

ity, and there shall no demonstration be given except that which springs from obedient devotion and grateful love.

And when we turn from Science to Literature, we see again the beneficent work of Christianity. No student of the ancient Classics will attempt to pluck a single leaf from the chaplet which adorns the immortal brow of Homer and Virgil, Æschylus and Lucretius, Plato and Seneca. But we look elsewhere for a solution of the great problems of life. We are thankful to anyone who will open out to us the treasures of an intellectual storehouse, and help to refute the vulgar maxim that a man's life consisteth in the abundance of things which he hath. But we must needs advance beyond this narrow triumph to the conception of that sublimer truth shadowed forth indeed by other prophets, but clearly revealed by Christ alone, that man's chief good lies neither in material nor intellectual resources, that it lies not in himself, but in God.

Who knoweth whether life may not be death,
And death itself be life?"

This is the question of the old Greek poet, and this is the answer of Christ: "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake and the Gospel's, the same shall find it." And when Literature becomes permeated with this Divine revelation of the philosophy of life, it is ennobled and consecrated because it becomes a minister of righteousness, and takes its place in the school of the Kingdom of Heaven!

And what shall be said of the influence of Christianity upon Art in all its forms? It is a sublime saying of Michael Angelo: "Art is the imitation of God." Anyone who has stood in the Sistine Chapel, and looked down from the grave sybils and prophets in the ceiling, to that great masterpiece, "The Last Judgment" which covers the whole end wall, will understand with what intensity the painter exemplified his belief. We turn with astonishment to the writhing group of the Laocoon or the tragic grief of Niobe, to the strength of the Apollo or the rounded beauty of the Medici Venus. But how much higher emotions are stirred within our breast as we gaze on the sad and holy face of the Mater Dolorosa, or on the sadder, holier face of the Crucified Son of Man? Take away from Art the impulses which have been fed at the shrine of Christianity, and you rob it of its chief glories and degrade it to an unseemly ministry of mere æsthetic sensuousness, and oftentimes of abominable vice. Raphael's "Transfiguration," Handel's "Messiah," Milton's "Paradise Regained," these are the inspirations of Christianity. Culture wanders like a demented exile in the tangled forest of doubt or crime until the Divine spirit of Christ possess it, and it emerges once again into the clear sunshine of the truth, clothed and in its right mind!

The well-known myth of Prometheus has been more than once employed