

tion to thank God. There is far more than many see in the injunction of the grace that leads to glory. "Glorify God in your bodies." That is a psalmody of the material make and a logic set in worship. "I will praise Thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

The genuine superiority of soul or spirit over flesh is to be disclosed in the ability of the former to handle and to hold the latter, not in the disposition to disuse it, to discard it, to despise it or to dread it. The supremacy of man over the lower animals is shown, not by his driving them away, or extirpating them with huntsmen, hounds and horns, still less by his fleeing from them in dismay; but by his taming them and training them. He is the good driver who is skilled to manage horses that are mettlesome, horses that are free and fast, full-blooded steeds and fiery chargers, and to bid them go, or to hold them in. Let him have the reins. Whereas many persons manage their material forces by feeble meddling with them, now flapping and fluttering the lines, now jerking and sawing at the bit, now chirping with incessant and monotonous cluck-cluck, "Get up there!" feverishly plying the lash, and in the same breath, frightened at the starting speed, shouting at them, "Whoa! whoa!" Drive horses so that you can hold them. Hold horses so that you can let them go. And so sway the forces of your earthen nature. The engineer in the caboose, who knows the value of the train he leads, will lay a firm but limber hand upon the throttle. It is as important now for us to understand the philosophy of material heartiness as the piety of material holiness. Physical exuberance is not the exclusive right of those who are in "rude and bovine health," or animal spirits in their zest of ebullition. It can be a practice of refinement and of principle. You cannot fail to have observed, ere now, an invalid upon the couch, a valetudinarian within his chamber, who manifested more self-command and shed more magnetic sunshine than those who passed by in their

strident way, or stalked in their conceit of vigor. The grapple with pain and conquest of it, the grip of patience and power in it, the patience of peace, the pleasure of self-oblivion in considerate thoughts for others, the sensitive submission and the mantling gratitude—all show how far one that cannot have what he would enjoy can enjoy the rather what he has.

It is surprising how delicious is the frugal meal in the kindly cabin where household love lingers like the light of day: how the poor man munches his bit with savory relish: how blithe the blind can make themselves, and how spry the lame, and how sprightly the infirm, and young the old, when the heart is filled with tenderness to mankind and with trust in God! The elder of two little brothers just now exclaimed in exultant tones, "I am allowed bread with butter on it." The younger, trustful and content in the same maternal care, responded, "My mamma allows me bread without butter": and was no less pleased and happy over it.

The actual deprivation of material enjoyment takes place in the perversion of excess, the distortion of disordered functions. He who, unable to maintain the balance of power among his appetites and passions, solicits foreign forces to invade his nature by way of their aid and comfort, and suffers them to establish a protectorate which is a domination and dominion, as the decayed, declining Roman Empire welcomed the invading Goths and Vandals, or the Russian Slavs the Variags, or the poor Khedive the Porte, he has so much force as to become forceless, and so much human nature as to have no natural humanity.

It is the young man whose nerves are twinged and tweaked and twittered with tobacco, whose very pores are plugged until his vitality flounders between expectoration and suppression; it is the tippler or the toper, who, to sink his sorrows and to drown his struggles, seuttles his soul; it is the libidinous, who to slake his passions sates his powers, spills his strength, and sells his being for a slave; it is the sloth, who by