

opposed to religion and finding its warmest supporters among those whose hearts are dead to the call of duty, and who forget God in the admiration of man. The very reverse is the truth.

In another stage than this of the world's history there appeared on earth a man, who from the cradle to the grave lived for others, not for Himself. His language breathed forth tender love for all mankind. He had no enemies. He wept when He saw suffering. The record of that life of sorrow and benevolence stirs to enthusiasm millions, who see little to admire even in Plato and Socrates, and who shudder when Alexander and Cæsar are mentioned. They love most, most warmly admire those saints and martyrs whose lives were most pure and spotless, who in short reflected most perfectly in their conduct the actions and motives of Jesus of Nazareth. Yet that Jesus passed his life in doing good, soothing the afflicted, curing the sick, diminishing the woes of mankind. He did with infinite power precisely what the sanitarian feebly tries to imitate. He smoothed the rough path of His disciples through this world. He sought to make less terrible the approach of death. But while preaching peace to the soul, He won His way to the heart as well, by healing the sick and feeding the hungry.

"Christ spoke of suffering as a wholesome discipline, but there is an extreme degree of suffering which seems more ruinous to the soul than the most enervating prosperity. When existence itself cannot be supported without an unceasing and absorbing struggle, then there is no room in the heart for any desire but the wretched, animal instinct of self-preservation, which merges in an intense, pitiable, but scarcely blameable selfishness. What tenderness, what gratitude, what human virtue can be expected of the man, who is holding a wolf by the ears?"

You who think poverty and sickness a wholesome discipline, the best preparation for the life to come, show your faith by your works! Resign your wealth, your comfortable, well-ordered houses. Go and live in the wretched hovels of the poor; toil morning, noon, and night in coal pits and factories, sleep in rooms occupied by a dozen persons, pass your days in courts and alleys, where disease runs riot; where the sun's glorious beams never penetrate, where the joyous song of birds, the sweet odors