

to be done with a man, for instance, such as the late Ralph Waldo Emerson? Though bred and reared a Calvinist of the New England School, and belonging to a family of ministers, Mr. Emerson discarded the creed of his fathers and accepted *intuition* and *reason* as his guides. To him the Bible became simply the greatest and best of great and good books, and Jesus Christ the greatest and best of great and good men. He covenanted to obey *only* the "*inner light*," and to follow "only what was after his constitution." Heathen as he was in the above respects, there are in his works many statements and enunciations of Spiritual ideas that fairly startle the Christian reader, and even compel candid persons to admit that he was far in advance not only of most of his orthodox contemporaries, but also of many leaders of the present day. His honesty, his humanity, his deep reverence for all sacred things, his brightness, cheerfulness, and happiness can scarcely be doubted by any of his readers. His large faith in the powers and possibilities of men, and in the absolute goodness and kindness of Providence, caused him to preach a gospel of hope scarcely ever heard from even the best pulpits. His morality seems to have been not only exalted and pure, but delicately refined also, and sensitive to the slightest breath of evil.

A few extracts from his works will indicate the clearness of his Spiritual perceptions and their harmony with views held by the most Spiritual as well as the most orthodox Christians. In his essay on "Self-reliance," note the rebuke to those who worship the past as though it were superior to the present in point of privilege. "If, therefore, a man claims to know and speak of God, and carries you backward to the phraseology of some old mouldered nation in another country, in another world, believe him not. Is the acorn better than the oak which is its fulness and completion? . . . Whence, then, this worship of the past? The centuries are conspirators against the sanity and majesty of the Lord." And again, "If we live truly we shall see truly. It is as easy for the strong man to be strong, as for the weak to be weak.

When we have new perceptions we shall gladly disburthen the memory of its hoarded treasure as old rubbish. When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn." Those who make much of clatter and noise will do well to note the next: "Who has more soul than I masters me, though he should not raise his finger. Round him I must revolve by the gravitation of spirits. Who has less, I rule with like facility." And those who complain of enemies, this, "The power men possess to annoy me I give them by a weak curiosity. No man can come near me but by my own act." His view of prayer contains much food for deep heart-searching thought. "Prayer that craves a particular commodity, anything less than all good, is vicious. . . . Prayer is the soliloquy of the beholding and jubilant soul. It is the Spirit of God pronouncing His works good. *But prayer as a means to effect a private end is theft and meanness.*" (The italics are mine.) "As soon as the man is at one with God, he will not beg." Those who have attended many Conventions of the Canada Holiness Association will appreciate this. "Our sympathy is just as base. We come to those who weep foolishly and sit down and cry for company, instead of imparting to them truth and health in rough electric shocks, putting them once more in communication with the soul (spirit)." "That which each can do best none but his Maker can teach him." It is a question, Mr. Emerson thinks, whether, by adopting "a Christianity entrenched in establishments and forms, some vigor of wild virtue has not been lost," for says he, "every Stoic was a Stoic, but in Christendom where is the Christian?"

His manly words on independence and self-respect, ring out like the clear tones of a bell, and seem enough to put starch into the slackest backbone. "A man," says he, "may soon come to see that he had better have broken his own bones than to have ridden in his neighbor's coach;" and fully endorses the saying, that "The highest price one can pay for a thing is to ask for it."

Here is a gem from his essay on