

SAYINGS OF THE DAY.

Why has God given us, to this bleak island of the northern sea, these enormous and ever-increasing blessings, this splendid history, this increasing progress, this political freedom, this spiritual enlightenment, this mighty preponderance in the fortunes of the world? Only think what the flag of the United Kingdom means.

What is the flag of England?
Ye have but my reefs to dare,
Ye have but my seas to furrow;
Go forth, for it is there.

But now, tell me, why are the marks of our restless enterprise visible in every land? Why is the ocean dotted with the sails of our ships and furrowed by their numberless wakes? Why have we been permitted to turn the expansive vapor into our pliant yet all-powerful slave, to seize the lightning by its wing of flame and bid it obediently flash our humblest messages round the girdled globe, through tunnelled mountains and the abyss of stormy seas? Let us not mistake our true strength and destiny. It is not to be the accumulators of the world's riches, or the carriers of its burdens, or the manufacturers of its goods; it is not to be the beast of burden of the world, but it is to be the evangelist of Christ. Our greatness is not in our iron, or our gold, or our flaming furnaces, or our vast factories, or our irresistible fleets, or our "all-conquering guns"; it is our true manhood in Christ, it is in the righteousness of our national character, it is in our faithfulness to that high mission which God, by every indication of His providence, has so visibly imposed upon us. His voice has called this nation, His finger has beckoned to it, His hands of invisible consecration have been laid upon our heads. Christ bids us arise and win the world for Him. And if we neglect this high duty for meaner, baser, and more selfish aims, if we worship not God, but gold, the day will come assuredly when the lamp of our church will be utterly extinguished amongst the seven golden candlesticks, and our cities will become like the seven of Asia, whose sites are ruins, whose marble is decay, and their inscriptions devastation. We have a glory infinitely greater than that of ancient Tyre, we have a commerce transcendently superior to that of mediæval Venice; but, as that statesman said whose statue is there, "if we be not true to our duty, what is there to prevent our glory from fading like the Tyrian splendor, and trembling like the Venetian palaces?"—*Dean Farrar, in Westminster Abbey, on "Our Nation's Duty to the World."*