

masses. They are the river in steady flow—the phenomenal man is but a freshet that comes with rush and roar, and soon passes, having done some good and some harm.

So it is in our social life—there are a few men of extraordinary benevolence; they give and give largely of these charities which heal and bless. They build an institution—set it going, and inspire others to keep it going. But social beneficence can never be dependent most of all upon those phenomenal men. I am disposed to think that a man who is solitary in his giving—that is—gives so much that others cannot equal him is the reverse of a blessing. If he stimulates some, he paralyzes others, and gives occasion for selfish shirking of duty to more. Society depends most of all upon the steady outflow of a popular generosity. That is the spring that heat and dust of summer cannot choke, and winter cannot freeze—and there the ever present poor can go and drink and live.

So it is in our home life—we don't live most of all and best upon the brilliant gifts of some members of the family. A magnificent voice is a good thing—it will awaken sweet melody in the home—but what if your beautiful singer has an ugly temper? To have an orator in the house is a matter for pride—but what if the gift which shines so bravely in public is used at home to crush and grind by cruel words? The home of a genius is rarely a place to be desired. And in truth home is most blessed by the presence and motion of the most ordinary virtues:—patience—forbearance—earnest thought and deep tender affections for others—finding delight in giving it—the spirit that will allow all the trivial things to fall into place and order—that makes no grinding rule, or restrictive measure, but shines to promote harmony and peace. That is where so many in starting home life fail. They begin to build all their hopes on brilliance of some kind—on the extraordinary—being too lofty to take thought for the more common virtues and graces. But those brilliant things soon fail—they lose their force, and the charm goes out of them, and there is a sighing and pining for the commoner things that give sweetness and peace to the life. That is natural, for it was not meant that life

should be based upon the brilliant or find its deep meaning in the extraordinary. The storm is magnificent as it sweeps along with pomp and circumstance, but—men do not live by the storm—they live by the air that wraps the earth around like a swaddling garment.

The step is easy to spiritual things and spiritual life. The Church has had—the Church has now—men of more than ordinary gifts and powers—prophets, teachers, and workers of wonders. They are good—they create a profound impression—they arouse thought—they awaken inquiry—they stir up to action the torpid—they lash the sluggish waters of a dull routine. But the Church does not live upon the extraordinary, it is not based upon the brilliant—its deep true life is not drawn from revival scenes, when all is excitement, but from the roots which have been struck, and in silence grow from the soil of Godliness. To have men of deep and fervid feeling—of glowing thought—of vivid imagination, of settled convictions, of eloquent speech withal, declaring the mercy and truth of God is a good thing, and a great thing—but they are phenomenal men—they are rare. And they do not the greatest, the sublimest work. The mass of toilers—who teach the young, who pray by the sick—who speak quiet words of council and of love—who work down at the roots of humanity, filling them with sap that goes streaming up through trunk and branch, and breaking out in bud and blossom and fruit—they are the great, the demi-gods of the Church—Just as the greatest forces of God's world—the light—the dew—the life of tree and sod and soil without noise do the mightiest things—so in the world of spirit life—the best work of deepening and strengthening principles—of building up character—of perfecting manhood is done without noise or show, and the ordinary accomplishes divinest ends. Faith—hope—charity—what commonplace things they are? In some form or other I find them everywhere! But what magnificent forces they are—they are redeeming the world. The sublime gifts which make life so great and beautiful are universal. They are not confined to a few—they are not dependent upon time, or circumstance—they are the common property of all mankind—man has that within