

into the unknown. He swears by the God he doubts and is ushered out of existence by a priesthood he neglects.

A curious problem exists—in which men are better, wiser, more tender and generous than before, and yet without professed allegiance to the fountain head of wisdom and tenderness. The memorial affection with which we turn back to our mother's knee is founded on that which is deeper than sentiment, and it is remembrance of the past rather than any minatory future which prompts our best actions.

The result is curious. The code runs parallel with the Sermon on the Mount, but it is not the sermon itself. The thinking modernist does much that God would have him do, but not because God would have it. He is in many respects an anomalous Christian, one who lacks Christ. His traditions are civic and constitutional, not religious. He has more pride in announcing his country than his creed, because he imagines his country has done more for him. He is blind to the fact that Christ is the great civilizer.

Such is the modernist—decent, well-meaning, slightly cynical, exacting, jealous of his rights, a religio-perfectionist, impatient and overworked. He cannot be driven and is restless under the bit. He is amenable chiefly to two influences, rivalry and example. It is on the latter that the church of the future must lean.

The aspirations of all historical periods are expressed in stone, pigment, poetry, and marble, and these productions constitute the spiritual legacies of the ages. When Phidias carved a calm eyed Jupiter, when Giotto painted his angelic Madonnas, and Dante led the minds of men into the abyss of his *Inferno*, each gave vent to that which was not only felt by millions but also moved them mightily. Ancient and mediæval art revealed the ancient and mediæval soul. In later days, Tennyson, Browning, Whittier, Whitman, Wordsworth, and Longfellow maintained a spiritual communion with the Deity that coloured their work and made it a homelike and intimate thing to multitudes. But the poet, the sculptor, and the painter of to-day have divorced themselves from the