

not do it, does not desire to do it, for the very reason that it lacks the religious impulse which alone can accomplish the miracle, the miracle not only of converting people, but of making conversion of the evil and the bad a passion of the life of the good and the virtuous. It is really not so wonderful that religion should transform character and give new birth to personality as that it should inspire pure and holy people with a love for the degraded, the base, and the lost. That is, it seems to me, the great testimony of conversion, the love and the faith of those good and gentle souls who give their lives in rescuing the outcasts of society. Religion alone can create this sublime impulse.

A poor creature of my acquaintance, intellectually crippled and paralysed by success in the schools, endeavours to persuade me that there is no merit in this devotion and sacrifice of good people, because they like to do it, because they love doing it. And I in vain endeavour to make him perceive that unless they loved this work and were happy in it, there would be neither miracle nor merit. For is it not the most profound of Christ's revelations that all sacrifice of self and all labour for righteousness, without love, are of no avail? It is their love of saving souls which most testifies to the truth of religion. My poor critic, who never yet raised his finger to help a fallen creature, can charge good