

the beneficence, the magnanimity, of its victim. There are too many small Christians in the race, too many who gaze at glow-worms through their microscopes; and contend for the discovery of stars; too many whose purposes are shaped in a common and contracted mould, whose characters show no healthy stamina, in the hour of real work, bereavement and trial. Oh, for a race of men, (and why can we not have them?) who shall measure their purposes by the rules of no earthly ecclesiastical geometry, but by the free, ever-expanding spirit of the Christian's guardian, that we may walk forth in the strength of his enlightened manhood, and take the world captive by our spiritual knowledge, and the winning grace of our spiritual power!

How innumerable are the appeals from the cross! We preach Christ crucified, as appealing to us in every walk of life, in every grade of culture, in every earthly experience that boldly or cunningly assails the integrity of the soul. No life, however flowery and smooth, is free from its martyrdoms. The shadow of the cross falls over every truly working spirit. The disciple cannot expect to be above his Lord: enough, enough for him to be even as his Lord; to walk in the glory of a *trying*, and perhaps, at times, a thankless service, when clouds group together upon his pathway, interlaced by a few scattered threads of light.

ONLY a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

—George Herbert.