

ried, instead of to be crucified upon. "They that are His have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts." Does that mean, think you, that in time of national distress, of religious trial, of crisis for every interest and hope of humanity, none of us will cease jesting, none cease idling, none put themselves to any wholesome work, none take so much as a tag of lace off their footman's coats, to save the world? Or does it rather mean, that they are ready to leave houses, lands, and kindreds,—yes, and life, if need be? Life!—some of us are ready enough to throw that away, joyless as we have made it. But "*station* in life,"—how many of us are ready to quit *that*? Is it not always the great objection where there is question of finding something useful to do, "We cannot leave our stations in life"?

Those of us who really cannot,—that is to say, who can only maintain themselves by continuing in some business or salaried office,—have already something to do; and all that they have to see to is, that they do it honestly and with all their might. But with most people who use that apology, "remaining in the station of life to which Providence has called them" means keeping all the carriages and all the footmen and large houses they can possibly pay for; and once for all, I say