

to the front in missionary work, were just like Paul in this. So were the preachers of the middle ages. It was this passion that burned in the hearts of Luther and Zwingli, as they hurled their darts against Rome, and proclaimed a free salvation for all. The early Independents and the Wesleyans were also under its power. Many were they who counted not their natural lives dear unto them, provided they could by sacrifice serve their fellows. Lavater finely says in this connection :

"The most wicked, depraved worthless man, is still a man ; and of necessity, a denizen of God's world, and capable of a darker or clearer perception of his individuality, and indispensable requirements. Oh, brother-man ! look at what is present there, not on what is lacking. Humanity in all its distortions is still humanity, worthy of admiration. No man ceases to be a man, even when he appears to sink far below the dignity of manhood. So long as he is not a beast, so long is he capable of improvement and perfectibility. Behold what may be brought out of it !"

Du Chaillu tells of the eager anticipation with which he awoke every morning when travelling in Africa, that each day would bring him into new scenes and fresh knowledge. It was thus too with Christ in relation to men. His eyes pierced through the sham and disguise, to the real man with his longings and possibilities, and as He looked, He seemed to anticipate better things for and from humanity in the future.

This enthusiasm, however, cannot arise in the breast from Auguste Comte's mode of human valuation. We cannot develop the sympathetic instincts by lumping the human units together, and regarding them in the mass. But the rather by keeping the individuals separate, and seeing in each physiognomy, and in all, the potential image of God. There are human bodily forms in which it may not be difficult to discern this Divine image—handsome faces, intellectual faces, genial faces, are readily suggestive of the higher within. But what of the countenances on which the world has scribbled itself, and sin stamped its own dark characters, making them ugly, stupid, melancholy, wearisome and monotonous to gaze upon ? Such faces as made Schopenhauer avow his wonder that a person with one of them is content to go abroad with such an exterior, and not cover it with a mask ! Ah, in these, too, when looked at in the light of the Incarnation and of the Cross, may be seen rays of the glory of God, as the remains of ancient splendor among the ruins of decay.

Again, there must be a filling of our hearts by the Spirit of God. When our Lord was about to pass from His disciples into the Unseen, He spoke to them frankly of their responsibility in