

that "by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous." We pray for pardon, peace, salvation; and the argument with which we seal our prayer—"for Christ's sake"—is felt to be conclusive. That plea prevails. God "looks at the man on his right hand," and "for his sake," restores to us all our forfeited inheritance and makes us sit down with Him in heavenly places. All that we lost by our father Adam we regain through Jesus, even as Mephibosheth regained, through Jonathan, all that he had lost by his father Saul.

But this law has a *simply human side*. A woman whose face was lined with anguish and sin stood at the bar, convicted of felony, and put to, as a plea for mitigation of punishment, the fact that her three sons had, but a little while before, been slain while fighting for their country, two in the Crimea and one in India. The law has no conscience for such a plea, but the human heart of the judge could appreciate its force, and he showed kindness to the miserable woman "for the sake" of her slaughtered children. The relations of life are far-reaching. Sympathy often finds an explanation in the unconscious influence of subtle and remotely connected facts. Attempt to analyse the motives which lead to any act of kindness or charity. In one case it may spring from *benevolence* of feeling. For there are some whose system of nerves is so active, and so harmoniously attend to the wants of humanity, that every sorrow they behold reverberates the more keenly on their own organization, so that instinctively they hasten to alleviate the pain, the sight of which causes them anguish. Or it may result from the awakening of *associated feelings*. I can imagine a widow in her lonely home, rocking herself to and fro, as she listens to the raging of the billows and the mournful gusts of the storm, dreaming a wakeful dream of her only son at sea. A sailor comes to her door to ask for alms. Seven words tell his sad story—"a fatherless boy and a shipwrecked mariner." There he stands, recalling by every word and look the image of her own child. Who can imagine his being repulsed in such an hour of wonder, danger, and love? Nay, for though her heart by nature was selfish and hard, the thought of her Jonathan at sea would soften it with pity, and she would show kindness to the stranger for Jonathan's sake.

Or it may result from the *action of religious principle*. No better proof of the power of religion can be given than that it substitutes benevolence for selfishness, and compels, by the inner life, the greedy hand

which hitherto grasped its own to open to the cry of distress. This conquest over nature it achieves. There are thousands who deny themselves daily, in order to show kindness to the weak, the poor, the afflicted. Their life is a life of active charity. Their giving and doing are not impulsive and wayward, but sustained—systematic. The secret of their kindness is not to be found in any peculiar tenderness of nature, or in any deep rooted sentiment of pity. They are strangers to the poetry of sympathy. They are plain, prosaic men, but business-doing philanthropists; plodding, earnest workers; going about doing good, in a grand, unconscious way, never thinking of reward or thanks, but silently obeying the workings of an inward power. What is that secret power, but the love of Christ which, seizing the heart, has revolutionised their whole being, so that, "for the sake of Christ," who "though He was rich, for their sakes He became poor," they will dare and endure what no other force could induce them to do and to suffer?

David's was a *posthumous gratitude*, and it reminds one of the *undying power of good men*. That which belongs to the soul can never die. Love, truth, goodness, courage—no grave can hold them. The savor of a holy life lives after death. The body, when death is upon it, makes haste to see corruption. Worms destroy it. It moulders into dust. The world is full of graves and sepulchres, of mortal struggles, of bitter partings, of last looks and accents, of death-bed counsels and stifled farewells, as though it were now a dying chamber and now a place of burial. You dig into the caverned tombs of a by-gone age; the bones of animals and the shells of fish are there; but not a trace of the human beings who once peopled the globe. The history of the lower animals is written on the rocks. The sandstone, the alabaster, and the chalk tell us of their structure and their habits. But it is not so with man. Man's history is written in the clay of his life—not in the marble tomb, in deeds of heroism, self-denial, and beneficence, which serve, to all who come after, as an impulse and a motive; or in the ceaseless working of his brain, putting down the false and the wrong, or building up the true and the right, which shall endure through all generations. The best and greatest men have often been least appreciated during their life, but most honored after their death. We build the sepulchres of our fathers. The child takes a melancholy pleasure in erecting a graceful tablet to the memory of a much-loved parent. In reports of char-