

higher than a deity expressed in the terms of the humblest worshipper's conceptive faculty. The God of an orthodox Newton may be absolutely as far removed from the God of honest Hodge, who cannot sign his name, as the splendour of tropic noon day exceeds the ashen hue of arctic twilight, relatively no difference exists. Newton bends his head and adores, having learned the futility of speculation through a ratiocinative process; therefore reverential from the very realization of his ignorance by a comparison of the known with the unknown. Hodge, in like manner, removes his cap and worships, knowing the futility of speculation by instinct, caring nothing about ratiocination, and reverential because his deity is but the reflex of the squire or the parson raised to the *n*th power. The man who reveres the higher attributes of intellectual or moral utility, according as he conceives it to exist, reveres God. Whatever God to him may mean, and without the conception of a God, even though an unknown God, religion as we have been taught to understand the term becomes a myth, and its ritual meaningless and futile. The Atheist would never deliberately sit down hungry to appease his appetite on faith, while denying the *cause* of faith, neither would a disbeliever in Divine interpositions seek to quench his thirst at the brink of a mirage, knowing it to be such.

Even hero-worship, which is a sort of religion, has its outcome in reverential feeling, for who could make a hero out of a man he despised or pitied? Therefore is hero-worship in this connection both commendable and necessary? nay, indispensable. When we invest humanity with the attributes of a demigod, we at least elevate that humanity to an abstract position a step higher than our own, as none but a fop would worship him-

self, nor can aught but ignorance or infatuation do reverence to anything lower. If Cromwell and Frederick were hero-divinities to Carlyle, it was because he considered them superior to himself, and admitted them to be so—a strange admission, by the by, for Carlyle.

Closely connected with hero-worship or hero-reverence, in some sort depending upon it, is the reverence for old institutions. There is an aphorism to the effect that it is unwise to remove old land marks without good and sufficient reason. That aphorism is worth remembering. Your red hot innovator is more frequently an iconoclast than true reformer. It is so easy to demolish, so difficult to build up. Any fanatical sectarian can apply the brand to an Alexandrian Library. Will he undertake, as the product of his own life's labour, to reinstate the priceless treasure on the shelves?

First of all old institutions is the Church; second, is the School. I place the Church first; because, as we reckon time, it is the older. Your typical Englishman would not willingly forego his Westminster Abbey or Canterbury Cathedral, nor relegate the august shade of Thomas à Becket to the limbo of oblivion, however far the character of the old churchman and hero may fall short of modern conceptions of the man of the millennium, neither would he readily relinquish his Eton, or Harrow, or Rugby, to say nothing of the sister universities by the Cam and Isis. We cannot, at least, well conceive of so radical a change in English feeling as one that would consign to the iconoclast and leveller these time-honoured institutions, ultimately connected as they are with Church and State. Yet, lately, in a British colony, still peopled by the descendants of Britons, still actuated, let us hope, by something of the old British instinc-