

SELF CONQUEST.

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Concluded.

The victory over the heart is *far nobler in its results* than all the splendid achievements of war. The world's history, in many of its pages, is darkened with sad and gory records of the terrible devastations attendant upon war. What does the warrior leave behind him? Alas! he leaves in his track a soil crimsoned with human blood, vocal with the groans of the wounded and the dying, thronged with ghastly victims, with countenances blanched with the livid hues of death. He leaves behind him a happy home desolated, sacred temples wrapped in flames, the busy stirring sounds of industry hushed, palaces sacked, property plundered, innocence outraged, virtue violated, widows multiplied, children rendered fatherless, mothers mourning over lost sons, Rachel-like weeping for their children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not. But turn from this scene to another. Look at the moral hero who has mastered self, who has overcome his covetousness, pride, and love of ease, who pursues a career of self-sacrificing beneficence, who spends his life, his energy, and an ample fortune in mitigating the wretchedness, and alleviating the sorrows of the guilty and the miserable. He leaves behind him tears wiped away, sighs hushed, groans stifled, sorrows soothed, a bleeding humanity raised and healed, widows' hearts singing for joy, and orphans made glad with the refreshing smiles of his kind philanthropy. Where is the man who would for a moment prefer following in the track of the warrior through wasted villages and sacked cities, and hear the heart-rending tales, and witness the sickening scenes with which the eye and ear soon become familiar, to the following the self-conquering Howard through dungeons, prisons; and hospitals, and listen to the benedictions of those whom he had relieved and blessed? Be it ours to covet the honour of a Howard, who rose into a sublime forgetfulness of self, in an absorbing desire to benefit the wretched and the guilty. He was a man who addressed himself to the momentous

task of gauging the miseries of his fellow-men, not with the unfeeling heart of an official who goes to gather dry statistics, but who has no heart to soothe, and no tears to shed over the miseries which he seeks in vain to detail according to the cold and unbending laws of arithmetic, but rather as an angel of mercy to wipe the tear which trembled in the eye of distress and widowhood, to hush the sigh, to mitigate the anguish of the oppressed, and to pity those whom no one else pitied, and who would never have known that such a thing as pure philanthropy had an existence on earth, were it not for his visits of self-sacrificing beneficence. Oh, for more like him! Oh, for more hearts that shall either sink or rise into a total forgetfulness of this paltry self-hood, and enlarge so as warmly to embrace other interests besides their own. One of the grandest characteristics of the Redeemer is *unselfishness*. He lived, not for Himself, but for others. He suffered, not for Himself, but for others. He died, not for Himself, but for others. He has carried with him to heaven that same unselfishness; for now, that He occupies His mediatorial throne, He intercedes, not for Himself, but for others.

Again, we would observe that the successes of the warrior cannot constitute him happy. Happiness is a boon which all seek. It is an object of universal ambition. All men covet it. But victory over armed legions and extensive territories cannot bring happiness. It may bring a jubilant, exultant feeling; but it brings no bliss to the soul. It may cause the badge of honour to sparkle on the breast; but it cannot enshrine the gem of contentment in the immortal mind. It may deck the brow with a proud and gaudy wreath; but it brings no bliss to the soul. It may cause the badge of honour to sparkle on the breast; but it cannot enshrine the gem of contentment in the immortal mind. It may deck the brow with a proud and gaudy wreath; but it cannot supply the spirit with peace and joy. If it can, why did it not accomplish this for Alexander, one of the greatest of conquerors? His ambition reached its utmost limit when all the known world lay at his feet. And yet he weeps, yes, hear it, ye men of thirsting ambition—he weeps. He had mastered all, as he thought, and yet briny tears were