

between religion and morality, or even to discover what the essence of morality is. To him it is no cold philosophic abstraction called 'altruism.' It resolves itself into the dear familiar name of love. Mr. Le Sueur himself admits that 'the true moral law' is 'summed up' in the sublime definition given by Christ Himself:—'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.' This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it:—'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' This is the morality of Christianity. It is religion and morality fused into one. And if this be essential morality, which no theist, at all events, can consistently refuse to admit,—then, assuredly, that force which can most strongly develop love to God and man, must be the most mighty moral agent. It is this transcendent power, and nothing else, that we claim for the Christian faith.

For no one will deny that love, *i.e.*, love to a person, is the very strongest motive power which can be applied to human nature. Love to a cause is strong in some natures of the higher sort; but we cannot love an abstraction as we can love a person. In its full strength it calls forth every latent capability, every dormant power, and makes easy what had seemed impossible. It is stronger than death, for it overcomes even the love of life. And when the object of the love is a noble one, the love grows nobler and ennobles the whole nature. 'For a good man some would even dare to die.' History affords no glimpses of human nature so sublime as those which exhibit the supreme devotion of men to a noble leader, or a leader who at least to them appears noble. And when the hallowing touch of a death of self-sacrifice for others adds depth and sacredness to the love, there can be no emotion in all the range of merely human feeling so tender and so strong.

But there is more still. All merely secular moralists appear to ignore, at

least, one hemisphere of our being, and that unspeakably its nobler one—our spiritual nature. Were man, indeed, the mere transitory product of blind material forces, owing no allegiance and feeling no aspirations beyond these, with nothing either to draw him upward or to draw him downward from the inevitable progress of his being through the action of his 'environment,' like a mollusc on the sea-shore, with no perception of spiritual beauty or of spiritual need,—no sense of warfare between that which his higher nature admires and that which his lower nature is impelled to do; then, indeed, his so-called 'morality' might develop as instinctively as his senses or his passions, and religion, and indeed anything worth calling virtue, would be alike superfluous and inconceivable. If, in short, we lived in a world of the secular moralist's creation, his theory would be unexceptionable. *But we do not!* We live in a world where the need of God has always been one of the most urgent needs of humanity, and the thought of God its strongest controlling power; facts which such moralists utterly ignore. Miss Bevington, a writer of this class, informs us that the utility of religion is 'made up of material wholly belonging to the earthly life. Were there no sickness and no earthly hopelessness or joylessness, there is nothing to show that there would be any need of, or any demand for, celestial comfort.' Is then the deepest consciousness of humanity 'nothing?' Or is it a delusion that has forced from the noblest hearts the cry, 'My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God?' No! the delusion lies with those who, apparently for the sake of a favourite theory, throw away their noblest birthright.

But how is the thirst for God to be satisfied? How are we to love 'with all our heart and soul, and mind and strength' the Unseen and Unknown—the Absolute and Unconditioned? Him whom humanity had more or less dim-