

grew ; they unfolded a few feeble blossoms, and then they died. In vain for them a rich soil, a warm corner, solicitous attention. They pined for their home amid the tumbled rocks, for the tenuous breath of the mountain air, for the multitudinous stars of the frosty night, for the roar of the tempest sweeping free from the Rocky to the White Mountains. So they drooped and died. The daffodil loves the oozy meadows. The mountain saxifrage and the Alpine gentian cannot endure the sheltered air of the valleys. Some of us are born for conflict, some for unrelaxing toil, some for anxiety and disappointment ; but each of us to fill and adorn a special place, and each of us, if we will, to attain the highest culture which, however, is not the culture of any one else. No two flowers in their full bloom, no two stars in their complete development, no two souls in their perfected beauty are alike.

4th. The fourth form of expression of divine thought is in the world of human achievement in art and in literature. Whatsoever noble ideal has been embodied in sculpture, in painting, or in architecture, or has been voiced in the richest music or the finest prose or the most exalted poetry, has been in no alternated sense inspired. God has spoken in the Laocoon, in the Lord's Supper, in the Parthenon. The *Æneid* of Virgil, the *De Senectute* of Cicero, Milton's *Areopagitica*, Dante's immortal poem, *Paradise Lost*, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, reveal a deity imminent in the thoughts of men. That which in the literature of any age has ranged widest, waved highest or plunged deepest into the intricate problems of existence and destiny is divine in a sense more profound than that in which the wayside flower or the scintillating star is divine. Do not for one moment suppose that in thus exalting all worthy literature and art I am underrating the value of that Semitic literature which, standing grandly apart, we call by way of preëminence the Book, the Bible. German thought, her highest and best thought, owes more to Luther's Bible than to her Goethes, her Schillers and her Kants, inestimable as is its indebtedness to them. And England could far better spare all that Chaucer or Spenser or Shakespeare or Milton or Wordsworth has written, than suffer King James' Bible to lie unread on her library shelves. If there be a note of inferiority in French literature, if it lack ought of the virile strength and uncompromising