

in various conversations throughout the gospels that He speaks of returning to His Father, not as we do, of going, and in that most impressive of all prayers, (John xvii.) He alludes with impassioned fervor to the "glory which I had with Thee before the world was."

Now what does the personal human view of Christ do for us? It simply points out the readiest and surest way to copy after Him, even as He copied after the Father. "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." Do you consider that most emphatic injunction only as a magnificent hyperbole? I cannot think so. What other possible meaning can there be in it but the simple, natural one which the words convey? It is as if he would say, "You are created even as I am by the same Father, with the same dual nature, human and divine. You have the birthright of humanity, but you have the Godhead of immortality. You have the crosses of the flesh, but you have the crown of the spirit. The only difference between us lies in our relative obedience to the law of God and the way of life."

My dear Friends, when we take this view does it in any way lessen the dignity or holiness of Jesus? Surely not. What can there be higher in human conception than the thought of one who has fought and won the great victory over death and sin? And, on the other hand, what can there be more encouraging to us than the fact that He walked among us, suffered among us, experienced among us the varied vicissitudes that are the common lot, before His conquest was complete. We indeed watched the wonderful progress of it. Thus He stands forever in our minds as an elder brother, clothed in immortal garments, pure and stainless, grasping with one hand the Father's throne, and with the other drawing us home to His bosom.

What can I say more? I feel often as if there were so many channels of thought to follow out, so many things that I want to say, that the magnitude

of the theme bewilders me. Only a few words then as to our duty, or, at least, some of the more immediate and manifest duties that Friends owe to themselves and others. There is a trait mentioned of Macaulay, and I sometimes love to linger over the picture as it rises before my mental vision, that he could walk from one end of London to the other, through the most thickly crowded streets of that great capital, while busily engaged in reading a book, or constructing one of his matchless essays, seeing no one of the multitude of faces before him, and without once jostling a neighbor as he passed by. It will not be a very difficult stretch of fancy if I say that our Society of Friends may be somewhat likened to Macaulay. It is so intent upon its own work that it sees very little of its neighbors, and so cautious against producing friction that it never jostles them. But is that the whole duty we owe to mankind—to avoid giving offence? Amid all the complexities of human life in this beehive of a world are there no positive duties? I believe there are, and must naturally necessarily be some that are especially our own. The peculiarity of our views and methods places certain allotments of labor directly upon our shoulders. A question of great moment, as it seems to me, is what is the best we can do, what is the very best way we can take to draw others into acceptance of our plain ways of living and thinking. If we could interest but a few, who know them not, to adopt our testimonies against extravagance and against war, just those two, most certainly it would be a goodly service, and never was the occasion more timely. If our views and practices on only these two subjects could be universally accepted, it is not too much to say that the face of the world would be changed. Only the other day I read, what is indeed no fresh piece of information, that every leading nation of Europe is now trembling upon the verge of bankruptcy in order to support its prodigious armies and