

mony. Within the short space of a single lecture, I must needs pass by much that would be pertinent to the discussion, and do little more than indicate what might admit of the fullest elaboration ; but I am led to console myself under this disadvantage by my firm belief that the question before us is not to be finally settled in the cool groves of contemplation, but in the dust and conflict of the great arena of life.

I suppose that there are few words which have been more loosely and mischievously used than this favorite word of modern civilization—Culture. Sometimes it is intended to indicate nothing more than the thin veneer of refinement which lies in acquaintance with the forms of “good society,” and in the possession of a few choice phrases, an easy command over conversational trifles, a graceful bearing and a fashionable dress. Sometimes it means a passion for the æsthetic elements of life,—a knowledge of beauty and of art, and a desire for their enthronement as the idols of human worship. Sometimes it refers largely to the education of the scientific faculty, the conformability to law, the subjection of the lower impulses of the nature to the sway of reason. And sometimes it is used as synonymous with the love of letters, the knowledge of “the best that has been said and thought in the world,”—“reading, but reading with a purpose to guide it, and with sys.em.” These definitions, though of widely differing worth, are all alike false in this regard, that they are wholly defective. It would be as unwise as it is needless to blind ourselves to the grace and beauty of some of these mutilated statues of the goddess of true Culture. They show traces more or less distinctly of hasty workmanship, or of workmanship expended on one part to the neglect of others which are more important. Some of them want a hand, some an arm, and some are but a *torso* of the benign goddess with no power either of thought or motion. But even these mutilated fragments suggest the matchless beauty of the majestic whole, when each well-formed limb stands forth instinct with action, and we are almost ready to see the decisive nod of the kingly head, and hear beneath the solid marble the quick beating of the heart ! No representation of Culture can be regarded as adequate which neglects or ignores any part of the nature of man. However strong the effort, it does not seem possible to escape finally from the consciousness of a moral law in the universe to which we are subject. When we examine the causes of this ineradicable belief we see that it rests upon an unchanging truth—to be denied only by gross ignorance or wilful blindness—that God is our Father, and that we are the children whom His hands have made. By whatever name we may call “the eternal not-ourselves which makes for righteousness,” we feel that we cannot break away from the environment of God, except by the destruction or abuse of the highest faculties of being. “Culture,” as a great German theologian has magnificently said, “is nothing more than reversion to the Divine image.” It proposes to fit a man