

worshipping Work. In our day great is the greed for *hearing*, faint the relish for *doing*. I pity the city parson. What with meetings, preachings, teachings, stuffing heads with doctrines—what leisure has the poor man to read, or think, or pray? and what are these *crammed* ones the better for it all? Talk, talk, talk! We regard the Mediæval Church as sadly in the dark. In some respects she was. In two directions we Protestants might learn of her—*she prayed; and she worked among the poor*. The Old Church was on her knees *praying* and *scrubbing*: the New Church is on her feet *talking*. Religion is in the air. It is slung in heaps all around. Everybody is full of doctrine—each one his own pope. But godliness—that is, God-likeness—is not quite so abundant. Heads are stuffed; hearts not so full: hands slow to help. That sound and profound old monkish motto is laid aside: *Laborare est orare*—“To work is to pray.” And yet this is pretty nearly the whole matter! The true “divine service” is the bettering of the world. So served Queen Victoria God.

Instead of LOVE, the great white war-horse of Christ, we all, in pride and self-will, ride hobbies; and very ridiculous is the figure we cut astride of these, in the eyes of the intelligent heathen world. These hobbies are of all sorts and sizes. Each church, sect, party has its own