

ing late, that Jesus came and stood in their midst. It is well that we notice these ways of the Divine Companion. It is above all when we are sore of each other, and know that His visit would be welcome and delightful to all, it is then that he comes most recognisably. When once He has been unveiled, all things are His. Not work only—labor, study, worship—but all things, all intercourse, recreation, too. Recreation? Yes. It is a thing well named; for mind and body it is His. It is as nearly His as the creation of them. The recreation has, perhaps, never been so well recognized as now to be the renewal of His handiwork; and has not that recognition banished much evil before it, and made many hours and lives sweeter, firmer, stronger, and more Christian; and also shown us how to win, both for ourselves and towards Him, whole classes of our fellow-men in their most tempted years? We will remember that Christ has no one and only way either, of removing veils, or opening eyes or pouring light, any more than He has only one use to make of men afterwards. The first of our great modern missionaries, who carried great intellectual power and our best cultivation to India and Persia (Henry Martyn) has told us how the Magnificat sung in his college chapel and how the meaning and spirit of its stained windows first moved and awakened him. Even the reveller has been caught in the midst of his dissipation by the whisper of 'What shall it profit?' 'what is it worth?' And the persecutor has had it flashed upon him just as his zeal had a free hand, 'What if it were all true?' Never, I think, more widely, and never in more various ways has that calling or unveiling, which we might call the personal Apocalypse of Jesus Christ, been recognized than of late; for as I watch with anxiety what I can take in of the field, I cannot but think that a cold shade of recent negative years is passing away from ever many minds. It cannot be for nothing that some two thousand men, who in very many seats of education, claim the name of students, have bound themselves together to recognize, and, as God shall give openings, to act on a fact which they find impossible for themselves to ignore, the fact that each of them has at least some duty, whatever it may be, on the side of the Christianization of God's earth. It cannot be for nothing that in America there has sprung up a wide association of men of every rank and kind of employment each one of whom pledges himself to bring a brother to Christ. It cannot be for nothing that schools and colleges and universities are developing Christian life and argument before the ever-gathering multitudes, the rising and surging tides of city populations. It cannot be for nothing that a large number of junior clergy are forming a brotherhood, whose members, after some real home experience, are to offer some years of foreign service to our colonial and foreign bishops. These things are movements. This is a general recognition that mere

civilization is a wick without oil; that the most important initial event in every national history throughout Christendom has been the first mission settlement. The great lessons which we read in the history of Ireland plain as they stand out in the records of this ancient see, and its ancient missions ring out in the same tone from every land to which go the missionaries of to-day. The historic imagination has been newly kindled by the sudden obliteration of half a century of civilization in the Soudan, by the conflux of millions at the voice of a false prophet preaching reform, and sinking himself into loathsome corruption, by the enthusiasm, by the misery, by the declamation of those millions, by the thought that none of those accumulated horrors could have happened if Christ had been known there. And again, the same historic imagination has been petrified at the sight of a nation and a church sinking in the quagmire of blood in the sight of other nations. The delusion is dispelled that Islam is changed or that it is as good for one ruling race as the Word of Christ is for another. No such events as those, however, have ever happened without an equal reaction, nay a rebound and a revulsion, and it seems as if the spirit and the power of that reaction must arise in the young mind of our country. For we must not forget that the unveiling, the revelation of Christ, is the Apocalypse, the revelation of His enemies also. The awfulness of that Book of Revelation consists greatly in the stupendous and dominant proportions it assigns to the sway of the wild beast of the sea and the wild beast of the land, and the dragon and the harlot queen. In the very scene in heaven St. John, with the touch of a poet or of a vivid painter, draws the four horsemen leaping forth into the sky upon their career, and of these four horsemen, one is Christ and three are foes. The individual conscience first sees the power of the enemy when Jesus Christ is first revealed to it. Enemies whom we had not known for enemies start forth by contrast. It is as when a great artist, by a few definite touches, throws all other colors into relief and meaning. What had seemed a dull, dead surface, glows into life, animates and enlightens the gloom.

So it is with us when sins, which have begun in a kind of a torpid innocence, and had spread almost unknown to us from the mere lowness of the tone around us, begin to be visible to us simply because Christ had appeared to us. Slight warning, slight sense of wrong had been often unheeded; and now the touch of Christ opens our eyes to the consciousness of a corruption of our will and of the difficulty of self-mastery. And yet we cannot complain that God dealt delicately with us and was not harsh long ago. For now we are brought on to a sight of things as they are which that torpid, untroubled innocence would never have reached. Now Christ has found us in the temple healed of that long standing blindness and craving for yet more light, and when He says, 'Dost thou believe in

the Son of God,' and we reply, 'Who is He, Lord, that I might believe on Him?' and He again answers, 'Thou hast both seen Him, and it is He that talketh with thee,' we know that from that time onward the Christ of our youth is come back, is unveiled to us endlessly greater, stronger to save, mightier to lead, than we conceived in those young days and we worship Him. False Christs and Antichrists are many, but there is one Christ, and we know Him. Then begins the companionship. Between companions there are confidences, and with no companion are there surer confidences than with Him. St. Paul well knows what a bold figure of speech he is using when he says, 'In everything . . . let your requests be made known unto God.' Yet there is no other way of expressing the simple reality in which they live who really count all things loss but the excellency of the knowledge of Him. As He is unveiled to them, so they know that it goes to His heart when they tell Him what He knows so well, their love and their desires. One other unveiling there is of which it is scarcely possible not to think. If we stand thus familiarly known to Christ and cared for in all we want, must we not also stand unveiled and known to the departed who are with him in Paradise? If there are any, and I have known a few, who scarcely like to dwell upon the ministry of angels, fancying, as it seems, that our sympathy is almost impossible when all their being has, from their creation, been absorbed in their holiness for which we feebly struggle—at least, there are no such separateness in our thoughts possible for the dead. Are we tempted? So were they. Do we fall? So did they. Are we indignant with our very inmost character because it is so unbreathable, so immovable, so hard, so unapproachable? So were they. Did they really love us? Can they have ceased to do so? Is separation painful to us, and can they be so drowned in joy or lost in hope or progress that they forget? 'Can they?' we say and we mean they cannot, because we know what belongs to human nature. Then either in Him, as in a mirror, or in themselves direct, they must know us. And what do they know? Things we could never have told them, thoughts they never would have divined. But also probably, deep beyond all forgivable offences, even behind sins we have repented and tried to forsake, there may be a shrine of self within us, a deity to whose prudence even our excellent and creditable actions are traceable, and to whom we often sacrifice our best and truest promptings, but we trust that our departed shall never see us sacrifice the aspiration to be one with them in Christ. There is reason why we should be unveiled to them, though they are hidden from us. They have been there, but we have never been where they are. If it be not well for them to follow the detail of our ways, perhaps they just see us as if perhaps it were some flame, lightening, and rising and growing clearer as we grow in grace, or lurid and flickering if we sin against it. There is some safeguard and some stimulus to the