

witnesses for the truth; and in their lofty trust and triumph over chains and death, they were grander, brighter and saintlier than popes and emperors on their golden thrones." There was an Alexander, called "The Great," but he had not the wide and comprehensive grandeur of soul that we look for now in men to whom we apply that term. He was a master of the art of war, a conqueror of well deserved renown, but he was himself conquered by his own besetments, and died from the effects of a drunken debauch; his empire falling into fragments before his ashes were cold. Cæsar distinguished himself in conducting campaigns at distant points on the borders of Roman territory, in subduing countries whose untutored barbarism made them an easy prey, in inspiring men with a strong attachment to himself, and earnest sympathy with his own ambitious plans, and his literary ability enabled him to transmit to posterity the record of his own heroic deeds; but he failed to present to view the higher qualities of true greatness, and died a victim of his own ambition. The warlike Frederick, of Prussia, was called "The Great" by his admirers, but even the genius of Carlyle fails to rescue from contempt, a monarch who knew no calling but that of war, who was sneered at by Voltaire, and who had a mind too narrow to take in the thought of God. The first Napoleon was revered by his followers as one of the greatest of men; but his narrow and selfish ambition led him to trample upon the affections of his family, made him dangerous to the peace of Europe, and compelled his imprisonment on the lonely rock on which he died. Such forms of greatness shrink into littleness when compared with the undaunted spirit of Luther, the intrepid piety of Knox, the sublime mind of Milton, the soaring genius of Newton, the heroic self-denial of the Wesleys, and the majestic dignity of Washington. These men were great because they were good, the power with which they were invested was higher than that of genius, and beyond the reach