

possession of the citadel, then begins a fierce conflict with this tyrant which will never end till our tired hearts cease to beat. Would you have a strong armour for this warfare? Then take this love of humanity. It inspired the persevering labours of St. Paul, the untiring zeal of John Howard, the unwavering tenderness of Sarah Martin, the life sacrifice of Bishop Selwyn, the self-devotion of Florence Nightingale, the fearless denunciations of William Wilberforce, and the devoted affections of a host of others whose whole lives were an offering upon the altar of their brothers' need. These lives speak to us and to the world of the purpose purged, from every selfish taint, and proclaim to those who struggle in the toils of selfishness, to those who have felt the keen pang of discovering *self* as the motive power in actions they had hoped pure from its contamination, to those who have experienced the astonishment, perplexity and mortification consequent upon a careful analysis of those dark recesses of our spirits where self holds dominion that the victory has been, can be, and will be won again and again. Characters like these have made the whole world glow with their enthusiasm. Others have caught the inspiration and swelled the notes of their watchword till the whole world has resounded with the glorious cry, and their influence is never fully realized till we peer into the dark avenues of the past with the glorious light of the present. No. The full conviction of the power exerted by lives impregnated with this divine love for brothers, whose fruit is the God-like spirit of self sacrifice, never bursts upon our hearts till we review the past, and view ages in which the highest longing of human beings was a thirst for blood, and the aged, miserable and helpless were left to perish uncared for and abused; in which scores of unconscious inno-

cents were strangled or thrown upon the streets to die, and thousands upon thousands of cultured men and women glutted their insane desire for pleasure on the cruel horrors of the bloody arena; in which the wretched convict, bowed down with chains, toiled at the galley, and the down-trodden slave beat out his miserable existence in a vain struggle for the prized liberty; in the light of an age in which war is considered barbarous and cruel, and justifiable only in self-defence, and our cities are dotted with hospitals; educational institutes for the blind, deaf and dumb; homes of refuge for the aged, homeless, helpless, ruined and incurable; in which child-desertion is regarded as the most heartless crime, and great educational systems are sweeping away ignorance, vice and superstition; in which slavery is a thing almost unknown, and statesmen are taxing their utmost abilities to give equal rights and liberties to all, while on every side noble men and women are devoting their time, talents and energies to improve the condition of the wretched and relieve the sufferings of the sick, sorrowing and distressed. Black, indeed, was the pall that hung over the world's history till from the lips of that Perfect Life rang the words, "A new commandment I give you, That you love one another;" and again, "Love your enemies," "Do good to them that hate you." These words were the power that rent the veil of Jewish bigotry; they were the cords that rolled back the curtain of darkness that brooded over the Middle Ages; and they are the strong bands that are ever binding together more closely and firmly the children of the great family whose father loves its every member with an infinite tenderness. That life, the highest ideal that it is possible for the most profound mind to conceive, the mystery and depth of whose love for the human race we are