

henceforth and forever be bondsman to none but his Master. "If the Son make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

The greatest obstacle in the way of that spiritual freedom has been fear. The bondage of fear has been the weariest slavery of the race. It has its roots no doubt in sin. Fear entered Eden when sin entered. "They heard the voice of the Lord God, and Adam and his wife hid themselves. And the Lord God called unto Adam and said, Where art thou? And he said, I heard Thy voice in the garden, and *I was afraid.*" Fear has gripped man and held him in spiritual tyranny. Men have been afraid of life and of death; afraid of to-day and to-morrow; afraid of the living and the dead; afraid of man and of God; afraid of everything and of nothing. The primitive instinct of dread, so forcibly described by Kipling, has its abode still in life.

"Through the Jungle very softly flits  
a shadow and a sigh—

He is Fear, O Little Hunter, he is  
Fear!

Very softly down the glade runs a  
waiting, watching shade,

And the whisper spreads and  
widens, far and near;

And the sweat is on thy brow, for he  
passes even now—

He is Fear, O Little Hunter, he is  
Fear!"

Society has been cemented by fear. Religion has been colored by it. The race has been hag-ridden by it. The two great forces of the world, which have built up history, our social institutions, and life itself, have been fear and love; fear, the offspring of the spirit of evil, and love, the effluence of God. These have ever striven for the mastery—and strive.

We say that the spread of education has killed fear. We point to superstitions, the dread of unknown

powers, the terror of the unseen, which have been mitigated, if not destroyed, by knowledge. There is truth in this, and true knowledge is of God; for God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all. But it is not true that fear is dead, or that mere knowledge ever can give it its quietus. Knowledge can only glean in the fields after the reapers. The mind of man can only set in terms of reason what the soul of man has discovered. Superstition is killed, not by reason but by faith. A false religion is displaced not by criticism but by a true religion. And it is not true, as a matter of fact, that fear has ceased to be a bondage to men. To think so a man must be ignorant of life, must have had his eyes shut to the hunted look on human faces. To think so he must have never faced the spectres of his own mind, the troubles of his own brain. Black Care still rides behind the horseman. Fear lurks in the bottom of our hearts. There is ever a death's-head at the world's feast. We no longer tremble at mystery, and bow before idols which represent the dreaded forces of Nature. But have we solved the mystery? Has knowledge robbed life and destiny of their unknown elements? Philosophy may conquer the fear of death, but there is left still the *fear of life*. A spurious peace can be got from forgetfulness of the problems of life, by shutting the eyes, by hiding despair from oneself, or by hopeless acquiescence in the sordidness of existence. That sort of peace could always be got in that way. Life has still its appalling changes, its uncertainties. Men can still be mastered by an unspoken dread. Are there no misgivings in men's minds, no heart sinkings about the future, no distrust of self, never an apprehension of evil, never a shiver at the possible? I speak not of the fear of death, though that must always be our por-