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"The act of creation lays on us a duty. We bring a child into the world, and the absolute imperative of God is on us to feed, educate, and love to the end that to which we have given life. We do our best for the child; but we will suppose that all goes wrong. We expend our love upon him, he rejects it; we punish, and he hardens under punishment, and leaves us; we go after him, and he refuses to return; we give him up to himself, for a time, and he grows worse, and dies impenitent. But if we are of a true human nature we cannot forget him. Our first thought in the other world is our erring son, and if we can—and I for one do not doubt it—our one effort in the eternal life will be to find him but, and redeem him to our heart by any sacrifice which love can prompt. And even could love not move us, duty would call us to this righteous quest. We must bring our wanderer home. It is so, I firmly believe, with God and men. By the very act of creation God has laid upon himself a necessity of redemption. We wander from him, and he punishes us through his spiritual laws. We reap that which we have sown: we fill our belly with the husks which the swine eat. He bids us eat of the fruit of our own devices: the day of retribution comes, and our pleasures turn to gall, our irritated desires become our hell. Lower and lower still we sink, and suffering is hard on us, for impenitent man must touch the abyss of God's chastising tenderness, before pride and self be conquered into penitence. But God waits and works: 'them also I must bring,' speaks the necessity which flows from his Fatherhood. All through our deepest ruin God's victorious love is opposed to men's reluctant hatred and despair; till at last, they, being of the finite, finite, and of the dead things of the Universe, dead, are shattered to pieces by persistent love; and the child, come to himself, calls out from the depths of a divine misery, 'I will arise and go to my father.' Far off his father sees him, and in triumphant joy receives him: 'this my son was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found.' It will be thus within eternity, till, in the fullness of charity, there shall be at last one flock and one shepherd. Most tender and most true of images. Contrast it, in its beauty, with the common notion of the future of the race—that notion which has maddened men into Atheism and hatred of immortality—a small flock on which all the infinite love of the infinite goodness is outpoured, and beyond its fold a howling wilderness of lost and ruined souls—lost and ruined for ever and ever—and rained upon by the eternal fires of the everlasting anger of a vindictive God. It is not so; that is not our God, nor that our heaven, nor that the immortality for which we cry. God must bring all his creatures to himself. There shall be one flock and one shepherd."

Perhaps this seems blasphemous to the thought of our brother, but I cannot think it will to most of you. It charges God with no wrong, but rather refuses to admit that he will do wrong. Blasphemy is the reverse of this—the charging that upon God which the moral sense of mankind declares to be bad, and only bad. Drexelius, an advocate of the doctrine of eternal woe, in the early part of the seventeenth century, said: "If all the severest and most barbarous tortures which were ever invented by the tyrants of the earth, who by anxious thought and hellish contrivances improved and refined the art of cruelty, and brought it to perfec-