

CHRISTIAN MANLINESS.

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND THOMAS F. GAILOR
S. T. D., ASSISTANT BISHOP OF TENNESSEE.

years, and yet this interesting treasure has lain all that time concealed and unsuspected. It was hidden under a crust of stalactite, so that no trace of colours, and certainly none of figures, was perceptible to the ordinary observer. Pralat Wilport, however, declared that he could discern signs of colouring, and was allowed to experiment upon it. He dissolved the stalactite crust by a chomical process, and was rewarded by the revelation of the remarkable paintings, a full description of which is to be published.

We happen to have before us some words of the late Cardinal Newman, which, though often quoted, will bear repetition. They were written about the English version of the Bible, a book that has so grown upon the affections of English-speaking peoples, they are not willing to give it up even for the more scholarly and exact revised version of 1880:

"Who," he asked, "will not say that the uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country? It lives on the ear like music that can never be forgotten; like the sound of church bells which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities often seem to be almost things rather than words. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The form of all the griefs and trials of man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representation of his best moments, and all that has been about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, spends to him out of his English Bible. It is his sacred thing which doubt has never dimmed and controversy never soiled. In the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of religiousness about him whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible."

A LITTLE MORE RELIGION.

Once officiating in a parish, where rector after rector had departed after a stay of only a few months, with the church closed (but for very occasional services) for a long period between each rectorate, one of the wardens said to us: "The great need of this parish is a little religion! A church can no more be run without some religion in it than a saloon can without beer." He was a man who acknowledged that need in his own case, and was not condemning his fellow parishioners in a pharisaic spirit at all. He spoke simply from a business standpoint. We have often thought since of the truth of his words as frequently accounting for the lack of growth in many a parish and mission. There may be enough religion in them to prolong a bare existence, but not enough for growth, not enough for expansion, not enough in any degree for that vigorous life we ought to see. More religion means more prayer, more self denial, more liberal giving, more personal labor, more regular church-going, more self-consecration, more reality, more of everything which God demands of us, and in response to which he has promised to give us fruit of our labor.

May not we each ask, is not more religion needed in the congregation I belong to? Is not more religion needed in me? Am I not in part the cause that my parish is not more healthy, more vigorous, more growing than it is?

We need more money for God's work in the diocese—sorely need it. We should have it if we had more religion throughout our various parishes and missions, if we had more religion in the heart of each communicant and hearer of the Word.—*Selected.*

St. Paul is writing to his Corinthian converts. In his mind are memories of worldly pomp and glory, the commercial wealth, the giddy revels, the feverish indulgence, the rushing, throbbing life that filled the streets of Corinth. He realizes the seductive and deadly influence that threatens the faith and morals of the little Christian community. He sees the striking contrast, destined to become more distinct and clearly drawn as the ages run, between the Apollo Belvidere, joyous type of animal love, and beauty, and the patient sufferer, nailed to the Cross outlined forever against a background of darkness on the hill of Calvary. The rush of recollection makes him pause in his argument, and he exclaims: "My brothers, quit you like men, be strong!"

More than eighteen hundred years have passed since then. The words still sound fresh and needful to us, because human nature is the same. They are great words, and to my mind they bring two pictures. It was in Jerusalem a few weeks after the feast of the Passover in the year of our Lord 59. The Jewish pilgrims from many cities were paying their devotions. The great Christian missionary had just returned from his third journey through unexampled perils and splendid successes to tell the Church the story of his labors and of God's abundant blessing. He had gone with generous charity into the Temple to vindicate his allegiance to that which was right and true in his people's worship. His humility made him inconspicuous, his single-hearted earnestness felt no fear. But suddenly he is recognized by the fierce fanatics who had heard of his preaching, and who dreaded his influence. A mob of frenzied religionists surges before the door of the Temple. The cries of bitter vengeance smite the air. The sacred enclosure is invaded, and the brave man is dragged into the street and flung torn and bleeding upon the pavement. Then through the storm and tumult come the tramp and clang of Roman soldiers to the rescue. The victim half dead and breathless is snatched from his would-be murderers, and hurried to a place of safety. He regains his breath. He tries to speak. What does he say? "Oh save me, they will kill me, I am innocent, I mean no harm?" No, not that. He pleads with suppressed emotion as of one who dares to face them: "Let me speak, I am not afraid." And the captain, amazed at his courage, lets him speak. That is a picture for all time, a picture well fitted to stand at the beginning of Christian history; the Christian missionary playing the man in face of dreadful odds. See the courage in his eye. Look at the scars that mark his face, the brutal record of the world's enmity against God and the things of God. Bruised and shaken and bleeding, he stands on the steps with his back to the castle door, and the "thin line of Roman steel" glitters between him and the furious rabble. The manhood of the man has transformed their madness into wonder, and the majestic poise of a soul that knows not fear dominates the crowd. Paul raises his right hand in gesture of command, the tumult ceases, and there is a great silence while he speaks to them in their own tongue.

There is another picture: A thousand and five hundred years have rolled away. The world is still aggressive and self-confident and cruel. But those years have been building up new lives to witness to the manliness of Jesus Christ. I see two Christian bishops on their way to martyrdom in Christian England. One of them has fulfilled his four score years and his white hairs are stirred by the passing wind.

He throws off his old frieze coat and stands bolt upright in his shroud. The iron chain is wound about his body and fastened to the stake. The fire is lighted and as the devouring flame envelops him, in forgetfulness he tries to wipe the moisture from his brow with a hand that scorches it. He fixes his eye fearlessly upon the crowd and recalls perhaps that other figure on the Antonia porch in the presence of the Jewish mob, as he says with fine courage, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man."

The words of the Apostle are living words. They belong to the literature of power, they have entered into the thought, the phraseology, the very life of Christendom. And why? Because, first of all, men will believe that the essential quality of manhood is strength, power. They cannot help paying their tribute of interest and admiration to mere physical development, and the history of the world in all its finest pages has taught them the glory and the beauty of that strength, which consists in self-control and self-conquest, which has put to shame the mere bravery of the brute and filled our ordinary human life with grand ideals of manhood and heroism that overcome the world. Again, these words live and shall live because they are no empty rhetoric. The man who wrote them lived in close contact with One Who set His face like a flint to go where the weak and cowardly would have faltered and Who forever consecrated and glorified the manliness of manhood on the Cross of sacrifice. And in that Name and memory he himself was prepared willingly by his own life to prove, to illustrate his words. These words live because they express the nature and genius of Christianity. The manliest thing in the world is the recognition of responsibility and the fearless acceptance of trust. That manhood is no manhood that dodges responsibility and shirks obligation or trades on God's mercy and dares to resist the law because the Lawgiver is invisible and the consequences are beyond our ken.

The Gospel is many-sided and has many benedictions. It has a message of consolation to the sorrowful, of comfort for the suffering, of pardon and forgiveness to the penitent and gentleness and loving-kindness to them that faint and fall. But above them all, higher than all, it has a message for the men of energy, of strength and of will, ambition and nerve and daring. The Christian life "is no more Pilgrim's Progress;" it is a grand opportunity for heroism, a trumpet call to men who are young, to men who are strong, to men who are vigorous with hope and prepared for victory. Religion is not a thing of mourning and sickness, of distress and sadness and pain. It is no flight from a doomed city, along lines of fear and trembling: no battle of a half-hearted and dispirited forlorn hope against overwhelming odds. It is a triumphal marching onward in the name and faith of Christ. It is the spreading abroad of a new light in the world. It is health and strength, civilization and culture. It is everything good and true and beautiful for the nature and race of man. It is the consecration of man's best energies and highest powers to the mighty effort for the upbuilding and renewal of the world. Its ideal is not only of a new heaven, but also of a new earth right here and now, wherein is all achievement and all righteousness.

But some one says: "Yes, it is well enough to write and talk about this Christian manliness, but it means nothing to me. It is easy to say 'be strong and play the man,' but to fulfil the command is a different matter." I understand that. I know what temptation means; how easy it is to resolve, how hard to do; how ready we are to promise and how difficult we find it to fulfil; how easy we are persuaded that our enthusiasm for the Kingdom of God is too enthusiastic, that our ideals are pitched too