purchase for England's happiness or England's fame. She would become an astonishment and a hissing, a land of terror and of shame.

Shall it ever be so? France has deliberately erased the name of God from the curriculum of her public education. Shall we ever follow in that bad path? May God forbid! Here, at any rate, at this centre of England's national history, we may dare to hope, in spite of all signs and omens, that her sons will not pass out of the noonday into the midnight; will not abandon the cathedral for the charnel-house; will not thus apostatize from all that has made her greatest, from all for which her fathers have lavished their treasures

and shed their blood. For what has England loved and honored hitherto? Has she not loved her God and Saviour? Answer me, shade of Edward the Confessor! Answer me, hero of Agincourt, whose last words were a humble prayer! Answer me, all noble men, all saintly women, who have gone to rest! Has she not loved her throne? Answer me, soldiers, and patriots, and statesmen! Answer me from your graves, Chatham, and Pitt, and Fox, and Canning, and Mansfield, and Palmerston! Has she not loved her Bible? Answer me, ye who broke the fetters of the slave, Wilberforce, and Macaulay, and Buxton, and Granville Sharp; and Livingstone, who spent his life in duty; and Lawrence, who feared man so little because he feared God so much! Not in Westminster Abbey, not with the tombs and memorials of the sainted dead, who based all the grandeur and all the glory of England on the awful holiness of the altar and the inviolable sanctity of the domestic hearth,—will I doubt that, in spite of torpid indifference, in spite of our unworthiness, in spite of the seducing tones in which atheism appeals to the pride and to the passions of mankind, England will remain true to her God, faithful to her Scriptures, loyal to her throne. Surely, to doubt it were well-nigh to make the crusaders start from their marble tombs. But I will tell you how to avert the possibility of that day, how to keep England true to her Church, and to her faith. It is this: Live as Christians, as true Christians. Live as men who do verily believe that Christianity is not only a doctrine, but a life. The sword of England's power may be blunted, but, if she be innocent, the silver shield of her innocence can never be pierced. Her one unconquerable source of strength has ever been the faithfulness of her sons. Live as her faithful sons, and the floods of advanc-

ing atheism shall ebb away like a broken wave, dashed on the rock of Christ into spray upon the mist, driven into foul scum and empty bubbles upon the shore. Live the Christian life, believe in God not as demons which shudder but as sons who love, and then you may smile when French *savans* and German scientists tell you that Christianity is dead. Christianity dead! When once Christianity is dead, the world will be twice dead, a wandering star to which is reserved the blackness of darkness forever. But lift your eyes, lift holy hands to the God who made you, and Christianity shall never die. It shall grow younger with years. It shall deepen in faith and wisdom, in dominion and power, in purity and peace. The dew of her birth shall be of the womb of the morning; and they who believe and live in her, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever.

HISTORY.

“The God that made the world . . . made of one every nation of men, having determined their appointed seasons; that they should seek God, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him.”—ACTS xvii. 24, 26, 27.

IT seems to me of special importance in days of increasing doubt to point out the many voices in which God speaks to us. The great lessons in His sacred Book do not stand alone. They are illustrated and re-enforced by His lessons in other and widely different books. There is another teacher of mankind,—History. History means God as manifested in His dealings with the race of man. But let me from the first entreat you to believe that now and always it will be my desire to teach God’s grace, that it may help us to be better men, and, therefore, also better citizens,—“profitable members of the Church and Commonwealth, and hereafter partakers of the immortal glory of the Resurrection.”

And where, let me ask, could History be more fitly spoken of as a source of divine teaching than at Westminster Abbey, which is the most historic church in all the world? There, at the very centre of the history of the English people, a history as sacred and as instructive as any which Scripture tells, for eleven centuries at least have our annals been more or less closely connected with the sacredness of this spot. No building in the world—not St. Peter’s at Rome, not the cathedrals of Florence, or Milan, or Rheims, not the Kremlin at Moscow, not the Escorial of Spain, not the Kaaba at Mecca—can show us such a suc-

cession of historic scenes, so rich in interest and pathos. Nowhere "has human sympathy been poured forth in such torrents, in ways so great and various, and over so vast an epoch of time." In yonder chapel lie the bones of the saintly Confessor; there is

"The base, foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair";

there, too, are the tombs of kings and queens which were venerable when Shakspeare wrote. Let us enter this hallowed place. Yonder is the helmet that gleamed at Agincourt, and the sword that conquered France. There is the first contemporary portrait of any English sovereign, of Richard II., baptized, crowned, wedded, buried, in this Abbey, and in part its builder. On the walls of yonder aisle are the sculptured shields of Barbarossa, of St. Louis, of Simon de Montfort. On yonder spot has every English sovereign of England been crowned. There Plantagenets and Tudors were anointed; there sat, clothed in white satin, the king whose head fell on the scaffold; there the weight of the crown left a red scar on the forehead of Queen Anne; there, fifty years ago, sat the young girl who since then has reigned longer than any king except Henry III. and George III., and, by God's blessing, far more happily than they. Your feet are on an empire's dust. On all sides are the memorials of the statesmen, the soldiers, the sailors, the musicians, the poets, the orators, who have made this nation great, and kept it so. All this magnificent pageant, starting, as it were, into life from the consecrated dust around us,—does it mean nothing? Is it only a confused phantasmagoria of meaningless shadows? God forbid!

You might say, perhaps, that History is a phenomenon so vast, so complicated, that we can make nothing of it; that our knowledge of it is, at the best, quite fragmentary; and that even of that very partial knowledge much is imperfect and much uncertain. There are whole nations, whole races, whole dynasties of kings, over whom "the iniquity of oblivion has blindly scattered her poppy." "What is History," asked Napoleon I., "but a fiction agreed upon?" "Don't read me History," said Sir Robert Walpole, for twenty-one years Prime Minister of England, "for I know that that *can't* be true." The answer to such remarks is that History may be uncertain in thousands of minor details, but it is not uncertain in its wider issues. History is like a battle. It sways to and fro, and is full of shocks and flank movements, retreats and advances; rout and resistance, utterly confusing to those who take part in it. Nevertheless, we know in the evening which side has lost or won. It is like the sea upon the shore. You can scarcely tell at first what each wave is doing; but wait for a few moments, and you will not fail to recognize whether the tide be in ebb or flow. So is it with the annals of mankind. We are each of us units in an immense procession passing for a brief moment between the darkness of birth and the darkness of the grave. We do but emerge for one gleaming instant between the two eternities, on our way from God to God; but as surely as the changes of this planet are chronicled upon its tablets of rock, so surely does each generation leave behind it the traces of its thoughts, and words, and deeds. And these, too, are "written for our learning." Much of the Bible is a History, and all History is a Bible.

Of many attempts to read aright the meaning of His-

tory, some have naturally been partial or erroneous; and of these I may notice two.

Fifteen hundred years ago, when the flood of barbarian nations was surging round the empire, and had burst even upon the gates of Rome, there lived a great Father of the Church, who was bishop of the African town of Hippo. The Vandals had been introduced into Africa by Count Boniface. They had sacked Carthage, and were besieging the town of which Augustine was bishop. To a despondent mind it might well have seemed as though Christianity itself had failed, as though the cross would be overborne by floods of heresy or heathenism; nay, even as if, in the wreck of civilization and all social institutions, the end of the world had come. But the faith of Augustine was not shaken. He wrote his famous "City of God," to prove, even in those gloomy times, that "the world and man are governed by a divine Providence." But he looked upon mankind as falling into two irreconcilably hostile camps, the City of God, the City of Satan,—the one destined to endless glory and victory, the other mere fuel for the flame. The view is but one-sided. With far larger insight and loftier philosophy had St. Paul taught the philosophers of Athens that God hath made of one all nations, and appointed to each their times, and made them all His common care. The lines drawn by Augustine were too hard and fast. He held the narrow, unscriptural maxim that "outside the Church there is no salvation." He saw that in mankind there is a solidarity of guilt: he failed to see that there is also a solidarity of redemption. The history of the nations is not the mere story of a handful saved from universal deluge, any more than it is the chaos of madness, the tissue of absurdities, which Goethe saw in it. God is

not the Father of the elect only, but the Father of whom all fatherhood is named. The Saviour of mankind said to his apostles, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Our prayer is "that it may please Thee to have mercy upon all men," and "God willeth all men to be saved."

Again, if Augustine, perhaps still unconsciously influenced by the deep-seated Manichæism of his earlier days, saw in mankind only an elect few and a ruined multitude, a cynical and stormy gospel of modern days looks on mankind as only noticeable for the sake of its great men. This was the teaching of Carlyle. "Two hundred thousand men," said Napoleon to Prince Metternich,— "what are two hundred thousand men to me?" This view is not only false: it is also ignoble and fatal. Great men are but the children of their time, influenced by the spirit of millions of their unknown contemporaries. The multitude are not mere ciphers, the counters of the tyrant, the despot's slaves. The work of God in History is not to elevate this or that man like a colossus, and leave all the rest to peep about for dishonorable graves: it is to bless and ennoble the whole family of man. "Mankind has but one single object, mankind itself; and that object has but one single instrument, mankind again." Alone of all religions the Gospel, which has given to mankind a nobler destiny than to be the footstool of a few, is infinitely tender to the individual also. He who has made "all nations" is not far from "every one of us." God does not care, Christ did not die, for great men only. Their greatness may be no greatness at all to God. *We* weigh men by the dust-grains of rank, or measure by the molehill altitudes of human distinction. He, weighing in the balances of the sanctuary the eternal differences of holiness and vice, calls not many rich, not

many mighty, not many noble. "He putteth down the mighty from their seat, and exalteth the humble and meek."

God cares, then, for all mankind. He cares for each individual man. What lessons may all nations, what lessons, may England, what lessons may each man, learn from God's dealings with them, as recorded in the history of mankind? We may learn, first, the refutation of the fool when he hath said in his heart, "There is no God." The blind man might as well assert that there is no sun. All History, all Scripture, all Nature, all experience, refute him. How can any man of ordinary intelligence study History, and not see and hear God in it, whether in the hurricane, in the fire, in the earthquake, or in the still, small voice? When Frederic William of Prussia ordered his chaplain to prove in one sentence the truth of religion, he answered,— and the answer is full of meaning,— "The Jews, your Majesty"; but God was not more in the history of ancient Palestine than in that of modern Europe. Take but a single proof, which was alone sufficient to convince the great German historian, Julius Müller. Nearly nineteen centuries ago, in the most despised village, of the most despised province, of a most despised and conquered nation, lived One who said to His few disciples, "I am the Son of God." For thirty years, for nearly His whole life, He was the carpenter of Nazareth. For three years only He lived and taught, mostly in poor and narrow Galilee; and for one of those years at least He was a hunted fugitive in half-heathen places, with a price upon His head. Priests and Pharisees, the nobles and the masses, Jews and Gentiles, combined to slander, to scourge, to buffet, at last to put Him to a death of shame. He left but an obscure handful of frightened Galilean followers. Is any man so

senseless as to believe that, without the manifest aid of God, those few, poor, ignorant, provincial peasants could have imposed on the scornful and majestic world the endless adoration of one who had been crucified by a Roman official as a Jewish malefactor? A paltry band of fishermen and publicans,—all the intellect, all the culture, all the religion of the world, against them! Rank spat on them. Intellect disdained them. The mob roared to fling them to the lions. The swords of thirty legions were bared to smite them to the dust. Without art, without science, without force or wealth, their faith grovelled and smouldered for two centuries among slaves and artisans, and more than one emperor thought that he had trampled them out for ever. And yet, before three centuries were over, emperors had assumed their hated cross, armies had laid their weapons at their feet, and “the most majestic of empires, arrayed in the plenitude of worldly power,” had bowed down to worship Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Well might the baffled and dying Julian have exclaimed, “O Galilean, thou hast conquered!” Could there be two more stupendous proofs of the presence of God in History than Christianity and Christendom? What can account for so superb a triumph of the merest human weakness? One fact only,—the power of Christ’s Resurrection. “Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.”

And History, which is thus a teacher of God, is also a preacher of judgment. I know not whether the tale be true that, when, after the bloody orgies of the Revolution, the spell of terror was broken which had paralyzed the energies of France, and Robespierre was being dragged on the tumbril to the guillotine, his jaw shattered by a pistol-

shot,—I know not whether it be true that an old man, approaching the tumbril, said sadly to the miserable tyrant, “Yes! Robespierre, there is a God”;—but certainly all History reverberates, as in thunders of Sinai, the truth, “Verily, there is a God that judgeth the earth.” How often has God confounded the Babels, and dashed in pieces the invincible despotisms of the world! Read the insolent words of Sennacherib, when he threatened Judah with his immense array, and how Isaiah defied him, and how the Lord withered his army in a single night with one blast of the simoom. Read the terror of the youth when the hosts of Syria encompassed Dothan, and Elisha, opening his eyes, showed him the hills round about the city, full of horses and chariots of fire. Read how on the medal which commemorated the destruction of the Spanish Armada was written, “Flavit et dissipati sunt,”—“He sent forth His wind and scattered them.” “You trust,” said Oliver Cromwell, “to the ditch which guards your coasts. I tell you that, if you break God’s laws, it is not your ditch that will save you.” It was a wiser saying than the insolent sneer of Napoleon, who said, “I observe that God is usually on the side of the strongest battalions.” And how did God answer the taunt? In the year 1812, with bursts of cheering, the glittering files of France and her tributary kings, to the number of six hundred thousand men, crossed the Niemen to invade Russia. They took Smolensko, they won the bloody battle of Borodino, they took Moscow. Then God sent down upon them the soft, feathery flakes of feeble, innocent snow. The snows of God, the soft snows which a breath can melt, were too much for the strongest battalions. The French armies perished by myriads; and the Cossacks, with their lances, thrust out the miserable, frozen, famine-

stricken remnant whom the northern winter had not slain. God was not, that time, on the side of the strongest battalions. Alexander of Russia understood the truth, if Napoleon did not; and on his commemorative medal were the words, "Not to me, not to us, but to Thy name."

Once more, History, the revealer of God, the revealer of judgment, is also the preacher of great moral verities. Apply the test to any nation you like, in any age you like, and you will find that the strength of nations depends neither on their gold, nor their iron, nor their trade, nor their armies, but on the faithfulness of their sons to justice and the moral law. A nation morally corrupt is always a nation physically weak. The change may come in a few years. When, for instance, was England at the very nadir of her degradation? It was when she was also at the nadir of her morals. It was in the days of the Stuart Restoration. Harlots toyed with her crown in the gilded chambers of Whitehall. The dissolute king was the perjured pensioner of France. A few years earlier it seemed as if, under the stern and righteous rule of Puritanism, the unclean spirit had been cast out; but now that unclean spirit returned, and with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself. Under the Puritans the name of England was feared and honored in every land. Under Charles II. it became a by word and a hissing.

In 1652 Blake, the great admiral of the Commonwealth, began to found our naval supremacy. In 1653 he won against the Dutch the great battle of Dortland. In 1655 he crushed the pirates of Tunis and Algiers. In 1656 he destroyed the silver-fleets of Spain. He was buried in Westminster Abbey by Cromwell; and in 1661 his body, with impotent contumely, was dug up by Charles II. A

few years later, under such a king, and in that foul orgy of national reaction from Puritan morality, the Dutch, whom Blake had swept into darkness, burned our English shipping in the very mouth of the Thames. Yes! national crime is a thing which God will deal with. Did not God tell the Jews five thousand years ago that, if they committed iniquity, ten thousand of them should flee at the rebuke of ten, at the rebuke of one should they flee? — Take another instance. Why did a handful of English traders, fugitives from the cruelty of kings and priests, face and overthrow in America the mighty feudalism of France, the brutal bigotry of Spain? Because God had reserved for the New World a better destiny than the tender mercies of the tyrant and the Inquisitor. History, then, is, as a living historian has told us, “a voice ever sounding across the centuries the eternal distinctions of right and wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall; but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity. For every false word and unrighteous deed, for cruelty or oppression, for lust or vanity, the price has to be paid at last. Justice and truth alone endure and live. Injustice and falsehood may be long-lived, but doomsday comes to them at last.”

History is an unbroken continuity of causes and effects, and to those causes and effects every one of us contributes. Good and bad results are not accidental: they are the necessary consequences of obeying or of breaking the great laws of life. Social wrongs end in social revolutions. National iniquity means national decay. Nudity and rags mean indolence. Disease is, in thousands of cases, intemperance and impurity taken at a later stage. Man is born for holiness, as the trees of the forest for light. The history of the world is, as Schiller sang, the judgment of the

world. It is God's constant decision between our will and His will. It is His continuous condemnation of human egotism, of drunkenness, and theft, and hatred, and lust, and crime.

And if all this be so,—if History be indeed, as Fichte said, “a constant inflowing of God into human affairs”; if it be, as Vico said, “a civil theology of divine Providence,”—we have much to fear and much to do. There is an awful accumulation of poverty and pauperism, an ever growing mass of dark, subterranean, impenetrable blackguardism, the ever-deepening misery of multitudes, crushed into filthy streets, under a foul air, “in a condition as cruel as that of a Roman slave, and more squalid than that of a South Sea Islander.” In the upper classes there is far too much of lax morals, gilded frivolity, voluptuous self-indulgence, callous selfishness; and in the other extreme there are slums where men never use the name of God but to give emphasis to a curse or gain credence for a lie. In those slums thrives and breeds the triple-headed Gorgon-monster of infidelity, impurity, and drink. It is little that any one of us may seem able to do amidst these growing perils; yet not one of us can evade the responsibilities which God has laid upon us. Every one of you,—just as much as any minister of religion,—every one of you is a priest of God; every one of you is in his measure accountable to God for his neighbour and his brother; every one of you—the boy at school, the clerk in his office, the youth in the shop, the employer of labour, the father of a family—is helping either to wreck others on the reef or to steer them to the port. Which is each of you,—a priest of God or a priest of devils? The cruel man, who lives in the spirit of hatred and malice, is a priest, not of God, but of Moloch. The

base, greedy, dishonest man, who only lives to get money, is a priest not of God, but of Belial. The corrupt, unclean, dissolute man is a priest, not of God, but of Beelzebub, the god of filth. Every one among you who is a better and gambler, or a cheat, or a drunkard, or a liar, or a slanderer, or a fornicator and corrupter of others, is hastening the ruin of the nation while he consummates his own: he is a curse to the world as well as to himself. It is a devil's proverb which says of any one that "he is no man's enemy but his own." If he be his own enemy he is the enemy of others. His bad example is a spiritual impoisonment: it is the teaching of a sacrilege; it is the worship of a demon. Vice is not only an evil to the transgressor, but also a crime against the feeble whom he helps to corrupt. We live in a dangerous time, and it may be too late to avert some of our dangers. Blinded by passion, steeped in ignorance, having lost or rendered flaccid the moral fibre of old days, we may with a light heart ruin kingdoms and barter away the inheritance of ages. England may become the worst bane of England's greatness, and may,

"Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself."

But whatever may be coming upon us, whatever be right, whatever wrong, we may take this comfort. If we continue a righteous, God-fearing nation, we can never wholly be cast down. The best Christian is also the best citizen. He who does his duty from day to day to the best of his power as he sees it; he who has "a strong will, the servant of a tender conscience"; he who loves and fears God with all his heart, and loves his neighbour as himself; he who, in a pure and manly life of such services as he has it in his power to

render to his fellow-men, strives always, and with all his might, "to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God,"—that man, as he is a true Christian, so also is he a true patriot, a true supporter and defender of his country. Such a man need fear nothing. God will guard him from all evil in this life or overrule it to his deeper blessedness; and, when the last wave of death's river has closed over him, he shall hear the voice of his Saviour saying to him: "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

ART.

“Then wrought Bezaleel and Aholiab, and every wise-hearted man, in whom the Lord put wisdom and understanding.”—Ex. xxxvi. 1.

ART is no mere amusement for the idle or ostentation for the luxurious, but in past ages has been, and still is, a consummate teacher of mankind. And let me say at the outset that I look on all true and worthy Art as a thing essentially sacred. There is no error more vulgar and more benumbing than that which cleaves a chasm between the sacred and the secular, and thus prevents religion from suffusing and interpenetrating the whole realm of daily life. True Art comes from the Spirit of God. It is the outcome of an exquisite faculty, which, like “every good gift, and every perfect gift, cometh down from above, from that Father of lights with whom is no variableness or shadow of turning.” Art, as a faculty, is as sacred as any of the highest impulses of humanity. Whether, as the Greek legend says, it sprang from love, or from some other noble passion, it has its roots in the depths of man’s being, and is well-nigh as ancient as his race.

And, as the technical skill of Art is here attributed to the Spirit of the Lord, and is therefore sacred, so, too, is the right aim of Art. We fatally degrade the conception of Art if we take of it the ignorant view that the essence of Art is imitation. He has abdicated the office of an artist who simply repeats for the mass of men what they see for themselves. It is true that no less a thinker than

Plato fell into this error. He expels artists from his model Republic, on the ground that truth (*i.e.*, essential reality) is the one object of man's search, and that the only abstract and ultimate truth is to be found in the divine *Ideas*, which alone represent absolute Being. Regarding all outward phenomena as mere material copies of transcendent facts which exist in the mind of God, he regarded the artistic representations of outward things as being but copies of copies, and therefore twice removed from truth. But a Pheidias or an Apelles might have answered him, "So far from being the copyists of copies, we aim both to interpret and to get nearer the divine Ideal. We, no less than the poets, are *poietai* (makers): we do not imitate, but in our measure we create." Art is indeed the representation of the ideal under the forms of the actual. "It conceives of unity beneath variety; of the general within the particular; of the moral within the physical; of the spiritual in the material; of the infinite beyond the finite. We witness to, we prophesy of, the restoration of the eternal beauty and harmony which sin has marred." "How beautiful," says St. Gregory of Nyssa, "are the imitations of beautiful things, when they preserve visibly the impress of the beauty of the prototype!" When Flaxman walked through the lowest slums of London, he perpetually stopped to point out to his companion the ideal beauty which gleamed out of the rags and dirt of the poor squalid children in the streets. It is the function of the artist to recognize and reproduce this hidden and underlying loveliness; to shadow forth the perfect in the marred; to make the trivial rise to the expression of the sublime.

"And thus 'mid mire and dirt e'en here
The lilies of God's love appear."

Great artists have always felt this sacredness of their function. When the Greek sculptor was asked why he took such pains with the hair of a statue of which the face alone would be visible to the spectator, and that high up on the temple-front, where few would see it, he nobly replied, "The gods will see it." "Since"—so ran the statutes of the guild of Sieneſe painters in 1355—"ſince we are teachers to unlearned men, and ſince no undertaking, however ſmall, can be begun or ended without the power to do, without knowledge, and without true love of the work, and ſince in God every perfection is eminently united, we will earneſtly aſk aid of the divine grace, and begin by a dedication to the honor of the name of the moſt Holy Trinity."

And Art, thus ſacred as an exquisite, God-given faculty, and as the ſtriving after the ideal, is ſacred alſo as the expreſſion of human feeling. It has been defined as revealing "the conſciouſneſs of emotion in the preſence of the phenomena of life and nature." It ſprings from the depths of perſonality, and expreſſes its infinite variations. It is not only a tranſcript of the facts of nature, but of thoſe facts bathed in the darkening or illuminating atmosphere of the artiſt's thoughts. In the man's works we ſee the man himſelf. In the ſunny tendereſs and vernal innocence of Fra Angelico; in the pure religious aim and perfect artiſtic power of Giovanni Bellini; in the ſweet ſymboliſm of Carpaccio; in the chateſt ſeverity of Bernardino Luini; in the ſtern, ſad ſpirit of Michael Angelo, the Dante of Sculpture; in the radiant and love-compelling ſerenity of Raphael; in the gorgeous pomp and luxurious prodigality of Rubens; in the gloom and pathos of Rembrandt; in the ſtormy ſplendour and final ruin of Turner,—we ſee the reflexion of the characters and deſti-

nies of men who, in setting forth for us the gloom and glory of life or nature, set forth also the gloom or the glory of their own souls; and that is one reason why the interest of pictures must ever be deep as the interests of life. It is a solemn thought to the artist himself that his *ethos*, his moral tendency, unconsciously, yet inevitably, repeats itself in the work of his hands. If he be swayed by greed of gain, by condescension to a vulgar desire for popularity, by bitter envy or by unhallowed passion, these faults and vices, no less than his pulses of nobleness and gleams of holy aspiration, will in silence, yet with all the certainty of fate, tinge every canvas which he paints. Yes: the character, the religion, of a painter tell upon his works. "Believe me," says Sir Frederick Leighton, "whatever of dignity, whatever of strength, we have within us, will dignify and make strong the labours of our hands: whatever littleness degrades our spirit will lessen them and drag them down. Whatever noble fire is in our hearts will burn also in our work; whatever purity is ours will chasten and exalt it; for as we are, so our work is; and what we sow in our lives, that beyond a doubt we shall reap, for good or for ill, in the strengthening or defacing of whatever gifts have fallen to our lot." And this is why the poet Wordsworth wrote to Sir George Beaumont:—

"High is our calling, friend! Poetic art,
Whether the instrument of words she use
Or pencil, pregnant with ethereal hues,
Hath need of mind and soul in every part
Heroically fashioned, to infuse
Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse."

And do not think that these are only Academic theses. You may see them illustrated with fatal force on the walls

of our picture galleries. Contrast, for instance, two painters, both eminent, but oh! how different,—Salvator Rosa and Fra Angelico di Fiesole. “Salvator,” says our great art critic, “saw early what was gross and terrible. His temper confirmed itself in evil, and became more and more fierce and morose. The gloom gained upon him, and grasped him. Of all men whose work I have ever studied, he gives me most distinctly the idea of a lost spirit,—‘ce damné Salvator,’ as Michelet pitilessly calls him. The religion of the earth is a horror to him. He gnashes his teeth at it, rages at it, mocks and gibes at it.” But now contrast this reveller in the horrible, this painter of ghastliness and desolation, of the vulture’s beak and the bandit’s prey, with that other painter, the angel faces of whose pure dreams delight us still; who painted “beings so fervent that they are beautiful, so nobly beautiful that they are good.” Angelico painted heavenly pictures because he lived a heavenly life,—a life uncantered by envy, unruffled by contention, undefiled by lust. Earth for him was heaven, because he had reflected some of heaven’s azure in his own peaceful soul. He could paint angels, because he saw them, and lived with them, and heard their warbling melodies. Under every cypress avenue they walked. “He had seen their white robes, whiter than the dawn, at his bedside, as he awoke in early summer. They had sung with him, one at each side, when his voice failed for joy at sweet matin and vesper time; and his eyes were blinded by their wings when the sun set behind the hills of Luino.” On Salvator’s pictures are the traces of the horror and malignity which had defiled his soul; on Angelico’s, the sign of a calm and heavenly frame. Salvator sought a home among the brigands of the Abruzzi, Angelico in the peaceful clois-

ters of San Marco. "He who would practise the art of painting," he said, "has need of quiet; he who would do the work of Christ must dwell continually with Him." In this contrast, do you not see another element of the permanence with which Art appeals to our sympathies, because it is an eternal manifestation of that which has for us all undying interest,—the human soul?

Thus far, then, we have seen in the abstract the elements of the intrinsic sacredness of Art in its God-granted faculty; in its striving after the ideal; in its expression of the artist's soul. Let us proceed to illustrate some of its various functions.

You know to how great an extent in all ages painting and sculpture have been occupied with portraiture; the simple reproduction, as it might seem to careless observers, of the human face divine. Now, has portraiture a mere historic interest? Does it merely gratify our curiosity to see how this or that man looked whose name we have heard? Even if that were all, the manner and surroundings in which men have desired that they and their families should be painted are not without significance. Stand before the Madonna of the younger Holbein in the Dresden Gallery and see how the burgomaster Meyer desired that he and his should be painted, all in deepest reverence and devotion, alike the strong youth and the aged grandmother kneeling humbly before the Heavenly Child. Or, in the same gallery, see how Paul Cagliari, of Verona, could imagine no happier or sweeter way of painting those noble Venetian boys and girls of his, with all their varying shades of character, than by having them presented by Faith, Hope, and Charity to the Virgin and her Babe, and welcomed into her gentle presence by saints and angels.

Might not modern portraiture and modern society learn something from this simple faithfulness? Might we not profitably observe that the painters of Venice represent her doges, not with all the splendour of fashion and upholstery, but "kneeling crownless, returning thanks to God for His help, or as priests interceding for the nation in its affliction"? Is it to our credit that to represent us in religious attitudes would appear almost shocking to a society destitute of faith? Does it show our superiority that we so often choose portraits which show us men and women not of God's making, but of the tailor's or milliner's, mere lay figures for the display of embroideries and satins, of rings and fans? But, quite apart from these surroundings, every true portrait is the manifestation of a human soul in its prophecy or its history, its sorrow or triumph, its beneficence or baseness,—

"Each face obedient to its passion's law,
Each passion clear proclaimed without a tongue."

It is the object of the great painter, not to present the mere mask of the features, whether noble or vapid, sincere or sly, ploughed by passion or smoothed by hypocrisy, but rather to add the very flash of life, to look through the eyes into the very soul, to get divinely behind the veil of flesh, and to present for all time the inmost and immortal being of the man. It was so that Raphael painted Pope Julius II., and Carpaccio the doge Mocenigo, and Giovanni Bellini the doge Loredano. The faces may not be in the least beautiful, and yet the portraits will live in the admiration of all time. They give the character, not only the features, because they express not the vapidness of fashion, or the insolence of self-assertion, not an exhibition of

smirking vanity, dull pomposity, or presumptuous ostentation, but the human being in the image of God, and at his best.

Again, Art is the reflection of History: it is an illustrative chapter in the autobiography of nations. For Art has in it an element of the inevitable. "By a necessity deep as the world," says Emerson, "the artist's pen or chisel seems to have been held and guided by a gigantic hand to describe a line on the history of the human race." An artist must be in some respects the child of the society to which he belongs, yet he may rise immeasurably above its vulgar average, and, concentrating all that is noblest in its impulses, he may help to elevate its entire standard. And, besides this general influence, an artist, if he will not sink into the mere pet or favorite of his age, may become a mighty prophet and preacher against its vices. In Mr. Ruskin's house I once sat gazing on Turner's picture of the slave ship. It is the picture of a black slaver chased by a frigate, under a lurid sky, and flinging the slaves overboard into the lurid sea. The horrors of the picture reveal, interpret, emphasize, the horrors of the fact. The sky and the multitudinous sea are bathed, are incarnadined, with blood,—the blood of vengeance, the blood of wrong. That lurid, blood-red picture, overwhelming in its solemnity and shuddering intuition of wrong, is Turner's way of saying to his fellow-citizens, "Verily, there is a God that judgeth the earth." It is his way of helping to educate the national conscience. "Yes," said Mr. Ruskin, "that is Turner's sermon against the slave-trade"; — and, limited as are the means with which Art works, no sermon more awfully effective was ever preached.

Again, Art may be in a very high sense an inter-

preter of Life,—of life in all its phases, various as the bosom of the sea,—its storm and calm, its splendour and its squalor, its gladness and desolations. The great French painter, Millet, who died twelve years ago, says that, when he saw Michael Angelo's drawing of a man in a swoon, he seemed to touch the heart and hear the speech of that great sculptor, and see how, with a single figure, he could personify the great and the good of all Humanity. And it was Millet's own work, amid the insult and neglect of a generation which now flings its useless roses upon his tomb, to preach to France two lessons which she most sorely needs, the lesson of the intrinsic grandeur of manhood, of the infinite sanctity of toil. At this moment a writer who has prostituted the gift of genius to the service of corruption has deluged Europe with romances which represent the life of the French peasantry as a nightmare and leprosy of foulness. "His women are mostly mænads, his men satyrs," and, "according to his perverted gospel, human nature is simply bestial when it is not infernal." The eye only sees what it brings with it the power of seeing. That is what M. Zola has seen; but, happily, two true artists have seen that men and women, peasants though they be, are not all akin to the tiger and the ape, but that humble life still abounds in purity and faithfulness. Look at the little pictures of Edouard Frère in their beauty, dignity, and tender lowliness. They are pictures in which he breathes the everlasting peace of heaven round the village children, by whom, if she can save them from the taint of animal degradation, France may yet be redeemed from her decadence. Take his little pictures of prayer, in which the dear, bowed, patient face and folded hands show us that to the humble peasant mother her little ones are as surely in

God's presence as if the poor cottage floor were the rock of Sinai. "He will do more for his country," it has been said, "if he can lead her to look where he looks, and to love where he loves, than all the proud painters who ever gave lustre to her state or endurance to her glory." And the same high message was told by François Millet, with yet greater originality and power. He had seen from infancy the beauty of holiness in the Breton hovel, and he deliberately faced starvation rather than pander to the voluptuous baseness of his day. His pictures now sell for hundreds of pounds, but in his own day he had once to sell six drawings for a pair of shoes. "François," said his old peasant grandmother to him, "follow the example of that man who said, 'I paint for eternity.'" Sad his pictures are, very sad: the toiler in the vineyard, the hoer of the clod, the labour of women in field or farm; bread eaten according to the primal curse—or shall I call it rather the primal blessing?—in the sweat of the brow; hardship, monotony, patient endurance, all that had been hitherto despised as subject of Art. But in it all he saw true humanity and great poetry, the essential dignity of man as man, the age-long struggle of man's will with Nature and destiny, which, without any false sentiment, without any prettifying of types, may give action as heroic and beauty as rare to a sower or a gleaner as to the Faun of Praxiteles or the Apollo of the Belvedere. And withal, over the cry of the ground, over the sadness of field and wood, over the toil and suffering of man, as part of the great order of the universe, he breathed, as it were, something of the eternal azure, the sense of God's love shadowed in the love of wife and child and home; the sense of God's Eternity burning like some sure though unrisen morrow beyond his twilight scenes.

And the painter is an interpreter of Nature, as well as of human life. "Ah!" said Millet, "I should like those who look at what I do to feel the terrors and splendours of the night. One ought to be able to hear the melodies, the silences, the murmurs of the air. The infinite must be perceived. They tell me I see no charms in the country: I see much more than charms, I see infinite glories. I see the little flowers of which Christ said 'that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' I see the aureoles of the dandelions, and the sun which spreads out beyond the world its glory in the clouds." And such is the pre-eminent task of all true artists. They educate us in the perception of beauty;—

"For, don't you mark, we're made so that we love,
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see."

And thus the artist lends us the help of his own intuition. He opens our eyes to read, writ large over the universe, God's autograph of love. We perhaps first learn truly and fully to admire God's works when some brighter and less world-clogged soul than ours has flung its sunlight upon them. Nobly has our English school of landscape fulfilled this function. It opens windows for us into the sunlight from the gloom. It helps us to feel that "the world's no blank for us,—no blot"; that "it means intensely, and means good." It educes in the region of the feeling a mighty counterpoise to the atheism of the intellect. Those landscapes may appeal from the syllogism of a godless logic to the syllogism of a glowing faith. They show us that, in the words of the Book of Wisdom, "from the beauty of things visible, proportionally the Maker of them

is observed." "I never saw such colors in nature as you represent," said some one to Turner. "No," answered the great painter; "but don't you wish you could?" "I assert for myself," said the poet-painter, William Blake, "that I do not behold the outward creation, and that to me it is hindrance, and not action. 'What?' it will be questioned, 'when the sun rises, do you not see a round disk of fire, somewhat like a guinea?' Oh, no, no, I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty.' I question not my corporeal eye any more than I would question a window concerning a sight. I look through it, and not with it." The poet says that "there is no great or small," and the painter teaches us this truth even in the case of things that seem the smallest. He shows us the presence of God in every stain of silver or orange lichen on the crag, just as the fainting African traveller saw it in the single tuft of emerald moss. And then

"No pebble at my feet but proves a sphere;
 No Chaffinch but implies the Cherubim;
 No hum of lily-muffled bee but finds
 Some coupling music with the spinning stars.
 Earth's crammed with heaven,
 And every common bush afire with God;
 But only those who see take off their shoes,
 The rest sit round it and eat blackberries."

But the true artist makes us recognize in the loveliness of created things, as it were, one single rose flung down from the summer opulence of God. As on the curtains which shrouded the entrance to the Holiest, through which the High Priest passed into the presence of God, were woven lily, and palm, and cherubim, so the artist

shows us the embroideries of the arras folds of earth's curtains,

"To prove what amplitude in store
Lies just beyond the entrance door."

And even now we have by no means reached the summits of Art's high power and endeavour. She is, as we have seen, the inspired interpreter of the Ideal; she is a prophet of God, to unfold to common men the Sacramental beauties of Nature; she has a spell to decipher the deep mysteries of life. But, beyond all this, she contributes greatly and powerfully to the elevation of the aim of society, and to the deepest religious emotions which uplift man into nearer unity with God.

I have spoken already of what Art may do as a witness against national sins; but must I not touch also on her work in enforcing on us individually the grandeur of the moral law? Among the domestic incidents and nursery idylls which cover the walls of our Academies, and which may at least deepen for us the spell of home affection and show us how much there is of beauty and brightness to gladden the sorrows of our common life, do we not constantly come across some deep note of moral warning against the sins and perils alike of the society and the individual?

We know the greed and worldliness of society, and the base motives which often predominate in marriage. Has the painter nothing to tell us in such a picture as Mr. Orchardson's "Le Mariage de Convenance"? It represents a husband and wife — an aged roué and a woman of fashion — dining together in the splendid luxury of a loveless home. In their faces the whole story is told. It is a warning to society in all ranks. It tells that wealth, sparkling wine, gems, delicate viands, unlimited magnifi-

cence, cannot contribute one sand-grain to happiness, where the world, the flesh, and the devil reign, and there is a flapping of harpy wings about the roof. The following year there was the sequel to it. It was called "After." The same gorgeous room, the same luxurious table; but now the husband sits — lonely in his deserted home, haunted by nameless miseries, dogged by the shadows of a wasted life, while "the fires of hell mix with his hearth." And are not these two pictures two powerful sermons — sermons needed by a selfish and worldly society — on the text, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith"?

There was yet a deeper lesson in another strange picture by Mr. Burne Jones, called "The Depths of the Sea." A mermaid, beautiful in face, but hideously repellent in her scaly train, has flung her arms around a youth, and is dragging him down through the green waters to her cave. In her face is the intense malignity of cruel triumph and cruel scorn; in the youth's face is the agony of frustration and of death. And the motto below is, "Habes totâ quod mente petisti, Infelix!" — "Thou hast what thou soughtest with all thy soul, unhappy one." Oh that it were in my power to preach to all young men a sermon of meaning so intense as that picture! The mermaid, like the Siren of mythology, like the strange woman of the Proverbs, is the harlot Sense. She is the type of carnal temptation, ending in disillusion, shame, anguish, death. It is the meaning of that saying of the rabbis, "The demons come to us smiling and beautiful: when they have done their work, they drop their mask." It is the meaning of Solomon: "But he knoweth not that the dead are there, and that her guests are in the depths of hell." God has granted to

that youth his heart's desire, and sent leanness withal into his bones. He has got what he passionately longed for, and it is — death!

Or, once more, if a youth needs not so much a warning against the idolatries of sense as hope to secure the conquest over them, could he learn the lesson in a more inspiring form than by going into our National Gallery and there reading the meaning of Turner's great pictures of Apollo and the Python? The youthful Sun-God, the emblem of victorious purity, is seated in his circle of light, launching arrow after arrow at that huge, loathly monster of corruption. Awful and terrible as that destructive monster looks, it is but a colossal worm. When the arrow pierces it, it bursts asunder in the midst. Any youth, I think, who had in his soul one gleam of noble imagination might well, as he looked at that picture, be inspired to hate the foulness of that impurity which can so frightfully crush to death all who put themselves in its power, but which is yet weak as a worm to those who "walk in the light as Christ is in the light," and who pierce the pestilent foulness with the arrows of the dawn.

Thus, then, we have seen that Art, while merely following her own high instinct, may still climb with Moses the burning crags of Sinai, and become a preacher and a prophet to mankind. In indirect yet deeply effectual ways, she can awaken the conscience of nations, reveal the hollowness of worldly aims, teach us by nature's sunbeams to climb to the Father of Lights, show us that the wages of sin is death, and that God can give us the victory in Christ our Lord. She can fulfil in the highest sense her ideal function of "presenting to us, in many parts and fashions, the dim yearning of the Universe for its divine restitution

into perfect unity with the will of God"; while, at the same time, merely as a minister to our innocent and noble happiness, she may in these dim cities open our windows upon flashing waves, and golden headland, and purple moor, and help us to hear the voices of the mountain and the sea. But, besides this, she can, directly or by symbolism, enter into the vestibule of theology, and give us a very gospel, made more eloquent by form and color. I need hardly remind you what glorious work has thus been done by Art from the days of Bezaleel and Aholiab until now: by the humble decorators of the Catacombs; by the builders of those living symbols of the faith, and poems in stone, our great Gothic cathedrals; by the painters of Italy, and Spain, and Germany, and the Netherlands; by Giotto, and Leonardo, and Carpaccio, and Luini, and Tintoret. The high thunderings of Savonarola have been hushed for centuries, but Fra Angelico still speaks to us of heaven. Who that has seen Murillo's "Prodigal Son" does not enter more vividly into the heart of the parable? Has the awful "Crucifixion" of Velasquez never brought more deeply home to us the pathos of the world's central tragedy? Was it not such a picture at Düsseldorf, with the words beneath it,—

"I did all this for thee:
What hast thou done for Me?"

which first inspired Count Zinzendorf with the holy self-devotion which brought forth fruit in the Moravian Brothers? Can we estimate the effects produced on holy and imaginative souls by directly religious pictures, from the Madonnas of Raphael down to such great conceptions of our own day as Holman Hunt's "Light of the World" or "Shadow of the Cross"? Again, have not multitudes of

souls been taught by the unambiguous symbolism of such pictures as Albrecht Dürer's "Knight and Death," or Raphael's "Knight's Dream," or Millet's "Angelus" or the "Sower"?

And of this high religious symbolism, even in these days, we have had superb examples. Let me mention two examples of this by our great painter, Mr. Watts. One of them enriched the Royal Academy some years ago. It was the "Death of Cain." On the rock, dying, his eyes half-closed, his hair white as snow, his mighty limbs relaxed, lies the first man that was born into the world, who was, also, alas! the first murderer. He has dragged himself to a neglected weed-grown altar. It is the old altar of Abel, and thereon he is offering all that he can offer,—*himself* in willing, remorseful self-sacrifice. Agony and despair convulse his dying features; but his guardian angel pleads for him to the lowering and stormy heavens,—pleads for him, and not in vain. For the lurid menace of the storm has spent its fury, the lightning flickers in the distance like a frustrate demon, and through the darkened heavens a ray of mercy is gleaming down over the aged murderer's head. Is not that picture a vivid sermon that without reparation and restitution—above all, without the willing and total sacrifice of self—we cannot please God? But, since the sacrifice of self is ever a hard and painful lesson, the same painter has tried in another picture to teach us never to despair. It is a picture called "Hope." She is seated on the world, where she is needed most. She is blind, for Hope must walk by faith, and not by sight; but she listens intently to the strains of her own harp. Alas! string after string of her harp has snapped. But one string is left: if that snaps, there is no music more. Will

that string also break? If Hope have only an earthly harp, it will; but, if her harp be divine, it will never break, and all the silver chords, restrung, shall ring forth, in perfect diapason, the music of the spheres. It is a lesson deeply needed by the sad and suffering world. The yearnings of Pagan mythology might have taught us the same lesson in the legend of Pandora. The prophet taught it when he said, "Fly unto the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope." St. Peter taught it most plainly of all when he wrote, "We are saved by hope," and prayed for his converts that the God of hope might "fill them with joy and peace and hope in believing." And thus, my friends, Art, too, has her gospel, the gospel of hope, her interpretation of the blessed gospel of Jesus Christ our Lord. She adds to the innocent brightness of this world:—and, if we ask her of the next, she sings,—

"Waft of soul's wing,—
What lies above?
Sunshine and love,
Sky-blue and spring!"

And if she can thus, in this world, pour fresh glory on things already glorious and "add sunlight to daylight, by making the happy happier"; and can also uplift at least one little corner of that curtain which hides the things unseen, and reveal one glimpse of those unimaginable glories and melodies "which neither eye hath seen nor ear hath heard,"—did I not rightly bestow on her the title of a Teacher of Mankind?

I have said, of course, but a small part of what might be said of her high and beneficent activity. I have not spoken of the application of Art to industrial purposes; nothing of the simple decorative skill by which she can

add grace and loveliness to the surroundings of common life; nothing of her power to refine, to elevate, to brighten, not only the palace of the noble, but the cottage of the poor; nothing of the general element of pleasure and happiness which she adds to our often troubled life. For I have shown that the skill of Art is an inspiration; I have shown her essential aim, and her indefeasible interest as an expression of the soul; I have spoken of her personal and her historic function; and proved that Art may be a prophet of God in her interpretation of Life, in her interpretation of Nature, in her services to Humanity, and in her services to Religion, by which she makes both Humanity and Nature revelations of the Divine. In her highest reach, as a Christian scholar has pointed out, she reveals the unattainable; she is the interpretation of beauty in life under the light of the Incarnation. What the old Greek passion for Art lost by sensuousness, Christian Art gives back to us bathed in heaven; not only showing us

“The beauty, and the wonder, and the power, the shapes of things,
 Their colours, lights and shades,
 Changes, surprises,—and God made it all?” —

but revealing to us something of the grandeur of our own nature, and of that Eternal Home where He, for whose Second Coming we yearn, whose Incarnation we soon shall once more celebrate, has taken the Form of Man into the very midst of the great White Throne of God.

BIOGRAPHY: THE TEACHERS OF MANKIND.

"He will keep the feet of his saints, and the wicked shall be silent in darkness; for by strength shall no man prevail."—1 SAM. ii. 9.

"For the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them."
ST. LUKE ix. 56.

I HAVE tried at different times to set forth the truth that God speaks to us in many voices; and that, though those voices differ in the clearness and fulness of their message, yet their message is, in its great main features, one and the same. In this way, I have spoken of the Bible, and of Art, and of History as Teachers of Mankind. Biography, the lives of particular men, forms another great part of that divine revelation which comes to us in many parts and many manners, but all to confirm and to emphasize what God hath, in these last days, spoken unto us by His Son.

True it is that the few only leave any personal record of themselves in the annals of the world. Most of us become, in an incredibly short time, as though we had never been. Few, for instance, can tell you anything about their own grandparents. The very gravestones of men are very soon forgotten and undecipherable. In less than one lifetime the creeping wave of oblivion overtakes us all except a few. And yet there is no man or woman but has left at least some sand-grain of bright or of bitter experience upon the shores of time. Infinitesimal as our contribution may seem to be, it is part of the great human heritage of good or of evil. "In our momentary passage between the two

eternities we have deserved the blessings or the curses of all time." The wretched sot, who has made his life a degradation and his home a hell, has injured all mankind as well as himself. The cell of the felon and the grave of the suicide poison the atmosphere of the world. And, on the other hand, the old woman in a back street who has lived honestly and virtuously has helped, in her own dim sphere or unrecorded place, to make better the general life of all the family of man.

But, for our warning or our example, the careers of all are not forgotten. We may read the records of many thousands of human lives. God teaches us by their examples. Being dead, they yet speak. The Bible is full of biographies. In those lives God illustrates for us in the concrete what He had enjoined upon us in the abstract. He teaches us *why* He laid down the laws of "Thou shalt not" and "Thou shalt." He shows us that those prohibitions and commands are not the offspring of arbitrary will, but of abiding love, seeing that the violation of them is ruin, and the obedience to them peace. The moral wisdom with which God inspired the Greeks expressed itself in exquisite allegories. The Harpies are the symbols of avenging cares and retributive remorse. The Sirens are the symbols of seductive pleasure, ending in hideous death. But God taught His chosen people more by actual events than by poetic images. To them facts were God's words, and contained a revelation which he who ran might read. And those facts are recorded for our instruction. He inspires, He elevates, He warns us by real examples. Abraham, the friend of God; Isaac, the prayerful and thoughtful; Joseph, the youth strong in virtue; Moses, the mighty deliverer; Joshua, the brave soldier; Hezekiah and

Josiah, the faithful kings; the dauntless Isaiah; the persecuted Jeremiah; John the Baptist, the torch of reformation; Paul, the unwearied missionary; John, the evangelist of love,—are they not speaking types, living parables, of all that is noble, unselfish, and wise? And the lives of Balaam, who tried to serve God and Mammon; of Esau, the profane; of Eli, the weak father; of Absalom, the bad son; of Rehoboam, the headstrong; of Ahitophel, the treacherous; of Manasseh, the apostate; of Judas, the traitor; of Ananias and Sapphira, who lied to God,—are they not as beacon-lights to warn us from the wrecking shores? And these examples, these warnings, are continued age after age. Have you to fight against strong temptations? Read the life of Antony. Have you boldly to rebuke vice? Read the life of Savonarola. Have you to “wake a greedy age to nobler deeds”? Read the lives of Luther and of Wesley. Would you see the picture of a faithful pastor? You will find it in the lives of Oberlin or Felix Neff. On the other hand, if you would assure yourself of the awful catastrophe and conflagration which follow on sinful lives, read the history of Tiberius, of Nero, of Alexander VI., of Francis Spiera, of Carr, Earl of Somerset, of Judge Jeffreys. The imperial purple, the success in war, the triple tiara of the popedom, the earl’s coronet, the judge’s ermine, saved not any one of them from wretchedness and infamy. “Once,” says a great novelist, “I had the opportunity of contemplating near at hand an example of the results produced by domestic treachery. No golden halo of fiction was about this example. I saw it bare and real. I saw a mind degraded by perfidious deception, and a body depraved by the infectious influence of the vice-polluted soul. I did not now regret what I had suffered from this spectacle, for

the recollection of it acted as a most wholesome antidote to temptation. It inscribed on my reason the conviction that unlawful pleasure is delusive and envenomed pleasure; its hollowness disappoints at the time, its poison cruelly tortures afterwards, its effects deprave for ever." Yes! There is no teaching more plain than that of human lives. And let us, above all, thank God for the infinite blessing of one all-perfect, all-divine example, for the life of Christ on earth, as a light to our feet and a lamp unto our paths! If we would know that which renders all other knowledge superfluous, let us study with all our hearts the one sinless life of the only Perfect Man.

Of course, in these few moments, I can but touch on the outermost fringe of such a subject; and your own further meditations may well suggest to you other and better lessons. Yet let me turn one leaf or two of God's Bible of facts; let me mention one or two of the multitudinous truths which Biography impresses on us, and in which it confirms abundantly the lessons of the other books of God.

And, first, we learn that one anchor holds, and one only,—trust in God. If you rely on any other anchor, the storm will tear it, and hurl you in shipwreck on the shore. Put not your trust in princes. Wolsey toiled for a king, and Wolsey was deserted in his old age. Strafford leaned on a king's faith, and Strafford was abandoned to the scaffold. Huss trusted to an emperor's pledge, and Huss was burned at the stake. Clarendon was the faithful minister and kinsman of a king, and Clarendon was driven into exile. Columbus enriched kings with the wealth of a new hemisphere, and Columbus came back in chains from the New World he had discovered. Cortes gave them domains

larger than all Europe, and Cortes died in neglect and poverty. Put not your trust in any child of man. Even friends, even kinsmen, may prove cold and false. Put not your trust in mobs. You might as well trust the troubled sea whose waters cast up mire and dirt. To-day they will hoot, and to-morrow adore. To-day they will shout "Hosanna" and to-morrow "Crucify." They will have hurricanes of abuse for men who advise them aright, and shouts of enthusiasm for men who counsel ruin. Trust in God only. Look to God as the sole source of truth. Truth is God's only orthodoxy. "God," said Wendell Phillips, "is the sole final public opinion." "I am not afraid of majorities," said Henry Grattan. "God will guard His own against rank majorities."

Again, Biography teaches us not only to trust in God alone, but also to fear Him only. No true man who can say, "The Lord is on my side," will fear what man can do to him. What a supreme support and comfort is it for those who have to face, as their Lord had to face, the malice and the insolence of the world—to know that one approving whisper of conscience more than atones for the roar of men! To be depreciated, sneered at, vilified, to see all services lost in a Dead Sea of ingratitude,—well the humblest man, whose lot is such, may take courage when he sees that this has been the lot of all the greatest benefactors of the world. "I have loved righteousness," said a grand old pope, "and hated iniquity, and therefore I die in exile." The world without God is a liar. Joseph was accused of adultery. Jeremiah was imprisoned as a traitor. Of John the Baptist they said that he had a devil. St. Paul was charged with guile and uncleanness. St. John had a Diotrefes to prate against him with malicious words.

St. Athanasius was accused of murder and embezzlement. St. Chrysostom had to face a storm of lying calumnies. Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, lived and died among the rage of theologians, and tongues set on fire of hell. Whitefield was

“The very butt of slander and the blot
Of every dart that slander ever shot.”

So much for popular judgments! So much for the integrity and infallibility of the masses! If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more they of his household! A gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, a Samaritan, a seducer, a rebel,—these were the criticisms of the religious and the irreligious world of Him who, when He was reviled, reviled not again, when He suffered He threatened not, but committed all things to Him who judgeth righteously.

But, if Biography thus teaches to face without fear the unjust judgments of our fellow-worms, it teaches us also to judge righteous judgment ourselves. A great writer, now universally eulogized,* tells us that in the days when every tongue was wagging against him, and when at the same time he was absolutely assured of his own integrity before God, he learned the duty of tender and sympathetic judgments. “If I,” he said, “who knew my own motives to be, before God, so absolutely disinterested, am thus hated and reviled in my own Church, may it not be that some of those who have been doomed to lifelong and to posthumous execration were nevertheless true children of God?” Ah! my friends, in yonder world where all is judged of truly, many of the last shall be first, and many of the first last. If our heart condemn us not, if we can “turn from the storm without to the sunshine of an approv-

*Cardinal Newman.

ing conscience within," then that is all we need. It is only the good and the guileless who can take this comfort.

"'Tis not the babbling of an idle world,
Where praise and censure are at random hurled,
That can the meanest of my thoughts control
Or shake one settled purpose of my soul:
Free and at large might their wild curses roam
If all, if all, alas! were well at home."

But, when all is well within, the condemnation of others shows only that they know us not as we are known to God. Let us, then, also learn from the recorded lives of men to judge others gently and fairly, lest haply we be found fighting against God.

Again,—and this is a deeply valuable and needful lesson,—Biography teaches us to correct the world's foolish and superficial notions of success and failure; it acts as a counterpoise to the estimates of ambition and of Mammon. Who has failed? Who has succeeded? That gorgeous criminal who has amassed wealth by every sort of fraud and meanness, by speculating in the ruin of the helpless, by grinding the faces of the poor; to whom the world bows and gives him its daughters in marriage, and makes him a peer of the realm; who has wealth, and therewith a heart as hard as the nether millstone and an ear deaf as an adder's to the cry of the sorrowful,—is he a specimen of success? If so, from such success, Good Lord, deliver us! And that other man, who has sacrificed everything—place, wealth, power—to the call of duty and of conscience; who has made himself hated by boldly rebuking vice, by fearlessly denouncing political and religious error; who is so poor, and so neglected in consequence, that it is a hard struggle even to keep the wolf from the door,—is he

one of your failures? If so, the very greatest and wisest in all the world, the very souls which have most enriched and ennobled it, the souls without whose influence it would have been a mass of putrescent corruption, have failed. Paul, forsaken, beheaded in nameless obscurity; William Tyndale led from his damp and chilly prison to the stake; Milton, dying amid darkness and solitude and evil tongues; Henry Martyn in a distant land, perishing alone and un comforted, without having made a single convert,—were these failures? Ah! “God’s heroes are often the world’s Helots!” They have wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented, of whom the world was not worthy. Oh, that every young man and young woman setting out in life would learn this:—that any man is ten times over a ghastly failure who being emperor or millionaire, and having gained the whole world, has lost his own soul; and that he is a million-fold success who, dying poor and hated, and in the prison or on the scaffold, has given up all for Christ’s sake by being resolutely faithful to the best he knows.

Biography, in teaching us to reverse utterly the world’s judgments of success and failure, teaches us also to correct and reverse altogether the world’s estimate of happiness. It is an old, old lesson, but one of those old, old lessons which most men refuse constantly to learn. Every bad sophist in Greece held it as an axiom that a tyrant was happy; and Socrates was sneered at for the remark that he could not tell whether the King of Persia was happy or not, because he knew nothing of his character. The oldest Greek historian tells us how the Lydian king ordered Solon to be shown over his treasures, and then asked him who was the happiest man he had ever seen. And he answered, Not

Cræsus but Tellos, the Athenian, who lived in a flourishing country, and had good sons, and died fighting for his native land; and next to him Cleobis and Bito, whom the gods had rewarded for filial piety by early death. The Greek at least saw from mere experience that the secrets of happiness are contentment and a conscience void of offence; and these neither rank nor wealth can purchase. Contentment is an inexhaustible revenue, and peace of conscience is a peace which indeed passeth understanding. Biography tells us of many an unhappy emperor, of many an unhappy millionaire, of many an unhappy one who has climbed to the loftiest summits of human fame; and, on the other hand, of many a poor monk, of many a toiling missionary, of many a humble peasant, who would have echoed the words of the weary king:—

“ I swear 'tis better to be lowly born,
And dwell with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glistening grief
And wear a golden sorrow.”

Men fear all sorts of sorrows and calamities; and to any of us, good or evil, all sorts of sorrows and calamities will surely come. That, too, is a lesson which Biography teaches us,—the lesson that man is born to sorrow, as the sparks fly upwards; but, if we have learned to obey the law of our conscience, to be humble, and kind, and pure, and honest, and truthful, and contented, we have learned a lesson which renders life invincible in its essential (*i.e.*, in its spiritual) beatitude. If there be one lesson which is emphasized more absolutely than all others by the teaching of Biography, it is this rule: “Keep innocency, and do the thing that is right, for that shall bring a man peace at the

last”; and this promise of the Lord Jesus to all that love and fear Him: “Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you.” He who has gained this peace hath life: he who has it not, though he roll in wealth, though he be steeped in pleasure, though his ambitions have been satiated with every form of earthly success,—he who hath it not is dead while he liveth.

THE PULPIT.

“THE True Functions of the Christian Pulpit,”—it is not an easy subject. I can only treat it fragmentarily and disjointedly.

Let me say at once that sermons ought not by any means to be the main object which draws us to churches. “Resort to sermons,” says a wise and holy poet, “but to prayer most: praying is the end of preaching.” We meet together, not chiefly to hear sermons, but, in the words of our Prayer Book, “to render thanks for the great benefits received at God’s hands, to set forth His most worthy praise, to hear His most holy word, and to ask those things which are requisite and necessary, as well for the body as the soul.” If no preacher ever said a word, there are many who many a time have felt those prayers of our Church falling, like the dew of God, upon their souls. Yet, while I do not put preaching in the first place, I would strongly deprecate the vulgar fashion—vulgar, though sanctioned by some fine writers—of sneering at the very notion of sermons. Since the days when Noah was a preacher of righteousness, sermons have been the appointed means of rebuking vice, of inspiring effort, of awakening conscience, of keeping alive in the heart the thoughts of God, the ideal of temperance and righteousness, the memory of death, judgment, and eternity. It was in sermons that Moses taught to the Israelites, and to all mankind forever, the Ten Words of the eternal Law. It was in sermons that the prophets of Israel set their faces, like flint, against the crimes of other

nations, and the manifold apostasies of their own. It was in sermons, under the open sky, on the green hillside, that He who spake as never man spake revealed to a surfeited and guilty world the beatitudes of the humble, and the peacemaker, and the pure in heart. It was in sermons to little knots of slaves and artisans that the Apostle, of whom they said that "his bodily presence was weak, and his speech contemptible," founded the great churches of Antioch, and Ephesus, and Corinth, and Philippi. It was by sermons that the great Church Fathers of the East and West undid the heavy burden, and let the oppressed go free. It was by sermons that an Urban, and a Peter the Hermit, fired the grand, if erring, passion of crusading enthusiasm. In sermons Savonarola thrilled the heart of corrupted Italy, and snatched her from the decadence of a new Paganism. In sermons the mighty voice of Luther's indignation shook the world. By sermons the old Covenanters were fired with the stubborn heroism and impetuous valour which faced and routed the cavalry of Claverhouse. By sermons to colliers and miners, down whose black cheeks, as they listened, the streaming tears coursed in white, unwonted furrows, Wesley and Whitefield, in a century of deepening atheism, kindled into fresh flame the embers of a dying faith. To sneer, then, at sermons, as though they were all fooling, to be ended as soon as possible, seems to me to show a petulant ignorance alike of the facts of history and of the needs of man. No one could of course deny that from the pulpit are spoken many foolish and feeble and unprofitable words. It must inevitably be so. It would be so, just as inevitably, if to-morrow the twenty thousand clergy were turned out, and their places supplied by as many laymen. The clergy possess no patent for unprofitableness. They have no

monopoly of what is tedious or commonplace. You find it as plentifully in books, in newspapers, in magazines. You meet with it as plentifully at every meeting, in every law court, in every parliamentary debate. What wonder, then, if at Church, also, you often hear

“The same proofs which not one text explain,
And the same lights where all things dark remain”?

However low may be the standard of our sermons (and I hardly see how it can be otherwise, when so very many are required of us), they are, at least intellectually, on a level with, and morally (perhaps) far higher than, nine-tenths of the every-day reading in which the masses of every rank delight. Very few among men can be great, or wise, or clever. Most of us are made of very ordinary clay. Not to one man in ten thousand, barely perhaps to one man in a generation, is it granted to stand forth like a heavenly archer, and hurl into the dark heart arrows of lightnings; to wield, with no feeble hand, the Word of God as that which indeed it is,—a sword to pierce, a flame to scathe, a hammer to dash in pieces the flinty heart;

“To preach as one who ne'er should preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men.”

To most of us God has given not ten talents, but only one, and that only in an earthen vessel; and not only may our powers be very limited, but depression, sickness, endless work, never-ceasing worry, may secretly be killing us. All the more bitterly, perhaps the more faithfully, we do our duty; while often the laity, who bind these heavy burdens so carelessly upon our shoulders, are not so much as touching those burdens with one of their fingers. The clergy

are forced to do nine-tenths of that work of the Church evangelistic, of the Church militant, of the Church beneficent which is not more their work than it is yours. While they have to beg for all necessary charities, while the burdens of the debts, and cares, and maintenance of parish, and mission rooms, and all forms of work for the poor, fall on them, often amid deep poverty, and with hearts aching with anxiety for the future of those they love,— it is a little too much to expect of them a rushing fountain of eloquence, an inexhaustible supply of “thoughts that breathe and words that burn.” And yet, with all its drawbacks and all its imperfections, I venture to call the Christian pulpit one of the most necessary and one of the most blessed of all Christian institutions.

First, let me ask you to notice that it is an institution distinctively, and almost exclusively, Christian. During long centuries, over the vast domains of heathendom, any regular Pagan pulpit was a thing almost unknown. Here and there, once in a hundred years, rose in the empires of Greece and Rome some great moralist, some true philosopher, like

“That pure soul hid in a satyr's form,
Which shone beneath the laurels day by day,
And, clad with burning faith in truth and right,
Doubted men's doubts away”; —

some Socrates or Plato, some Cicero or Seneca, some slave like Epictetus or emperor like Marcus Aurelius — in China a Confucius or a Meng Tseu, in Hindostan a Buddha, in Persia a Zoroaster — whose words often reached the few alone. But amid pompous ceremonials, and bloody sacrifices, and terrified devotions there was no regular institution of preaching meant to strengthen the weak, to console the

sorrowful, to enlighten the blind, to heal the broken-hearted, to preach the gospel to the poor. There was hardly even a Jewish pulpit. The Priests offered their daily sacrifices in the temple till it became like one vast shambles, and its marble pavements swam in the blood of lambs and bulls; but of their regular teaching we hardly read till Ezra's times, and even then it was more external than spiritual, more ceremonial than moral. The Jews had indeed their Prophets,—men who, in their magnificent courage, fearlessly rebuked vice, and received back, in anguish and martyrdom, the bitter tribute of its detestation. But the days came, and often came, when either “there was no prophet more,” or “the prophets prophesied falsely, and the priests bore rule by their means, and the people loved to have it so.” But in Christianity there has been from the very first the regular institution of preaching;—a pulpit varying in external surroundings as those of Christ, who made of His pulpits splendid temple, or crowded synagogue, or green hill, or common house, or boat upon the silver lake; and varying in power and substance from His pathos of appeal to weeping sinners to the burning voice of His prophecies and the blighting flash of His invective. The pulpits of Christendom have been everywhere. Alike in subterranean catacombs, on bleak mountain moors, in sea-worn caves, in huts of the forest or the bush, in iron mission-rooms of crowded slums, and in basilicas glowing with gold and marble, have Christian ministers rebuked, comforted, exhorted, Christian men,—now with majestic eloquence and terrible denunciation, now (and more often) in gentle ministrations, and in homeliest words of instruction and appeal.

Look for a moment at the legacies of the Christian pul-

pits even in their mere literary aspect, and will any one among you venture to say that the institution has been profitless or vain?

Would not the wealth of human thought be greatly impoverished if you emptied from its treasure-house what Christian men have spoken from the pulpit to Christian men? Think of the manliness of Ambrose, the spirituality of Augustine, the fervour of Bernard! Would it be nothing to lose from the works of the Eastern Fathers the stately rhetoric of Gregory, the splendid passion of Chrysostom? Would not the man stamp himself as a barbarian who in French literature could not value the majesty of Bossuet, the tenderness of Fénelon, the grace and power of Massillon and Bourdaloue? Could the student of English literature forego the plainness of Latimer, the poetry of Donne, the flashing wit of South, the radiant imagery of Jeremy Taylor, the depth of Butler, the lucidity of Tillotson, the saintliness of Wilson, the massiveness of Barrow, or even, in our own memory, the strength of Arnold, the thoughtfulness of Robertson, the cultured grace of Henry Melvill? Could you select a greater, could you even select an equal amount of noble thought and matchless expression from the collected eloquence of the platform, the Senate, or the bar?

And yet the least and lowest claim which any sermon could put forward would be a claim to rhetorical skill or literary finish. To charm the ear or the mind is but a fraction of what the pulpit desires to do. Its glory is far more in the modesty of fearful duty than in "the rattling tongue of saucy and audacious eloquence." The desire of every true preacher is, not to soar in dazzling flights of eloquence, as when an eagle catches the sunlight "on

every varying plume"; not to aim at those burning messages which he alone can utter whose lips the seraph has purged with the coal from off the altar; still less to revel in average fluency and plausible facility. Far rather would he cast in his lot with such a man as Chaucer describes,—

" He waited for no pompe ne reverence,
He maked him no spiced conscience;
But Christes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, but first he folwed it himselve";

or as he of whom Goldsmith speaks,—

" At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray."

The chief work, perhaps, of the pulpit is done by the holy, quiet, unambitious words of unknown men; of pastors who lived in humble homes under the shadow of their church-yard elms; of men who were known and loved in their parish lanes, who did not strive nor cry, nor were their voices heard in the streets, but who toiled on in unremembered faithfulness, uttering only

" The golden mean and quiet flow
Of words which soften hatred, temper strife."

The best, the widest work of the pulpit is mainly their work; and never, I believe, will it be fully known, until the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, on the one hand, how many souls have been blessed and saved by this means of grace, and, on the other, when men have either despised it altogether, or tolerated it only on the condition that their

prophets should say to them smooth things and prophesy deceits, to what loss of their gentlest and noblest qualities, to what total atrophy of their spiritual life, to what fatal dominance of their worst passions and poorest weaknesses, men have persuaded themselves to despise this aid to holiness, and abrogate this ordinance of God.

This, then,—edification,—is the humble but immense and primary function of the Christian pulpit. It is, as St. Augustine said, “docere, flectere, movere,”—“to teach, to bend, to stir up,”—to arrest the careless, to strengthen the weak, to lift up the fallen, to bring wanderers home. But, though it is impossible in a short time to prove how much sermons have effected in broad, measurable influence, partly by that spirit which we are forbidden to quench, partly in those prophesyings (or quiet daily and weekly instructions) which we are forbidden to despise, I may point out other functions which from age to age they have worthily fulfilled. I say, then, that a second function of the pulpit has been the maintenance of liberty. Look how often it has faced arbitrary tyranny, and made it quail. Look at St. Basil pleading again and again for those oppressed by the civil power, and standing undaunted in his church at Cæsarea before Valens, the persecuting emperor. Look at Chrysostom, sheltering in his cathedral sanctuary his fallen enemy Eutropius against all the legions and all the rage of Arcadius and Eudoxia. I could instance many who, like Elijah before Jezebel, John the Baptist before Herod, Paul before Nero, have “stood before kings and not been afraid.” The “frown of the threatening tyrant” has never daunted the true preacher of righteousness, from the days when Ignatius confronted Trajan, or Huss drew the hot blush to the cheek of Sigismund, or Luther faced Charles

V. at the diet of Worms, down to those when the seven bishops dared the fury of James II., and the London clergy in a body refused to read his declaration. The one typical instance of such courage is Ambrose denouncing from the pulpit, and repelling from his church, the brave but choleric Theodosius, till he should have done public penance for his guilt in the massacre of Thessalonica. In thus rebuking tyranny, Ambrose splendidly asserted the superiority of the spiritual power over all material force. The function is needed to this day. To-day the multitude are kings, and it requires a firmer courage to arraign their follies and rebuke their sins than it ever did to beard a tyrant. Woe to us if through our cowardice that function be unfulfilled!

And a third function of the Christian pulpit is the defence of the oppressed. At a very early period after the victory of Christianity bishops became the protectors of the poor. If a wrong was done, appeal was made to them; if a province was overtaxed, it was they who pleaded for remission. Was an innocent person attacked? they gave him sanctuary. Was a city doomed to imperial vengeance? they stood forth as its ambassadors. If a host of barbarians was on the march, they met and obtained mercy from the brutal chieftain; if a defeat had crippled the resources of the empire, they melted down even the sacred vessels of gold and silver to ransom the prisoners. They gathered the lepers into their hospitals and tended them; they received strangers into their hospices, and washed their feet; they gave a new home to the orphan and pleaded the widow's cause. Often, in the severe famines of those days, when the rich, in pitiless greed, locked up their granaries, it was the eloquence of a Basil, a Chrysostom, an Ambrose which

forced them open. It was the same through the Middle Ages, where it was in the Church alone that the peasant could rise so high as to set his foot even on the necks of kings, and where no arm but that of the preacher was strong enough to beat down the mailed hand of the baron if it was uplifted to strike his serf. Is it otherwise now? In how many parishes is the parson the poor man's only protector, and only friend? By whom are nine-tenths of the sums got together, which, day by day, and year by year, are expended on the sick, the suffering, and the poor?

A fourth great and permanent function of the Christian pulpit is the reformation of morals. In age after age have preachers been as an incarnate conscience to guilty nations. When Rome and Antioch and Constantinople were sinking into a merely nominal and disputative Christianity — when a cruel and callous luxury rioted in its own selfishness while the poor were dying at its gates — read with what scathing sarcasm the selfish are reprov'd in the impassioned harangues of a Gregory and a Chrysostom. In the corrupted Florence of the fifteenth century what moved men's hearts like the voice of Savonarola? In the corrupted England of the sixteenth and of the eighteenth century think what moral amelioration was caused by the voices of a Latimer, a Wesley, and a Whitefield. In the nineteenth century think how the sermons of Dr. Arnold tended to regenerate the spirit of public schools. Never had any nation more need than now for such voices. It costs something to utter them. He who denounces the vices of society, he who tears the mask from the sly and distorted features of insincere religionism, he who makes a stand against prurient gossip, and callous self-indulgence, and mean slander, and fashionable lies, and drunkenness and

debauchery—let him try it, and he will experience in his own person how the secular world, and the so-called religious world, can still slander, and lie, and persecute. If we prefer to be flattered rather than abused; if we say, Peace, peace, when there is no peace; if we leave unstirred the slimy iridescence of stagnant and corrupt societies; if we daub tottering walls with our untempered mortar, what else are we doing than to sell Christ for human approval? If so, “like people, like priest”! And, if that be ever so, woe to us! Woe to us, and double woe to you!

Once more, a fifth function of the Christian pulpit is the purification of corrupt religions. It is the tendency of religion to go corrupt, like Israel’s manna, if it be not daily gathered pure from the fields of Holy Writ. Human inventions, and will-worship, and ambition, and the thrusting of all kinds of intermediaries between the soul and its free, direct, immediate, unimpeded access to God, these have to be averted. So did Isaiah: “The ancient and honorable, he is the head; and the prophet who speaketh lies, he is the tail.” “Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers” — so spake the rude Baptist to the religious classes. “In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men” — so spake Christ to the Pharisees. “Stand fast in the freedom wherewith God hath freed you, and be not entangled again in the yoke of bondage” — so said St. Paul. And Isaiah they sawed in sunder; and John they beheaded; and Paul they tried to murder; and they crucified the Lord of glory. Swim with the stream, as every preacher, like all other men, is tempted to do, and you will glide delightfully along. Strike out manfully against the current, and you will be buffeted with drowning waves. Huss they burnt. Luther and the English re-

formers they cursed, and still curse, like dogs. Wesley and Whitefield

“Stood pinnacled on infamy’s high stage,
And bore the pelting scorn of half an age.”

Yet what would religion now have been if no man had stood up to expose the abominations which in age after age have striven to conceal themselves in her most sacred shrines?

I say that these functions, every one of them, still continue: first, edification; second, the maintenance of liberty; third, the protection of the oppressed; fourth, the denunciation of vice; fifth, the purification of religion,—these, and others on which I cannot dwell. But that they may be performed, and rightly performed for the amelioration of the world, demands much from us, but much also from you. What have you a right to demand from us? Not that we should be eloquent, or greatly wise, or very profound; not that we should now kindle your enthusiasm and now hold you hushed as an infant on its mother’s breast; not that we should make you lift to us faces now radiant with laughter, now white with tears. You cannot expect this; for to none has God given to do it always, and not to many to do it ever. But there are some things which you may demand of us. That we should preach to edify, and not to please; to amend the heart, not to tickle the ears; to be understood, not to be admired. “Sir,” said a poor man to an eminent preacher as he left St. Paul’s cathedral, “I came here to get good, but I have got none: I could not understand you.” “Friend,” replied the preacher, with tears in his eyes, “if I have not preached you a good sermon, you have preached me one.” The preacher should be clear and plain; for

“By him the violated law speaks out
 Its thunders, and by him in strains as sweet
 As angels use the gospel whispers peace.
 He establishes the strong, upholds the weak,
 Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,
 And, armed himself, he furnishes with arms
 The sacramental host of God's elect.”

Alas! how much we fail! “When I think of him as a preacher,” says an English author, “I seem to see an Egyptian priest, standing on the threshold of the great door of Ipsamboul, blowing with all his might to keep out the Libyan desert; and the four great stone gods, sitting behind the altar, far back in the gloom, laughing at him.” Yes! the preacher may be in no respect above you,—your brother in sins, in infirmities, in all sad experience, your inferior in knowledge, in utterance, even in all spiritual grace; he may be utterly commonplace, congenitally dull; yet

“The worst speak something good: if all want sense
 God takes the text, and preaches patience.”

The weak reed, my friends, grows but in the mud of the river bank; but, if the breath of heaven pass gently over it, it waves into music for listening ears its thin stems, its frail coronal of trembling plumes.

But remember, lastly, that the preacher will be largely what you make him. If the soil be stony, or thorny, or trodden hard, what boots it though the seed be good? “The foolishness of preaching”? Ah, yes! but is there no such thing as the foolishness of hearing? Was the failure of the sermon the fault of Paul who preached or of Euty-chus who slept? Ah! if you had been less guilty of the cheap conceit of scorn, who knows whether you, too, might

not have found, as thousands have found, a blessing? Had you been worthy, who knows whether some seraph might not have brought from God the fire of inspiration, and the burning messages of prophecy been delivered by the unclean or stammering lips? It was a text, and nothing else, which made a hermit of Anthony, a saint of Augustine, a missionary of Francis Xavier. If you have not the hearing ear or the meek spirit, a Paul or a Chrysostom will speak to you in vain: if you have, then many a time, in these feeble, despised sermons, you might hear some word, some thought, some image, which might be worth more to you than all that you have learned, all that you have got in the world beside. It might help you to walk as children of light; it might be to you as a star leading you through the darkness; as a holy hand laid on your head with invisible consecration; as a voice behind you, saying, "This is the way: walk ye in it, when ye turn aside to the right hand or to the left." Yes! even amid all the braggart vaunt and puff and push of worldly life, and all its loud noises and swaggering insolence, the voice of Christian preaching, unacknowledged, disowned, ridiculed, may yet be God's only appointed way for you: perhaps the only way wherein you shall be called from darkness to light,—by which your hearts shall be thrilled with the sense of duty, with the call of Christ, with the awful power of the Unseen!

BOOKS, THEIR POWER AND BLESSEDNESS.

“And God said, Let there be light.”—GEN. i. 3.

THERE is no more fatal error than to suppose that education ends with the days of school. Our life itself is “a beginning and a setting forth, not a finishing”; and it is as true of our spiritual experience as of our temporal knowledge that we should go on adding to it even to the last day of our lives. For by knowledge the mind, the wisdom, the soul, is fed. They become famine-stricken; and their faculties are atrophied, if they are not supplied with their due nourishment.

For nearly twenty years we have had a system of national education. We spend upon it millions of pounds of the national revenue; and, manifold as are its shortcomings, we may be thankful for what it accomplishes. Yet, if it be left unsupplemented, it is disastrously inadequate. Year by year, at the perilous age of fourteen, our children in tens of thousands leave the schools; and neither the State nor the efforts of individuals have yet provided any adequate continuation of their training. At an age when the German boy or girl is still having the faculties trained and expanded, our children are turned loose into the burning, fiery furnace of the streets of our great cities, too often to forget in one year very much of what they had learned; and between the perilous ages of fifteen and twenty, which mostly decide our destiny in life, haply, and too often, to turn their arithmetic into roguery and their literature to lust. Of how many of them can we say that,

by the grace of God, in that burning, fiery furnace of city streets, even the smell of fire has not passed upon their garments? The day must surely come when the nation will extend to its youth some of the care which it expends upon its children.

Fiat Lux.—“Let there be light.” It was the motto of the first great English printer, William Caxton. Thousands of years elapsed before printing was invented; but how opportune was the blessed moment of its discovery! A few years later Constantinople fell, and the flight of learned Greeks revived classical culture in Europe, bringing about that epoch which we call the Renaissance, or new birth of learning. Again, a few years later, Columbus opened to the world a new hemisphere. A few years later still the light of the blissful Reformation began to flood the world. “Let there be light.” It shines on the Caxton window of Westminster Abbey, where the great printer lies buried. It is engraved on the base of the statue of Gutenberg, the inventor of printing. Light is the only adequate type of that widening knowledge, of that revealing insight, which thenceforth seemed to beat and broaden over the world in pulse on pulse of “splendour as the dawn pulsates from the eastern sky.”

“His cry was, ‘Light, more light, while time shall last!’
 He saw the glories growing on the night,
 But not the shadows which that light shall cast
 Till shadows vanish in the Light of Light.”*

Consider first the stupendous force which books have added to the victory of truth. Thanks to the printed page, it is not the blood-stained conquerors, not the despotic

* These lines were written by Lord Tennyson as an inscription for the Caxton window in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.

kings, not the ignorant shouters of anarchy, who rule the world: it is the knowledge of the wise. Thanks to them,

“The pale-featured sage’s trembling hand”

is

“Strong as a host of armed deities,
Such as the blind Ionian fabled erst.”

More eternal than the Pyramids, they are the imperishable shrines, not of dead ashes, but of living souls. It is by their means that truths become irresistible. A monk at Erfurt sits poring over the Epistle to the Galatians in his lonely cell. While he is musing, the fire burns. At last he speaks with his tongue, and, lo! the nations, laughing to scorn the impotence of popes and emperors, shake a thousand of years of cruel tyranny and superstitious priestcraft to the dust. An astronomer observes through his rude telescope the planet Venus in crescent, divines the facts of the planetary system, is denounced as a heretic, thrown into the dungeons of the Inquisition, and forced to recant upon his knees. A few years pass, and by the help of the printed page men see that this heresy was an eternal truth, and that this discoverer whom priests treated as a criminal had done more than any who yet had lived to reveal to man’s mind the plan of God. It is thus that in spite of their prejudices, in spite of their aversions, in spite even of their senses, men accept from Copernicus, from Newton, from Harvey, from Cuvier, from Hunter, from Jenner, from Franklin, from Lyall, the new facts they taught, and are compelled with a groan of foolish agony to abandon the refuted ignorance of their hitherto most cherished convictions. Truth once disseminated by books begins an irresistible career. When a man has a forgotten duty to

enforce, an unknown truth to reveal, and the printing-press to help him, kings with their armies, priests with their anathemas, shall as little avail to stay his victory as the sea-birds can stay the hurricane with their wings.

“Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again:
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.”

Then think what books have done for liberty! In old days of the struggle for freedom many a grand speech might die away within the walls where it was uttered: now, by the aid of the printing-press, reverberated through all the nations, it may go thrilling and thrilling through the world, and come rolling back to the speaker in millions of echoes. The spoken word may reach two or three thousand: the printed page may be read by three hundred millions of men and women.

“He uttered but a thought,
And it became a proverb for the State;
He wrote a sentence in a studious mood,
It was a saying for a hemisphere!”

“Give them,” said Sheridan, “a corrupt House of Lords, give them a venal House of Commons, give them a tyrannical prince, give them a truckling court, and let me but have an unfettered press, and I will defy them to encroach but a hair’s-breadth on the liberty of England.” Only think what cruelties, of which the thought curdles the blood, and the memory inflames the cheek, our fathers had dumbly to endure! Think of the horrible crimes and ghastly secrets of monastic dungeons, of baronial castles.

It is the printing-press which has poured daylight into those dungeons, smashed those implements of torture, burst the portcullis which defied the battering-ram, crushed down the walls which withstood the cannonade. It has made nations strong and free. It has shaken the thrones of tyranny, and quenched the fires of persecution, and sent the menacing spectres of ignorance and hatred to gibber in their congenial night.

But notice how the printing-press has given voice to the incarnate conscience of mankind.

Take but one illustration, and one from our own days,—the last struggle with the curse of slavery on the American continent. One brave American reformer, William Lloyd Garrison, a youth, little more than a boy, was inspired to convince the millions of his fellow-countrymen of the sinfulness and shamefulness of treating men as chattels. He stood utterly alone. “Intellect disowned him, respectability hated him.” The Church frowned at him, mobs assaulted him. “Malignity searched him with candles.” He was starving on bread and water. God honoured him, as he honoured Luther, by making every bad man his enemy. Yet in thirty-five years, from a mean garret on a third story — his bed on the office floor, only a negro boy to help him, in daily dread of assassination — he had won the gigantic victory of right over might. And why? Solely because the light which fell through the ink-bespattered window upon the dingy wall fell upon a printing-press. In truth, the printing-press has added more power to man’s intellect than the telescope to his vision or the lever to his arm.

“And Freedom reared in that august sunrise
Her beautiful bold brow;
While rites and forms before her burning eyes
Melted like snow.

Her words did gather thunder, yet no sword
Of wrath her right arm whirled,
But one poor poet's scroll, and with his word
She shook the world."

But, having thus brought before you the power and beneficence of books in the history of nations, let me ask you to consider what they may be to individual lives for happiness, for companionship, for glorious instruction. Remember only that, to enjoy their blessedness, you must prove yourselves worthy of their lessons. Without the reader, the book is a dead thing. If they are to enlighten and elevate you, you must be in earnest, and not of those "flimsy and desultory readers who fly from foolish book to foolish book, and get good of none, and mischief of all." To holy and noble readers books are as "the life-blood of master-spirits, embalmed for a life beyond life": to silly and indolent readers they are no better than rags and ink.

Think, first, what a difference in the potentiality of human happiness is made by books. Think what life would be without them, that you may realize what life may be with them. Do you desire wealth? They will bestow on you wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, from treasures more golden than gold, and which no rust can canker. With them you may hold Egypt and Assyria and Greece and Italy in fee-simple, and call the world your own. Learn but to read, and the poorest of you may be lords of all that mankind have thought. Books may be to you an amulet against vice and misery; for they can save you from long days of idleness, and from that vacuity of thought which is fertile of degradation. "I would not exchange the love of reading," said Gibbon, "for all the treasures of India."

“Books,” said Wordsworth, “are a substantial world, both pure and good”; and it was his great wish that his own works might, for the young and the virtuous, co-operate with all the benign forces of Nature, and add sunlight to daylight by making the happy happier. “My library shelves,” said our old Schoolman, Gilbert de la Porrée, “are the avenues of time. Ages have wrought, generations grown, and all their best blossoms are cast down here. It is the garden of immortal fruits, without dog or dragon: yea, it is a series of king’s gardens, where you may walk at will, whose flowers are flowers of amaranth, and their fruits fruits of nepenthe.” With them you need never be quite unhappy; for in sadness they will make you less sad, in loneliness not utterly lonely, and in bereavement not totally bereaved.

Think, next, what books may be to you for companionship. What excuse is there for the poorest to seek for base companions, and fellows in the dismal arts of self-destruction, amid the low haunts where pleasure forages for death? Who can say, “I have no companions”? Why, if you will, the noblest of all societies will welcome you. Kings will utter to you their best thoughts, and saints sit beside you, like brothers! Is it nothing that at the turning of a page you may find the best and greatest of men eager to talk to you,—Dante to shew you his awful visions of judgment and of beatitude, Milton to unroll his organ music, Shakspeare to admit you into unimaginable realms of faerie,—orators ready to pour forth for you their most splendid periods, poets with their garlands and singing robes about them? These noblest companions, these mighty spirits will have none of the malice or arrogance or weakness of the living. We may realize from these that the

communion of saints is a communion not only with the living, but with the mightier and more unnumbered dead.

“My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old.
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse night and day.”

Think once more what books may be to you for instructiveness. They will throw open to you the gates of Nature, and science shall be to you as a beneficent archangel to teach you about the beauty, the wonder, and the power of the works of the Lord; about the sun and moon and stars; the refreshing, glorious sea, with the ebb and flow of its lustral tide; the trees of the Lord, which are full of sap, even the cedars of Libanus which he hath planted; the thunder and lightning, the rainbow and mirage, the rain and snow, the dew and hoar frost, the pressure, buoyancy, and elasticity of the bright, invisible air. There is all History open to you, with its powerful and thrilling interest, “a divine book of revelations, of which the inspired texts are great men.” There is all Biography, to reinspire your failing faith in human nature, and to nourish you with the viaticum of good examples, by showing you how the noblest men have lived. Would you learn fortitude amid hurricanes of calamity and tornadoes of slander? Read the lives of Origen and of Milton. Would you learn the might and majesty of self-sacrifice? Read of Francis of Assisi and Francis Xavier. Would you learn how “the high desire that others may be blessed savours of heaven”? Read of John Howard, and Elizabeth Fry, and Father Damien. And, if you would turn from these more solemn lessons,

Poetry may uplift you on her wings, and scatter your path with gleams of Paradise. And thus, by the aid of books, you need never be alone; for you will always be able to commune with your own pure soul, and to find in your own memory and imagination a glowing picture gallery of all that is great in conduct and pure in thought.

Thus, then,—

“From History’s scroll the splendour streams;
From Science leaps the living ray;
Flashed from the poet’s glowing dreams,
The opal fires of fancy play.”

But I must here add a warning. If these be the high functions of good books, do not forget that there are also bad, silly, corrupt books. Wherever there is any good thing, the devil provides a bad thing to counteract it. Books may be not only the employment of leisure, but the corruption of leisure; not only the redeemers of time, but the murderers of time. The country is inundated with a vast flood of wicked, malicious, frivolous, and debasing literature; and, if you are bad and foolish, you may read yourself to death in a multitude of evil works. To all the young I would say: Turn with horror, with loathing, with contempt, from books which are stained through and through with the passions of dishonor; turn from stories of pick-pockets and footpads, daubed with tawdry attractiveness; turn from the literature alike of paltry malice and of revolting brutality; turn from silly snippings of coarse slang and vulgarest jocosity; above all, turn from the deadly and plague-besprinkled garbage of demoralization and obscenity. If there be wretches so deeply dyed in vileness as to furnish you with these incentives to ruin and self-debasement, will

you be so foolish, so mad, as to walk with open eyes into their loathly and leprous snare? I know that sometimes even Genius has polluted her vestal fires, and become a "procuress to the Lords of Hell"; but he who refuses to read these proofs of her sinfulness and frailty helps to cut off the entail of that heavy curse. Alas! alas! how many a soul has read itself to ruin in some unhallowed page; has darkened all life by five minutes over a corrupt tale, or by two sentences of a blaspheming tract! Oh, if you would save yourselves from worlds of misery, if you would not hopelessly sully and darken the crystal of your souls, fling a guilty book into the hottest flame of the winter fire, as you would fling away a rag full of pestilence. Do not indulge the vain dream that it will not harm you. Can a man touch pitch, and not be defiled? Can he handle hot burning coals, and not be burned?

Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom; and with all thy gettings get understanding. And how shall you get it? Only by prayer to the Holy Spirit of God. It cannot be gotten for gold; neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. Where, then, shall wisdom be found, and where is the place of understanding? Behold God understandeth the way thereof, and He knoweth the place thereof; and unto man He said, Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil, that is understanding. There is one book which is a book of books, "of history more sacred, of biography more instructive, of warning more solemn, of philosophy more eternal, of eloquence more impassioned, of poetry more divinely enchanting, of a light more supernatural and clear." Other books may be as gold, but in this book, though you be ignorant of all others, there is a wisdom above rubies. It is as the Urim, "ardent with gems

oracular," upon the ephod of the high priest; and each pure eye may see the light of God stealing over its graven stones. For in that book, and only by the light which it has lent, you may find Christ; and in that book alone can you hear the voice which says, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." And, therefore, in that river of life you may baptize all other knowledge, and in the atoning blood which it reveals you may wash out all other stains. The earliest of printed books was the Latin Bible of 1456. In old days a Bible was a present for a king. A man would gladly give a load of hay for a few chapters of St. John. The young St. Thomas of Aquinas said that he would rather possess St. Chrysostom's Homilies on St. Matthew than the whole city of Paris. Luther thought that it must be the supreme of happiness to possess all the Epistles of St. Paul. Eager crowds gathered round the chained Bibles in the churches to hear but a few verses read aloud. Now you may, in one sense, possess the whole Bible for a few pence. In one sense, but, ah! how little in another! It is with the Bible as with all true books. He who would learn its best blessings must know how to read it aright. Like all other true and holy books, to read it, you need no other lore, but you do need "pure eyes and Christian hearts." And, when you have thus learned to read it, from that one book shall stream a hallowed light which shall illuminate all other books, and the true light which shines in every other book shall add fresh lustre to that one. This the grace of God will grant to you if you seek it, and then, indeed, will you have learned the object and the sacredness of all wise reading; then will you be able to echo from the heart the burning words of the psalmist: "The law of the Lord is an unde-

filed law, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, and giveth wisdom unto the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, and rejoice the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, and giveth light unto the eyes. The fear of the Lord is clean, and endureth forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb. Moreover by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward."

THE IDEAL CITIZEN.

“Fellow-citizens with the saints.”—EPH. ii. 19.

CITIZENS we all are. When St. Paul, writing to the Philippians, who had the Roman franchise, said to them, “Our citizenship is in heaven,” he meant to remind them that, though they could utter the boast, *Civis Romanus sum*,—“I am a citizen of Rome,”—a far nobler boast was, “I am of the City of God.” Let them bear in mind the loftier, the more eternal privileges, the diviner, the more searching obligations of their name as Christians. The greatest politician is he to whom this truth is ever present,—he who looks through the transient to the permanent, he who takes the Bible (by which I do not mean this or that “text,” or this or that evanescent and partial element, but the Bible in its one and essential revelation, the Bible as it is summed up in Christ, the Perfect Man) as his statesman’s manual. And they who hold these views, they whose statesmanship is but an element, and a subordinate element, in their Christianity,—such men are in heart united. They accept the same principles, though they may differ in their application. They agree as to the object, though they may differ about the methods.

I will try, then, by God’s help, to sketch the outline of the Ideal Citizen. But before doing so I must make two statements. The first is that which has to do with *all* of

us; — not only because every one of us, even the youngest and poorest, contributes a quota to the life of the nations of the world, but because, as I said, our citizenship is but a fraction of our heavenly citizenship. And the other statement, which should be needless, is that no living man, no earthly objects, are in my thoughts. I am not thinking of the petty, passing interests of to-day. I flatter none. I fear none. “I hear the roll of the ages” not the babble of surrounding voices. I stand in utter indifference before the false and frivolous judgments of man’s brief day: I bow with awful reverence before the Great White Throne, and Him who sits thereon.

First, then, I say that the Ideal Citizen must rise superior to party spirit. He may of course belong to a party; but he will not sink to a mere partisan. He who coins party watchwords, who gets red-hot with party animosities, is living for the transient, not for the eternal. Eminent he may be: an ideal citizen he cannot be. One of our greatest men said that he who would be a great poet must first make his life a poem. I say that he who would make his life great in any sense must make it great to God. In some playful verses it was said of Edmund Burke, —

“Who, meant for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.”

Of that great and good man, except so far as human weakness goes, the judgment was too severe; for it was truly said of him that “he brought to politics a horror of crime, a deep humanity, a keen sensibility, a singular vivacity and sincerity of conscience.” But it is true of most of us. There is hardly one of us all who is not con-

scious of the tendency to become a mere party man. The old woman in the back street, the member of the religious clique at a tea-table, the hot-headed young man in the office, the vestry-man at the meeting, can show the spirit of party no less than the legislator. Whenever we fail to do justice to an opponent or to one whom we dislike; whenever we snatch up a vehement opinion with wrath and clamour; whenever we adopt a tone of denunciative ignorance about things which we do not understand; whenever we join in the blind clamour against unpopular names; whenever we repeat the shameful innuendo or the biting jest, we may stand very high in the world, but we are not ideal citizens or ideal in any way.

For the Ideal Citizen must walk in the light, must love the truth. And these methods do not brighten the truth: they obscure it. They do not quicken progress: they retard it. They do not ennoble nations: they degrade and weaken them. They do not purify life, but embitter and poison it. If we would escape the average, we cannot advance one step without those elementary Christian graces — modesty, sympathy, fairness of judgment, humility, candour — which amid the clash of controversy are too often trampled under foot. Candour — whiteness, brightness, brightness of the clear sky, brightness of the crystal spring, brightness of the transparent soul,—ah! it is a gem rare and of the purest lustre, not to be found in the sulphurous mines of passion, undiscoverable by the fuming torches of strife and faction. But the ideal politician will wear it on his breast, and no mean heart can beat beneath it. The average man, the man who is swayed by “the eternal spirit of the populace,” sees his own opinions all white, and the other all black; his own side all grandeur, the other all mischief;

his own side all truth, the other all lies. No great man, no ideal man, no true Christian, ever can take these views of things. He can credit his opponents with intellects as keen, with motives as honourable, with hearts as upright as his own. Not long ago an English statesman died about whose name the waves of party had been dashing all his life. There were some who did not agree with him, who thought that his policy was, as a whole, mistaken in its tendency, and who yet, when the grave closed over him — in that generosity which mingles with the pathos of death — tried to appreciate only the greater qualities of his character, the highest aims of his life. The brink of the open grave is not the place for severity or for criticism. Even when a great man dies who has been a *bad* man, we feel that the day of his death is not the time to judge him.

“The crowded hall, the murmur, and the gaze,
The look of envy, and the voice of praise,
And friendship’s smile, and passion’s treasured vow,—
All these are nothing,—life is nothing now!
And ‘what is writ is writ’: the sin, the shame,
All eyes may read them, and all lips may blame;
Let feeble hands, iniquitously just,
Rake up the relics of the sinful dust,
Let ignorance mock the pang it could not feel,
And malice brand what mercy would conceal,
It matters not!”

This we say when even a bad man dies. But when a man dies who, even by the confession of his enemies, has honourably served his country, was it not a shocking sign of party feelings that when one who had received from him nothing but kindness spoke of him in Westminster Abbey in terms perhaps of generous, but certainly of honest eulogy, he should, because of those words, have been pelted

with insults? The statesman to whom I refer is Lord Beaconsfield. On one occasion a divine who was not of his party told a mere chance anecdote to his credit at a meeting. Next morning he received a parcel of all his own books returned to him, with the remark that a man who praised that statesman could not be trusted as a religious teacher! Was not this a degraded proof that candour has no place in many breasts?

My friends, whether you are public men or private men, whether you live in stately houses or in back streets, you cannot be great, or good, or in any high sense Christians, until you learn the holy lessons of that charity which, even amid the hottest strife of party factions, suffereth long, and is kind, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

And next to candour I would place among the requisites of the ideal statesman, a stainless integrity,—integrity like his of whom his enemy said, “If you place the sun at his right hand and the moon at his left, you could not make him swerve from the path of duty.” Few nations have, I suppose, more reason to be proud of her statesmen on this score than England has. Yet it has not been always so. How long ago is it since even great ecclesiastics shamelessly and with both hands enriched themselves and their families out of the Church’s spoils, and left all over their dioceses the proofs of their nepotism and their greed? How long ago is it since a Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, declared, as the cynical result of years of political experience, that “every man had his price”? How long ago is it since another Prime Minister, William Pitt, almost burst into tears when, for dubious dealings, the name

of his dearest friend was erased from the list of the Privy Council? How long ago is it since another — so great, so eloquent — Charles James Fox, lured by ambition to combine with men whom he had once bitterly denounced, committed the great error of his life, and provoked the stern remark, “England does not love coalitions”? I will not allude to any individual cases less than a hundred years ago; but seeing that, two years ago, England was sickened week after week by the revelations of how men, intrusted with the sacred duty of the franchise, unblushingly sold their votes for all sorts of personal motives, from sums of money down to pots of beer, we have hardly, I think, yet reached that millennium when it is needless to speak of stainless integrity as an essential of ideal citizenship. But here, again, my statements are applicable to all. If you would be a true woman, or boy, or man, no golden apple, however glittering, must ever stay or seduce you to turn from the swift, straight race of life, or from the narrow wicket-gate of duty. Others succeed; you fail. Be it so. If you have wished only to speak the truth, and to do the right, despise those laurels; scorn altogether those triumphs.

Nothing, my friends, be you statesmen or be you shop-boys, will ever compensate you for that thrilling voice, that innermost voice, heard by you always, even in the silence, even at the midnight, which alone can say to you, “Well done!” The moment that, be it in great things or be it in little things, you sell but one scruple of your integrity, the crown will have fallen from your head; for you have sinned. And the greater you are, the more will this be true. It is thus that a poet wrote of an American statesman now dead: —

“So fallen, so lost! The light withdrawn
 Which once he wore!
 The glory from the gray hairs gone
 For evermore!

“All else is gone: from those great eyes
 The soul has fled;
 When faith is lost, when honour dies,
 The man is dead!”

Candour, then, and stainless integrity, and, thirdly, among the essentials of ideal statesmanship (mark, for every one of us!) I place inflexible courage. Here, again, we have something to learn from the old Greek and Roman statesmen,—Athens not quailing before Alexander, when he came to her red from the ashes of Thebes; Rome with her legends of Scævola and Manlius, of Fabricius and Regulus. The brute physical courage, the courage that does not fear death,—courage as of the tiger, which will “leap with bare breast and unarmed claws upon the hunter’s steel”; courage of the poor soldier, who, blamed for something by the general whom he adores, charging, one against a thousand,

“Hurls his soiled life against the pikes, and dies”;

courage of Leonidas at Thermopylæ, of Arnold von Winkelried at Sempach,—even that is something! It is the attribute of a man! Higher still is moral courage,—courage of Paul on the Areopagus; of Athanasius against the world; of John Huss at Constance; of Martin Luther at Worms; of Wesley standing up to preach before yelling mobs. And, when the two are combined in utterance of the truth which defies death, there you have the martyr and the saint! In public life you may have to face—in private life, even, you may have to face—this deadly, this raging,

this unscrupulous opposition. You will have to be content, if you be a true man, that men should hate you, and call you Beelzebub. Take the case of the American abolitionists. At one of those meetings to support slavery, when it seemed as if the very passions of demons were let loose, one of the speakers said: "Where are the abolitionists now? I should like to see an abolitionist now." And at once, amid tumult and howls and personal violence, a burly figure thrust itself forward, and a lion-voice exclaimed, "I am Theodore Parker, and *I* am an abolitionist!" It is something to face hostile mobs; something to look without quailing, to look like a king among meaner men, into a sea of angry faces. But to brave the collective mediocrity; to disregard the elaborate sneers; to tell a church or a nation that it is swayed by passion and misled by ignorance; to tell them, for all their anathemas, that they must accept the truth which they have hated, and hate the lie which they have believed; plainly to speak the truth, boldly to rebuke vice, and to do this at the cost of wealth or place or power or the good opinion of those who have hitherto favoured us, or of everything which we have loved,—yes! this, if done for conscience' sake, shall not lose its reward. The man who will lead, and not follow, public opinion; the man who, leading it, will make it come round to him or die in the effort to do so,—yes, this is the patriot, this the ideal politician,—

"This is the Happy Warrior, this is he
Whom every man at arms would wish to be!"

But he must suffer for it. Such "extreme lovers of their country and of mankind are never fortunate, neither can they be; for, when a man places his thoughts without him-

self, he goeth not his own way." "Your public career will be checkered," said Lord Brougham to the late Sir Robert Peel, when he was differing from those with whom he had been so long connected; "but you can always turn from the storm without to the sunshine of an approving conscience within."

And besides candour, integrity, courage, the true citizen must be content to accept a complete self-sacrifice. The good man who thinks himself worthy of great things, being worthy, must also magnanimously feel that if the whole world be against him, the greatest thing he can do is to be true to himself. He must be content not only to fail now (that is a small matter), but to fail in this world quite finally; to descend to the grave unthanked and unhonoured, perhaps even as Christ did amid the contempt and hatred of mankind. Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified, he must rise superior to the vulgar worship of what men call success; he must be quite willing to decrease and to descend; he must count, with God's greatest, that apparent success is often abject failure, and apparent failure royal success. Think over the lives, think over the ends, of John the Baptist, of Paul the Apostle, of Dante, of Columbus, of Milton, of almost all the world's best and greatest; ah! if you be indeed a Christian, think of Him whose example we profess to follow, think of all that is meant by the three short words, the "Cross of Christ." Those who have been nearest Him have been ready to sacrifice their very lives for His dear sake.

But, my friends, no man can achieve these heights without a fourth requisite for ideal citizenship, which is faith in human nature. It is often a struggle not to lose this. There are times when the vision of human nature

appears to us so ugly, and life itself so hollow, that, giving up all hope for mankind and even for ourselves, we say with Elijah, "And now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers." But the ideal statesman must never sink into this despair. And, to save him from it, we must look at all men in Christ, and on every man, however base and wretched, as one for whom Christ died. He who clings to these principles will try to live for mankind, not for a class; still less for individual men; least of all for himself only. Never will he forget that the good of the swarm must be the good also of the bee; never will he pity the ruffled plumage, while he forgets the dying bird. He must feel "the deep and terrible reality which lies in the two words, 'national life.'" He must have faith in eternal principles. He must be fearless of menacing phantoms. He must not be daunted by stupidity; must not be shaken by ingratitude. He must believe that the victory of Christianity, which means the ultimate triumph of all that is right and good, has all the certainty of an inevitable law.

And, as a last requisite, all this means that the Ideal Citizen must have an immense faith in God. He must sweep away the notion that custom or expediency can modify the sanctions of the eternal law. Listen to a few words which Wesley wrote about the slave-trade, and tell me whether they are not applicable to other questions now: "Can human law turn darkness into light, or evil into good? Notwithstanding ten thousand laws, there must still remain an essential difference between justice and injustice, cruelty and wrong. You say it is necessity. I deny that villany is ever necessary. It is necessary to my gaining £100,000. I deny that your gaining one thou-

sand is necessary to your present or eternal happiness. It is necessary for the wealth and glory of England. Wealth is not necessary to the glory of any nation. Wisdom, virtue, justice, mercy, generosity, public spirit, love of our country,—these are necessary to the glory of a nation; but abundance of wealth is not.” So wrote John Wesley about the slave-trade. Have not all Christian statesmen said the same? “You glory,” said Oliver Cromwell, “in that ditch which guards your shores. I tell you, your ditch will be no defence to you unless you reform yourselves.” “I plead,” said a living statesman, “only for what I believe to be just. During twenty-five years I have endured measureless insult, and passed through hurricanes of abuse. My clients have generally been the poor and lowly. They cannot give me place, and dignities, and wealth, but honourable service in their cause yields me that which is of far higher and more lasting value,—the consciousness that I have laboured to expound and uphold laws which, though they were not given among the thunders of Sinai, are not less the commandments of God, and not less intended to promote and secure the happiness of men.”

Well, then, in conclusion, perhaps you will say to me, But in this sketch, imperfect as it is, you have sketched not the statesman, not the citizen, but the Christian, the philanthropist, the religious man. Be it so. In some form or other the ideal statesman must be the philanthropist, the Christian, the religious man. There is no other ideal attainable. The only true diplomacy is perfect truthfulness. The only international law is perfect honesty. The only noble statesmanship is faith in God, and love to men. By the religious man I do not mean the man who has sacred words most often on his lips. By the religious man I mean

the good man; by religion I mean holiness; by the gospel I mean the good news of a kingdom of righteousness upon earth. All high political questions, questions of pauperism, of education, of public amusements, of commercial honesty, of preventing disease, of diminishing crime, belong to it. Ay, and little daily duties belong to it. "A chastened temper, a tongue that speaks no evil, cheerfulness amid petty worries, purity of heart ever eloquent in its silence, thoughtfulness for others rather than for ourselves,"— "these," it has been said, "are the precious stones that build up the walls of the Holy City." If we would be ideal statesmen, or ideal anything, we must help to build it. Let us build it in our own hearts first. Unless we build it there,— unless there we see some glimpses of the city which hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to lighten it, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof,— then all other efforts will be in vain. But if we build it in our own hearts, then, sooner or later, and sooner rather than later, in the world around us, also, we shall lay its stones with fair colours, and its foundations with sapphires; and in a society full of candour, full of integrity, full of courage, happy in self-sacrifice, animated with pure faith in man, and with immeasurable love to God, we shall soon be able to exclaim,—

"Lo! the clouds begin to shine
About the coming of the Lord!"

SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND AMERICA.

“And the Lord commanded us . . . to fear the Lord our God, for our good always.”—DEUT. vi. 24.

THE fact that in Westminster Abbey a window was unveiled, a gift of Americans to the church,—this beautiful window, which they have given, being almost the sole existing memorial of a very great character and a transcendently great event,—compels the choice of my topic. I follow such guidance as confidently as if it were a direction spelled out by the gleaming light on Israel's Urim. Let us get rid of the superstition that such topics, when thus pointed out to us, are not religious, not spiritual, not the gospel. Let us shake off the narrow prejudice that, because the Bible is God's book, it is His only book. Our lives would be better, our thoughts nobler, our hearts larger, our faith more real, our words more charitable, if we would, once for all, learn the lesson of the Law and the Prophets, which is not to glide along the razor's edge of scholastic dogmas, nor to wear formulas threadbare by conventional iteration, but to love God, and to do good to our neighbour. Which is best,—to diffuse the grandeur and sacredness of faith over the whole of daily life, or to regard all but a fraction of life as irredeemably secular? Which is best,—to specialize Sundays with servile rigorism, or to diffuse the spirit of Sunday over days which we too often devote to meanness and Mammon? Which is best,—to surround places, gestures, garments, with a mechanical sanctity, or by holy lives to make the floor of a cottage as sacred as the

rocks of Sinai, and the commonest events hallowed as the rounds of the ladder on which angels tread? Alas for the exclusiveness, which, resting on the impossible demand for verbal orthodoxy, has too often made of religious teachers a caste, and of religious society a clique, and of religious talk a cant, and of religious mannerism a stumbling-block! Oh for one hour of the breeze — yea, even of the storm — of Galilee to sweep away these mists! Religion was meant surely to be a diffusive dawn, not a narrow beam in the midnight; it was meant to be a universal atmosphere for the many, not an intoxicating perfume for the few. And the Book of God, — surely, it is not only such a book as our Caxton could print and bind, but a book universal as our race, individual as ourselves. The soldier may reveal God as well as the priest; the life of the busy statesman may teach us His lessons no less than that of the cloistered saint. Let those whose spiritual life has dried up into the acrid rivulet of a party say, if they will, that topics suggested by daily events are not “the gospel”: I say that the gospel may be found by pure hearts and enlightened eyes elsewhere than in the straight-dug ditches of formalists; and that, if

“Every bird that sings,
And every flower that stars the elastic sod,
And every breath the radiant summer brings,
To the pure spirit is a word of God,”

so, too, every human life is the life of a child of God, more or less erring, but never unloved by its heavenly Father; and that they who are noble may find elements of nobleness, they who know the gospel may find the gospel, as clearly written by the finger of God in the pages of Experience as in that which we call specially His Book. Besides

the other memories which haunt it, Westminster Abbey may claim its heritage in three great men and three great events. The great men, whose names are on its registers, are William Caxton, Walter Raleigh, John Milton. The great events are the History of Printing, the Discovery of America, the English Revolution. Caxton lies buried there. The headless body of Sir Walter was carried there from the scaffold in Palace Yard. Milton, with Hampden, Pym, and Cromwell, must often have knelt in worship there. There his banns were called. There lies his best loved wife, the "late-espoused saint"; there the child into whose little grave fell Milton's tears. Caxton, and the Introduction of Printing into England, are now commemorated by the gift of the Printers of London; Raleigh, and the Colonization of the New World, by the window unveiled. I had but to mention to one or two American gentlemen that the man who named and colonized Virginia lies almost unrecorded there, and they, with the ready munificence which marks their nation, and which is certainly one of the lessons which we may learn from our "kin beyond the sea," at once, without any toil and anxiety of mine, gave the £600 which that window required. I ask Americans to accept our thanks for their generous friendliness; and I venture to believe that, long after we are in our graves, generations yet to come will look with interest on our great west window, and will read with interest the lines written on it by one who was at once the American Minister and one of the first of living American poets:—

"The New World's sons, from England's breasts we drew
Such milk as bids remember whence we came;
Proud of her Past, wherefrom our Present grew,
This window we inscribe with Raleigh's name."*

* Written by Mr. James Russell Lowell, who was present on the occasion.

Sir Walter Raleigh, in whose honour the window was given, was not one of the world's simple, blameless characters, like William Caxton, of whom we spoke so recently. Men of splendid physique and genius, children of a richly-endowed and passionate age, have temptations more intense and terrible than we who live our small, humdrum lives in the petty routine of commonplace. Our faults may be as bad as theirs, though they are meaner and smaller faults. Their sins show large in the largeness of their lives, and in the fierce light which beats upon them. "At any rate, who are we little men that we should sit in judgment upon them? A life of heroic aims, exposed to gigantic temptations, may be stained by great faults amid great achievements; but is such a life to be coldly slandered by men of the small vices, low aims, petty endeavours, we see all around us? If Walter Raleigh in some things sinned greatly, God loved him so well that he also suffered greatly, and out of much tribulation washed his robes white in the blood of the Lamb. "Reader," says Dean Milman, "if thou recall his sins, remember also that he had great virtues, and that thou thyself art mortal." Yes! and remember also that he must be ranked forever among the benefactors of his race, and that there are very few of us who have not done worse deeds than he, and have never done as good ones. It is strange to me that one paltry tablet should hitherto have been almost the only memorial of such a man. Great nations should have more pride in their few great sons. I think that Americans will rejoice with us that, after more than two hundred and seventy years,* he should have a worthier memorial of his immortal deeds in the church under whose altar lies his headless corpse.

Many of you may have seen the striking painting of the

* Raleigh was beheaded in 1618.

“Boyhood of Sir Walter Raleigh,” by our greatest painter.* One of the noble boys who sits listening to the old seaworthy is Raleigh, the other may be taken for his half-brother, also depicted on the window, Sir Humphrey Gilbert. He, too, nobly did his part as soldier and sailor, when Elizabeth was queen. Raleigh aided him in the endeavour to discover and take possession of unknown lands; and the queen sent him as a jewel a golden anchor, with a pearl at the beak. In the little “Squirrel,” a mere trivial yacht of only ten tons’ burthen, he explored the dangerous coasts of Cape Breton, refusing to forsake the little company with whom he had passed through so many perils. Sitting abaft, with a book in his hand, amid the fury of the storm he called out repeatedly to the sailors in the “Golden Hind,” “We are as near heaven by sea as by land,” “reiterating the same speech,” says the captain of the “Hind,” “well beseeming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, and I can testify he was. The same Monday night, about twelve of the clock, suddenly the lights of the ‘Squirrel’ disappeared, and withal our watch cried out our general was cast away, which was too true; for in that moment the frigate was devoured and swallowed up in the sea.” Dare you speak up for religion, dare you brave death, dare you take Christ for your Captain, dare you deny yourselves, dare you face storms, peril, wounds, bad fare, thunder and frost, and tropic heat and fever and scurvy for a great cause, as they did? “Seeing,” said Gilbert, “that death is inevitable, and the fame of virtue immortal, wherefore in this behalf *mutare vel timere sperno*.” How many of you can speak in those high tones? They were cut off in the flower of their days: few of them laid their bones in the sepulchre of their fathers. Life with them was no

* By Sir J. E. Millais, R.A.

summer holiday, but a holy sacrifice offered up to duty, and what their Maker sent was welcomed. "He was one," says the historian, "of a race that has ceased to be. Brave we may still be, and strong, perhaps, as then, but the high moral grace which made bravery and strength so beautiful is departed from us."* Young men, it rests with you — on the lives you lead, on the faith which you embrace — whether or not it shall have departed from us for ever.

Among souls so pure and noble the boy Raleigh passed his earlier years. After brilliant promise at school and college, by the age of seventeen he was fighting for Protestants in France, and beginning his many-sided life as soldier, sailor, courtier, poet, discoverer, and author. If you would understand his life, and the glorious years of Queen Elizabeth, you must remember three things: that it was the era of the Renascence; the era of the Reformation; and the era of the colonization of America.

It was the era of the Renascence. That new boyhood of life produced splendid daring. The glory of England in that day was as when the aloe rushes into its crimson flower. Around the queen stood men crowned with many laurels, — not like the pygmies of to-day, but men of strong passions, of deep feelings, of large hopes, of dauntless endurance, of ardent imagination, of magnificent purposes. Think of the day when Hooker was preaching at the Temple; and Bacon meditating the *Novum Organum*; and Spenser writing the *Faerie Queene*; and Sidney fighting in the Netherlands; and Galileo reading the secrets of the stars; and Drake singeing the beard of the King of Spain; and Shakspeare, Marlowe, Chapman, and Ben Jonson were pouring forth all the passion of which man's heart is capa-

* Froude, "Short Studies on Great Subjects."

ble, and Milton was a little boy; when trade, art, science, learning, burst into new life; when England was acquiring the empire of the sea, and the queen was telling Mendoza — in quite her natural voice, and as though it was the most ordinary thing in the world, though he was ambassador of a king at whom the world trembled — that, if he talked to her about Philip's threats again, she would fling him into a dungeon. Yes! England was the England of Shakspeare and Raleigh, and spoke in the true voice of England then, because her sons were neither cynical unbelievers nor gilded effeminates, but feared God, and were noble and great and true.

And this era of the Renaissance was, on its religious side, the era of the Reformation. If the *east* window of Westminster Abbey — the gift of Ferdinand the Catholic and Isabella to Henry VII., when Prince Arthur married Katherine of Arragon — recalls the days of Popery and the Inquisition, the *west* window speaks of the Reformation. In these our days love of Popery shews itself in coquetting with dead usages, and hatred of Popery has dwindled down into the feeble spite of religious newspapers; and most men, caring nothing about either tendency, walk in the cold mid-region between “a boundless scepticism and an unfathomable superstition.” But in those days hatred of Popery was no mere intolerance about minor religious opinions. It was, and had a right to be, a holy and mighty passion. It meant hatred of popes like Pius V., who sent his soldiers into France with the words, “Slay immediately whatever heretics fall into your hands”; and who taught Englishmen to defy and plot against their queen. It meant hatred of Moloch-fires which flamed through all lands; **hatred of queens steeped like Mary of Scots in murder and**

adultery; hatred of generals like Alva, reeking with the blood of saints; hatred of blood which cried to Heaven from an earth which would not cover her slain. Hatred of Popery meant in that day hatred of the sanguinary alliance between priestly usurpation and monarchic despotism, between cruel tyranny and deadly superstition. It meant hatred of burnings, tortures, butcheries; hatred of the dark, crooked devil's work of a plotting, murdering Jesuitism, which absolved the reckless perjuries of the conspirator and consecrated the cursed dagger of the assassin. It meant hatred of hell-born leagues between murder and rebellion; hatred of the spirit of the Nihilist, the Fenian, and the Inquisitor wielding the sword of the tyrant and wearing the ephod of the priest. But with Raleigh—born when the fires of Smithfield were barely extinguished, reading Fox's Martyrs at his mother's knee, who as a boy had fought against Alva in the Netherlands, and seen Condé die at Jarnac, and been involved in the retreat of the Huguenots at Moncontour—whose ears had thrilled with the shrieks of St. Bartholomew, and who knew how Philip of Spain had laughed aloud when he heard of that awful massacre, and how Pope Gregory XIII. had struck medals and sung *Te Deums* in its honour,—to Raleigh hatred of Popery was in that day inevitably one with loyalty to Elizabeth and love of England, and passion for the primary rights, the natural liberty and free conscience of mankind. And, because he was a lifelong foe to Popery, he was a lifelong foe to Spain, which was then trying to blight the whole world with the upas shadows of abhorrent absolutism. The great men of Elizabeth knew that the triumph of Spain, the triumph of Popery, would have meant the holiness of racks and the beatitude of thumb-screws. It would have meant that

the England of Elizabeth would have reeked, as did the England of James II., with the odours of the charnel-house. It was this that made Raleigh fight Papists in Ireland,—which he called, “not the commonweal, but the common woe”;—and fight Papists in France, and in the Netherlands, and on the Armada, and in the New World. It was this that made him burn the Spanish fleet in Cadiz Bay. It was this that made him tell in immortal prose, as Tennyson has told in immortal verse, that death of Sir Richard Grenville, when one English ship fought for fifteen mortal hours against fifty-three Spanish ships at the Azores. Yes! in the era of the Reformation hatred of Popery meant love of truth, love of England, love of freedom, love of progress, air, and light.

But nobly as Raleigh served the cause of England and the cause of the Reformation, it is with the New World and its colonization that his name will be most gloriously and most permanently connected.

“Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time’s noblest offspring is the last.”*

To Raleigh and the old seaworthies of England the New World meant Eldorado. But Spain forsooth claimed the whole of this New World by virtue of a trumpery parchment signed by a meddling Italian priest! And how did this land of promise and golden dreams fare in the hands of Popery and Spain? The blood of Montezuma and Atahualpa cried against them. The tale of their greed and cruelty rang through all lands. The flames woven on the banner of Cortez were the accursed emblem of the Inquisi-

* Bishop Berkeley.

tion. But they had not occupied a third even of the coast; and was that land of boundless wonder and beauty, of boundless fertility and wealth, to be abandoned to them? Were millions of innocent Indians to be treated like brute beasts? Were the English, whom they called "Lutheran devils," to be handed over to the rack and the galleys, if they ventured to trade,—nay, if they were but shipwrecked on those shores? Not if Raleigh could help it! His genius fixed upon, and his dauntless patience and princely munificence secured, regions which had almost escaped the notice of Spain. On the colonization of Virginia he spent £40,000, and was ready to spend his whole fortune to the last coin. Westminster at any rate has herein given him his due. It was the late Dean Stanley who called him "the Father of the United States." It was Canon Kingsley who said, "To this one man, under the providence of God, the whole United States of America owe their existence."

Let us glance at his life and end. If you would judge of his zenith, see him in all the splendour of Durham House, his beautiful wife beside him, his noble boy at his knee; sometimes flashing about as Captain of Elizabeth's Guard, in his armour of enamelled silver; sometimes in his "doublet of white satin, all embroidered with rich pearls, and a weighty rich chain of great pearls around his neck"; the friend of Sidney, the patron of Spenser, the companion of Ben Jonson and Shakspeare, Lord of the Stannaries, Governor of Munster, Governor of Jersey, Rear-Admiral of the Fleet against the Azores; ruffling it with Leicester and Essex, their equal in manly beauty; "lording it with awful ascendancy" in the fairyland of Gloriana's Court,—*"A man at whom men gazed as at a star."*

Envy not his splendour! All the while he was struggling in a network of base intrigues. Long before pride and passion led him into sin he had learned—as his poem “The Lie” shows—how hollow and disappointing it all was. And then see the plunge right down to the very nadir of human misery and ruin! I know few tragedies to equal those last twelve years of his in the Tower of London. Elizabeth had died “with the whole Book of Ecclesiastes written on her mighty heart,” and the very basest and meanest of English kings—with no fear except to offend Spain, and no money except to lavish on infamous favourites—disgraced her throne. Such a man as James naturally hates such a man as Raleigh. His fair day at once drew to evening. “I am left of all men,” he wails, “that have done good to many. All my good turns forgotten, all my errors revived and expounded to all extremity of ill, all my services, hazards, and expenses for my country,—plantings, discoveries, fights, counsels, and whatsoever—dire malice has now covered over.” Ah! what a shipwreck of man’s ingratitude! and how common on the treacherous sea of life! And then came the midnight. Imprisoned, robbed, slandered, yet enriching even his prison hours with the “History of the World”; in vain attempting suicide, betrayed by his own king, suffering from fever, losing his gallant boy in battle and his devoted adherent by suicide; old, gray-headed, lame; worn with sickness, anguish, and watching; penniless, ruined, dishonoured,—finding the whole world turned for him to thorns,—after being belied for a while in a hubbub of lies, he is, at a day’s notice, infamously doomed to the scaffold. In all those awful fires God had purged away all his dross. He had long learned to defy Death in all his ugly and mis-

shapen forms. "O eloquent, just, and mighty Death!" he wrote at the end of his "History of the World," "whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised: thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of men, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, '*Hic jacet.*'" "E'en such," he wrote in his cell the evening before his execution,—

"E'en such is time, who takes in trust
Our youth, our hope, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Which, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust!"

"Prythee, let me see the axe," he says to the executioner. "Dost thou think, man, I am afraid of it?" "A sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases. I entreat you," he says, "that you will all join with me in prayer to the God of heaven, whom I have grievously offended, being a man full of all vanity, who have lived a sinful life, that the Almighty Goodness will forgive; that He will cast away my sins from me; that He will receive me into everlasting life. So I take leave of you all, making my peace with God." He says but one more word. Asked to face towards the east, he says, "If the heart be right, it matters not which way the head lies." So dies the most brilliant of Englishmen; so "fades all glory into darkness, and all life into dust," that we may give God the splendour. And I, for one, would rather take my stand with Raleigh,

purged in the seven-times-heated furnace of affliction and forgiven for his Saviour's sake, than with millions of vulgar and every-day respectabilities, who have passed their life in the Pharisaism of false orthodoxies and the pettiness of cheap observances. He was nearer God, I believe, by a whole heaven than millions of the sleek sinners whom God leaves alone to succeed and prosper, and to walk in the odour of self-satisfaction and of sanctity,—the sinners who, in their own eyes, need no repentance,—the little hearts that know not how to forgive.

I rejoice that America has done him this honour. Sebastian Cabot, who landed even before Columbus on the mainland of North America, was born at Bristol and bred in England. In the privy-purse expenses of Henry VIII. we find this curious entry: "To the man who found the new isle £10." The man was Cabot; the isle, Newfoundland! And what is America now? A mighty civilization, destined, perhaps, to surpass ours; a land of illimitable hopes, with her thirteen Colonies, her forty-four States, her five Territories, spreading our race and tongue from a narrow island to a boundless continent; freed from us, as Washington said, by "reiterated and astonishing interpositions of Providence." "You are the advanced guard of the human race," said Madame de Staël to an American: "you have the future of the world." If glorious has been our legacy to her, glorious, too, have been her gifts to us. She has given us a type of manhood supplied "neither by the recusants of Maryland nor the cavaliers of Virginia, but by the Puritans of New England";* a type of manhood "at once manful and godly, practical and enthusiastic, prudent and self-sacrificing," in which, because it was inspired by the Reformation, righteousness, conduct, conscience, was a

* Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

main factor. It was God's will, it was best for the world, that at Lexington "the embattled farmers" should have reared the banner of freedom, and "fired the shot heard round the world."* Henceforth we are brother nations, brothers in amity; brothers by the tongue that Milton and Shakspeare spoke; brothers by the memories of one common Bible; brothers for the progress and freedom of the world; brothers "to discover and to traffic, to colonize and to civilize, until no wind can sweep the earth which does not bear the echoes of an English voice."† America has given us in her history the spectacle of an army of a million and a half of brave soldiers reabsorbed without a struggle into the currents of a peaceful life. She has given us not only a magnificent type of the grandeur of collective humanity, but also noble types of individual humanity. To the viaticum of good examples her contribution has not been wanting. In literature she has given us Motley, and Bancroft, and Prescott; in fiction, Poe and Hawthorne; in eloquence, Channing, and Clay, and Webster, and Everett, and Wendell Phillips; in poetry, Emerson, and Longfellow, and Whittier, and Holmes, and Bryant, and Lowell; and, in manhood, specimens of men pre-eminently righteous, fearless, uncorrupt. Such were the blameless, unselfish Washington; Franklin, who wrenched the lightning from heaven and the sceptre from tyrants;‡ the strong, homely, patient Lincoln; the calm, wise, manly Garfield; the fire and courage of Theodore Parker; the burning faith and magnificent endurance of William Lloyd Garrison. Worthy descendants these of the English Puritan and the French Huguenot; of men who shook off the oppression of the Stuarts and spurned the tyranny of the *Grand Monarque*;

* Emerson.

† Kingsley, "Westward Ho!"

‡ "Eripuit cælo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis."—*Turgot*.

of men whose fathers fought at Naseby and Marston Moor, at Bunker Hill and Saratoga. And she, too, has suffered as we have suffered. She has washed away old stains in the blood of Civil War. She has suffered as we have suffered, wept as we have wept, for the cursed crime of assassination. She, too, like us, like France, like Germany, like Russia, has seen her leaders "thrust, for no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness by the red hand of murder" * from life to death. Like us, too, more than other nations, she has, thank God, kept the faith. But she has still a vast work to do. She has won Liberty. Will she keep her name inviolate? Will she love her so well as to show the world that without order there is no liberty, without obedience no dominion? Will England and America, for their own sake, and for the world's sake, save Liberty from being degraded from a divine ideal into a monstrous idol? Will her politicians and ours tremble lest for votes they should trample on principles or palter with God for gold? Will they remember the great words of Chatham,— "Where law ends, tyranny begins,"—and that there is no tyranny so detestable as that of socialism? The shield of liberty is broad and terrible, and it is the ægis of the nations; but it is the shield of men,— not of vipers, not of hyenas that thirst for blood. If murder and rebellion crouch beneath that shield, let them be dragged out of its sacred shadow. It is the shield of innocence, not of outrage; of obedience, not of assassins. Men have their rights; nations have their rights; loyalty and faith and virtue have their rights against the fiendishness of execrable men. A brave statesman † said that never had governments more need to be strong than now,— strong for Freedom against the anarchy which would fain assume her

* Hon. J. Blaine.

† Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P.

aspect and would sharpen its brutal daggers in her name. Yes, the day has come when neither in panic nor with thirst for vengeance, but girding her loins for work in all nations, firm yet merciful, Freedom must grasp the sword of her sister Justice, not forgetting that it is a sword of celestial temper and forged in the armoury of God. And the day may come when, not in blind passion, but with the sternness of inexorable duty, she must with that sword stand ready to smite once and smite no more. The England of Queen Victoria, the America of Lincoln and of Garfield, must learn to hate the misshapen broods of Atheism and Nihilism with a hatred deadlier even than that of the England of their fathers against Popery and Spain. Execrable was the Inquisition; but the Inquisition was holy compared to that raging hatred of God and man, that deification of lust and blood, which, adopting the enginery of devils, preaches the hell-born gospel of petroleum and of dynamite. The day has come when the nations must look this devil in the face, and form against it their committees of safety.

Oh, in the Armageddon shock of the imminent battle against sin and antichrist; against the false prophets of atheistic socialism, and the dragon of enmity to God's eternal laws, and the wild beast which ever arises out of the abysses of fallen and God-abandoning humanity,—let America range herself with us under the Banner of the Cross, and then in the name of God, the Mighty and the Merciful, we shall be irresistible for the blessing of the world.

GENERAL GRANT.

FOURTEEN years have not passed since Dean Stanley of Westminster, whom Americans so much loved and honored, was walking round Westminster Abbey with General Grant, and explaining to him its wealth of great memorials. Neither of them had attained the allotted span of human life and for both we might have hoped that many years would elapse before they went down to the grave, full of years and honours. But this is already the tenth summer since the Dean fell asleep, and the sixth since the great soldier, whose sun went down while it yet was day, was laid in his honoured grave amid the grief of thousands assembled to mourn with his widow, family, and friends. Yes: life at the best is but as a vapour that passeth away.

“The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things.”

But, when death comes, what nobler epitaph can any man have than this,—that, having served his generation, by the will of God he fell asleep? Little can the living do for the dead. The pomps and ceremonies of earthly grandeur have lost their significance; but Virtue shall be honoured for evermore.

I would desire to say simply and directly, and, if with generous appreciation, yet with no idle flattery, of him whose death has made a nation mourn. His private life, the faults and failings of his character, whatever they may have been, belong in no sense to the world. They are for

the judgment of God, whose merciful forgiveness is necessary for the best of what we do and are. We touch only on his public actions and services, the record of his strength, his magnanimity, his self-control, his generous deeds. His life falls into four marked divisions, of which each has its own lessons for us. He touched on them himself in part, when he said,—

“Bury me either at West Point, where I was trained as a youth; or at Illinois, which gave me my first commission; or at New York, which sympathized with me in my misfortunes.”

His wish has been respected; and on the cliff overhanging the Hudson his monument will stand, to recall to the memory of future generations those dark days of a nation's history which he did so much to close.

First came the early years of growth and training, of poverty and obscurity, of struggle and self-denial. Poor and humbly born, he had to make his own way in the world. God's unseen providence directed his boyhood. A cadetship was given him at the Military Academy of West Point; and after a brief period of service in the Mexican War, in which he was three times mentioned in despatches, seeing no opening for a soldier in what seemed likely to be days of unbroken peace, he settled down to a humble trade in a provincial town. Citizens of St. Louis still remember the rough backwoodsman who sold old wood from door to door, and who afterwards became a leather-seller in the obscure town of Galena. Those who knew him in those days have said that, if any one had predicted that the silent, unprosperous, unambitious man, whose chief aim was to get a plank road from his shop to the railway depot, would become twice

President of the United States, and one of the foremost men of his day, the prophecy would have seemed extravagantly ridiculous. But such careers are the glory of the American continent. They show that the people have a sovereign insight into intrinsic force. If Rome told with pride how her dictators came from the plough-tail, America, too, may record the answer of the President who, on being asked what would be his coat-of-arms, answered, proudly mindful of his early struggles, "A pair of shirt-sleeves." The answer showed a noble sense of the dignity of labor, a noble superiority to the vanities of feudalism, a strong conviction that men are to be honoured simply as men, and not for the prizes of birth and accident, which are without them. You have of late years had two martyr Presidents, both of them sons of the people. One was the homely man, who at the age of seven was a farm lad, at seventeen a rail splitter, at twenty a boatman on the Mississippi, and who in manhood proved to be one of the most honest and God-fearing of modern rulers. The other grew up from a shoeless child in a log hut on the prairies, round which the wolves prowled in the winter snow, to be a humble teacher in Hiram Institute. With these Presidents, America need not blush to name also the leather-seller of Galena. Every true man derives his patent of nobleness direct from God.

Did not God choose David from the sheepfolds, from following the ewes great with young ones, to make him the ruler of His people Israel? Was not the Lord of Life and all the worlds for thirty years a carpenter at Nazareth? Do not such things illustrate the prophecy of Solomon: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men"?

When Abraham Lincoln sat, book in hand, day after day under the tree, moving round it as the shadow moved, absorbed in mastering his task; when James Garfield rang the bell at Hiram Institute on the very stroke of the hour, and swept the school-room as faithfully as he mastered his Greek lesson; when Ulysses Grant, sent with his team to meet some men who came to load his cart with logs, and finding no men, loaded the cart with his own boy's strength,—they showed, in conscientious duty, qualities which were to raise them to become kings of men. When John Adams was told that his son, John Quincy Adams, had been elected President of the United States, he said, "He has always been laborious, child and man, from infancy."

But the youth was not destined to die in the deep valley of obscurity and toil in which it is the lot—and perhaps the happy lot—of most of us to spend our little lives. The hour came; the man was needed. In 1861 there broke out that most terrible war of modern days. Grant received a commission as Colonel of Volunteers, and in four years the struggling toiler had been raised to the chief command of a vaster army than has ever been handled by any mortal man. Who could have imagined that four years would make that enormous difference? But it is often so. The great men needed for some tremendous crisis have stepped often, as it were, out of a door in the wall which no man has noticed; and, unannounced, unheralded, without prestige, have made their way, silently and single-handed, to the front. And there was no luck in it. It was a work of inflexible faithfulness, of indomitable resolution, of sleepless energy, of iron purpose and tenacity. In the campaigns at Fort Donelson; in the desperate battle at Shiloh; in the

siege of Corinth; in the successful assaults at Vicksburg; in battle after battle, in siege after siege,— whatever Grant had to do, he did it with his might. Other generals might fail: he would not fail. He showed what a man could do whose will was strong. He undertook, as General Sherman said of him, what no one else would have ventured, and his very soldiers began to reflect something of his inflexible determination. His sayings revealed the man.

“I have nothing to do with opinions,” he said at the outset, “and shall only deal with armed rebellion.” “In riding over the field,” he said at Shiloh, “I saw that either side was ready to give away, if the other showed a bold front. I took the opportunity, and ordered an advance along the whole line.” “No terms,” he wrote to General Buckner at Fort Donelson,— and it is pleasant to know that General Buckner stood as a warm friend beside his dying bed,—“no terms other than unconditional surrender can be accepted.” “My headquarters,” he wrote from Vicksburg, “will be on the field.” With a military genius which embraced the vastest plans while attending to the smallest details, he defeated, one after another, every great general of the Confederates except General Stonewall Jackson. The Southerners felt that he held them as in the grasp of a vice; that this man could neither be arrested nor avoided. For all this he has been severely blamed. He ought not to be blamed. He has been called a butcher, which is grossly unjust. He loved peace; he hated bloodshed; his heart was generous and kind. His orders were to save lives, to save treasure, but at all costs to save his country, and he did save his country. His army cheerfully accepted the sacrifice, wrote its farewells, buckled its belts, and stood ready. The struggle was not for victory: it was

for existence. It was not for glory: it was for life and death. Grant had not only to defeat armies, but to annihilate their forces; to leave no choice but destruction or submission. He saw that the brief ravage of the hurricane is infinitely less ruinous than the interminable malignity of the pestilence, and that, in the colossal struggle, victory—swift, decisive, overwhelming—would be the truest mercy. In silence, in determination, in clearness of insight, he was like your Washington and our Wellington. He was like them also in this: that the word “cannot” did not exist in his soldier’s dictionary, and what he achieved was achieved without bluster. In the hottest fury of all his battles his speech was never known to be more than “yea, yea,” and “nay, nay.” He met General Lee at Appomattox. He received his surrender with faultless delicacy. He immediately issued an order that the Confederates should be supplied with rations. The moment that his enemies surrendered he gave them terms as simple and as generous as a brother could have given them,—terms which healed differences; terms of which they freely acknowledged the magnanimity. Not even entering the capital, avoiding all ostentation, unelated by triumph as unruffled by adversity, he hurried back to stop recruiting and to curtail the vast expenses of the country. After the surrender at Appomattox Court House, the war was over. He had put his hand to the plough and looked not back. He had dealt blow after blow, each following where the last had struck; he had wielded like a hammer the gigantic forces at his disposal, and had smitten opposition into the dust. It was a mighty work, and he had done it well. Surely, history has shown that for the future destinies of a mighty nation it was a necessary and blessed work! The Church utters

her most indignant anathema against an unrighteous war, but she has never refused to honor the faithful soldiers who fight in the cause of their country and God. The gentlest and most Christian of modern poets has used the tremendous expression that

“God’s most dreaded instrument
In working out a pure intent
Is man arrayed for mutual slaughter.
Yea, Carnage is His daughter!”

We shudder even as we quote the words; but yet the cause for which General Grant fought — the honor of a great people, and the freedom of a whole race of mankind — was a great and noble cause. And the South has accepted that desperate and bloody arbitrament. Two of the Southern generals, we rejoice to hear, helped to bear General Grant’s funeral pall. The rancour and ill-feeling of the past are buried for ever in oblivion; true friends have been made out of brave foemen. Americans are no longer Northerners and Southerners, Federals and Confederates; but they are Americans. “Do not teach your children to hate,” . . . said General Lee to an American lady; “teach them that they are Americans. I thought that we were better off as one nation than as two, and I think so now.” “The war is over,” said Grant, “and the best sign of rejoicing after victory will be to abstain from all demonstrations in the field.” “Let us have peace,” were the memorable words with which he ended his brief inaugural address as President.

On the rest of the great soldier’s life we will only touch in very few words. As Wellington became Prime Minister of England, and lived to be hooted in the streets of London, so Grant, more than half against his will, became

President, and for a time lost much of his popularity. He foresaw it all. But it is not for a man to choose, it is for a man to accept, his destiny. What verdict history may pronounce on him as a politician I know not; but here, and now, the voice of censure, deserved or undeserved, is silent. When the great Duke of Marlborough died, and one began to speak of his avarice, "He was so great a man," said Bolingbroke, "I had forgotten he had that fault."

It was a fine and delicate rebuke, and we do not intend to rake up a man's faults and errors. Those errors, whatever they may have been, we leave to the mercy of the Merciful, and the atoning blood of his Saviour. We speak only in gratitude of his great achievements, beside the grave. Let us record his virtues in brass, for men's example; but let his faults, whatever they may have been, be writ in water. Some may think that it would have been well for Grant if he had died in 1865, when steeples clanged and cities were illuminated and congregations rose to their feet in his honour. Many and dark clouds overshadowed the last of his days,—the blow of financial ruin; the dread that men should suppose that he had a tarnished reputation; the terrible agony of an incurable disease. But God's ways are not as our ways. To bear that sudden ruin and that speechless agony required a courage nobler and greater than that of the battlefield, and human courage grows magnificently to the height of human need. "I am a man," said Frederick the Great, "and therefore born to suffer." On the long agonizing death-bed, Grant showed himself every inch a hero, bearing his agonies and trials without a murmur, with rugged stoicism, in unflinching fortitude; yes, and we believe in a Christian's patience and a Christian's prayers. Which of us can tell whether those hours

of torture and misery may not have been blessings in disguise; whether God may not have been refining the gold from the brass, and the strong man have been truly purified by the strong agony? We do not lack here in England memorials to recall the history of your country. In Westminster Abbey is the grave of André; there is the monument raised by grateful Massachusetts to the gallant Howe; there is the temporary resting-place of George Peabody; there is the bust of Longfellow; over the Dean's grave there is the faint semblance of Boston Harbor. Whatever there may have been between the two nations to forget and forgive, it is forgotten and forgiven. "I will not speak of them as two peoples," said General Grant at Newcastle in 1877, "because, in fact, we are one people, with a common destiny; and that destiny will be brilliant in proportion to the friendship and co-operation of the brethren dwelling on each side of the Atlantic." Oh! if the two peoples which are one people be true to their duty and true to their God, who can doubt that in their hands are the destinies of the world? Can anything short of utter dementation ever thwart a destiny so manifest? Your founders were our sons: it was from our Past that your Present grew. The monument of Sir Walter Raleigh is not that nameless grave in St. Margaret's: it is the State of Virginia. Yours and ours alike are the memories of Captain John Smith and of the Pilgrim Fathers, of General Oglethorpe's "strong benevolence of soul," of the apostolic holiness of Berkeley, and the burning zeal of Wesley and Whitefield. Yours and ours alike are the plays of Shakspeare and the poems of Milton; ours and yours alike are all that you have accomplished in literature or in history, — the songs of Longfellow and Bryant,

the genius of Hawthorne and of Irving, the fame of Washington, Lee, and Grant. But great memories imply great responsibilities. It was not for nothing that God has made England what she is; not for nothing that the free individualism of a busy multitude, the humble traders of a fugitive people, snatched the New World from feudalism and bigotry,—from Philip II. and Louis XIV., from the Spaniards and from Montcalm, from the Jesuit and the Inquisition, from Torquemada and from Richelieu,—to make it the land of the Reformation and the Republic of Christianity and of Peace. “Let us auspicate all our proceedings in America,” said Edmund Burke, “with the old church-cry, ‘Sursum corda!’” But it is for America to live up to the spirit of such words, not merely to quote them with proud enthusiasm. We have heard of

“New times, new climes, new lands, new men, but still
The same old tears, old crimes, and oldest ill.”

It is for America to falsify the cynical foreboding. Let her take her place side by side with England in the very van of freedom and of progress, united by a common language, by common blood, by common measures, by common interests, by a common history, by common hopes; united by the common glory of great men, of which this great “temple of silence and reconciliation” is the richest shrine. Be it the steadfast purpose of the two peoples who are one people to show all the world not only the magnificent spectacle of human happiness, but the still more magnificent spectacle of two peoples which are one people, loving righteousness and hating iniquity, inflexibly faithful to the principles of eternal justice which are the unchanging laws of God.

GENERAL GARFIELD.

“His Lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant.”— MATT.
XXV. 21.

PRESIDENT JAMES GARFIELD has passed away. I desire to add my tribute of sympathy, sincere, but humble, to that of all other Englishmen. I do so partly because I have received much encouragement from the American people, and partly because I would not miss the opportunity of pointing to the lifelong example of so great and good a man. That dastard shot of a miserable assassin has sent to his grave a man of princely nature; but no weapon can murder goodness, no weapon can strike down the power of a fair life or its influence upon the world.

“Good deeds cannot die:
They with the sun and moon renew their light,
For ever blessing those who look on them.”

On the day when General Garfield was inaugurated President of the United States, he kissed in the public assembly his venerable mother. Cynics and men who adore small conventional proprieties sneered at the act; but it was an act of grand and beautiful simplicity, worthy of a hero and a good man. If the boy who at eighteen had to earn his living by manual and even menial labour ascended, at fifty, one of the loftiest pinnacles of earthly greatness, his splendid prosperity was due in no small degree to that aged mother. It is now sixty years ago that in

a poor log hut in the backwoods of Ohio the child was born. He came of a good, strong, independent stock. His father's ancestor was a Puritan; his mother's, a Huguenot. The one had fled from the tyranny of Charles I. in England: the other had been exiled by the tyranny of Louis XIV. in France. The parents of the child were living in the deepest poverty. Their log hut was only eighteen feet by twenty. It had neither sash nor glass: light reached it through greased paper placed over rude apertures. The furniture consisted chiefly of three-legged stools. The children slept upon straw in the loft. Yet many a child born to the purple might have envied the pure happiness of that lonely hut. But soon it was visited by terrible affliction. A forest fire broke out, and the brave father died of exhaustion from the efforts which saved his home. His last words to his wife as he looked on his four children were, "I have planted four saplings in these woods: I must now leave them to your care." He was buried in a rough chest in the corner of the wheat-field; and the widow with her little ones, of whom James was then a babe, was left to face the privations of a winter in the woods. Food was often very scarce. Often, as the children lay awake in the long, dark nights, they heard the howling of the wolves and the weird scream of the panthers in the snow around their doors. But brave hearts can conquer anything. Thomas, the eldest boy, was only eleven years old, yet he worked the little farm. The mother, as she sat at her spinning-wheel, often contented herself with a single meal a day. The girl of fifteen carried her little brother James on her back to school. He was nearly four before he had a pair of shoes even in winter, and his first pair was bought out of his brother's earnings. From earliest years the child

worked hard both to earn his bread and to master the rudiments of knowledge. His school was at a distance, and was only held for a part of the year. It was but seldom that the family even got the chance of worship. There is not a boy in our schools who up to the age of sixteen has not had better chances of learning than the late President of the United States. But the mother trained her boys and girls in a very simple creed and in the Holy Book, and taught them from the first that "where there's a will there's a way," and that "the biggest coward in the world is the man who does not dare to do what is right." Even at six years old, the little boy had to help on the farm, to milk cows, to chop wood, to dig vegetables and at night, lying flat on the floor, he would read by the blaze of the pine-wood fire, which was the only light they could afford. Do you think that this was a hard training for the little lad? Yes, hard, but hardy and bracing. It made him what he became. It was God's education for him, better than man's. He had his dear home, his great-souled mother, his brave, bright-eyed, helpful brother and sisters; he was far from base examples; he was being nurtured in the faith and fear of God; he lived amid the sights and sounds of nature, he had health and strength, and faith and purity, and hope. It is no disadvantage to a brave true heart to tread the daisied path, and breathe the fine mountain air of poverty. It is infinitely better than to be rocked and dandled on the lap of luxury, petted and pampered and spoiled into selfishness by effeminate indulgence. When that shoeless and ill-clad boy, whose hands were hard with the axe and the mattock, grew up to win a great battle, and to achieve in two weeks what trained generals could not do in two months, President Lincoln char-

acteristically remarked that it was "because, when a boy, he had to work for his living."

So, working at the farm, working in the carpenter's shop, working at building, lying on the boards by the light of pitch-pine knots to learn arithmetic in the long, dark evenings, doing heartily all that he did, he reached the age of fourteen. Apprenticed at that age to a blacksalter, and thrown among coarse, swearing, drunken blackguards, in a repulsive trade, yet, like Joseph in the court of Pharaoh, he held his own, and lost neither innocence nor faith. Repelled from a sea life by the drunken brutality of a captain, he became a barge-boy on a canal, fell fourteen times in one year into the water, and was once saved in a manner so strange that he regarded it as directly providential. Here, too, among low, whiskey-drinking, blaspheming bullies, the strong boy was pure, and firm, and temperate, and thoroughly respected, and even beloved. Stricken with ague, he barely struggled home; and, arriving late at night, he saw his mother kneeling before an open book, and heard her pray, "Give Thy strength unto Thy servant, and save the son of Thine handmaid." He had struggled back to his home cabin only just in time, for next day he was stricken down with a terrible illness. That sickness was the turning-point of his life. "It is a great thing," he said years afterward, "when a young man determines to devote several years to the accomplishment of a definite work." He determined to become a scholar. On his recovery, very shabbily and scantily dressed, and with only a few shillings of money in his pocket, awkward, bashful, ill-trained, the boy went to a school, paying his own way at it by manual labour, and by teaching in the holidays. Then he made his way to a higher school, partly paying his way there

also by acting as bell-ringer and floor-sweeper. He was now nineteen; and then he determined to go to college, still earning his bread by his own efforts, and determining not to cost a farthing to his widowed mother. Making himself every year a riper scholar, and so becoming a highly-valued teacher at the school where he had been trained, he grew more widely known as a speaker, a preacher, a strong and true man, until he was elected a senator, first of his native State, and then of his country. Then the Civil War broke out between the North and South. In that war, by heroic courage and indomitable perseverance, he showed himself as great a soldier as he had been a senator and schoolmaster. He was appointed a general, performed some acts of splendid bravery, rose higher and higher in the estimation of his countrymen, until in 1880, at the age of fifty, he was elected President of the United States. He had hardly entered on his office, had not had time to trample on the corruption which as an honest man he hated, had not enjoyed the fruits of his prosperity, or given to America the full benefit of his tried integrity and manly wisdom, when the shot of a mean, needy, greedy, morbid creature, born, as it were, out of the scum which fringes the vilest waves of humanity, wrenched from him a glorious heritage of opportunity, and doomed him to eleven weeks of deplorable agony, crowned by a simple, heroic death, and a funeral at which not only his own mourning countrymen in their many myriads, but even foreign kings and foreign nations, shed unfeigned tears.

That act of assassination, of peril to mankind from the existence of such wretched, unrestrained, desperate, disappointed miscreants as his murderer; the fact that within

so short an interval the same desperate and envious egotism should have smitten down the Autocrat of an absolute empire (the Czar Alexander) and the chosen President of a free republic is infamous. General Garfield himself had remarked, on the day after the murder of Abraham Lincoln, that "it was not one man who killed Abe Lincoln but the embodied spirit of tyranny and slavery, inspired with a fearful and despairing hate." The same may be said of his own murder. But let us turn from this abhorrent theme, to speak of the character of the late President himself in its manhood and simplicity. These, not the success of his life, render his memory precious.

"On either shore not hard to find
The lofty aim, the godlike speech,
The dauntless heart; but who shall reach
Thy grand simplicity of mind?"

From boyhood to manhood he was royally faithful to the truth that

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
A man's a man for a' that."

It was said of him by an eminent American, "He sought not popularity: he sought to make himself a man." "He made himself a man," said the president of his college. "He was so human," said the American minister. It was his own ideal. When asked, as a youth, what he was going to be, he answered: "I have undertaken to make a man of myself first. If I succeed, I may make something else afterwards. If I do not succeed, I shall not be fit for much anyway." Learn this lesson, I entreat you, you who are young men. No dignity you can ever win is comparable to the dignity of being a true man, a son of

God, an heir of immortality, a faithful soldier and servant of Christ. It is indeed an immense pretension. And it depends on what you are, not in the least on how you get on. Why did all England join with America in mourning for General Garfield? The answer comes in Shakspeare's lines,—

“ Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, aye, in my heart of heart.”

There are many men in England and America greater than he, more eminent, more eloquent, more learned: a few years ago we had barely heard of him; but there is no man in England or America braver and better in simple manhood. He was one of nature's nobles, one of God's own gentlemen, who adorn any station of life, whether that of a labourer or that of a prince; and he set an example which all may follow, of which all may be proud. When the fierce glare of publicity was turned upon his slightest actions, when his past life was revealed to the world down to its smallest particulars, there came to light no record of him which was not honourable. When for eleven weeks the attention of myriads was turned to the bed of agony on which his magnificent health, born of purity and temperance,—the stuff out of which heroic natures are moulded,—enabled him to wrestle for so long with Death, and keep him at arm's length, he well deserved the words which have been applied to him, that

“ He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene ”;

and when he whispered, “ Shall I live in History ? ” the friend who answered, “ Yes ! and still more in the hearts of men,” said nothing but the simplest truth.

But now what is very important for us to learn is, "How did he make himself,—how train himself to be a man?"

Well, in many ways. He trained himself to be a man by watchfulness of opportunity. It has been said that

"There is a deep nick in Time's restless wheel
For each man's good";

but we may add that the wheel revolves so fast that most men miss the nick. They are unprepared for the tide when it is at the flood. Now General Garfield missed no opportunity which God gave him. He once pointed out to a class of young men that the comb of the roof of a certain court-house divided the drops of rain, sending those that fell to the south side towards the Gulf of Mexico, and those on the north side to the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and that a mere breath of air, or the flutter of a bird's wing, sufficed to determine the destiny of those raindrops.

"It is so with your lives, my young friends. A passing event, perhaps of trifling importance in your view, the choice of a book or companion, a right resolve, a stirring purpose, the association of an hour may prove a turning-point of your lives." And he made himself a man by self-reliance. He saw that it was "pluck, not luck," which wins the day; and that, while luck is a will-of-the-wisp which leads to ruin, steady effort never fails. "There is," he said, "no more foolish thought than the common one by which the idle and the worthless delude themselves that by and by 'something will turn up' in their favour. Things don't turn up in this world, unless some one turns them up." "Occasion cannot make you spurs, young men. If you expect to wear spurs, you must win them. If you

wish to use them, you must buckle them to your own heels before you go into the fight. Whatever you win in life you must conquer by your efforts. Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but, nine times out of ten, the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard, and compelled to sink or swim for himself. No one is drowned who is worth saving." Thus it was that he utilized what he called "the magnificent possibilities of life." And it was by work. "If the power to do hard work," he said, "is not talent, it is the best possible substitute for it." And he made himself a man not only by work, but by thoroughness. When, as a boy of thirteen, he had to plane timber, he used with the sweat of his honest brow, to plane 100 boards of 12 feet a day. When he had to chop wood, his axe rang so merrily that he chopped two cords a day. When he was a canal boy, no canal boy cared better for his barge and his mules. When he had to ring the school-bell at five every morning, it was always rung to the very stroke of the minute; and, when he had to sweep rooms, they were swept as if he had a pride in making them clean; and, when he studied, he studied as hard and as well as he swept rooms. And so it was that he did all duties, the meanest no less than the grandest, as unto God, and not unto men. Such a man cannot fail. Let any one of you be such a man, and you will soon find that the world cannot do without you. It requires no greatness to be such a man: it only requires moral qualities which are as free to you as the sunshine. And I tell you the world is looking everywhere for such men, and can scarcely ever find them. There are plenty of gluttons, plenty of dandies, plenty of drunkards, plenty of egotists, plenty of cheats, plenty of young men who care nothing for their parents or

for God's law, but only for their own selfish frivolities and their own vile lusts; but, oh! the inflexibly honest, the pure, the just, the modest, the strenuous, the thoroughly faithful,—where are they? And it was by courage that he made himself a man. His ideal was the man who dared to look the devil in the face, and tell him he is a devil. Garfield, even as a boy, because he was pure, because he was temperate, because he was honest and fearless, could face a bully and thrash a brute; and that was why he could, as a man, save a regiment from starving by steering a boat at night up and down a swollen and perilous river, and an army from ruin by riding a horse through a storm of shot and shell. And once more he made himself a man, a true, right man, not a mere fever or appetite, not a mere dissolute miscreant like his murderer,—by self-respect. He would never sell his principles for popularity. He would never deflect an inch from rectitude, in order to win success. He knew that the life was more than meat, and the body than raiment. "I desired," he said, "the approbation of Congress; but I desire still more the approbation of one person, and his name is Garfield. He is the only man that I am compelled to sleep with, and eat with, and live with, and die with; and, if I could not have his approbation, I should have bad companionship."

But, grand as were all these qualities which had set their seal upon his brow "to give the world assurance of a man," the best of all was that he was a good man, a Christian man. Even as a boy, he showed something of this in the mercy which would never allow so much as a dog or a cat to be hurt, and would insist that the youngest should have their fair share in the school games. As a man, he said, "There are some who call it a defect in my character

that I should hate no one." But, young men, he was not ashamed to be, and before all the world to own himself, a Christian. He was not one of those vain, ignorant, misguided youths who think manliness is exhibited by vicious indulgence, that if a man is pure in life, and will not swear, and will not game, and will not drink, and will not loaf about the thievish corners of the streets, and will not do just what other young men do, therefore he must be a milksop. He could have thrashed any five of such wretched and dissolute idlers, because he had been virtuous from his very boyhood. He could have said, like Sir Galahad of old,—

" My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

He knew that God's laws are the most eternal thing there is. He not only died fearing God, but he lived fearing God. "His moral character," said one who knew him at college, "is the fit crown of his physical and intellectual nature. His heart is kind, his soul pure, his habits simple, his generosity unbounded." An old friend said of him, "I have never found anything to compare with Garfield's heart." His mighty faith once stopped a movement which might have grown into a terrible massacre. The people of New York, raging with terrible excitement, had assembled in an armed, tumultuous crowd to avenge the murder of President Lincoln, when a man of commanding presence, bearing a small flag, stepped forward, and lifting his arm towards heaven, said in a voice which rang to the farthest limits of the crowd: "Fellow-citizens, clouds and darkness are round about Him, His pavilion is dark

waters and thick clouds of the skies. Justice and judgment are the habitations of His throne. Mercy and truth shall go before Him. Fellow-citizens, God reigns, and the government still lives." The raging crowd was hushed to stillness.

"He called across the tumult, and the tumult fell."

Thank God, I say, for such a man! America may well be proud of him. Humanity itself may take courage when it can, by God's blessing, produce such noble sons. He said that in the prairies whole companies and regiments of bright-eyed, clear-browed, princely lads, were being trained to be his peers. Ah! if so, a land which can rear and can recognize such men — men so great in simple goodness — must indeed have a splendid future. And who knows but what God raised him to that high position that the wealth and worth of a character which would otherwise have told only upon the few should stand forth as an example and as an encouragement to all the world, a stimulus to that emulation which makes nations great? "What have I done, that I should thus cruelly be made to suffer?" exclaimed his poor wife, when she was first told that her husband had been shot. Ah! how often, how many myriads of times, has that despairing question been asked in the miseries, the inevitable miseries, of human lives! And who can answer it? Man cannot answer it; but there falls gently a voice from heaven, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." But perhaps in this instance we may be able to see a little of the answer. General Garfield in the American Civil War undertook a most perilous ride with two orderlies to carry information to General Thomas and save the Northern forces from defeat

at the battle of Chickamauga. They rode straight into an ambush of the enemy. The two soldiers and their horses were instantly shot dead. Garfield, dashing the spurs into his horse's flanks, leaped a fence into a cotton field. Seeing his enemies loading for a volley, he dashed across the field in a zigzag course up a hill to foil their arms. They fired and wounded his horse. Before he could reach the crest of the hill, a second volley flashed upon him, and the bullets whizzed about his head; but he reached the crest, and a ride of twenty miles more over broken ground often amid a hurricane of death, brought him to the side of General Thomas. His horse fell dead at his feet, but the army was saved. His life was then spared as by a miracle, just as it had been saved as by a miracle when as a boy he fell into the black canal at midnight. But had he died as a boy, or even as a man in the war, the world would have heard little or nothing of him; nor would that life of "ever strengthening tendency and fulfilment" have been recorded, as it now will be recorded in history to elevate mankind. It would have been well for many a man's own fame and character if he had died at some moment of great achievement: it was only well for General Garfield, because it was well for the world's example. "It was through the manliness, the patience, the religious fortitude of the splendid victim, in his hour of agony that the tie of human brotherhood was thrilled to a consciousness of its sacred function." His death, the death of a man who could turn from the pomp of war to breathe hard breath over his plough, and could earn the means of intellectual successes by teaching writing in remote villages;—the death of a man who could, as it were, be good-humoured even with death,—the death of such a man has cemented

the union of nations, and by a touch of nature has made the whole world kin. Greater in death—a death “homely, human, august in unostentatious heroism”—than even in a stainless life, he set the seal to a grand example; and we can see why it was he died,—why it was that in the very prime of life he was called from an earthly burden to a heavenly crown. Let his sad end—the long agony of his martyrdom—save you from drawing only from his life the vulgar lesson of the means of earthly success. Earthly success is, at the best, of uncertain attainment; many a man has purposely to sacrifice all hope or prospect of it to higher ends. Many of earth’s greatest, wisest, and noblest have never enjoyed it. It never can fall to more than the very few; and to most of those few it has brought as little real happiness as if they, too, had been stricken low, as he was, the moment that they have attained it. But the lesson of his life is at once easier and harder; easier, in that the sole obstacle to its attainment lies not in external circumstances, but in our own hearts; harder, because so few men are, as he was, in the most secret sessions of their thoughts, true to themselves, true to their God. Young men, would you learn the real lesson of his life? It lies in this,—that you can all be honest men; and “An honest man’s the noblest work of God.” There is a real and abiding grandeur in the steady love of good and the steady scorn of evil. The man who by God’s grace has made himself true and virtuous, the man who is pure, and brave, and kind, and watchful, and self-reliant, and diligent, and thorough, and a good soldier and servant of Jesus Christ, that man is one whom God and man alike will, in the long run, delight to honour. Aim at this, and you cannot fail.

“Take thou no care for aught but truth and right,
Content, if such thy fate, to die obscure :
Wealth palls and honours ; fame may not endure ;
And loftier souls soon weary of delight.
Keep innocence, be all a true man ought ;
Let neither pleasure tempt nor pain appal :
Who hath this, he hath all things, saving naught :
Who hath it not hath nothing, having all.”

DEAN STANLEY.

“Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is acceptable to Him.”—ACTS x. 34, 35.

I HAVE been trying in the last sad days to estimate further some of the life-work of that dear departed friend, Dean Stanley. His funeral was signalized by a wonderful outburst of universal affection, such as has been rarely exhibited for any man,—never perhaps before in English history for any clergyman. Princes and Princesses; the Prime Minister and the leaders of the opposition; our chief men of science; our chief poets; our most eminent writers; ambassadors of foreign countries; archbishops and bishops; clergymen of all schools of thought; working-men of every shade of politics; nonconformists, French Protestants, Americans, Armenians, Jews; every varied element of English life and thought; all that was greatest and best in English society,—thronged the Abbey from end to end to do honour to the memory of one man. In that procession some were even eager to walk who had been in his lifetime his most conspicuous and his most uncompromising opponents; for, “when a man’s ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.” There was no break, of any importance, amid the voices of affectionate eulogy and immense esteem. Now, since such great spontaneous movements of national feeling have in them nothing fictitious, nothing fortuitous, it must be good

for us to understand their significance. Small, indeed, is the ripple which any one of us makes when we disappear beneath the rolling waters. We look again: the surface is smooth and smiling,—there is no sign that any one has sunk beneath those flowing waves. But to dismiss into swift oblivion the lessons of a life exceptionally noble, exceptionally beautiful, is to neglect God's best gifts. It is true that the good thoughts, and deeds, and memories of those who have been the salt and the light of the earth do not perish with them. They still live on. Whatever there has been of grateful consideration, of kindly hospitality, of far-reaching generosity, of gracious charity, of high-minded justice, of unselfish sacrifice, of saintly devotion,—these still feed the streams of moral fertilization, which will run on when the place of the dead knows them no more, when even their names have perished; but we should strive to make them live by learning their lessons of goodness and wisdom. Do not let us say that we have not the necessary gifts. Each of us has his own gifts; and we might, if we desired, indefinitely improve them. God giveth the Holy Spirit to them that seek Him. Let no religious unreality prevent us from speaking of good men. "Whatever is made manifest," says the apostle (for so the verse should be rendered), "is light." What we see, when we see anything, is simply the light which it reflects. On the sun's orb we cannot gaze for its blinding splendour; but, when we gaze on the rose of sunset, on the golden mirror of the sea, or on the silver planets, or on the moon walking in her brightness, what we see is nothing but the beams from one great fountain. Even so we cannot gaze on the infinitude of God; but we see Him in Jesus, the effluence of His glory and the express

image of His person, and we see Him in all those His children who, walking in His footsteps, are changed into the same image from glory to glory.

Since, then, we cannot hear the voice of our dear departed brother again evermore, let us not merely say, with vain sigh,—

“O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!”

but let us try to emphasize some of the lessons which his whole life has taught us. The man is gone: we shall enjoy no more the dignified and gentle manners, the playful humour, the eagerness for knowledge, the delightful conversation, the life high-minded without haughtiness, holy without superstition. But we may gain from seeing that the blessing of his life was that, when he might have been irritated, might have been depressed and disappointed, great thoughts kept him calm. Whatsoever things are pure, and awful, and true, he thought on those things. There was in him nothing of that pettiness, which shews itself at some time or other in almost all of us. He never sided with the multitude. He never howled with the wolves. “Surely,” said Sir John Herschel, “if the worst of men were snatched into Paradise for only half an hour, he would come back the better for it.” But it was the chosen habit of our dear friend’s life to live as it were in Paradise by habituating his soul to all things that are lovely and honourable, and by turning persistently away from all that is base and mean. If St. Augustine, after reading of the martyrs, exclaimed, “Shall we not follow them?” if it was the benevolent face of John Wesley which inspired the zeal of John Howard; if Henry Martin was drawn to India by

the memory of David Schwartz, and Heber by the thought of Martin, and Cotton by the grave of Heber,—shall not we try to become a little the better for this beautiful and godly life?

Can we not, for instance, imitate his reverence for Humanity? Shakspeare says that

“Not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour, but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit.”

But to Arthur Stanley, as to all the best and truest men, the trappings and surroundings of life, all that makes the base cringe and kotow before the successful, were as nothing. He always revered a man simply as a man. He ever sought to find in every man the angel, and not the serpent; the Christ, and not the Adam; the good and not the evil. He said that the true name of every man is not Jacob, but Israel; not the mean supplanter, but the Prince with God. Even in the characters and the parties which he most disliked he ever sought to see the better side. It was so also in his historic judgments. He would see in Milton the immortal poet, not the bitter controversialist; in Bossuet the magnificent Christian orator, not the jealous theologian; in Cromwell, the champion of freedom, not the butcher of Wexford; in St. Carlo Borromeo the saintly worker, not the furious persecutor. He carried his charity even into his estimate of epochs. In judging the Middle Ages he turned his thoughts to their devotion and their love of art, not to their ignorant orthodoxy and horrible atrocities; and in the eighteenth century, to its good sense and truthfulness, not to its lethargy and corruption. And he

did all this because he felt the beauty, the grandeur, the sacredness, of humanity. Like Howard and Wilberforce, like Eliot and Channing, he was ever sustained "by the thought that in the widest diversities of human nature and in the lowest depth of human degradation there was still in the better part of every human being a spark of the divine Spirit." And this was why he was so much beloved. He was loved by men of every age, for such was the simplicity of his nature that he would always listen to the suggestion of even the youngest. He was a link between men of the most opposite ranks. After the great bereavement of his life, it was the Queen of England who, with gentle sympathy, led him back by the hand into his desolate home; and he was no less dear to the poorest. When he was at a little fishing village in Devon, after an illness, the young clergyman who was with him has told how a fisherman, coming out of his cottage, asked, "Is that Dean Stanley?" and, on being told that it was, ran into his cottage, fetched out a fine turbot, and begged him to accept it. Must there not have been some charm of sweetness and goodness about a man who received such a tribute from a humble fisherman, who had never so much as seen him, in a village so far away? In this reverence for the low no less than for the lofty he resembled his wife, of whom the Westminster poor still remember how, when some sufferer wanted immediate attention, she drove at once, in her court dress, to do her deed of mercy in the miserable house in the squalid street. How many of us are there who are equally dear to princes and paupers? How many clergymen are now living in whose memory would be passed by clubs of workingmen, such a resolution as that which even as I was writing these words reached my hands,—that, "while the

loss of so good a man will be felt in all grades of society, in no class will be found more grief and sorrow than among Workingmen's Clubs, who have lost in their President a faithful friend, a kind and sympathetic instructor, and a noble Christian gentleman"? Ah! the day may come when in the deepening divisions between class and class,—in the growth on one side of a selfish luxury and on the other of a fierce and socialistic independence,—the day may come when men will see that such a man, more than hundreds of commonplace ecclesiastics, or scores of the noisy fuglemen of parties, was a tower of strength to our common Christianity,—to all that is most precious and sacred in our English life. Even those who did their little best to embitter his days by a perpetual depreciation may live to see in him one of the few righteous who delay the doom of endangered peoples.

Nor was this all. His reverence, his enthusiasm for humanity, made him a link not only between different classes, but even between different nations. When he went to marry the Duke of Edinburgh in St. Petersburg to the daughter of the late Czar, his one aim was to unite the feelings of England and of Russia. He spoke of the "chivalrous respect with which they have tried each other's strength beside beleaguered fortress and on hard won battlefield; of their having listened to the inspiring accents of each other's literature, of their churches having exchanged many a friendly message, and breathed many a kindly hope for the great hereafter, which, if each be true to itself, assuredly awaits them both." He never went to Scotland without being most heartily welcomed by every branch of the Scotch Church; and by his addresses and sermons there he did not a little to ennoble the aims of the rising

generation. But what shall I say of the services which he rendered to the growth of brotherly love between England and America? It is not eight years since another member of our cathedral body, the lamented Canon Kingsley, was received across the Atlantic with kindest welcome; but I doubt whether any Englishman ever met with a welcome more effusive in its glowing and spontaneous feeling than that which greeted our beloved Dean, as he travelled over that mighty continent, leaving everywhere the memory of words full of nobleness and peace. Such words spoken by such men are as the golden couplets which hold fast the straining amity of peoples; and America will not soon forget how, if he saw in the confusion and chaos of Niagara an emblem of the restless, beating whirlpool of active energy in the United States, he saw also in the silver column of spray above the cataract, rising twice as high as the falls themselves,—silent, majestic, immovable, glittering in the moonlight,—an emblem of the future destiny of America, and of the pillar of light which shall emerge to guide the nation from the turmoil of her present. He ever welcomed Americans here. Again and again have their great preachers addressed us from the pulpit of Westminster Abbey. And, when he noticed on the beautiful shores of Lake George a maple and an oak growing from the same stem, he saw in that twofold yet united tree an emblem of our unbroken unity,—the brilliant, fiery maple an emblem of America, the gnarled, twisted oak the emblem of England; and he breathed the prayer that so the two nations might always rise together, different and representing so distinct a future, yet each springing from the same ancestral root, each bound together by the same healthful sap and vigorous growth. Ah! one good man—the mere silent influence of one good

man — is often more precious to nations, in diverting the perils of conflict and nullifying the germs of hostility, than “mightiest fleets of iron framed,” or millions spent upon all-shattering guns.

Then, once more, his catholicity, his breadth, his large-heartedness, — in one word, his Christianity, — manifested in faith and love, made him also a link between those various sects and religious parties, which, if left to the vulgar violence of their common partisans, would soon tear each other to pieces, and turn the Church of God into a chaos of jarring antagonisms. In America, in Scotland, in England, Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalianians, all honoured, all loved him, because he regarded it as the best work of his life to find, in the great primary truths of Christianity, the remedy for intolerance, and the principles which bind all Christians into one. The Beatitudes, the Sermon on the Mount, the Lord’s Prayer, the Apostles’ Creed, the Two Great Commandments, — these supplied him with the broad basis of charity and union; and he looked with a mixture of dismay and scorn on vermiculate questions of system and petty exaltations of non-essentials, which do but sever and deracinate the peace of Christians. Hence in sects, parties, churches, as in individuals, he looked always for the good, not for the evil. To him error in the intellect was as nothing compared with rancour in the heart. He understood the word “heresy” in the New Testament sense, in which it means not divergent opinion, but that party factiousness which lies crouched like a wild beast for the opportunity to rend and to attack. His wish was to judge all men and all institutions at their best. In the Greek Church he saw the calm and gravity, in the Roman the love of art and the cultivation of saintliness,

in the Calvinistic the stern intensity of conviction, in the Lutheran the burning love of truth. His perfect cordiality to nonconformists arose from no plasticity or indifference, for few men loved more passionately the Established Church, but it arose from his habit of seeing each sect glorified and illumined in the persons of its worthiest children. He saw the Quakers in the light of William Penn and Elizabeth Fry; the Baptists shone in the lives of John Bunyan and Henry Havelock; the Independents, in Isaac Watts; the High Churchmen, in the virtues of Andrews and Keble; the Evangelicals, in the philanthropy of Wilberforce and the tender muse of William Cowper. He delighted in that painted window, the gift of an American citizen, where the priestly Herbert and the Puritanical Cowper shine side by side. He delighted in the monument which shews the serious and noble faces of Charles and John Wesley. He delighted in the advice of Archbishop Potter, for which John Wesley always blessed God,—not to spend strength in combating about the disputable, but in opposing open vice and promoting essential holiness; and he delighted in the hymn of Charles Wesley,—

“Weary of all this wordy strife,
 These notions, forms, and modes, and names,
 To Thee, the way, the truth, the life,
 Whose love my simple heart inflames,
 Divinely taught, at last I fly,
 With Thee and Thine to live and die.”

That we are not the whole Church, but a part of it; that it is our duty to help and supplement, not to slander and supersede each other; that the aspects of truth are various, not single; “that God is no respecter of persons, but, in every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness

is accepted of him,"—these were the convictions on which rested his noble charity. He loved to repeat the answer sent to the Pope by the Eastern Patriarchs in one of their many controversies,—“Let us love one another, in order that we may be able with one accord to worship God.” Like Archbishop Leighton, he left to others to preach up the petty, passing, insolent controversies of the time, while he preached up the blessed and certain truths of eternity; nor would he, for the sake of winning the paltry victories of to-day, imperil or compromise the eternal interests of to-morrow. He would have said, with the old Scotch Methodist, “I have heard whisperings of the still, small voice, telling me that the footfalls of faiths and their wranglings will ne'er be heard in the Lord's kingdom.” Like the grand old patriarch he left to others the well “Esek” of controversy, and the well “Sitnah” of recrimination, to drink in peace of the well “Rehoboth,” the well of breadth or room: “Lord, it is done as Thou hast commanded; and yet there is room.”

Lastly, and in few words, he was not only a link between different classes, and nationalities, and sects, and churches, but also, to a larger extent than men will at once recognize, between the clergy and the best culture of the laity. Multitudes who have but small respect for the clergy, in general, yet loved and venerated him. They knew how utterly exempt he was from arrogance or bitterness. They knew how fully he recognized that it is not the clergy, but only the clergy and the laity together, that constitute, or that speak the true voice of, the Church. He was a power to draw to Christ even those powerful but wavering intellects who turn with contempt from ignorant assumptions, and illiterate anathemas, who are unspeakably

repelled by stupid prejudice or professional fanaticism. Such men were half won back to the Church when they saw a man of wide culture and of keen intellect, at the same time a sincere Christian and a faithful Churchman. They looked up to one who did not shew them a Church without Charity, a Calvary without Redemption, and a Crucifixion without Christ, but who had the elementary graces of which others talked, who had learned more than most of us do that new commandment uttered not on Sinai, but in Galilee, — that eleventh commandment, not of Moses, but of Christ, — “Love one another.” If ever any impression is to be made on the widening scepticism and agnosticism of the day, it can only be by those who have learned that what God loves is mercy, and not sacrifice; that where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty; that “Truth is always green.”

Ah! he is gone! It is well with him! He might have said with the Spirit of Balder, in the poem,—

“I am long since weary of your storm
Of conflict, and find, Hermod, in your life
Something too much of war and broils which make
Life one perpetual fight.”

It is well for him; but, oh, it is not so well with us! Among all these echoes, so dismal and so dreary, where shall we once more hear a voice? Among all this noise and narrowness, who shall teach us again that Christianity is as a sea, majestic enough to receive into its capacious bosom “the lakes of far antiquity, and the rushing torrents of impetuous action, and the dissolving foam of ethereal speculation”? Amid all this rancour and wrangling and bitterness, and war of the greater and lesser greeds upon the waste of life, who shall shew us again, not in idle talk, but

in living action, the sweetness of charity, the large-heartedness of comprehension? The good and the great are passing away from us. The mountains melt into the distance; the cedars fall. We are being gradually left among the thistles and the molehills, so we are tempted to complain; and perhaps we shall have to sigh often enough:—

“Thou shouldst be living at this hour!
 England hath need of thee. She is a fen
 Of stagnant waters. Altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men.
 Oh, raise us up! Return to us again,
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.”

But, even while we thus mourn, a voice seems to come to us: “Do not despair! Soldiers of the good cause,—the cause of the future; foes to narrowness and to intolerance; friends of progress, and of humanity, and of hope; ye who believe in the eternal love of God; ye who reverence the infinite sacredness of man; ye who see God’s love in the Cross of Christ and man’s sacredness in His Incarnation; ye who hail the divine brotherhood of nations, and the unity of the one flock amid its many folds; ye who know that in catholicity, and comprehensiveness, and charity, and open-mindedness, and the unfeigned love of man for man lies the sole hope of the Church and of the world,—close up your thinned ranks! While, like Havelock, you are ever trusting in God and doing your duty, no great harm can happen to you. If you suffer, you suffer in a noble cause; and when the signal comes in turn to you,—the high permission, which you shall so gladly welcome,—then, however poor or obscure you may be, fall out of the ranks,—

for it is permitted you,—bow your head, bless God, and die. For you may be certain then that, whatever man may say of you, for you, as for a true soldier of your captain, Christ, even if all the trumpets sound not upon the other side, you cannot miss the infinitude of rapture, drowning all the disappointment of earth's injustice in the diapason of its mighty blissfulness, which shall lie in the few words of Christ's approval,—“Servant of God, well done!”

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

“Right dear in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.”—PSALM cxvi. 15.

HISTORY is a Book of God: its chapters are men's lives. When men are intellectually greater than others, we learn from their utterances; when they are morally better than others, we learn from their lives. Most of us pass away, and leave no footprint on the sands of time. Rather, our lives are but as the infinitesimal “ripple made on an immeasurable ocean by the touch of an insect's wing.” But, when.

“Great men have been among us, hands that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom.”

we lose some of God's most striking lessons, if we neglect to learn the truths and the examples which they bequeath to us at their departure.

The last few years have been marked by the deaths of men who have done great work in the Church of God. Germany and England have both lost, quite recently, those who have rendered the most eminent service. In Germany we have lost Delitzsch, the veteran of Hebrew knowledge and Biblical exposition, and Döllinger, the learned and venerable founder of the Old Catholic movement. In England we have lost Dr. Hatch, whose researches into the language of the New Testament and the origins of church history promised invaluable results, and Canon Liddon, whose

fine English style, whose powerful eloquence, whose magnetic fascination, whose severe and simple character, whose beautiful and blameless life, have met with such boundless appreciation from the Church which he adorned. Of Canon Liddon much was deservedly spoken in many of the pulpits of London. But let us turn our thoughts to some of those great Christian virtues which this age specially needs, and which the example and words of that other great ecclesiastic who died so recently, John Henry Newman, a man of undeniable greatness, taken from us at the ripe age of eighty-eight, have taught.

Let me say, at the outset, that the lesson does not lie in those distinctive opinions which separate Christian from Christian. It is not, in any sense of the word, as a Romanist that I hold him up to our admiration. Romanists hold, as we hold, the great bases of Christianity,—the doctrines of the Trinity, of the Incarnation, of the Atonement, of the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. The Church of Rome holds the three creeds, and the sacraments, and the Holy Scriptures. She has overlaid these elements of the faith with human additions and perversions so false and so evil that our own Reformed Church, in her Articles, does not hesitate to characterize them as “blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits.” That Cardinal Newman held these tenets does not add one iota to their truth; for men as great as he or greater, and as good as he or better, have as decisively and as passionately rejected them. In point of fact, his own views varied fundamentally from time to time. As a youth, he was an Evangelical; as a young man, a Broad Churchman; in the prime of life he was an Anglican; after middle life he became a Romanist. At the age of thirty-three he was

saying that the Roman Church was "invaded by an evil genius," and applying to its doctrines the epithets "anti-scriptural, profane, impious, audacious, without authority, gross, monstrous, and cruel." At the age of forty-four he had joined the Church which he had denounced as Anti-christ, and began to speak of Protestantism as "the dreariest of all religions." But at all these periods, amid all these variations, he was equally a Christian. He held the great essential, fundamental truths, by which — and not by the points respecting which we differ — we shall (if only we live up to them) be saved. Men pride themselves on their petty opinions, but apart from the fundamental truths on which all Christians heartily agree, our religious opinions (about which there is so much wrangling and dogmatism and arrogant exclusiveness) are often entirely valueless. I heartily agree with John Wesley, who said: "We set out on two principles. (1) None go to heaven without holiness of heart and life. (2) Whoever follows after this, whatever his opinions, is my brother." "Men may die," he said, "without any opinions, and yet be carried into Abraham's bosom; but if we be without love, what will knowledge avail? I will not quarrel with you about opinions. Only see that your heart be right toward God. I am sick of opinions. Give me good and substantial religion, a humble, gentle love of God and man." Thus Wesley attacked both the wickedness and the bigotry of the world. He "attempted a reformation not of opinions (feathers, trifles, not worth naming), but of men's tempers and lives"; of vice in every kind; of everything contrary to justice, mercy, and truth. To Newman's special Romanist views, then, I attach no importance; but we may all alike — old and young, rich and poor — learn from the beauty of his life.

His chief characteristic was singleness of heart throughout life. One of our most Christian poets wrote:—

“My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky;
 So it is now that I am old,
 So it was when I was a boy;
 So let me die.
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.”

The lines exactly express the life of John Henry Newman. Whether an Evangelical or a High Churchman or a Romanist, Newman always aimed at holiness. From the days when, as a little child, he used to play in Bloomsbury Square with another little child, destined to a very different career,—the late Lord Beaconsfield,—it was always his desire to serve God with his body and his spirit, which were God's. His aim was, above all things, the renewal of his soul after God's image in righteousness and true holiness. Oh, it is a great and pre-eminently blessed thing when “the grace of God takes early hold upon any soul, and reason and religion run together like warp and woof to frame the web of a wise and exemplary life.” In too many lives there is a dreadful break, a grievous discontinuity. Their first volume has too often been a jest book, and their second a carnival, before the third becomes a remorse and a repentance. The adulterous queen, in the great tragedy, says to her son,—

“O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain”;

and he replies to her,—

“Oh, throw away the worser part of it,
 And live the purer with the other half.”

But how much happier are they who can give, as Newman did, a single heart to God! Oh, you who are young, if you would live happy, if you would live safe, if you would make of life not the miserable thing it often is, but the glorious thing God meant it to be, do not spend the first half in making the second half difficult and miserable. Blessed is repentance: more blessed is innocence. The path of repentance is thorny and uphillward: it has to be climbed with stern toil, on hands and knees, "with bleeding feet and aching brow." The path of innocence is, by comparison, as a primrose path, on the green grass, under the woodland boughs. It is of the path of innocence alone that it can be said "that the path to Heaven lies through Heaven, and all the way to Heaven is Heaven."

"By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose.

"Lo! such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God."

Now, what was the secret of Newman's single-heartedness? It is the secret which too many of us miss. His soul was athirst for God. He tells us how he rested in the thought of two, and two only, supreme and luminously self-evident beings,—himself and his Creator. Everywhere he saw in Nature the visible manifestation of God's tenderness. Everywhere he saw the presence of God's angels. "Every breath of air," he said, "and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect, is, as it were, the skirts of their garments, the waving of the robes of those

whose faces see God." The simplest beauties of nature sufficed him,—even the daily dreary walk from Oxford to Littlemore. "The heavens changed," says a friend, "if the earth did not"; and, when they changed, they made the earth new. His eye quickly caught any sudden glory or radiance above, every prismatic hue or silver lining, every rift, "every patch of blue, every threat of ill," or promise of a brighter hour. He carried his scenery with him, and did not crave for lakes or mountains. Even on Salisbury Plain, where there are no trees, no hedges, no water, no flowers, and seldom even a village or a church in sight, he would walk or run with a friend as cheerfully as the prophet ran from Carmel to Jezreel, to announce the opened gates of heaven. He could cry with the Psalmist, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so longeth my soul after Thee, O God." St. Augustine said, "Thou hast made us for Thyself; and our heart is restless till it hath found Thee." It was this realization of God, this dwelling in the Unseen and the Eternal, which produced all the distinctive characteristics of the life which has passed away amid the admiration even of the world. It reminds us of the words of the Psalmist: "He that dwelleth under the defence of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

It produced, for instance, his entire unworldliness. In these days, when men worship money with so fierce a devotion, when Mammon is so great a god among them, when "how much a man is worth" means how much money he has, Cardinal Newman lived (which is so rare) in self-chosen poverty. During the greater part of his life he never had more, and often not so much, a year as is earned by many a butler or skilled artisan. Friends came to him

unsought, un hoped for: he did not go out of his way to seek them. Fame came to him almost in spite of himself. "He had no ambition to make a career or to rise to rank and power. Still less had pleasure any seductions for him." His senses were exceptionally fine and delicate; but he despised not only pleasure, but comfort. At the age of sixteen he had fully made up his mind that God called him to a celibate life; and to give up that which, of all other things, had the extremest charm for him, the joys of home. He substituted for them the joys of self-discipline. Even when he was a Cardinal of Rome, he was content with a single bare room at the oratory of Edgebaston, which was both sitting-room and bedroom, with only a little square of carpet in the middle, severely simple. He had the rare desire to descend. He could offer the prayer which in these days, as Bunyan says, has grown quite rusty, as it is not prayed for by one in ten thousand, "Give me not riches." When he was quite young and poor, he was offered £1,800 a year to write in the *Times*. He declined it. He would not have been free to say what he thought. Neither for wealth nor for power would he deflect, by a hair's-breadth, from a single conviction. He was one of those whom the poet addresses

"Come ye, who find contentment's very core
In the light store
And daisied path
Of Poverty, and know how more
A small thing that the righteous hath
Availeth than the ungodly's riches great."

And, being thus whole-hearted with his God, Cardinal Newman studied the spirit of detachment. "To be detached," he said, "is to be loosened from every tie which

binds the soul to the earth; to be dependent on nothing sublunary; to lean on nothing temporal; to go about our own work, because it is our duty, as soldiers go to battle without a care for the consequences; to account credit, honour, name, easy circumstances, comfort, human affections, just nothing at all, when any religious objection involves the sacrifice of them." It was true of him which he says of Callista, the heroine of his little romance: "She saw that there was a higher beauty than that which the order and harmony of the natural world revealed, and a deeper calm and peace than that which the exercise whether of the intellect or the purest human affections can supply. She drank in the teaching, which, at first, seemed so paradoxical to her, that even present happiness and present greatness lie in relinquishing what at first sight seems to promise them; and that the way to true pleasure is not through self-indulgence, but through mortification."

Now this detachment, in which we are all so grievously deficient, worked in three ways. First, it deepened in him the sense of the awfulness of sin and the supremé value of the human soul. I know no passage in religious literature more terrible than that in which he describes the agony of a respectable, well-to-do, able man, who, having only deceived himself into the belief that he is religious and tried to serve two masters, wakes, in the other world, to find himself in the horrible grasp of a foul fiend, whose touch is agony. "The Church would rather save the soul of one poor whining beggar of Naples, or one poor brigand of Palermo, than cover Italy with railways from one end to the other." "It were better," he said, "for the sun and moon to drop from heaven, for earth to fall to pieces, and for millions of men and women to perish in the extreme

agonies of starvation than for one soul to commit one single venial sin,—to tell one single untruth or to steal one poor farthing without excuse.”

Secondly, this whole-heartedness with God produced contempt for public opinion. How many men's lives are base and poverty-stricken because they care more what their neighbours say of them than what God thinks! Yet what is public opinion? “It is,” he said, “what the whole world opines, and no one in particular.” It is “every one appealing to every one else” for an opinion for which he does not hold himself responsible. “You fear,” he said, “the judgment of men upon you. What will you think of it on your death-bed? The hour must come, sooner or later, when your soul is to return to Him who gave it. What will you then think of the esteem of this world? Will not all below seem to pass away, and to be rolled up as a scroll, and the extended regions of the future solemnly set themselves before you? Then how vain will appear the applause or blame of creatures such as we are,—all sinners, and blind judges, and feeble aids, and themselves destined to be judged for their deeds! When, therefore, you are tempted to dread the ridicule of men, throw your mind forward to the hour of death. You know what you will then think of it if you are then able to think at all.” My friends, the rule for us all, if we would live worthy and noble lives, and lives which God approves, is to follow conscience, and obey the will of God. Conscience should be to us, as it was to him, “the aboriginal vicar of Christ, a prophet in its informations, a monarch in its peremptoriness, a priest in its blessings and anathemas”; and our one prayer for ourselves should be the prayer which he desired for himself, “that in all things we may know God's will, and at all times be ready to follow it.”

This detachment made him singularly straightforward, honest, forthright, in the expression of his opinions. He hated all that miserable hedging, half and halfness, facing both ways, trying to serve two masters, scheming in a mean way to make the best of both worlds, which is the curse of all sham religion. Insincere utterances, which mean nothing, which can be interpreted any way, which use language for the concealment of thought, — these are the broad, glossy leaves on the barren tree of Pharisaism. Newman hated this selling of the soul for self-interest, and he spoke of it with the utmost scorn. “Mistiness,” he said disdainfully, “is the mother of wisdom. A man who can set down half a dozen general propositions which escape from destroying one another only by being diluted into truisms; who can hold the balance between opposites so skilfully as to do without fulcrum or beam; who never enunciates a truth without guarding himself from being supposed to exclude the contradictory — this is your safe man, and the hope of the Church; this is what the Church is said to want, — sensible, temperate, sober persons to guide it through the channel of no meaning, between the Scylla and Charybdis of Ay and No.” For myself, I believe that, if there were only a little more of honest plain speaking, speaking distinctly and speaking out, half the lies and shams which are rotting in the midst of our religious and social life would be dragged out of their deceitful twilight, and killed by the pure light of day.

Cardinal Newman, then, has left us a noble example in that he was true to the ideal of his life. One of his reasons for going over to the Church of Rome was because he saw too much in the English Church of “a comfortable

and self-deceiving worldliness." He yearned "for something more high and heroical in religion than this age affecteth;" for something which was nearer "the life, society, and principles of action presented in the New Testament" than mere phrases and outward observances and conventional suppositions. "He could not," it has been said, "see a trace in English society of that simple and severe hold upon the unseen and the future which is the colour and breath, as well as the outward form, of the New Testament life." He "craved for models of life more like the life of the early Church"; and, to our shame be it spoken, he found, or thought that he found, those models more real in the Church of Rome, which he joined, than in the Church of England which he left. In the Roman Church there were "strange, unscriptural doctrines, and undeniable crimes, and an alliance, whenever it could, with the world." But, at the least, the Roman Church had not only preserved, but maintained at full strength, through the centuries to our day two things of which the New Testament was full, and which are characteristic of it,—devotion and self-sacrifice. And these had for him a sacred attractiveness, more magnetic than the comfort, and Mammon-worship, and self-seeking, which are the magnets of the world.

Here, then, my friends, are the lessons which we may learn from the life of this departed saint of God: first, a single-hearted religious life, "completely all of a piece, patiently carved out of one pure block of purpose"; next, absolute devotedness to God, shewing itself in complete unworldliness, and detachment from lower interests; and, as a part and a consequence of these, a deep sense of the awfulness of sin as the abominable thing which God hates;

a contempt for the fear of man, and the idle breath of public opinion; an absolute forthrightness and honesty of speech, and resolute faithfulness, at all costs, to the best that he knew, to the highest and purest plan of life which his heart and intellect could form. If we can attain any of these principles, and shew the same faithfulness towards them, our poor lives will become indefinitely nobler, worthier, more useful, more happy, more holy, because more like the life of Christ Jesus, who lived and died for us men, and for our salvation, leaving us an example, that we should follow His steps. That is the one object of all Christianity, to make us like our Lord.

Oh, may we strive ever, more and more, to learn from Christ, and from the saints who have followed Christ's example! and we shall find rest unto our souls. This was the great aim of Newman's life, and thereby he attained the happy art (to quote his own words)

“ Which they have learned who aim in everything
To choose the good and pass the evil by.
These, as they pace the tangled path of life,
Cleanse from this earth its earthly dross away,
And clothe it with a pure supernal light !”

CHARLES DARWIN.

“He spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes.” — 1 KINGS iv. 33.

OF all the illustrious tombs which crowd Westminster Abbey, none is more illustrious than that of Isaac Newton. His, as Dean Stanley said, is “the only dust of unquestionably world-wide fame that the floor of Westminster covers.” Over his beautiful statue, Astronomy, leaning on her celestial globe, has for a time closed her book. On the graceful bas-relief below, his works are allegorically forthshadowed. The genii coining at the furnace symbolize his services as Master of the Mint; another genius holding a prism indicates his vast and brilliant discoveries respecting the laws of light; another weighs the sun against the planets on a steelyard, as an emblem of the laws of gravitation which he established; yet another lays on his telescope an admiring hand; at the left others tend an aloe whose rare blossom is the emblem of immortality. And the inscription tells that he “of nature, of antiquity, of Holy Scripture, a diligent, able, faithful interpreter, he vindicated by science the majesty of the Almighty; while in his character he shewed forth the simplicity of the gospel.” Other illustrious votaries of art and science have here their memorials, or have mingled their dust with his; other astronomers, like Herschel, and the young and lamented Horrocks, who on a laborious Sunday between two

services observed the transit of Venus which he had predicted; geologists, like Buckland and Lyell; physicians, like Mead and Hunter; discoverers, like Morland and Davy and Hales and Young; engineers, like Watt and Stephenson, and Telford and Brunel. But, in all the long list during the one hundred and fifty years since the body of Newton was borne from the Jerusalem chamber, none was nobler or greater, none exercised an influence so deep upon the progress of science, none had more unquestionably a world-wide fame, than that great and good man, Charles Darwin. With one voice, the gratitude of Europe and of England pronounces him to have been most patient in his researches; most original in his methods; most brilliant in his combinations; inspired by the purest love of truth; actuated by the most transparent candour; microscopically careful in observation of detail; magnificently comprehensive in width of grasp; "a high example of the fidelity and humility of human thought." Death has been busy of late among our best and greatest. It has taken from us the great statesman whose career—"extraordinary," as his successor said, "even among the extraordinary"—illustrated the force of genius and indomitable perseverance; it has taken the fine thinker, who, choosing romance as the vehicle of her teaching, has flung so rich a light on many of the problems of human character; it has taken the great moralist, who, in language intense and vivid as lightning, proclaimed to us the old gospel of heroism and labour; it has taken that beautiful and accomplished spirit,—so dearly loved a friend to many of us, who has left in our hearts and in this place a memory which cannot be dimmed, but a blank and void which can never be filled up. A few years ago it took from America

the good-hearted and eloquent Emerson. It has taken this greatest of our men of science; this keen observer, whose genius enabled us to read so many hitherto undeciphered lines in God's great epic of the universe; this clear-eyed student of nature, so docile and so patient, so childlike and full of love.

It is too early as yet to estimate his place among mankind; but even now we may say that his claim to immortal honour is securely based on the methods which he discovered and the facts which he amassed during his life-long toil. Kepler said that he might well wait a few years for a reader, when God had waited six thousand years for any one to see His works. The glory of Charles Darwin, of which no change of view respecting his theories can rob him, is that he passed through the world with open eyes. In the voyage of the "Beagle" he bore without a murmur that five years' martyrdom of continuous sea-sickness which permanently ruined his health. It was amazing—but for his most tender, and never-ceasing devotion, it would have been impossible—that anything, much less that such noble work, should have been the outcome of such shattered strength. How many of us would have had the faith and the courage to redeem to such high services what would have been to most men, and with some excuse, the life of a broken valetudinarian? But it was in that voyage that he laid the foundations of his vast knowledge. This man on whom for years bigotry and ignorance poured out their scorn has been called a materialist. I do not see in all his writings one trace of materialism. I read in every line the healthy, noble, well-balanced wonder of a spirit profoundly reverent, kindled into deepest admiration for the works of God. In that charming

record of his circumnavigation of the globe, he describes the moonlight in the clear heavens; the dark, glittering sea; the white sails filled with the soft air of gently blowing trade winds; the dead calm when the ocean gleams like a polished mirror; the rising arch and sudden fury of the squall, in which the albatross and petrel sport, "the dark shadows, the bright lights, the rushing of the torrents, which proclaim the strife of the unloosed elements on shore." He speaks of the sublimity of the tropical forests, undefaced by the hand of man, whether those of Brazil, where the powers of life are predominant, or those of Tierra del Fuego, where death and decay prevail; and "both," he says, "are temples filled with the varied productions of the God of Nature, and no man can stand in those solitudes without feeling that there is more in man than the mere breath of his body." And, then, from these grandeurs—from oceans and forests, from the flora and fauna, from electric phenomena and the motions of clouds—he turned, with the open eyes of equal wonder, to things which vulgar minds would despise as mean and insignificant,—not only to beasts and cattle, or to birds and butterflies, but to slugs and cuttle-fish, to frogs and phosphorescent insects, to barnacles and sea-acorns, to confervæ and infusoria,—conscious always that more creatures wait on man than he'll take notice of. In 1842 and 1844 he first explained to the world the structure of coral reefs and volcanic islands, which play so important a part in the configuration of the globe. In 1859 came his "Origin of Species"; in 1871, his "Descent of Man." Those books, apart altogether from their main hypothesis, abound in exquisite discoveries and splendid generalizations. The doctrine of heredity, as there developed, is pregnant with

moral warning. The chapter on the struggle for existence reads like a thrilling tragedy, which must have its significance ages hence. The doctrine of the survival of the fittest may be so used as to act like a moral lever for the elevation of all mankind. And these great colligations of facts are illustrated by hundreds of beautiful observations on the instinct of animals, the plumage of birds, the glowing eyes in the tail of the peacock, the gardens of the bower-bird, the blue bars of the wings of the wood pigeon, the nests of fishes, the colours of snakes, the habits of ants, the cells of bees,

“Something of the frame, the rock,
The star, the bird, the fish, the shell, the flower,
Electric, chemic laws.”

There is scarcely a region of animate or inanimate nature on which his genius has not poured a flood of light. Through the whole system of thought and education — from the oldest university of Europe down to the humblest village school in England, his inspiring impulse has been felt. The allegorical bas-relief on his tomb would have to be crowded with the works of God. But no man had ever less need than he of “storied urn, or animated bust.” Ἄνδρῶν ἐπιφανῶν πάντα γῆ τάφος, — “Of illustrious men, the whole earth is the tomb”; and of Charles Darwin it has been finely said that “a grass plot, a plant in bloom, a human gesture, the entire circuit of the doings and tendencies of nature, builds his monument and records his exploits.”

For, indeed, he threw no less light on the vegetable than on the animal world. In 1862, and later years, he published his astonishing investigations into the fertiliza-

tion of orchids, and the movements of climbing plants, and other branches of botany. In these works, again, he made us acquainted with masses of facts which none had understood during the six thousand—or, for all we know, the six hundred thousand years—since God had made them. How unspeakably full of interest is the discovery of the close and necessary interrelation between the insect and the plant! When a pistachio tree in Paris, with only female flowers, suddenly bore nuts, and it was found, by most careful search, that there was but a single tree with male flowers, miles away, which had blossomed for the first time that year, it might well have been deemed miraculous that the wind should have borne minute and almost invisible pollen dust across miles of smoky faubourgs till, out in the millions of motes they swept along, it alighted by chance, yet with infinite nicety, on one tiny spot of the pistils of that distant tree. It was the German botanist Conrad Sprenger who proved that it is mainly insects which fertilize the flowers of the world; and this he proved by watching plants from sunrise to sunset, sometimes for sixteen hours together in silence, sometimes till he saw some buzzing insect penetrate the flower for its honey, and then observed the grains of pollen left by the winged, unconscious messenger of God on the viscid humour of the stigma. Mr. Darwin immensely developed this exquisite discovery. He revealed many a fresh link in the divine chain which, with myriads of links microscopic but indissoluble, connects the animal with the vegetable world. There is one class of orchids with a grand-looking nectary which were believed to produce no honey, but only by their brilliant colours and fair promise to deceive the bees and moths into visiting and so fertiliz-

ing them. They are called sham honey producers. Mr. Darwin's innate love of truth and hatred of shams made him disbelieve this. He could not believe, he said, in so gigantic an imposture. Man, the guiltiest as the foremost work of his Creator, may wear the mark of the hypocrite; but he would not think so meanly of the innocent lilies of the field. And soon he discovered that these orchids, so far from existing by an organized system of deception, do produce honey underneath the outer skin of the nectary, which can be easily pierced by the moth. Nor was this a superfluous trouble given by the flower to the insect. The gum on the disc of these plants requires a few seconds longer to get dry than that of others, and the time spent by the moth in getting the nectary allows the gum, and the pollen with it, to dry properly on its proboscis; and thus it can fertilize its kindred flowers. And, if you ask, Of what use are these exquisite discoveries? I answer, first, that it must be a mean mind which cares nothing for these divine adaptations of the Creator, unless they can be turned into bread; and, next, that such discoveries are often indefinitely important even to the physical needs of man. When white clover was first imported to New Zealand, the colonists observed with amazement that it produced no seed. Red clover grew there: why should not white? Because, as such discoveries led men to observe, red clover is fertilized by the humble-bee, the weight of which resting on the keel of the flower pushes the stamen in such a way that the pollen reaches the stigma. But white clover is fertilized by hive bees, and, when hive bees were introduced into New Zealand, the white clover also bore seed and grew. When man has faith,—when he bends with the simplicity of childlike admiration over the works of God,—he never

knows how precious may be the secrets which Nature may unclench for him out of her granite hand.

It is but a short time since Mr. Darwin gave us his last work, on "Earth-worms." In it he demonstrated the marvellous fact that to these most despised and humble creatures we owe nothing less than the formation of vegetable mould all over the surface of the earth; nothing less, that is, than the preparation of the earth for the life of man. That book was the practical outcome of forty years of patient, continuous, unceasing, unceasing observation. The worm has long been a synonym for everything mean and contemptible. Was there no lesson for us in the fact, till then undiscovered,—nay, even un conjectured,—that on the work of these humble creatures man, proud man, is indefinitely dependent? Was there no rebuke to arrogance in the fact that many a man does less good in life than the worm, which, though it does no evil, he crushes into the sod? Was there nothing admirable in the loving study of these despised creatures of God? As a boy, Mr. Darwin had been under the influence of deeply religious impressions. There is evidence, I think, that he never lost them. And this, at least, is clear: that in all his simple and noble life he was influenced by the profoundly religious conviction that nothing is beneath the earnest study of man which has been worthy of the mighty handiwork of God.

When Pompey forced his way into the Holy of Holies in Jerusalem, he found, to his amazement, that all the idle stories of his countrymen about the worship of the Jews were lies; and that they did not worship, as Greeks and Romans had said, an animal or an ass. But he also found, to his amazement, *vacua omnia*,—that all was empty, that there was nothing there; and after this the Romans thought that

Jehovah was some mere being of the clouds. Something like this has happened to many men of science. They have found, perhaps, that God is not the God presented to them by false types of orthodoxy,—no awful idol of the cavern or of the school,—but that the God whom the Gospels really revealed is a God of light and a God of love. But, when they have pressed their way into the arcana of Nature, the shrine has seemed to them to be empty: they have seen nothing; and so, like Pompey, they have failed to recognize the Unseen Presence which dwelleth there. But God was in His holy temple, though the heathen soldier saw Him not. And though the probings of the scalpel cannot manifest Him; though no microscope can reveal Him; though, among the immensities, the telescope finds “no manner of likeness or similitude,” yet to the eye of faith, to that spiritual faculty by which alone (as all Scripture tells us) He can be spiritually discerned,—and which, like every other faculty, can be atrophized by neglect,—God is in nature; He is everywhere. Galileo saw Him in the farthest star; Linnæus worshipped Him in the humblest flower; the spores of the meanest moss reveal Him, and the colours of the tiniest insect’s wing. And there assuredly, judging by his own expressions, this great naturalist found Him. What were his views about those Christian doctrines which we hold to be most dear I know not; but I do know that in all his writings I cannot find that he has lent himself to a single expression hostile to religion, to a single sentence irreconcilable with my faith in Christ. There is a worship which has been described as “mostly of the silent sort, at the altar of the unknown and the unknowable.” To us who worship a Father in heaven, and a Saviour who died for our sins, it looks chilly, maimed,

and imperfect. But, if there be good men to whom no other has become possible, I, for one, believe that by God who is the judge, not we,—by God, who seeth not as man seeth,—by God in Christ, it may and will be accepted as a sincere and as a holy worship. Yes! to the God who reveals Himself in many ways, I believe that even prayers which can find no words, which are but the dim yearnings of the unsatisfied spirit, the sighs heaved by the unconvinced, may at least be as acceptable as was of old “the right burning of the two kidneys with the fat.” Nay, if such worship be offered on the altar of a pure life, if it be accompanied with faithful effort and unselfish love, I, for one, believe that it will be a far sweeter incense than the prayer of any who draw nigh unto God with their lips, while their hearts are far from Him. Many an earnest believer in the Lord Jesus Christ bent with sorrowing heart over Darwin’s grave. Let not our honour for him be misunderstood. It does not mean that we love our Saviour less: it does mean that we love more all for whom He died. It does not mean that we have a fainter faith: it does mean that we have a larger charity.

When the greatest living master of science in France—Louis Pasteur—was received into the French Academy, although himself an earnest and a sincere believer, he had to pronounce the *éloge* on his predecessor, the learned Positivist, Emile Littré; and the earnest scientific believer spoke of the Positivist in these noble words: “Littré,” he said, “had his God within him. The ideal which filled his soul was a passion for work, a passion for humanity. He has often appeared to me seated by his wife, as in a picture of the early time of Christianity, he looking down full of sympathy for sufferers, she a fervent Catholic, with

her eyes upraised to heaven; he inspired by every terrestrial virtue, she by every divine influence; the two wearing but one radiance, from the two sanctities which form the halo of the God-Man,—that which proceeds from devotion to what is human and that which emanates from ardent love to the divine.” I adopt to-day those noble words of the scientific Christian. God is larger than the Churches. His heart is wider than the heart of theologians. Faith lives: it is only the spirit of the Inquisition which is dead.

I have referred to some of the regions in which lay the great contributions to the results and methods of science of this most eminent thinker and naturalist. And behind the discoverer stood the man. If in his works he has left us a legacy of imperishable knowledge, in his life he has left us an example of imperishable attractiveness. Before the simple goodness of this man the arrogant dogmatism of science no less than the arrogant dogmatism of theology stands rebuked. Not one man in a hundred is capable of judging about his theories; but all the world can judge of the beauty, the dignity, of his character. Denounced as the author of a theory subversive not only of religion, but of morality, he never retaliated. He suffered fools gladly.

To scientists he left the high example of one who did his Heaven-appointed work, yet never lent himself to one word against religion; to theologians, the rebuking spectacle of a mind too pure and too lofty to be moved by the explosions of ignorant anathema. The personal goodness which beamed from him, the largeness of nature in which nothing petty could live, the total absence of mean jealousies, the scrupulous anxiety to do justice to opponents, — in how many professing Christians even shall we find

these? If high purity and rigid performance of duty constitute a blessed career; if what God requires of us is to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God; if to "do unto men whatsoever we would that they should do unto us" be "the law and the prophets,"—then I do not hesitate to say that, rather than by the side of any formalist or any Pharisee, whose daily words belie his vaunted orthodoxy, and make men turn with scorn from his religion of denunciation and of hate, I, for one, would rather take my stand at the Great Assize with one who may have borne the stigma of a heretic, but who shewed the virtues of a saint. Calm in the consciousness of integrity; happy in sweetness of home life; profoundly modest; utterly unselfish; exquisitely genial; manifesting, as his friend has said of him, "an intense and passionate honesty, by which all his thoughts and actions were irradiated as by a central fire,"—Charles Darwin will take his place side by side with Ray and Linnæus, with Newton and Pascal, with Herschel and Faraday, among those who have not only served humanity by their genius, but have also brightened its ideal by holy lives.

There are two phenomena with which every age has been familiar, not least our own. One is the rapidity with which truth wins its way, so that the heresy of yesterday becomes the superstition of to-day; and the outcry, "It is wicked and false," is succeeded by the self-complacent murmur, "We thought so all along." The other is the way in which men who have murdered the prophet crowd zealously forward to build his tomb, and, having embittered all his life down to its last dregs by their depreciations, come and shed their crocodile tears above his grave. This life is a fresh illustration of these phenomena. Twenty

years ago the views of Mr. Darwin were received with bursts of denunciation and derision. What are the facts? Those who still think them unproven, if they be incompetent to give an opinion, have at least learned modesty. The martyrdoms of science, the crimes of Inquisitors, ought at least to have untaught us the folly of condemning scientific conclusions on the ground of confused abstract notions, ignorantly pieced together out of misinterpreted texts. We go to the Bible for religion, not for science; and three hundred years ago Bacon, one of the greatest and one of the most religious of philosophers, warned us that he who is guilty of the empty levity of trying to found natural philosophy on the Book of Job or the first chapter of Genesis is looking for dead things among living men. Whether we accept or not the Darwinian hypothesis, this at least is certain that (to quote his own words) there is nothing in it which is contrary to the laws impressed on matter by the Creator. Nay, more: that "there is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that, while this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning,"—yes, and even from the war of nature, from famine, and from death,— "endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been and are being evolved." It may be abhorrent to man's vanity to be told that he is sprung from a lowly origin; but, on the one hand, it ought to be more abhorrent to know that man has often indulged in lower vices than the brute, and, on the other, the body of his humiliation is glorified when he remembers that it is God's grace which has given him "sympathy, which feels for the most debased; benevolence, which extends to the

humblest living creature; a godlike intellect, which has penetrated the heavens and weighed the stars." So far from being robbed of one element of faith, if this conviction be ever forced upon us, we may be indefinitely the better for it if we will carry with it the old and sacred lesson,

"Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!"

Let me point to one or two great and most needful lessons which this life may emphasize to the nation and to the age.

First, I hope that even the most unteachable of mankind, those whose misguided zeal has forced science and religion into unholy antagonism and disgraced the flag of faith by trying to raise it in defiance to the flag of reason, will see by one more instance that by such conduct they wrong the cause of religion and wrong the majesty of God. Let us have done forever with the ruinous error, caused partly by want of real faith, partly by a usurping selfishness, which has led the Church to regard progress as a danger, and to repress by force or by anathema the emancipating progress of the human mind. The names of Roger Bacon, of Columbus, of Copernicus, of Vesalius, of Campanella, of Galileo, of Kepler, of Descartes, rise in judgment, not (God forbid!) against religion, but against an ecclesiasticism at once childishly timid and fiercely cruel, which constantly attempts to usurp its name. Even Newton's law of gravitation, the greatest discovery ever made by man, was attacked as being "subversive of natural, and, inferentially, of revealed religion." Shall we never learn that, in generation after generation, divines of every school and of every shade of opinion have, in matters of science, been

not only egregiously, but obstructively, and even aggressively, in the wrong? Science is not their sphere: their opinion about it is not worth the breath with which it is uttered. But in this matter there have been mistakes on both sides. If clergymen have arrogated the name of religion to baseless nescience, born of false dogma and mistaken system, physicists also have often arrogated the name of science to premature conclusions, based on insufficient facts. Both have reared on bases of sand and on pillars of smoke their pretentious temples of their subjective idols. Let there be on both sides a little patience, a little humility, a little brotherly love. A truce to idle antagonism! The fundamental doctrines of religion are eternally true: the fundamental doctrines of science are eternally true. In ceding to science the study of the universe, we do not cede one iota of our faith. Religion is the voice of God to man in history, in conscience, in experience, in the gospel of Christ. Science is the voice of God to man in nature. Scripture is His Bible written with paper and ink: science is His Bible written on the starry leaves of Heaven and the rocky tablets of the world. God cannot speak in two voices. God cannot contradict Himself. Between physicists and theologians there have been conflicts many a time. Between true science and true religion there never has been, never will be, never can be, any conflict whatever. The one, as Baronius so truly said, is "the revelation of how the heaven goeth, the other of how we must go to heaven."

And because these false antagonisms have been infinitely dangerous to faith over Darwin's grave, let us once more assure the students of science that for us the spirit of mediæval ecclesiasticism is dead. We desire the light.

We believe in the light. We press forward into the light. If need be, let us even perish in the light. But we know that in the light we shall never perish. For to us God is light; and Christ is, and will be to the end, "the Light of the World." Ah! if we had but presented Him to you more truly; had we not too often shewn you in ourselves an image so awfully unlike Him; if priests had cared less to clothe themselves with power and more to clothe themselves with righteousness; had we fought less for dead scholastic formulæ and more for practical living faith,—it may be that between the students of science and the champions of religion no severance would ever have occurred. Had we cared little for phrases and much for fruit, little for the minutiae of ritual and dogma, much for mercy, justice, and truth; had we been more jealous of that falling asunder of action from knowledge which characterizes too much of our so-called religious life,—men could never have been alienated from a faith which shone forth in the beauty of holiness. Let us try to arrive at a better understanding, at a deeper sympathy. We are men;—sharers in the common sorrows of few and evil days. We are brethren: we need each other's help; we need more than all that by means of that common help, God, for the alleviating of our miseries, should constantly give us new refreshments out of the fountains of His goodness. We recognize with deep gratitude the boons which we have received from science. Ah! let none of you fall into the dangerous error of scorning those which you may receive from religion. Is it nothing that we can point you to a sea of light, which rolls round, and overflows, this sea of darkness? Have you no need of Him of whom we tell you; of Him who alone can say to the polluted heart, "I

will, be thou clean"; to the prostrate soul, "Arise and walk"; to the weary spirit, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest"? We are brethren, created by the same God, redeemed by the same Saviour, heirs together of the common mysteries of life and death. Join with us, over Darwin's grave, in the prayer that we, by the grace of God, may learn more of humility, of charity, of large-hearted goodness, of religion pure and undefiled; and, for yourselves, that "human things may not prejudice such as are divine; neither that, from the unlocking of the gates of sense, and the kindling of a greater natural light, anything of incredulity or intellectual night may arise in your minds towards divine mysteries; but rather that by minds thoroughly cleansed and purged from fancy and vanities, and yet subject and perfectly given up to the divine oracles, there may be given," not only unto reason such things as be reason's, but also "unto faith such things as be faith's."

JOHN BRIGHT.

“Howl, O fir-tree, for the cedar is fallen.”—ZECH. xi. 2.

THE death of John Bright and the lessons of the great life which has ebbed away must not be passed over. When Edmund Burke died at Bath in 1797, Canning wrote, “There is but one event, but it is an event of the world: Burke is dead.” And, though Mr. Bright had no pretension to the imperial endowments of Edmund Burke, no greater orator, no more disinterested statesman, no man more pervaded with the principles of righteousness, no man more free from the intrigues of party and the taint of personal ambition, has ever passed from the strife of politics,

“To where beyond these voices there is peace.”

It was said by Lord Brougham of Sir Robert Peel that he could ever turn from the storm without to the sunshine of an approving conscience within. It has been said by Mr. Gladstone of John Bright that “he was ever ready to lay his popularity as a sacrifice upon the altar of his duty.” No man, however great, is raised above the common heritage of errors and imperfections; but, when we stand beside his grave, it is no time to speak of these. “Let us now praise famous men,” says the son of Sirach. Leaders of the people by their counsels, wise and eloquent in their instructions, all these were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times. Their

bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore. Were this the time or the place to criticise, we might admit in him who has gone a certain intensity of prejudice; a certain narrowness of range; a certain one-sidedness of judgment; an inability to throw off, under changed conditions, the aversions of his youth. Let us rather thank God for his high example; for that habitual loftiness of thought which might have elevated the whole tone of English politics; for that habitual integrity of life which has left to all his contemporaries the heritage of a stainless example. I will not speak of his oratory, though in its supreme efforts it stood unrivalled. He, more than any man, reminded me of the famous orators,—

“Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence . . .
Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece,
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne.”

I have heard him when, in English of matchless strength and matchless simplicity, and in a voice which sometimes seemed to breathe through silver, and rang anon with the trumpet tones of scorn and indignation, he stood before vast audiences, playing on their emotions as on some mighty instrument. I have seen him now sweeping them into stormy sympathy before the strong wind of his passion; now holding them hushed as an infant at its mother's breast; now making them break into radiancy of laughter; now whitening their upturned faces with sympathetic tears; sometimes even lifting them to their feet in a burst of uncontrollable and spontaneous enthusiasm. I have heard him rain down the large blows of his impassioned rhetoric, as when a smith brings down his sledge-hammer on the glowing anvil, forging the plastic iron into what he will.

And never have I heard him abuse for base or personal ends this mighty power. Oratory is a natural gift and may be fearfully perverted. England may thank God that, though men can become leaders of the multitude by the coarsest and vulgarest arts, though they can poison them with mean motives and virulent antipathies, this great tribune of the people, who possessed in such a high degree the love as well as the confidence of the enfranchised multitudes, scorn- ing to answer them according to their idols, guided them with noble integrity to religious and moral aspirations. However much he might sometimes be mistaken, no selfish interest, no covert ambition, ever mingled with his pure desire that not only peace and happiness, but truth and justice, religion and piety, might be established among us for all generations; and, since we desire that he should still speak to us by his example, let me single out these five qualities, all of them noble qualities, as specially characteristic of his career,—his love of the people; his disinter- ested sincerity; his hatred for war; his disdain of popu- larity; but, above all and more than all, his inflexible homage to the majesty of the moral law.

It was his love and pity for the people which enlisted him—enlisted him at the awful moment when “the sole inmate of his household was one motherless babe”—in the main work of his life, the abolition of the Corn Laws, in the face of a tenacious, embittered, and mighty monopoly. Those only who know what the state of the country was half a century ago can adequately realize the greatness of that achievement. By securing cheap bread to the working classes in days when, in Leeds alone, there were 20,936 persons whose average earnings were under one shilling a week, he saved England from ruin and revo-

lution. Well might he rejoice in later years as there rose before him the vision of the harvest fields of the world, from Canada to Australia, from Chili to the Black Sea shore, rolling forth billows of golden grain, and English fleets traversing every sea to bring to men, and women, and little children the fulness of God's earth; wherever the rain falls, wherever the sun shines, gathering that of which the full fruition was once denied to the people by foolish and unjust laws. And who would not envy him the manly boast, when he said that, "if in the centres of commerce, and in this great Babylon in which we are assembled, we do not find ourselves surrounded by hungry and exasperated multitudes,—if now, more than at any time in the last one hundred years,

‘Content sits basking on the cheek of toil,’—

he as much as any living man had some claim to partake of that glory”?

Next, I would touch on his entire disinterestedness. It shone out in his lofty independence. “I am no frequenter of courts,” he could proudly say. “I have never sought for office or the emoluments of place. I have no craving for popularity. I have little of that which can be called the lust for fame. I am a citizen of a free country. I love my country. I love its freedom.” “I am not, I do not pretend to be, a statesman; and that character is so tainted and so equivocal in our day that I am not sure that a pure and honourable ambition would aspire to it.” “My clients have not been usually the rich and the great, but rather the poor and the lowly. They cannot give me place, and dignities, and wealth; but honourable service in their cause yields me that which is of far higher and more lasting value,—the

consciousness that I have laboured to expound and to uphold laws which, though they were not given among the thunders of Sinai, are not less the commandments of God, and not less intended to promote and secure the happiness of men." This manly independence of judgment was strikingly illustrated by his attitude toward the Northern States of America in the great Civil War. When in 1862 the upper classes of Englishmen, almost to a man, and the vast majority of the middle classes, were in favour of the Southern slaveholders, when even our leading politicians declared the cause of the North to be hopeless,—Mr. Bright repudiated that belief because he was so deeply convinced of the righteous government of the world. "The leaders of this revolt," he said, "propose this monstrous thing,—that over a territory forty times as large as England the blight and curse of slavery shall be for ever perpetuated. I cannot believe, for my part, that such a fate will ever befall that fair land, stricken though it now is with the ravages of war. I cannot believe that civilization, in its journey with the sun, will sink into endless night. I have another and a far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I will cherish it. I see one vast confederation, stretching from the frozen north in unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific main; and I see one people, and one language, and one law, and one faith, and over all that wide continent the home of freedom, and a refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime." He reminded the House of Commons, that every year in the slave States of America there were one hundred and fifty thousand children born into the world,—born with the badge and the doom of slavery,

— born to the liability, by law, and by custom, and by the devilish cupidity of man, to the lash, and to the chain, and to the branding iron, and to be taken from their families and carried they knew not where; and by their love and tenderness to their own children, as the purest and most holy feeling of their lives, he asked how we should feel if our children were brought up in a system so “infernal.” Strong in the intuitions of righteousness, he had no misgiving as to the issue of the contest, because he knew that it rested with Him “in whose hands are alike the breath of man and the life of States.” And he was right. During four years of agony the ground reeled under the American nation, “until at last, after the smoke of the battlefield had cleared away, the horrid shape of slavery, which had cast its shadow over a whole continent, was gone forever.”

Now, how came it that John Bright so often stood almost alone in his convictions and his intuitions, while good men wavered and far-seeing men were blind? I believe that his prescience was due to his unswerving conviction that “that which is morally wrong cannot be politically right”; and that the triumph of God’s righteousness in the affairs of men may be, indeed, for a time delayed, but comes at length with all the certainty of a law. “How is it,” he asked, “that any great thing is accomplished? By love of justice, by constant devotion to a great cause, and by an unfaltering faith that what is right will in the end succeed.” The secret of his prescience was the firmness of his faith.

Nor was the Civil War between the Northern and Southern States of America the only occasion on which Mr. Bright has held convictions opposed to those of the majority of his countrymen. He hated war, and in opposing the

Crimean War he stood yet more magnificently alone. If the present generation forgets, yet history will remember the speeches in which he at least won the pure glory of helping to make England shudder at the carnage of all needless or ambitious war,—the great speech in the House of Commons in December, 1854, when down many a stern cheek he drew unwonted tears by the homeliest pathos. Speaking of those who had perished in the Crimea, he said: "We all know what we have lost in this House. There, very often, sitting near me, sat the member for Frome. I met him a short time before he was going out, and asked him whether he was going. He answered, 'he was afraid he was,'—not afraid in the sense of personal fear (he knew not that),—but he said, with a look and tone I shall never forget, 'It is no light matter for a man who has a wife and five little children.' The stormy Euxine is his grave: his wife is a widow, his children fatherless. [There were others, too], but the place that knew them shall know them no more forever." And again, in 1855, in the passage most remembered: "The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings. There is no one, as when the first-born were slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and side-posts of our doors, that he may spare us and pass on. He takes his victims from the castles of the noble, the mansions of the wealthy, and the cottages of the poor and lowly; and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make my appeal." And we all know how in those discussions he contemptuously repudiated the mere *doctrinaire* defence of war out of Vattel. He looked upon the "balance-of-power" theory as a ghastly phantom which for one hundred and seventy years had

loaded the nation with debt and taxes, had sacrificed myriads of lives, and had devastated thousands of homes. No doubt he carried too far the doctrine of non-intervention. There is such a thing as a righteous intervention, as when Cromwell threatened such measures that, if the persecution of the Vaudois did not cease, the guns of England might be heard in the Castle of St. Angelo.

“Peace is no peace if it lets the ill go stronger,
 Only cheating destiny a very little longer;
 War, with its agonies, its horrors, and its crimes,
 Is cheaper if discounted and taken up betimes.
 Go home, you idle teachers,
 The cannons are God’s preachers when the time is ripe for war.”

But yet Mr. Bright felt truly that military glory is of little value compared to “the high example of a Christian nation, free in its institutions, courteous and just in its conduct to all foreign States, and resting its policy on the unchangeable foundations of Christian morality.”

I know nothing that I admire more in this great orator than his magnificent disregard for popularity. “He feared man so little because he feared God so much.” For many years of his life he had the honour — I say quite deliberately the honour — of being one of the best hated men in the country. For fully half his life he enjoyed the beatitude of malediction. It is an honour which he shared with many of God’s noblest heroes and sweetest saints. It is an honour which he shared with martyrs and prophets, and with the great benefactors of mankind, with the apostles, with Christ Himself. It is an honour which every man shall gain who refuses to swim with the stream, who refuses to answer the multitude according to their idols. He was called in early years “a disaffected vagabond,” “a peddling econo-

mist," "a wicked incendiary," "a dangerous fanatic." "They spit in my face," he said to a friend, "in the streets of Manchester." The man who has played any real part in the history of his time, and has not been assailed with bitter and brutal words; the man who has stirred up no virulent animosities, and heard no bitter hissing,— is hardly a fighter in the front rank of life's most glorious battles. A man who has never been sneered at and insulted as a fool and a fanatic may have his own smooth merits, but he can never be a champion of forlorn hopes or a pioneer of flouted truths. "For twenty-five years," said Mr. Bright in 1863, "I have stood before great meetings of my countrymen, pleading only for justice. During that time, as you know, I have endured measureless insult and passed through hurricanes of abuse." Often has he said that, even if his voice were the sole voice raised against something which he regarded as unholy or unjust, that single voice would still be raised in solitary condemnation; and "amid the din of arms and the clamours of a venal press, I shall have," he said, "the consolation, which I trust will be mine to the last moment of my existence,—the priceless consolation that no word of mine has tended to promote the squandering of my country's treasure or the spilling of one drop of my country's blood."

Like the great Lord Mansfield, he scorned that mushroom popularity which is the echo of folly and the shadow of renown. He desired only that applause which is bestowed by after-ages on virtuous actions. "It is that popularity which follows, not that which is run after. It is that popularity which, sooner or later, never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means. I will not do that which my conscience tells me is wrong to gain the

huzzas of thousands or the daily praise of all the papers which come from the press. I will not avoid doing what I think is right, though it should draw on me the whole artillery of libels,—all that malice can invent or credulity swallow.”

It was one of his noblest characteristics that he always referred every question to the highest moral standard. “There is no permanent greatness to a nation,” he said, “except it be based upon morality. I do not care for military greatness or military renown. I care for the condition of the people among whom I live. Palaces, baronial castles, great halls, stately mansions, do not make a nation. The nation in every country dwells in the cottage, and, unless the light of your constitution can shine there, rely upon it that you have yet to learn the duties of government. May I ask you, then, to believe, as I do most devoutly believe, that the moral law was not written for men alone in their individual character, but that it was written as well for nations as great as this of which we are citizens? If nations reject and deride this moral law, there is a penalty which will inevitably follow. It may not come at once, it may not come in our lifetime; but, rely upon it, the great Italian poet is not a poet only, but a prophet, when he says,—

‘The sword of heaven if not in haste to smite,
Nor yet doth linger.’

We have experience, we have beacons, we have landmarks enough. It is true that we have not, as an ancient people had, Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems on Aaron’s breast from which to take counsel; but we have the unchangeable and eternal principles of the moral law to guide

us, and only so far as we walk by that guidance can we be permanently a great nation or our people a happy people."

And once more: "To the outward eye monarchs and parliaments seem to rule with an absolute and unquestioned sway; but — and I quote the words which one of our old Puritan poets has left us —

‘There is on earth a yet auguster thing,
Veiled though it be, than parliament or king.’

That auguster thing is the tribunal which God has set up in the consciences of men. It is before that tribunal that I am now permitted humbly to plead; and there is something in my heart, a small but exultant voice, which tells me I shall not plead in vain."

And, once again,—for, indeed, this was the very differentia of John Bright's teaching,—he said, when he retired from the government after the bombardment of Alexandria: "I asked my calm judgment and my conscience what was the part I ought to take. They pointed it out to me, as I think, with an unerring finger; and I am endeavoring to follow it."

May I not, then, say,—now that we have considered his patriotism; his disinterestedness; his disdain for popularity; his championship of the indefeasible privileges of our common humanity; his determination never to

"Sell the truth to serve the hour,
Or palter with eternal God for power";

his soul undazzled by the glamour of war and desirous only to see his country "leading the grand procession of the nations on the paths of civilization and of peace"; his inflexible determination at all costs to be just, and fear not;

and his unswerving homage to the majesty of the moral law, may I not say, amid the dearth of men so eminent and so courageous, "Howl, O fir-tree, for the cedar is fallen"? Mr. Bright was a Quaker. His ancestors had been imprisoned by the tyrannous bigotry of a jealous priestcraft. He sometimes spoke of the Church of England words harsh, if not unjust. I hope that the Church of England is infinitely too magnanimous to remember them with anger. But little cause had he to blush for his connection with a body which more conspicuously than all other sects aimed at spirituality, despised the finicking pettinesses of ritual, and pleaded for the supremacy of the Indwelling Spirit and the clearness of the Inward Light. He might well be proud of a religious community so many of whose sons and daughters have borne on their faces not only the Ten Commandments, but the Eight Beatitudes,—of a community which, small as are its number, has been foremost in all works of beneficence and mercy, in the opposition to war, in the cleansing of the prison, in the emancipation of the slave. I have always felt a deep admiration for that Puritan ideal, stately and strong, which finds so noble a representative in John Milton; and there were some points in which the departed statesman resembled him. He, too, like Milton, lived on a lofty level of dignity and self-respect. He, too, "reflecting on the deep mysteries of religion, on his own doubts and frailties, on the shortness of the present time, and on the awful and unknown future," disdained religious animosities, and rose far above all "priestly attempts to subjugate the mind." He, too, "kindled his undazzled eyes at the noonday beam," and cared little for "the noise of timorous and flocking birds, with such also as love the twilight." We have lost him; and

the House of Commons and all English statesmanship are indefinitely the poorer for his loss. How many can it number to rank with one who was so conspicuously, and so continuously, the defender of the miserable and the champion of the oppressed; whose unfaltering faith in right never quailed amid the clamours of interest and greed; who made the Bible his statesman's manual; who with mighty hand smote at oppression and monopoly; and whose words of moral indignation against wrong and robbery sprang like arrows of flame from a bow of steel! We have lost him; and may God make us mindful to follow all that was noble and good in his example. We have lost him; and may God raise others like him to our need.

“God give us men! A time like this demands
Great hearts, strong minds, true faith, and willing hands,
Men whom the lust of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honour, men who will not lie;”

above all, men who are true Christians as well as eminent politicians; men who can live pure lives as well as make able speeches; men who, whatever their mistakes or limitations, yet fear God and do righteousness, and therefore, are acceptable with Him.

GARIBALDI.

“I will say to them which were not my people, Thou art my people; and they shall say, Thou art my God.”—HOSEA ii. 23.

FOLLOWING the initiative of Holy Scripture, following an example set by our blessed Lord Himself, I have always tried to regard not only the Bible, but history, and life, and the universe, the past and the present, the events going on around us, the lives and deaths of those whom we have seen and known, as books and messages of God. To me it seems that, were it given us to read their teaching, the living and dying saints of to-day have as much to reveal to us as the saints of old; and that the living and dying heroes of to-day, with all their glories and all their failures, might be as full of meaning to us as those heroes, with all their glories and all their failings, who lived three thousand years ago. So far as I can see (and, if I be mistaken, I will gladly be corrected), it is only to the narrowness of our conventionalism, that there is anything more intrinsically sacred in the life of Queen Esther than in that of Queen Adelaidé; in the life of Jephthah than in that of Garibaldi; in the Jerusalem of Hezekiah than in the London of our Queen. Saints of Scripture, heroes of Scripture? Are sainthood and heroism, then, mere local, mere chronological phenomena? Men and women of Scripture, were they then, in any sense, more than we? Dust they were, and ashes, as we are dust and ashes; sinful men and sinful women, whose very tears wanted washing, as

do ours; holy men and holy women, whose virtues were accepted, whose sins were forgiven, whose souls were redeemed, even as ours; all children of the same heavenly Father, more or less beloved; all equally guilty, all equally redeemed. That is why I have never hesitated, shall never hesitate, to speak about the hand of God in history, as seen now no less than of old; that is why, as in the sunset, in the starlight, in the moonlight, in the earthshine, in every glow and every colour from the rosy light upon Alpine crests to the primrose in the grass, I see but the reflections of the same material sunbeam, so in every high thought, in every great utterance, in every unselfish sacrifice, in every noble deed, I see a sparkle from Him, the Father of lights, who is always in the zenith, always in the meridian, in whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning,—God in Christ, Christ in the heart and life of men, even of men who know Him not, men whose worship is not the worship of the sanctuary,—there is the gospel. That is how He who fragmentarily and multifariously spake in times past to the Fathers by the prophets hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son. Even when we speak of others, we speak of Him. Through the statues of the saints, we approach His temple. Amid the cloud of radiant witnesses, we press forward to fling ourselves lowly at His feet. We are told of a great contemporary* that to him the dullest walk was not dull, because his eye was quick to catch “every sudden glory or radiance above; every prismatic hue or silver lining; every rift, every patch of blue”; that “he carried his scenery with him”; and that through hedgeless and flowerless plains he would “run with a friend, as cheerfully as the prophet ran before the king from Carmel to

* Newman, in Mozley's “Reminiscences.”

Jezreel to announce the opened gate of heaven." Let us, too, carry our scenery with us in the spiritual world; and in the light of Christ we shall learn to see nobleness even in imperfection, and a soul of goodness even in things evil.

And thus it has happened to me at different times to speak of recently departed lives, and with this curious experience,—that I have scarcely ever so spoken without some one or other fancying himself aggrieved by words of generosity so spoken of the dead, and without some one or other making it an excuse for public criticism or private severity. It was so, years ago, when I spoke of Abraham Lincoln; so, when I spoke of Lord Beaconsfield; so, when I spoke of Charles Darwin. Well, such criticism will never deter me. The fretfulness of the critic, the malice of the party religionist, the fury of the political partisan, may be the highest eulogy. They say? What say they? Let them say. Let the unknown voices mutter in the shadow. With me, O God of my fathers, O Christ that died, O

"Spirit of Love, and sweetness, too,
Now leading on the wars of God;
Now to green isles of shade and dew,
Turning the waste Thy people trod,"—

with me may it be an inveterate disease to believe that "mercy boasteth over justice"; to see in every man I can, the good, and not the evil; to judge not by the appearance, but to judge righteous judgments; to rejoice not in iniquity, but in the truth; to think evil, if possible, of no man; to fling over the words and actions alike of the dead and of the living, of those that love and of those who hate, of those who are just and of those who are unjust, the

cloak of that charity which covereth the multitude of sins; to see in diversities of operations the same spirit; to believe, above all things, that, whatever else God is, God is righteous, and God is light, and God is love.

Many may remember how, more than twenty years ago, a man visited us on whom myriads of our people—sons of the soil, men browned by the fogs and by the sun—lavished such an outburst of ardent sympathy that, as he rode through leagues of roaring streets, kings on their coronation day have rarely witnessed such a sight. That man was the Italian patriot, Giuseppe Garibaldi. It was the same in his own country, the same in almost every country that he visited. When he was wounded, defeated, discountenanced, all but a prisoner, as he passed down the Lung' Arno at Pisa, the people flung themselves into the river merely to bid him farewell. Men braved martyrdom for him. Women travelled hundreds of miles merely to see him. Widows for his sake gave up son after son to fall on the battlefield. Priests for his sake defied the thunders of their Church. Boys, clad in his red shirt, ragged, starving, bleeding, houseless, at Mentana, at Calatafimi, at Marsala, at the Volturas, would rush on the bristling bayonets of Austria or charge against the murderous *chassepots* of France; and, tortured in vain to reveal his hiding-place, they would die with a smile upon their lips. Was there ever such a speech as that which he issued when, covered with blood, his clothes pierced with balls and bayonet-thrusts, he was driven by the French from Rome? "Soldiers," he said, "what I have to offer you is this,—hunger, thirst, cold, heat, no pay, no barracks, no rations, frequent alarms, forced marches, charges at the point of the bayonet. Whoever loves honour and father-

land, follow me." And to such a promise, even to the bitter end,—to insult, to starvation, to imprisonment, to agonies of which death was the slightest,—four thousand men did follow him. Why was this? How many would get up two hours earlier in the morning, how many would put their hands in the bursting and overflowing purse of their boundless superfluity, how many would let their little finger ache for you or me? For this man thousands were ready to die. Do not be afraid. Do not set yourselves in mental attitudes of fine critical scorn. Do not think about the sharp things you will say when I have ended. I am not going to pronounce any indiscriminate eulogy—perhaps no eulogy at all—on the name of Giuseppe Garibaldi. It was said not of him, but of another:—

"I do not praise this man,—the man was flawed
 For Adam,—much more Christ!—his knee unbent
 (His hand unclean), his aspiration pent
 Within a sword-sweep—pshaw! but, since he had
 No genius to be loved, why, let him have
 The justice to be honoured in his grave!"

Those words would not be even decently just as applied to him. His hand was clean, amid few that were. His aspirations, so far from being pent within the sword-sweep, were wide as the universal good. He uttered a great many follies? Yes. He was guilty of many actions which can only be regarded as rash and reprehensible? Yes. It was his own headlong obstinacy which caused his wound and his defeat and his imprisonment by the soldiers of the very king to whom he had given two splendid crowns? Yes. He was a perplexing and uncontrollable element in serious politics? Yes. He shared all kinds of socialistic and communistic dreams? Yes. His theology was of a most

curious complexion? Yes, as when he calmly assured a great assembly that no such person as St. Peter ever existed; and when he penned the absurd and amazing note: "Dear Friends,—Man has created God, not God man. Yours ever, Garibaldi." Can a priest or a presbyter of any religion say a good word for such a man,—a man constantly surrounded by false friends and miserable intriguers, as a lion is surrounded by jackals; a man who, in his obstinate wilfulness had so little sanity of judgment as to be often all but unjust to his patriots, and often all but disloyal to his king? Let us look, my friends, in our own hearts. We are all pre-eminently respectable. There is nothing volcanic in our natures, as there was in his. We, of course, never do anything so childish as to make a mistake in judgment. We are never carried away by our feelings. Perhaps under the taming and tutoring influences of prudential self-interest, in a complex society, we have no feelings, to speak of, which are at all likely to sweep us away. We are all exquisitely orthodox, to that hair-breadth of infallibility which makes us on every religious question the only persons who are always right. All that goes without saying. But, oh, my friends, has it never struck you that these commonplace lives of ours, with their thin veneer of conventional virtues, with their all but total absence of anything high and heroic, are often thickly covered with the dust of vanity and of vice? When we look without, and see the dark stains of self-seeking and Mammon-worship, which lie, like the mire of the streets, under the cold snow of our respectability; when we look within, when we drop a plummet into the abysmal deeps of personality, when we realize that the fairest cheek may conceal a heart leprous as sin,—yes, and that our own

heart may be like the Dead Sea wave, "reflecting heaven upon its surface, but hiding guilt in its depths,"—are we the first to cast the stone of condemnation at a life which, if it erred greatly, yet greatly achieved? Has it ever struck you that the neutral tint of the dull life and the apathetic end of the life whose chief records are its small orthodoxies, and its investments in the three per cents, may be less pleasing to God than the splendid sky of heroism, even if thunderous rain-clouds sometimes darken it? Give me the hurricane, any day, rather than the pestilence,—the hurricane whose sweeping ravage clears the stormy atmosphere rather than the pestilence which walks in the darkness of organized hypocrisy and creeps under the noonday of prosperous sin. Set the great virtues of Garibaldi against his great faults, and I am not sure (to tell you the plain truth),—I am not sure that I consider our lives as good as his. "I hope that God will be merciful to him," said the pope, when he heard of his death. I am sure that God will be merciful to every soul which he has made; but, however that may be,—

"See there! for this man, too, life's toil is over;
His words are all said out, his deeds are done;
For this man, too, there comes a rest, however
Unquiet passed his time beneath the sun.

"You say what seems you best; your life's poor fountain
Just bubbles, while his soared and shuddered down;
You chide him as a tired child chides a mountain;
You frown on him, and think God, too, must frown.

"But, oh! God shall judge the world, I take it
He will not meet this man by rule or line,
Who felt no common thirst, nor feared to slake it
From that which flowed within him,— the Divine.

“Or think you God loves our tame level acres
More than the proud head of some heaven-kissed hill,
Man’s straight-dug ditch more than His own free river
Which wanders, He regarding, where it will?”

Assuming, then, my friends, that you can afford to look down, with fine fastidiousness, on Giuseppe Garibaldi, and give yourselves in the presence of his memory the airs of moral superiority, still ask yourself whether you have walked half so much in the steps of the Christ whom you profess as he did in the steps of the Christ whom he knew but most imperfectly. Say what you will, I shall try to shew you that, loose and vague as was his creed, irregular and wrong as were many of his actions, it is only the eternal, Christ-like elements in his as in any character which can constitute true greatness or deserve to win the love of men. It was not success that dazzled men to love him. He had indeed one splendid success, when he mastered Sicily in a month, and took Naples as a passenger by a railway train; but he had been defeated again and again in Rio and Montevideo; he had been hung by the wrists for two hours before a gate in the sight of the multitude, till the cord eat into his flesh; he was checked at Rome; discredited at Aspromonte; betrayed at Mentana; neglected at Genoa; dishonoured in the Vosges. His hopes were thwarted; his utterances were laughed at. “I have passed my life,” he said,—in what? In money-getting? in small self-seeking? in an aimless round of frivolities? No, but,—“in the hope of seeing populations ennobled, and, to the extent of my power, have championed always and everywhere their rights; but sadly I confess that I have partly lived in a false hope.” It was no success. It was not the strange romance of a career which was

heroic and poetic in a day of commonplace and prose; but amid great errors, amid grievous faults, amid a strange chaos of beliefs, it was a rich possession of qualities which Christ Himself would have approved, which wetted with unwonted tears the eyes of generous nations when this man died. If you want a religious lesson, if you are not merely trying to lull your soul into a comfortable sleep on a pabulum of formulæ, if you are a true man or woman, see if you can find no religious lesson here, while I point out to you in a few words the tenderness, the generosity, the simplicity, the self-denial, which were in this fighter, in this republican, in this friend of Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas, in this strange, erratic, self-willed child of trouble and romance, which, because they were virtues, were the manifestation of the spirit of the Son of Man.

Great souls are tender. He was tender even to dumb creatures. As a little child, he wept bitterly at accidentally killing a grasshopper. As a man, in 1861, he met a Sardinian shepherd lamenting the loss of a lamb. He told his soldiers to help to find it. They looked in vain far into the night, and he ordered them to their beds. Next morning he was found asleep long after his usual early hour, and, when they woke him, they found that he had searched all night for the lamb, and, taking it home with him, had shared with the poor dumb creature the warmth of his own bed. How many of you, rich or poor, or workingmen, would have done as much for twenty lambs? There have been men who, like the sanguinary Couthon, have combined tenderness to animals with cruelty to men. Not so with him. At Palermo, when he conquered Sicily, he, the old soldier of two worlds, burst into tears,—not on the battlefield, but at the sight of the little orphans in

the asylum wanting food. Even the fine ladies of Whitehall, the maids of honour of James II.'s court, were not above bargaining for the prisoners of Sedgemoor; but Garibaldi, when he was very poor in South America, and was offered a chance of getting richer by buying Chinese slaves, at once indignantly dashed his pen through that clause of the contract, saying, "I will never be a trafficker in human flesh." Which shewed themselves herein the better Christians,—the fine ladies or the filibuster? If he loved England, was it not because he saw in England the refuge of the exile, the enemy of the despot, the home of the free-man and the hope of the slave? We are all respectable, critical, orthodox people; but have we nothing to learn from such a tenderness of heart?

Look, again, at this man's simplicity. At Palermo he occupied the royal palace, and was waited on by the viceroy's servants; but he lived chiefly on water and vegetables, and frowned if they called him "Your Excellency." At Messina, to avoid applause and grandeur, he left the palace for the light-house, where the conqueror of a kingdom, the idol of a people, lived in a single room, with no furniture but two stools and a couch. Being that rare thing, a man,—not a mere plausible echo or a mere self-indulgent appetite,—being no sleek intriguer or selfish accumulator, but a man,—he despised, as we do not despise, the shallow imbecilities of human pride. Garibaldi a sailor on a coasting smack, Garibaldi a cattle-drover at Rio, Garibaldi a tutor at Constantinople, Garibaldi a tallow-chandler at New York, was, by virtue of an inherent nobleness, as lofty a person as Garibaldi conqueror of Sicily:—

"In himself was all his state,
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits

On princes, when their rich retinue long
Of horses led, and grooms besmeared with gold,
Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all agape."

In an age of artificiality and shams was it nothing that he witnessed to the imperial dignity of manhood in itself?

Then how generous he was, how rarely disinterested! In the siege of Rome he was superseded by a mere nobody. "Some of my friends," he wrote, "urged me not to accept a secondary position under a man who, only the day before, had been my inferior; but I confess these questions of self-love never yet troubled me. Whoever gives me a chance of fighting, if only as a common soldier, against the enemy of my country, him I will thank." "I confess these questions of self-love never yet troubled me." He said it: his conduct showed that he felt it. Is there a single one of us all, with our feeble spites and small grudges, who can say the same? In Westminster Abbey is the bas-relief on the tomb of Outram, the Bayard of India, which represents Outram's meeting with Havelock, when, refusing to rob him of his hard earned glory by superseding him in his command, he served under him as a volunteer. Was that noble act of which we are so proud,—was it greater than Garibaldi's when he laid two kingdoms at the feet of a king whom he did not love, and put away with one hand the rewards which he had won with the other? The very evening that Victor Emanuel entered Naples, which Garibaldi had given him, when the shouts were always loudest for Garibaldi, a chair had been put for the hero beside the royal chair. Just before the play began, a lackey came and removed it. The king entered with a frown, Garibaldi with that open, sunny, large-hearted smile which won all hearts. When the amplest revenge was in his power,

when by lifting his finger he could have raised a revolution, after having done deeds which will affect human history for centuries, he went away quietly, asking no reward, to the barren, rocky islet which was his home, with barely fifteen shillings in his pocket, and having borrowed twenty pounds to pay his debts. If life has made you familiar with instances of generosity, even in very little things, which are distantly comparable with these in great things, you have been more fortunate than I. I have known many personages, ecclesiastical and other, who have walked the world in wealth, in success, in prudent reticence, in never-sleeping look-out for the self-satisfied interests of life, in all the odour of sanctity. I doubt whether I have known more than one or two whose virtues raised them, even occasionally, above essential littleness, and above bitter resentment, or who loved others better than themselves. And, when I do see such a man, even if he be a Turk and an infidel, I do him homage in Christ's name.

And he shewed more than a mere occasional flash of generosity: he was habitually self-denying; he was a hero of self denial. The great soul was content to dwell in a little house. He disdainfully waved aside the incense of fulsome applause. Being a man, he was too great for it. He pushed riches aside for those who cared for the trash. What were riches to him who preferred a soldier's fare? When the Montevideans offered some acres of land and some thousands of heads of cattle to the Italians who had fought under him, he tore up the title-deeds and said that they had only fought from gratitude and for liberty. He never accepted rank. It can add nothing to a man who possessed himself as a better possession, and an abiding. At the age of thirteen he swam in a rough sea to save his

comrades from a boat upset in a squall. He saved a boy from drowning in the harbour of Marseilles. When the plague raged, he nursed the sick in a cholera hospital. In America he was made a general, but was so poor that the family went to bed at sunset because they could not afford candles. Yet even then he would take no remuneration for his services except pardon for some prisoner or alms for the wounded. Good among the corrupt, simple among the luxurious, self-denying among the selfish; disinterested, as Lord Houghton said of him in the House of Lords in 1849, among those who sought their personal advantage,—clearly, this is not a man at whom selfish critics can safely cast the stone.

But perhaps you will say to me, “This man, whom you are holding up to our admiration, was a rebel to his Church; a rebel to his king; he hated priests; he said most foolish things about religion; he once even was blasphemous enough to baptize a child.” Fair and softly: you may say all this, and I fear things more serious than this; but do not let us trumpet all his faults and errors above his grave. I have not held him up to your admiration at all. On the contrary, I have been saying all along how much more orthodox and respectable we are. I have only ventured to ask (let your conscience give the honest answer!) whether any one of our narrow virtues and domestic egotisms come as near to the spirit of the beatitudes as his. We, of course, are all invited guests: he was only of the streets and lanes,—nay, if you will, the highways and hedges. “A rebel of his Church?” Well, perhaps he was not very devoted to the Church of the Italian confessional, to the Church of which the pope had eulogized as “model king” that King of Naples who had his subjects lashed to death

in the public squares, and who looked on through his eyeglass at the agony of political prisoners, pining for light and air in his dungeons beneath the level of the sea. "A rebel to his king?" Well, if he was ever technically a rebel to a king in whose crown he had set its most splendid jewels, remember that the first time he saw his name in print was on his own death-warrant signed by that king's father, and that that king was, as he considered, "under the subtle arts of a fox-like policy." Remember, too, the passionate words of that eminent American who, in the struggle against the slave-trade, said that he only wished the two words "infidel" and "traitor" to be written on his tomb,—infidel to a Church which could be at peace in the presence of sin; traitor to a government which was a magnificent conspiracy against justice. "He hated priests?" Yes! he hated priests who lived such lives as the Augustine monks of Palestrina in 1848. He did not hate priests like the beautiful, the eloquent, the noble Ugo Bassi, who, unarmed, tended the sick on the battlefield, amid storms of shot and shell, with the tenderness of a woman, and who died as only heroes and martyrs die; but he hated priests like those of Bologna, who accompanied the death of Bassi with agonies of a desecration to which I dare give no utterance here. "His religious belief was a chaos?" It may be so. But "it is in vain," he said, "that my enemies try to make me out an atheist and a blasphemer. I believe in God. I am of the religion of Christ, not of the religion of the popes. I do not admit any intermediary between God and man." And at Caprera he said: "The absence of priests is one of the special blessings of this spot. God is worshipped here in purity of spirit, without formalism, free from mockery, under the

canopy of the blue heavens, with the planets for lamps, the sea winds for music, and the green sward of the island for altars." And, when he resigned his Dictatorship, he said: "I am a Christian, as you are. Yes! I am of that religion which has broken the bonds of slavery, and has proclaimed the freedom of men." But, then, he baptized a child? Yes: it was a foolish piece of business, done at the wish of thousands who had thronged to see him at Verona; and he said: "I baptize thee in the name of God and of the legislator Jesus. Mayest thou become an apostle of truth! Love thy neighbour; assist the unfortunate; be strong to combat the tyrants of the conscience and of the body." That was what he said. Call these acts and these words follies, vagaries, blasphemies, if you choose to use the words; but, beneath whatever incrustations of error, I seem to see all the primitive granite on which religious faith is built, at least as clearly as I see it in the hollow worldliness of the intriguing partisan and the bitter hatreds of the religious newspaper. And I say of him, as was said of another: "I dare not call this man an infidel, for fear of bringing Christianity itself into reproach. For, if a man can live such a life as he has lived, and do what he has done,— if he can stand up for justice in the face of a frowning world, if he can devote himself to the redemption of an outraged race, and be pelted with the vilest epithets for a whole generation without flinching and faltering,— and yet be an infidel, men may well ask, What is the value of Christianity?"

"Men may well ask, What is the value of Christianity?" I do not indorse those words, though it was a clergyman who spoke them. If we, who profess Christianity, were but as true to its spirit as some have shown themselves

who profess it less, the whole world would fall once more, with the wail of agony and the cry of forgiveness, at the feet of Christ. If the world will not come to Christ, it is because they see so little to admire, so little that is different from or better than themselves, in us who make our boast of His name. The sons who do somehow go and work in the vineyard, while they either say, "I will not," or seem to doubt the authority of Him who sent them, I think that they are better Christians than we, who softly murmur, "I go, sir," and sing our sweet hymns, and wear the respectable garb of our gentle religionism, while our hearts, full of vanity and self-seeking, full of malice and worldliness, are far from Him. We are the traitors, we the infidels. "Whatever enlarges the sphere of human sympathy,"—they are the words of William Lloyd Garrison,— "whatever opposes tyranny in every form, whatever inculcates love and good will to mankind, and seeks to reconcile a hostile world, must be in consonance with the Divine Mind." But, if our Christianity is to consist in whispering depreciations and exacerbating hatreds, what do we,—we Christians, we respectable, orthodox people,—what do we more than others? Are the gates of heaven to be flung wide open to us for such sleek services? Do not even the publicans so? Blame this man, if you like, and as much as ever you like; but remember, too, how he suffered. Remember how, in his life of self-sacrifice for his ideal—call it, if you will, his blind ideal—of liberty, he was tried in the seven-times-heated fire of affliction,—how he was imprisoned; how he was starved; how he was tortured; how he was betrayed; how he was hunted, like a partridge, upon the mountains; how he was shot down; how those whom he loved were martyred; how the very peasants were flung into

prison who had buried the poor wife, who, hunted like him by the remorseless hatred of brutal enemies, died in a corn-field, with her head upon his knee. It is not at such a man that I, for one, shall shoot the little shaft of a vulgar respectability. Never will I be of the vultures who darken the horizon the moment a lion dies. Rather, I pray, God accept him, Christ receive him. Rather, I pray that he may wake in another world as one of those who did Christ's work, and knew it not; of them who exclaim in surprise at the words of welcome, "Lord, when saw we Thee a-hungred and fed Thee, or thirsty and gave Thee drink?" "When saw we Thee?" Yet they have seen Him. He has known them, though they knew not Him. Does He know us? Let us not dwell on the imperfections of others: let us consider our own imperfections, but, as far as we may, the virtues of our brethren.

I have pointed you to some of the lessons of a very imperfect life, because their very beauty, in the midst of their imperfections, shows that they are but broken gleams of the one perfect Life. If you would see perfectness, you must look for it in one,—even in one alone,—even in Christ. Every life is ugly, so far as it abandons the example of His life. No life is beautiful, except in those things wherein, consciously or unconsciously, it resembles His. Generosity, tenderness, simplicity, chivalry, dauntless courage, the true dignity of manhood, the boundless readiness for self-sacrifice as exhibited in this dead soldier, the contempt which we perhaps profess, but which he felt, for the tinsel of riches and the phosphorescence of rank,—they are great lessons, are they not? Was he in these things Christ's soldier, or was he not? Had he in these things learned, consciously or unconsciously, any part of

the lessons of Christ, or had he not? If you are better, wiser, greater, purer Christians, surpass him, or equal him! Shew the same dauntless, humane nature,—so proudly unselfish, so intensely manly, so conscious of its high destiny from God, that it brooks not wealth's rivalry. By all means, if you can, "shew me thy faith without thy works"; but, in Heaven's name, leave those in peace who shewed their faith by their works. But if, with all our vaunted correctness of faith, we cannot distantly equal the virtues of this most imperfect life, then let us take home to ourselves that lesson, it may be even with salutary shame; and shocked at our own pride, our own littleness, our own unfaithfulness, the vulgarity and selfishness of our whole life and our whole ideal, let us pray to Christ that we may be able to shew even one tithe of the virtues of those saints of the highway and the hedge who knew Him but little, or knew Him not at all. For them and for ourselves how can we pray better than in humble words like these?—

"When on my day of life the night is falling,
 And in the winds from unsunned places blown
 I hear far voices out of darkness calling
 My feet to paths unknown,

.

"I have but Thee, O Father. Let Thy Spirit
 Be with me then, to comfort and uphold:
 No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,
 No street of shining gold.

"Suffice it, if my good and ill unreckoned,
 And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace,
 I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
 Unto my fitting place,—

"Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
 Some sheltering shade where sin and strivings cease,
 And flows forever through heaven's green expansions,
 The river of thy peace.

"There, from the music round about me stealing,
 I fain would learn the new and holy song,
 And find at last beneath Thy trees of healing
 The life for which I long."

*Homo Magna. Linnon. Sus ^{ero} ^{populi} ^{pepton}
 omni Amerat. Tera; ^{max} ^{amro}
 tu.*

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

“Oh, save me for Thy mercies’ sake.”—Ps. vi. 4.

BUT few men have ventured to publish to the world the full confession of their inmost lives, to lay bare to the gaze of millions the naked heart as it lies open before the eyes of God. It is right that there should have been this reluctance. Reserve and the dignity of reticence are bulwarks which God Himself has reared in our being, and no one with impunity can break them down. The sacredness of our individuality is the awful solitude into which no human foot should intrude, and in that holy solitude we are alone with God. Whatever good may have been done by the confessions of the few who have torn away the veils woven by nature, it is doubtful whether there may not have been a deeper harm. There have been partial confessions, like Bunyan’s “Grace Abounding” and Goethe’s “Truth and Poetry.” But two names stand out conspicuous, and almost alone, as those of men who have told to the world the utter truth about themselves: they are the names of St. Augustine and Rousseau.

St. Augustine has told us of his stormy and unhallowed youth; of the dreary period of his Manichean heresy; of the dishonourable bonds in which he was long fettered; of the turbulent passions with which he did not struggle, or struggled only in vain. He has depicted himself as he was,—a boy who lied and stole; a youth who plunged deep into folly and impurity. He has told it all

in the spirit of utter penitence. He was not afraid to look on what then he was, because he had become wholly changed. His confessions are the 51st Psalm of a spirit which cried to God out of the deeps. And, then, he has told us how the influence of his holy mother, how a lofty book of Pagan philosophy, how the story of the self-sacrifice of the hermits, thrilled his heart; and how at last, when the grace of God had stirred him to the inmost depths, he opened the Epistle to the Romans at the words, "Not in rioting and drunkenness; not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof." From that time forward Augustine became a devoted and holy man.

At the very opposite pole of feeling are the confessions of Rousseau. He begins by saying, "I wish to shew to my fellow-men a man, in all the verity of his nature; and that man will be myself." He tells us his character, his morals, his inclinations, his pleasures, his habits. Very shameful are some of his disclosures; yet he declares, with immense audacity, that, let the trumpet of the last judgment sound when it will, he will come with that book in hand to present himself before the sovereign Judge. "I will say aloud," he says, "See what I have done, what I have thought, what I was. I have spoken good and evil of myself with equal frankness. I have added nothing good. I have concealed in silence nothing that was evil. I have shewn myself despicable and vile when I have been so: good, generous, sublime, when I have been so. I have unveiled my inmost being even as Thou, O Eternal Being, Thyself hast seen it. Assemble round me the innumerable crowd of my fellow-men. Let them listen to my confes-

sions; let them groan over my unworthinesses ; let them blush at my wretchedness. Let each one of them, in his turn, discover his heart with the same sincerity at the foot of Thy throne, and let a single one among them say, if he dares, I was better than that man." We need say no more of Rousseau than this,—that no man could have written such a book, no man could have expressed such sentiments, except a man devoid of every element of Christian truth and life,—no man save one who had become vain in his imaginations, and his foolish heart was darkened. It is never thus that the holy have written. The cry even of God's saints has ever been: "My soul cleaveth to the dust: quicken Thou me, according to Thy word."

In our own days, and indeed within the last few years, another great writer has published his confessions,—the great Russian novelist, Leo Tolstoy. He has done so but partially, and not in detail, and with the sole intention of setting forth that view of religious truth at which he has now arrived. But there is in his story so much that is full of instruction that, I think we may draw some valuable lessons from Count Tolstoy's life, from his conversion from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.

Count Tolstoy is now about fifty-nine years old. As a Russian noble, he was trained a member of the Greek Church,—of the Church which boasts itself to be the Holy and Orthodox Church of Russia. Trained among worldlings, he never held a very serious belief. His early religion was nominal: it was only taken on trust; and it neither dominated his reason nor swayed his life. Such a faith is no better than a pack of cards. It topples over at a touch. When he was but twelve, a boy came to spend the Sunday

with him at his home, who announced it as the last discovery of his school-fellows that there was no God, and that all their religious teaching was a mere invention. Even this — taken in connection with the sceptical books which he read — was sufficient to make belief fade away from the boy's mind. He tells us of a friend of his, whom he calls S., who was out on a hunting party, and slept in the same room with a brother. Before he lay down to rest, according to a habit which he had kept up from childhood, he knelt down to pray. When he had finished his prayer and was preparing to lie down, his brother lightly said to him, "Ah! you still keep that up?" Nothing more passed between them, but from that day his friend ceased to pray or to go to church.

For thirty years S. has not said a prayer, has not taken the Holy Communion, has not been in a church,—not because he shared the convictions of his brother, but because his brother's words were like the push of a finger against a wall ready to tumble over with its own weight. They proved to him that there was no depth, no sincerity, in his own religion; that what he had taken for belief was an empty form; and that every word he uttered, every sign of the cross he made, every time he bowed his head in prayer, the act was to him purely formal, and therefore unmeaning. Ah! my friends, beware of light words! You can never measure the awful harm which they may effect. I have heard of a young officer who was deeply impressed by a sermon which he had heard. It may have been that from that sermon the grace of God might have taken effective hold of his heart, and wrought in him from that day forward a new and blessed life; but, as he left the church, a brother officer made some idle, jeering, frivolous remark

about the sermon. That base jest was a fowl of the air,—one of those dark birds which Satan takes care to have ready in flocks at the door of every church: it took away the good seed from the young man's heart, and the opportunity was gone. Ah! my friends, I say once more, Be on your guard against those fowls of the air yourselves: be even more on your guard lest any light, base word of yours should be a bird of Satan to snatch God's grace from the heart of another. "By thy words shalt thou be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned."

But a second and more fatal influence which undermined the youthful faith of Count Tolstoj was the insincerity which he saw on every side around him. When a religion has dwindled into a hollow and thin-voiced ghost, no wonder that it has lost its vital spell. The youth saw on all sides of him men and women who professed the most tremendous beliefs, and shewed an outer conformity in all forms and ceremonies, in all their own words and actions. They fasted, they used religious phrases, they perpetually signed themselves with the sign of the cross; but, alas! what could this avail, when he saw that they were not good, that they were in no sense better than others? He often saw in these religionists (he says) men of dull intellects, of stern pretensions, of self-important bearing. Not only did he live among them for years without being once practically and effectually reminded of the fact that he was living among Christians, and called himself a member of the Orthodox Church, but he found that intelligence, honesty, frankness, a good heart, even moral conduct, were oftener met with among avowed disbelievers than among insincere and nominal Christians. Ah! my friends, if we indeed profess and call ourselves Christians, how infinitely

important is it (not only for ourselves,—remembering that hypocrisy, though it may stand the gaze of men, cannot evade the glance of God,—but also for all our brethren who are in the world) that we should walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called, in all lowliness and meekness, in long suffering, forbearing and forgiving one another in love!

But there was a third peril, worse than careless words, worse than merely formal religionism: it was downright wickedness and worldliness. In spite of all the orthodoxy, in spite of all the fasts and sacraments and splendid ceremonies of the Russian Church, Count Tolstoj found that among the upper and cultivated classes of his countrymen men and women openly lived in direct violation of the laws of God and of His Christ,—earthly, sensual, devilish, having no hope, and without God in the world. “I honestly desired,” he says, “to make myself a good and virtuous man; but I was young, I had passions, and I stood alone in my search after virtue. Every time I expressed the longings of my heart for a truly virtuous life I was met with contempt and derisive laughter; but directly I gave way to my lowest passions I was encouraged. I found ambition, love of power, love of gain, uncleanness, pride, anger, vengeance, held in high esteem. I gave way to these passions; and, becoming like most of those around me, I found that my friends were not dissatisfied. That I should marry a wealthy bride, that I should become an adjutant to the Czar,—these were their chief wishes respecting me. Work for God, life for the future, treasure in heaven, did not enter into the view bounded by the narrow and impure horizon of their worldly hopes.”

Accordingly, Count Tolstoj fell wholly into the godless

life of the world, the flesh, and the devil. "I put men to death in war," he says; "I fought duels; I lost at cards; I wasted my substance wrung from the sweat of labourers; I treated those labourers cruelly; I deceived men; I lived uncleanly. Lying, robbery, adultery, drunkenness, violence, murder,—of all these I was guilty; yet I was considered by my equals as a comparatively moral man. Such was my life during ten years, and I cannot now recall those years without a painful feeling of horror and loathing."

Not that they went wrong with him externally. He became a distinguished soldier; he became a most eminent writer. With fame he gained large wealth. He was received everywhere with warmth and flattery. Was he happy in this career of worldliness and dissipation, when holiness had become to him an empty name? My friends, what he was, what he felt, has been felt by millions from Solomon down to Schopenhauer, who have all gone through the same bitter experience described by divine lips two thousand years ago,—they have felt, and all who walk in their steps must ever feel,—"When he came to himself, he was an hungered, and he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine do eat." He tells us that he did but grow disgusted with mankind and with himself. He felt himself like a man who was being carried away in a boat by winds and waves, and who to the question, "Where are we to steer?" received no answer except, "We are being carried somewhere." He felt that all was vanity; that it was a misfortune to be born; and that death was better than life. Pleasure and worldliness were to him what they always are,—the dust and bitterness of Dead Sea apples which crumble in the taste, the bite of the

serpent whose fang is death, the taste of the cup whose draught is poison.

A change came over his life, and a change for the better. He married, and became the father of a family. Living on his own ancestral estate, he devoted himself to the teaching of the children of his peasantry and an amelioration of their condition. So he lived for fifteen years. He had a good, loving, and well-beloved wife, good children, a fine estate, increasing wealth, and European fame. He was praised and respected by all. His mind was vigorous, his health perfect. He could study without fatigue for ten hours at a stretch, and keep up with the strongest of his peasants in mowing a field. In one sense, he was happy; yet all the while the apparent futility of it all pressed so heavily upon him, he felt himself so totally unable to answer his own constant questions, "Why am I living?" and "What comes after?" that more and more a sense of perplexity and stagnation—a stoppage, as it were, of life—grew upon him. "I hid away a cord," he says, "to avoid being tempted to suicide, and ceased to carry a gun, because it offered too easy a way of getting rid of life. I knew not what I wanted. I was afraid of life. I shrank from it; and yet there was something that I hoped for from it, I knew not what." My friends, was not this like that deep impression produced in the story of the minister who, to a young man's hopeful projects and ever mounting schemes of ambition, kept replying, And then? And then? And then? till he had brought him to the thought of old age and death, and shewed him how valueless was all in comparison with fitness to meet our God? Was it not like the state of mind produced in the young and noble Francis Xavier by the repeated question of Ignatius Loyola, reit-

erated every day and at every turn, "But what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" And does not this weariness even amid outward prosperity illustrate the great thought of St. Augustine, "Thou, O God, hast made us for Thyself; and our heart is restless until it find rest in Thee"?

Two things seem to have brought back Count Tolstor to faith and peace. If he had been first shaken by a little word, so it was a little word which helped powerfully and materially to bring him back. He had long been struck with the fact that among the poor and the peasantry he saw the signs of a truer and deeper faith than among the noble and the rich. One day he asked a peasant how it was that some of the farmers were so kind and fair to their serfs, and others so cruel and unjust to them. "Men are not all alike," answered the peasant. "One man lives for his belly; another for his soul, for God." "What do you call living for his soul, for God?" he asked. "It's quite simple," answered the peasant,—*"living by the rule of God, of the truth."* He gave no answer, but turned away with the words *"living by the rule of God, of the truth,"* sounding in his ears. So you see that as on a word may depend the overthrow of a man's faith, so on a word may depend the salvation of his soul. If the words of a fool are as a madman who scatters firebrands, arrows, and death, so, on the other hand, "a word spoken in due season, how good is it!"

But another deep and permanent influence on Tolstor's mind was the thought of death. There was an Eastern apologue which deeply impressed him. A traveller in the desert is attacked by a furious wild beast, and, to save himself, gets into a dry well; but at the bottom of the well he

sees a huge serpent, with jaws wide open to devour him. He dares not get out for fear of the wild beast. He dares not descend for fear of the serpent. So he catches hold of a branch growing out of the crevice of the well. His arms grow tired, but still he holds on; and then he sees two mice, one white, one black, gnawing through the branch inch by inch. He knows that it must soon give way, and he must perish; yet, seeing a few drops of honey on the leaves, he stretches out and takes them, though he finds them no longer sweet. The interpretation is not difficult. The desert is the world; the wild beast is passion; the serpent is death; the branch is the life to which we cling; the black and white mice which gnaw through the branch are the nights and the days; the honey on the leaves are the few poor, transient pleasures at which men vainly clutch, as they hang over the abyss. And what are they worth?

But finding that learning and science gave but a dreary and unsatisfying answer to all his perplexities, and that the Church, with her theologies and formalities, gave no satisfaction to his soul, he was yet led to the ever-strengthening conviction that in God only is life; that to know God only is to live. And then he was led to the revelation of God in Christ and the deeper study of all His teachings. And thereby he was converted; his life was changed; he received the new heart and the right spirit; he found possible — yea, easy, and, above all, most blessed — that conquest over himself and his own bad passions which once seemed so impossible to St. Cyprian, and to St. Augustine, but which millions of the saved have found to be not only possible, but freely offered in Jesus Christ. He renounced wealth, rank, fame, literature, all things, for Christ.

He became an utterly changed man. "I ceased to care," he says, "for that which I had previously desired, and began to long for that for which I had once not cared. What had formerly seemed to me good seemed evil, and what had once seemed evil now seemed good. It happened to me as it might happen to a man who, having left his home on business, should suddenly find the business to be unnecessary, and go home again." All that stood to his right now stands to his left: all that was to the left is now to the right. His former wish to be as far from home as possible has changed into the wish to be near it. "All my desires changed places; and all this came from understanding the teaching of Christ. For, indeed, I came to Christ as the dying thief came. I, like the thief, knew that I had lived and was living ill, and that most men round me lived the same life, and were unhappy; and I saw no issue, but death alone. I felt, like the thief, as if I was nailed to the cross of an evil life, and the terrible darkness of death awaited me after the countless agonies of life. The thief could believe that there was salvation for him beyond the grave; but I desired salvation in this life also. Then suddenly I heard the words of Christ; I understood them; and life, once so wearisome, and death, once so terrible, ceased to appear evil to me. Instead of despair I felt the joy and happiness of life,—a joy and happiness never to be destroyed by death."

It is needless to pursue further this story of a soul's conversion. The essence has been told. My friends, your soul and mine are in the same condition as that of this man for whom, as for us, Christ died. When a man is converted, when he has realized the unseen, and tasted that the Lord is gracious, he has at last found out the meaning

of death, life, and the vast forever. For him the work of life is done. Henceforth he

“Commands all light, all influence, all fate,
Nothing to him falls early or too late.”

The rain may fall, the floods rush, the winds of misfortune may rise and blow upon him from every quarter under heaven; but they cannot injure, they cannot shake him, for he is founded upon a rock. One part of Count Tolstor's experience, I know well, must have been yours: you all have sinned; and another part of his experience, I know well, has been yours: you have found that neither the world, nor wealth, nor success, nor the life of the family, nor anything whatever, can give you happiness: nor man nor nature satisfy whom God alone created. Ah! will you not strive, will you not pray, that yours, too, may be the other, the blessed part of his experience,—that you may find Christ, that you may be at peace with God, that yours may be the blessedness of him whose iniquity is forgiven, whose sin is covered? To find that blessedness is to be ready for death and God and heaven; and it is no farther from you than the sacrifice of a broken heart, the cry of the penitent, the prayer of faith. The Son of Man hath power even on earth to forgive sins. My friends, this Spirit of God is ever pleading with every one of us. To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.

THE JEWS.

“He hath not dealt so with any nation; neither have the heathen knowledge of his laws.”—Ps. cxlvii. 20.

I PURPOSE to pass in swift review some of the thoughts suggested by a subject which occupies two-thirds of the Bible,—the History of Israel, the ancient people of God; and the subject is so large that I must enter on it at once, without any preliminary.

Let me urge upon you, first, in this age of scepticism, how astonishing an evidence of religion—of the reality of God’s providence, of the truth of God’s revelation—is furnished by the fortunes of this nation. It is said that, when Frederic William of Prussia once imperiously bade his chaplain to furnish in a single sentence a proof of Christianity, the chaplain replied “The Jews, your Majesty.” The answer was a profound one. No historical inference is more obvious than this: that the God of all the earth did choose out, did set apart, this people to preserve His truth, to teach His law, to be an evidence of His dealings with mankind. The torch of revelation which He intrusted to them often burned very low, but they did in some sort hold it aloof for four thousand years and, though for two thousand years since then the same torch, kindled to a far intenser brightness, has been placed in the hands of Christian nations, the voice of prophecy declares that the Jews shall once more share in its splendour, and help to spread its illumination even to the ends of the world.

I say the voice of prophecy; and, though this branch of

religious evidences has often been abused, it is a matter of overwhelming proof that God has spoken to mankind, and that His words have not passed away. Let us glance at one or two of the sacred utterances about the Jewish nation; and I appeal to the accumulated tests of thousands of years of evidence, when I ask you to judge for yourselves whether they have failed.

Here is one statement: "He suffered no man to do them wrong,"—to do them wrong, that is, with impunity,—“but reprov'd even kings for their sakes.” Let me summon a wholly unprejudiced, a wholly unexpected witness that it has been so; not a clergyman, but a king; not a theologian, but a sceptic; not a student of prophecy, but a pupil of Voltaire. "To oppress the Jews," said Frederic the Great of Prussia (hear it, persecutors of the Jews in Berlin, and in Warsaw, and in Kieff!)—"to oppress the Jews has never brought prosperity to any government." Can you tell me of any king who has been known as a Jewish persecutor, and has not suffered? The great Rameses of Egypt oppressed them: his land is darkened, his magicians smitten, his first-born slain, his river turned to blood, his horses and chariots overwhelmed in the Red Sea. Sennacherib attacks them: the Angel of Death shakes pestilence from his wings upon his host, and, as he is drinking in the house of Nisroch, his god, Adrammelech and Sharezer, his sons, smote him with the sword. Nebuchadnezzar oppresses them; and, lo! smitten with lycanthropy, he is driven forth to eat grass, like oxen. Belshazzar outrages their holy things; and, lo! the palace wall blazes before him into messages of doom, and

"That night they slew him on his father's throne,
The deed unnoticed, and the hand unknown.

Crownless and sceptreless Belshazzar lay,
A robe of purple round a form of clay."

Antiochus Epiphanes oppresses them: in remorse, in terror, in attempted sacrilege, he came to his end, and there was none to help him. Crassus plunders their temple, and soon after perishes miserably. Titus half exterminates them; and Titus, so young, so strong, "the delight of the human race," dies in the flower of his age, perhaps of poison administered by a brother's hand. Spain disgraces herself by the infamous cruelties of their slaughter and expulsion; and Spain sinks to a fifth-rate power. They call Ferdinand of Spain "the wise," said the Sultan Bajazet; "yet by expelling the Jews he has made Turkey rich and Spain poor."

Take another prophecy: "No weapon that is forged against thee shall prosper." How many nations have, one after another, drawn the sword on Israel, and how often has the sword been shivered to the very hilt in their grasp! Babylon, the hammer of the whole earth, smote at her in vain; the hosts of Syria were foiled before the fiery bands of her Maccabees; the spear of Assyria was broken; the bow of Persia; the brazen phalanx of Greece; the iron broadsword of Rome. All these have perished: Israel remains. You go into an Egyptian tomb, with its colours bright in that rainless air as though they had been laid on yesterday, and you see the features of a Jewish king offering his tribute among the vassals of Shishak: the conqueror has vanished, and his race and his gods, but you may see those very Jewish features in the streets to-day, and the faith of the Jew remains unchanged. The nations have raged about Israel, as the waves surge around a rock in the rushing march of some stormy sea. Again and

again the rock is lashed by the billows, and wrapped in sheets of foam, and overwhelmed beneath the mighty masses of the advancing tide. But look again! It is the waves which have been torn; the waves which have been shattered; the waves which have been dashed into spray upon the wind and ebbed away in bubbles upon the shore: the rock still stands immovable, and with the gleam of sunshine on its head.

Take another prophecy: "Though I make a full end of the nations whither I have driven thee, yet will I not make a full end of thee." Could any prophecy seem more utterly improbable? Could any prophecy have been more rigidly fulfilled? What but God's providence could have preserved this grain of wheat amid the crushing and slow-grinding millstones of mighty nations? Yet the millstones have long burst into fragments and crumbled into dust: the grain of wheat — this tiny, homeless, insignificant nation, this mere handful of some six millions among the one hundred and twenty thousand millions of mankind — is still distinct and full of life. Had the prophecy been uttered of any other nation under the sun, History would long ago have laughed it to scorn as a futile prediction. Where is the King of Hamath, and the King of Arpad, and the kings of the city of Sepharvaim, Hena, and Ivah? The traveller stands by a weird, waste, solitary mound of shapeless débris in a wilderness; and that is Babylon. He sees a few Arabs, under the direction of an Englishman, digging out cylinders of earthenware in a cornfield; and that is Nineveh. He sees the fragments of a shattered sphinx, half buried in the drifted sand of the desert; and that is Egypt. He sees some miserable fishermen drying their nets upon a rock; and that is Tyre. He comes upon

a lion prowling among some broken pillars; and that is Pentapolis. Nation after nation, once the world-rulers of this darkness, have ceased to exist even in dishonour; have been obliterated down to their very ruins; have been wiped out of human existence, as when one wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down. But Israel, homeless, despised, persecuted, slaughtered, still lives, as unique, as separate, as distinguishable in every land, as in the days of the Pharaohs and the Achæmenids. Like some river half thwarted by the mountain gorges, half choked in the sands, half exhausted by separate channels, but which no dam can check, no drought exhaust, the stream of her national life has flowed on, leaving all other forms of power and grandeur dead upon its banks,—dead generations, dead empires, dead millenniums, a universe of death. By Memphis and Thebes, by Gaza and Askelon, by the tower of Belus and the hanging gardens of Semiramis, by Sardis and Ecbatana, by Tyre and Sidon, by Antioch and Alexandria, by Bagdad and Constantinople, that river flowed; and all these are dead upon its banks. Imperial Rome and Papal Rome have risen and have fallen; the empires of the Saracen and of the Mogul have been born and died; the Renaissance has ended; the Reformation has spent its force; dynasties have dwindled into extinction or died in exile. But the river of Jewish life is still flowing on; and it may be that, when London and Petersburg have in their turn fallen to ruins, the waters of Siloa, which flow so softly, shall still refresh the world.

Take another prophecy, in strong contrast with the last: "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." Israel truly has been no exception to the rule that "he who is near me is near the fire." The very type of her destinies

has been that burning bush, burning in the wilderness, burning with the fire of God, but unconsumed. The Jew had to toil in the iron furnace; he wept by the waters of Babylon; he quenched with his blood the ashes of Jerusalem. His day of empire was very brief and very insignificant. Massacred by the Romans and by the Syrians, massacred in Alexandria and Cyprus and Cæsarea and Damascus, massacred by the Inquisition, massacred by the Crusaders, massacred in England, and in Spain and Portugal and Russia, the Jew still survives. Dash him to the earth, he seems to rise, patient, but with renewed strength. Drown him in the sea, he emerges with fresh vigour. The plague-stricken Ghetto, the yellow garb, the scourge, the torture, the infamy, the blow of manhood, and the hiss of childhood have been powerless against him. Eighteen centuries have passed since the proud Roman struck on his medals the figure of Judea weeping as a captive beneath her palm. Since then her temple has never risen from its ashes; her religious ceremonies have become impossible; her land has been trampled under foot by herds of miserable conquerors. But she has risen from under her palm, and wiped her tears; and her voice is still heard among the nations, long after the empires of her conquerors have become "mere glimmerings and decays."

Yes: for take but one more prophecy,—“Thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles.” What could seem more absurd? even more contradictory of what has been said before? “Thy seed,”—the tribe of a Chaldean emir, the family of a perishing Armenian! And yet it has been fulfilled. And it has been fulfilled, not only in the triumph of Christianity, but of the literal, and not only of the ideal, seed of Abraham. Wherever this people has been, their thrift,

their chastity, their soberness, their genius, have given them an influence which neither scorn nor persecution can overthrow. The disgraceful *Judenhetze* in Germany, the infamous cruelties in Russia, have been caused in no small measure by jealousy at the success of this people, which under any tolerable conditions always comes to the front. Now we are listening to the songs of some Jewish poet,—Heine, whose melody delights the world; now to the oratorio of some Jewish composer,—Mendelssohn, whose music uplifts the soul as on dovelike wings; now to the thoughts of some profound philosopher,—Spinoza, whose influence tells on our deepest thinkers; now to the tragic passion of some great actress,—Rachel, who holds spectators breathless and spell-bound; now to the harangues of some great French or English or Austrian statesman of Jewish origin, who holds the threads of the policy of Europe. Is not that strange prophecy true when translated out of Oriental style,—“The sons of them that afflicted thee shall come bending unto thee, and they that despised thee shall bow themselves at the soles of thy feet”?

Such are some only of the prophecies; such is their fulfilment.

And am I not now entitled to ask two things: Are not the Jews a living evidence of the truth of God? And, if these prophecies have been thus exactly fulfilled, shall not those also be fulfilled which yet so unmistakably proclaim for Israel a splendid future?

But now is it not worth our while to ask, What has been the secret of this marvellous destiny? Here is a people not perfect, but stiff-necked and rebellious; not attractive with the brilliant charm of Greece, not gifted with the lordly capacity of the Roman, or the artistic

genius of the Italian, or the keen versatility of the French, or the indomitable enterprise and stubborn integrity and dauntless veracity of the English; a people constantly enslaved, exiled, trampled down almost to extermination, occupying for but a brief spell of imperilled independence a narrow strip of hilly land, crushed in between the desert and the sea, yet always rising superior to catastrophe, and springing out of the ashes of conflagration. What strange secret is the solution of this everlasting riddle? My friends, I will answer very briefly: to the sceptic the riddle is insoluble; to the believer it is no riddle at all.

The first solution is given again and again on the page of Scripture. It is because "The Eternal hath chosen Jacob for Himself, and Israel for His own possession." In so far as this people has of all others been most faithful to God, in so far has it been strong in God. The gods of the nations were but idols; but it is the Lord that ruleth the heavens.

Bel bowed down; Nebo stooped; Dagon is shattered; Great Pan is dead. The Syrians and Phœnicians were worshipping Molochs and Asherahs,—lust and hate,—Egypt was worshipping beetles and oxen and hooded cobras, Greece and Rome were worshipping their own deified and expanded passions, when Israel was adoring Jehovah, thundering out of Zion, throned between the Cherubim. It was believed that there were seventy nations of the world. "The lamb must be strong," mockingly exclaimed the Emperor Hadrian to the Rabbi Joshua Ben Chananyal, "which has to withstand seventy wolves." "It is the Shepherd who is strong," replied the sage. "It is the Shepherd who is strong, and" (hear it, anti-Semites of Berlin! hear it, rioters of Warsaw!) "He will save the lamb from the

seventy wolves." He will — has He not done so? The sceptic and the atheist may triumph for a time; but again and again the world has turned away with abhorrence and agony from a defiance of its God. Not to such does the future belong. "Yea, many people and strong nations shall come to seek the Lord of Hosts in Jerusalem; and in those days ten men of all languages shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, We will go with you; for we have heard that God is with you."

And the second reason of the vitality of the Jew is his Old Testament. "What advantage hath the Jew?" asks the objector to St. Paul; and he answers, "Much every way, chiefly because to them were intrusted the oracles of God." The Bible, with all its difficulties, is the only literature which has ever reached, which ever can reach, the universal heart of man. It is the Book with which all others are well-nigh needless, and without which all others are well-nigh valueless. A student may read Plato; a Brahmin may pore over the Vedas; a Persian may study the Zend-Avesta; a Chinese may know Confucius by heart. But it is the Bible only which can be read by all the world. It is the Bible only which, degraded as it has been by religious hatred and usurped by religious tyranny, is still the Urim and Thummim of all mankind. "He shewed His word unto Jacob, His statutes and ordinances unto Israel. He hath not dealt so with any nation; neither have the heathen knowledge of His laws."

Their God, their Bible; and a third secret is the ideal at which Israel aimed. The ideal of the Old World monarchies was cruel power; the ideal of Athens was a rhythmic balance of the faculties; the ideal of the Latins was haughty self-control. But the ideal of Israel alone among

the nations was righteousness. Patriots you will find, and conquerors, and brilliant thinkers, and brave men, in the ancient histories; but in all the annals of antiquity how many men do you find to whom you could give the epithet of "holy"? In the story of Israel you find them again and again: Abraham, the courageous, the humble, the unselfish, the friend of God; David, rising from his shameful falls, to recover in agonies of penitence the clean heart and the free spirit; Isaiah, pouring forth in the face of hostile armies the language of undaunted faith; Jeremiah, the meek sufferer; Nehemiah, the generous ruler; Daniel, the faithful exile; Judas Maccabeus, the heroic patriot; Hillel, the gentle and noble rabbi. Yes! and was not even the Christian ideal also Jewish? Was not St. Paul a Hebrew of the Hebrews? Was it not of Israel after the flesh that even the Lord of Glory came? Israel has lived because "Israel was the bringer-in and defender of the ideal of conduct, the lifter-up to the nations of the banner of righteousness"; and he earned the promise, "To him that ordereth his conversation aright will I shew the salvation of God."

I will mention but one more secret of their life: it is that God kindled in the heart of this teacher of the nations an inextinguishable hope. There was the Messianic hope, of which I will not speak; but, besides, there was the universal hope. The hope sprang from the faith. The religion of every other nation was some form of dualism. By the side of good, it adored and deified some form of evil. Egypt had its Typhon no less than its Osiris; Persia, its Ahriman no less than its Ormuzd; India, its Sheeva side by side with its Bramah. All of them adored devils and powers of darkness as well as deities. Israel

alone worshipped the Almighty, the Unchangeable, the Eternal Good; Israel alone had the high faith that evil was not incurable, that it was "but for a moment," that it should pass away. If the faith of us, the gloomy dwellers in these wind-swept islands of the north, is "not still agonizing in the terrific folds of an evil power, which is a match for all goodness, and the destined tormentor of the universe forever," we owe this, it has been said, in no small measure to the faith that evil does not share the throne of the Eternal, to the hope revealed to Abraham and his sons.

I trust that this swift survey has not proved to be without its lessons. The sufferings of this marvellous nation, still, alas! continue in this nineteenth century, still after nineteen centuries of wrongs inflicted by Christian nations, still hated in Christian hearts, still robbed and murdered by Christian hands. We pray for the conversion of the Jews. Is the Christian envy of the German *Judenhetze*, is the Christian outrage of the Russian mobs, the way to convert them? Merciful heavens! Is that Christianity? Is it a high example? Is it the proof of a superior faith? Is it worthy of the Christ who wept over Jerusalem,

"Whose sad face from the cross sees only this
After the passion of a thousand years"?

We blame the Jew for rejecting Christianity. Alas, where has he seen pure Christianity and undefiled? Is it in the scowling face of jealousy, or the glaring eyes of rapine, that he can read the features of the Christ? Was the Inquisition Christianity? Was it Christianity which made ignorant Crusaders bathe their hands in Jewish blood? Was it Christianity which made popes and em-

perors and angelic doctors declare that the Jews were eternal slaves? Was it Christianity which drew their teeth in the dungeons of mediæval castles? Was it Christianity which burned them in Seville and Toledo, and robbed and murdered them in London, in Lincoln, and in York? Is it to Pope Innocent III., or to Ferdinand the Catholic, or to Torquemada the Dominican, or to Philip Augustus of France, or to John of England, that they are to look for Christian rulers? Ah, if we had been but Christians; had they been able to learn what Christianity was, not from our anathematizing creeds or religious newspapers, but from that true Christian wisdom, which is from above, and is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits,—then I believe that they would have repented long ago in dust, in ashes. Convert them to Christianity? Ah, yes! but let us first convert ourselves, convert Lutheran Germany, convert holy Russia, convert backsliding England and America, to Christianity as well! Depend upon it, we Christians owe to Israel an immense reparation for our blasphemies against the true faith. At least, we have one small opportunity to-day. The Jews are a gentle and charitable race. I know that they have felt it bitterly that they almost alone have subscribed to their suffering co-religionists, and that Christians have coldly held aloof. Let us shew them if we can, before it is too late, that at the very heart of all true Christianity there lie a trembling pity and a universal love. St. Paul was ready to wish himself accursed for their sakes; St. Peter said that they had but sinned in ignorance; the Lord of Glory wept over them, and prayed for their forgiveness. If we desire their peace, shall we gain it by cruel outrages, by base jealousies, by stupid

anathemas, by unequal laws? or shall we gain it, not by merely asserting that our religion is (as indeed it is), compared with theirs, as the sunshine is to the shadow, but by shewing the deeds of that sunshine, by walking as children of the light, by living in the faith of their God and ours, by aiming at the ideal of their righteousness and ours, by walking in the truth of their Scriptures and ours,—above all, and more than all, by something more than a hollow allegiance of the lip alone to that Christ whom in the day of ignorance their rulers rejected, but who shall yet feed them and be their Shepherd, and be unto them also an everlasting light?

NEED OF PROGRESS.

“That which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away.”—HEB. viii. 13.

“Behold, I make all things new.”—REV. xxi. 5.

THE Book of Jeremiah shews us that, though the prophet saw and survived a great religious movement, he was profoundly dissatisfied with it. Our condition so far resembles his that we, too, in this Church and nation, have been the witnesses of one great religious movement, the heirs of another; and truth compels me to add that we, too, have but small reason to rest content with their total issues. The remark goes to the root of the entire circumstances of our age. To probe it to the bottom, to kindle in our hearts that fervour of divine satisfaction which tends to amendment, would demand fuller examination than is here desirable or possible; and yet the subject is one which touches so closely the welfare of our Church and nation, and has such immediate connection with our individual duties to God and man, that it will, I think, be profitable to us if we look at it from different points of view. Duty, not criticism, holiness, not controversy, Christianity, not party, must be the sole end we have in view. It is difficult to be fair, to be humble, to be tolerant and magnanimous and at the same time fearlessly honest. Let us seek this spirit while we yet endeavour to speak the truth in love.

Wherein lies the necessity for constant advance? Why

is the history of nations always marked by revolutions, and that of churches by reformations? It is because man is subject to a divine law of growth, progress, development. God tells it as in the Second Lesson: Behold, I make—I am constantly making—all things new. Man must not, and he cannot stand still. “There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed while all the world is, by the very law of its creation, in eternal progress.” Our political blessings, our religious institutions, are like every other talent intrusted to us. They are not to be buried in a napkin under the pretence of preservation. The law respecting them is, “Occupy till I come.”

Look at this law of life briefly in the light of political history. What led to our revolution in 1648? Was it not the attempt to cling to what was waxing old and vanishing away? Was it not the attempt of the Stuarts to govern on the same obsolete principles as the Tudors? What led to the revolution of 1688? Was it not the preaching of passive obedience by the clergy, till they were touched in their own persons, and forced to swallow their own formulæ, so that by their acceptance of William III. the doctrine of the right divine of kings to govern wrong was dashed to pieces forever?

Again, look at France in 1792. Were not the orgies of the Reign of Terror due to the ignorant notion that feudalism was to be permanent, and that the grinding despotism of the *Grand Monarque* could be bequeathed to his feebler successors? The blindness, the gilded hypocrisy, the callous luxury of Louis XV. amid a starving people hastened the terrible catastrophe. The portent of a gorgeous crimi-

nality and a guilty selfishness evoked the counter portents of the carmagnole and the guillotine. A Toulon and a Madame du Barry were the natural causes of a Marat and a Robespierre. Corruption, atheism, luxury in high places, let loose the impatient earthquake from below.

Once more, God's law that there shall be constant progress, constant amelioration, was illustrated on a vast scale in the New World. The Old World spectres of civil and religious tyranny made a desperate attempt to grasp the mighty sceptre of America in their palsyng hands. The success of France would have meant the despotisms of the Jesuit and the autocrat. The success of Spain would have meant the triumph of an infernal ignorance animated by an infernal zeal. Why were both these mighty powers foiled by a handful of trading outcasts, driven out of England by kings and priests? Why was it destined that over the vast plains of America should wave neither the golden lilies of France nor the Lion and Tower of Castile, but first the glorious *Semper eadem* of England, and then the stars and stripes of a free republic? Because God would not give that country to men who learn nothing and forget nothing, but to men whose hearts were ennobled by the passion for freedom, and to Puritans whose awful virtues were kindled by the spirit of the Reformation. The days were gone by for the bigot and the blood-hound, for effete tyrannies and sickly superstitions. The days had come for the schoolmaster and the printing-press, for the universal priesthood of all true Christians, for man strong in his inherent and inalienable rights, for those great ideas and noble sentiments of a fearless faith which shall be the seed-corn of harvests yet to be.

Nor is the lesson different in the religious history of

mankind. Churches need many resurrections, many Pentecosts. An unprogressive church is a dying church: a retrogressive church is a dead church. The efforts of such churches are but the spasmodic semblance of activity: the ceremonies of such churches are but as spangles upon their funeral pall. What would the church of the fourth century have become but for Athanasius? What would have become of the church of the thirteenth century but for Francis and Dominic, the one reviving the lost ideals of humility and poverty, the other awakening the torpid voices of Christian teaching? Into what a slough of corruption would the church of the sixteenth century have been engulfed, had it not been for Martin Luther! What deathful torpor would have succeeded the shamelessness of the Restoration epoch in the eighteenth century but for John Wesley! Surely, the lessons of these and many other revivals is that we cannot, we may not, stand still, may not sink into slothful self-satisfaction, must be quick-eared to the continuous teachings of God in history. The paradoxes of yesterday become the commonplaces of to-day. At each stage of God-appointed change men apprehend newly the God who changes not.

“Man is not God, but hath God's end to serve,
Somewhat to cast off, somewhat to become.
Grant this, then man must pass from old to new,
From vain to real, from mistake to fact,
From what once seemed good to what now proves best.
How could man have progression otherwise?”

There, then, is the first great principle,—that neither in the intellectual, nor in the political, nor in the moral, nor

in the spiritual world can we stand still. Nature herself teaches us the same law. The unruffled pool stagnates into pestilence. If the air be not purified by the vernal breeze, it must be rent by the rushing hurricane. Despised reforms mean shattering revolutions.

“New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth,
They must upwards still and onwards
Who would keep abreast with truth.”

And the second lesson is but another application of the same over again. It is, as the lessons of to-day have taught us, that even new worlds need to be renewed. As the new leaf-stem withers in its turn, and is pushed off by its successor, so even new truths require to be renovated, or they in their turn corrupt the world. Truth is as the manna. It must be gathered fresh from day to day, or it breeds worms. It is an abject assumption to suppose that any human teacher has exhausted truth, or that theologians can say to the rising tide of knowledge, “Thus far shalt thou go, and no further.” Is it for nothing that God has shewn us a new hemisphere of earth, new stars in heaven, new revelations on the rocky tablets of the world? When the Pilgrim Fathers sailed from Delft in 1620, their pastor said to them, “I am convinced that the Lord hath yet more truth for us yet to break forth out of his Holy Word.” Christ alone is the truth, He alone is free from all error; nor can His authority be claimed for countless imperfections of human system. Christianity is not to be identified in any way with what Cyprian said, or Augustine, or Thomas Aquinas, or Calvin, or modern religious newspapers. Christ said, “On this rock will I build

my church"; but that is no excuse for the monstrous usurpations of the Popedom. Christ said, "This is my body"; but that is no excuse for the gross idolatry and grovelling materialism of many sacramentarian theories. The heresy of all heresies of which any church can be guilty is to forget that Christ is a living Christ, not a dead Christ; that it was (as He told us) better for us that He should go away that we might enjoy the nearer presence of His Spirit. Inspiration is not an isolated and exhausted spasm of the past, but an ever living influence of the present in all pure and noble souls. We may be as much inspired as the disciples of old. If not, why do we sing,

"Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire"?

Is that as dead and empty a formula as our formalism makes so many of our formulæ? What do we mean — do we mean anything at all — when we say, "I believe in the Holy Ghost"? Inspiration, as all Scripture teaches, is not the same thing as infallibility; but every man is inspired in whose heart the Spirit dwells. We are not greater or better than the Fathers; but we are enabled to look on what was said to them of old time from the sunlit heights of advancing centuries in the Christian noon.

And God teaches us this lesson by the total failure of even the best institutions, of even the holiest experiments, if men cling to their dusty ceremonies instead of renewing their inmost life. Anthony became a hermit to reteach the world the infinite value of each human soul; but the followers of Anthony, imitating only his outward institution, became a herd of brutal and ignorant fanatics. Francis and Dominic retaught the lessons of unworldliness and zeal;

but because they took the brown serge or the outward trumpery for the secret of holiness, the Franciscans became lazy mendicants, and the Dominicans rabid Inquisitors. Luther emancipated the priest-ridden souls of a corrupt generation; but the reformed churches, because they changed to his outward formulæ and not to his living faith, sank into a narrow and railing dogmatism. Ignatius Loyola upstayed a falling church by genuine devotion; but the Jesuits, adopting the ambitious machinery, forgetting the true self-denial, became the curse and the shame of Rome. Wesley awoke a slumbering age, and Methodism soon became a sect which had lost his spell. The Evangelical movement, the High Church movement, each brought into prominence forgotten truths; but, because those truths have deadened and stiffened into party shibboleths and party practices, each reformation needs itself to be reformed. Neither to them nor to any movement yet on the horizon do I look for any deliverance from the perils which gather round us; for any reawakening of the people to the great ideals which have faded out of their minds; for any averting of that reaction, terrible and overwhelming, which yet awaits us, if we be not wise in time. The deliverance will come in God's good time; but it will not come from the popular phrases or the dominant machinery. It will only come when among all the soft, bland tones which fill our ears, God gives us once more some prophet's mighty voice. Both movements have been blessed, but both alike have lost their inspiring impulse, their essential power. "So, when the tempest uproots a pine on our hills, it looks green for months, perhaps for years. Still, it is timber, not a tree"; and, long before it falls finally, the chill fungi have begun to grow upon its decaying trunk.

Do not say that these things do not concern us. Whatever is a lesson for nations and a lesson for churches is a lesson for individuals, a lesson for every one of us. Are we, as so many fear, in that feeble state of helpless indifferntism and second-handedness which makes us sometimes doubt whether the same blood flows in our veins as in the veins of our fathers? Are we mere echoes for every brawling voice? mere vanes for every veering wind? If so, we shall not hand down to our descendants, as it is our duty to do, the ancient honours of this great and once God-fearing empire. Is our religion in danger of becoming a dead second-hand affair of routine and Pharisaism, powerless to move the selfishness of the rich, or to leaven the practice of the poor? If so, that is the reason why we are so conventional, so void of burning enthusiasm, so pale in virtue and faintly dyed in integrity, not crimson in the grain. Progress, effort, enlightenment, and ever more enlightenment, is the law of man's true being. Every one of us may be taught of God. Every one of us may know the truth, and the truth will make us free. Man was made to grow, not stop. When help has been granted to enable him to grow, were it but an inch, that help is withdrawn, and new help given for new needs. We are placed on a ladder leaning against a temple wall whose summit soars far beyond our ken. To that height, on rung after rung of the angel-trodden steps, our feet must climb; but

“The ladder-rung our foot has left may fall.”

But let us for our comfort remember this. Though the dawn of the light is gradual, though we must be constantly coming nearer and more near to the knowledge of the truth, yet God never withholds from the meanest and humblest

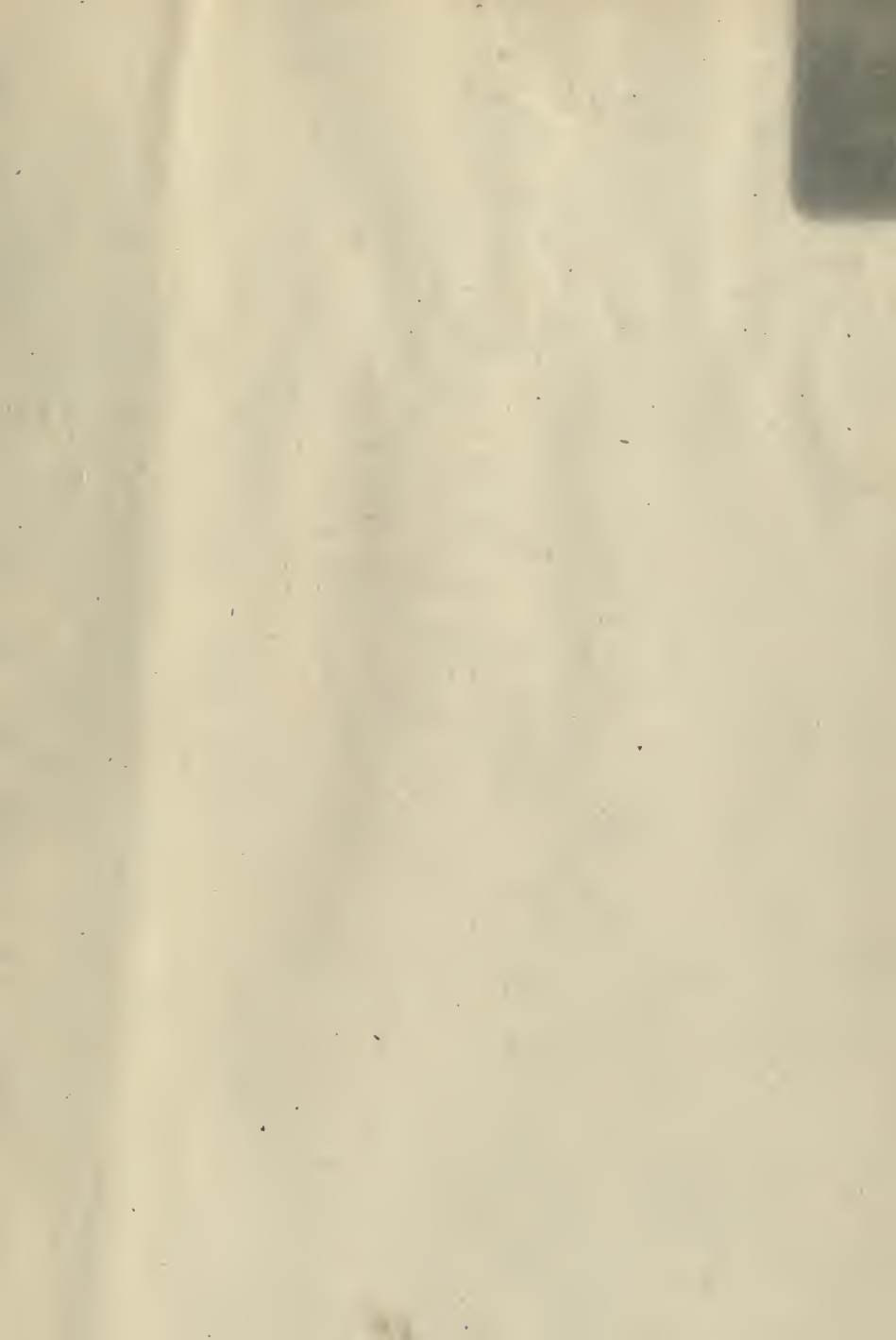
of us a circle of light sufficient to guide heavenward our un stumbling feet. The planet Neptune is two thousand seven hundred and eighty millions of miles from the sun, and Mercury basks in his nearest blaze: yet Neptune, too, revolves round the great orb of fire, feels his influence, belongs to his system, reflects his light. Therefore I hope, and I bid you hope. I bid the humblest, least instructed Christian hope. Is he obeying the Ten Commandments? Is he living in the spirit of the Eight Beatitudes? Then the Lord is on his side, he need not care what man says unto him. If he be not grown indolent in feeling, if he love his brother, if he be humble, loving, candid, open-minded, I bid him hope. "Let midnight end, sunrise will come next." If we believe in the soul, if we are sure of God, if we seek the light, if we hate lies, we need never fear. Theologies may be barren and churches retrogressive, but Christ lives. Man fails, but God rules. Neither is God confined in Orthodox formulæ, nor is Christ unattainable except through human priests and material symbols. Behold, He taketh away your sins. Behold, He liveth forevermore. Behold, without any human intervention, your souls may have immediate access to Him, immediate communion with Him. Let us each pray for ourselves, Send forth Thy light and Thy truth that they may lead me, and guide me unto Thy holy hills and to Thy dwelling. Christ is the truth: let us believe the truth. Christ is the light: let us receive the light. Christ is the way: let us follow the way. That truth and that light will guide us,—sufficiently here, perfectly after death.

"Once reach the roof,
Break through, and there is all the sky above."

Here there is darkness, and hatred, and clouds, and winter,
and (it may be) approaching deluge; but God sitteth above
the water-floods, and God remaineth a King forever.

“Waft of soul’s wing —
What lies above?
Sunshine and love,
Sky blue and spring.”

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