

flowers, sooner or later, becomes a crown of thorns." And what depth of reflective thought, as well as tenderness of plaintive sorrow have we not in these words! "To blunt the sting of grief, time is better than pride; but time wears out the soul as well as all the rest. The power of forgetting is only a weakness. Life thus becomes less sorrowful, but it also becomes less serious, less noble."

It is almost unnecessary to add, after what has been said and what has been quoted, that Vinet has found warm admirers in every country which his works have reached; not only in his native Switzerland, but in Germany, in France, in England and in America. His sermons are not indeed popular in the ordinary sense of that term. They are for the most part religious essays or meditations. They are made to be read and re-read. That is perhaps their defect as sermons. They have to seek and to select their audience, but they hold it without difficulty when once found. How indeed could it be otherwise with discourses which exhibit so rare a union of intellectual and moral excellence, such originality of conception, such depth of insight, such elevation of sentiment, such precision and beauty of expression, such wealth of imagination, such warmth of affection, such tenderness, such humility. Add to this a personality singularly bright and gentle, enriched with the best culture of France and Germany, and adorned with "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," and it cannot surprise us that Vinet has won a very high place in the esteem and affection of thoughtful Christians in Europe and America. Years before I made my first visit to the continent of Europe, he had passed out of life, but at one point and another—in a lovely chateau, the home of a refined Christian family, on the slopes of the Jura, and in the midst of a quiet Moravian community in Germany—I met those who had known the man as well as waited on his teaching, and had cause to note the warm and reverend affection with which they cherished the memory of his blending genius and goodness. For myself (if I may be permitted a personal allusion on this occasion) I confess I owe more to Vinet for intellectual stimulus and spiritual help than to any uninspired teacher.