

duly carried out, would deliver over man to the dominion of evil—would postpone every noble motive and high principle to a supreme love of life—that would no longer be divine, because divorced from the idea of good, and would soon end in making men the slaves of circumstances and the bondsmen of the brutes of the forest. Surely the old Pagans had a nobler ideal than this of our modern quietists. If manhood, *virtus*, was then too exclusively seen in the strong arm and brave heart, at least these are the ground of all other excellencies in man—and a good Christian can no more be a coward and a materialist than he can be a drunkard and a thief. Women retain their instinctive sense of the truth of this matter, and we hold that the qualities in man which a true woman admires are those which God and nature intended him to have. War has its horrors,—so have railways, and every noble and useful enterprise, just because, mainly, such enterprises are a new conflict with evil, and evil fighteth a hard fight, and exacts toils, and groans, and blood, before it quits its hold. But to redeem the world from evil is man's mission here, and never is evil more gloriously defeated than when armed nations rise indignant against incarnate wrong that has gathered head, sweep away the obstruction to the world's progress, and demean themselves the while as consecrated servants of right and truth.