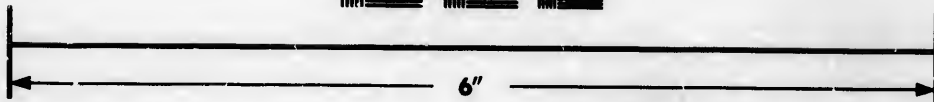
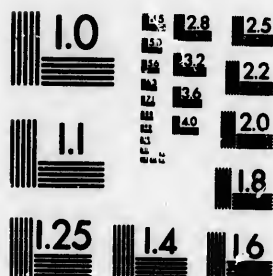


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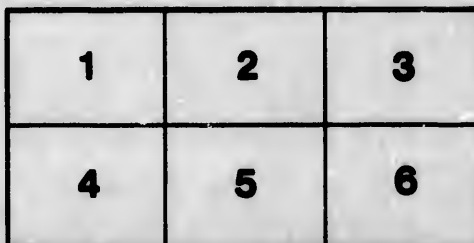
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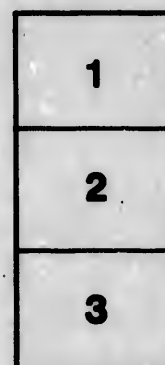
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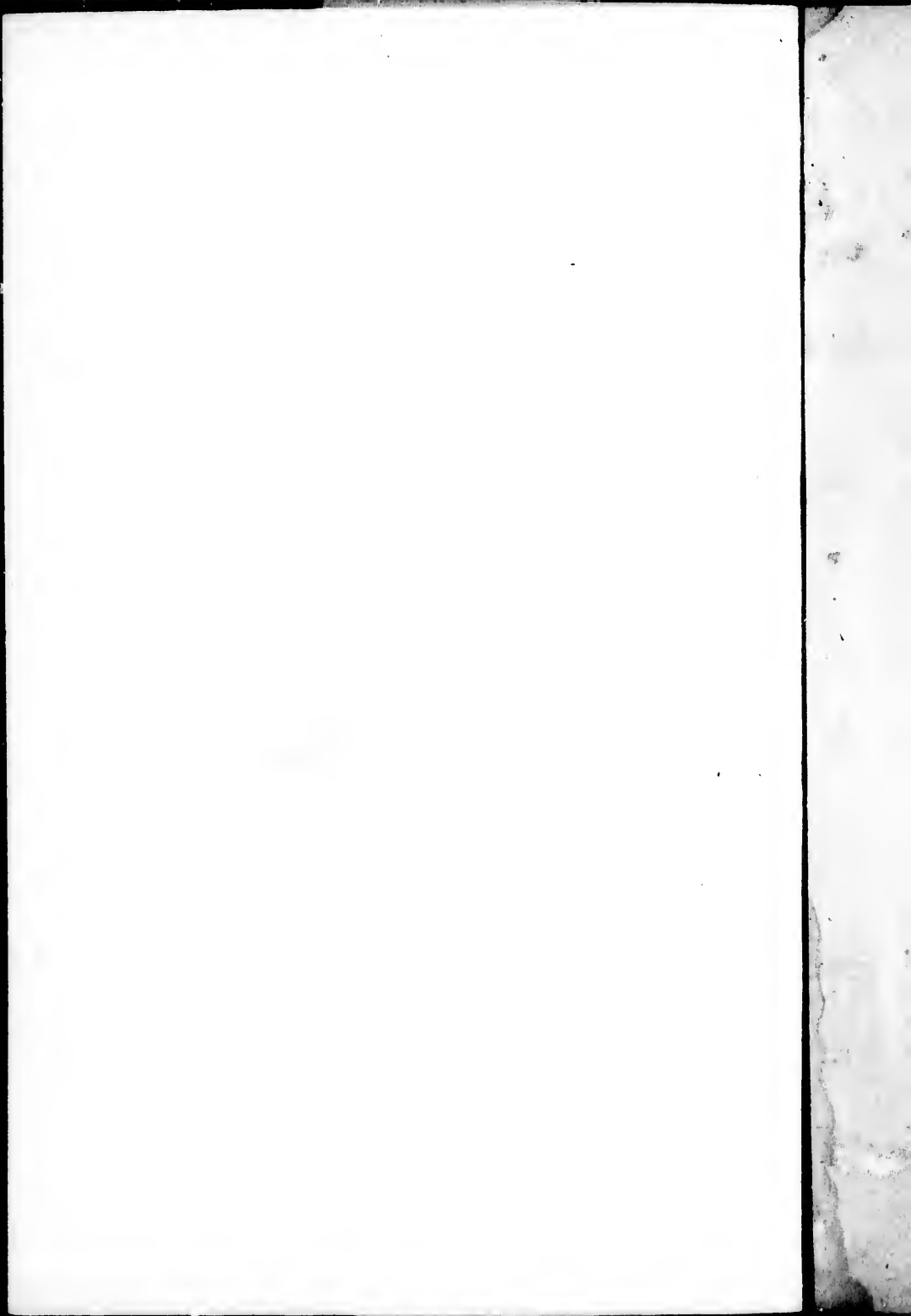
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*Wm. Lobb.*  
*with his*  
*vicar's leave*  
*Halifax N.S.*  
*October 1859.*

TRUE GREATNESS.

A L E C T U R E

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

Halifax Young Men's Christian Association,

ON

TUESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 18TH, 1859.

BY

ROBERT MILLER, Esq.

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, BARRISTER AT LAW.

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Halifax, N. S.:

PRINTED BY JAMES BARNES & CO., 179, HOLLIS STREET.

1859.

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## TRUE GREATNESS.

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TO-NIGHT I am to speak of TRUE GREATNESS. What shall make a man truly great I am here to tell. No easy task, no indolent endeavour, an ambitious theme ! This is worthy a more fluent tongue, a more cultivated lofty intellect, a stronger and a better heart, than I can boast. Could fire become vocal and pour forth all its burning soul in burning words, then might True Greatness find a meet exponent !

So I may not attain to the height of your expectations, or the elevation of my subject : on such a subject you are likely to look for great things. And, truly, desired I merely to tickle your ears, to excite to giddy rapture the meaner elements of your compound natures, I could clash the cymbals of rhetoric over your heads, and sound the praises of the orator in sounding the oft-repeated yet ever enthusiastically-welcomed praises of heroes. But I have a nobler object in view,—one not unworthy the effort of regulated manhood : and my aim is higher,—of a height becoming the soar of the exalted spirit God breathed into the dust of Paradise. What you shall think of me shall be of no moment, provided I shall succeed in making the most insignificant before me feel that True Greatness is within his endeavour and shall induce him to aspire ; provided no one shall leave this room, but has on his lips and in his heart that magic talisman of greatness, the inspiring motto of the mighty Union—motto into which all the stars on its broad banner ought to be grouped—"Excelsior ! Excelsior ! Excelsior !" ; provided each of you,—well, perhaps that is more than I can expect,—let me then say some of you, my friends, bracing up the energies of your souls this night, shall hence and forever march, and march forward !



Oh, to be great! Is not this the wish, could not thus be translated the heart-pant of every one? Do the dew-drops all sparkle in the morning sun, and what soul does not glow at the thought of, with the desire for, greatness—greatness for self, aye, and for all near and dear? Does a mother hear me, a mother! and is she not thinking of her darling boy? But he is a gifted boy, and very likely he will become a great man; very likely his mother's fond desires and his own earnest aspirations shall be all fully, more than fully, realized. But we are not all gifted, yet do we not all wish to be great? Common to both sexes and all ages, the vital air of the soul, this desire is universal. And can the gifted only be great, truly great?

Oh, to have such a thirst for greatness as each soul has, hungering as the grave hungers, and yet to know it unattainable as the stars in heaven! This were indeed misery, but a misery I am not here to preach. Could I bring you no better tidings than most men bring you, could I only tell you that there have been great men in the world—that once in several centuries, like any comet, the great man appears—offer your appetite only this glass of bitters and slice of pine-apple, I would leave you to perish of your hunger and your thirst, I would not stimulate to tantalize and mock you, raise you to heaven to dash you to earth;—could I tell you no more than this, I would hide the sad secret away in the profoundest abyss of the loneliest, blackest, and mournfulest of silences. But for your appetite for greatness I have a liberal table to spread, ample refreshment to provide; and I do not want you to remember the waiter. I have a joyful note to sound, and may the joyfulness of the note induce you to overlook the deficiency of the instrument: I have glad tidings to proclaim, and in the gladness of the tidings may you forget the manner of the proclamation.—God created no man mean, God created no man little, God elevated true greatness beyond the attainment of no human being! What, and may I, too, be great? Is this the unuttered thought of some timid retiring humble soul, some very violet of humanity who breathes rather than speaks? Boy or girl, youth or maiden, man or woman, I have but one answer for all, to each I say, "Thou mayest."

What is this greatness then, you ask me—the much desired blossom of life, which I have so long considered hidden

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from, forbidden to me, but which you now tell me I too may find, I too may obtain—what is this greatness? Even as your hero worshipper—he, who scanning humanity and beholding, as he looks back over the long line of crowded generations, here and there a colossal mortal, styles him a god, and calls upon you to bow down and worship him, saying, “These be thy gods, oh pigmies!” forgetting that in thus exalting the few he debases the many, not caring nor blushing for his kind, and not fearing to make of God’s own human race after all such a miserable affair—even as your hero worshipper will say so say I, but in a different spirit and with another meaning, the rarest as the best possession in the world is this true greatness: for though, as I add, herein differing from your hero worshipper, within the reach of all, few few pluck, few few think it worth the plucking. A common wayside wild flower seen every day along all the highroads and bypaths, which, when our notice is called to it, we proclaim beautiful and what not, but oftenest heedlessly tread trample under foot. True greatness is improving and exercising to the utmost and the best ends the faculties with which God has endowed us. In plain Saxon, that we do all and the best we can: this is the whole duty, this the true greatness of man.

And is it not? I fain would have your immediate assent to a self-evident proposition. What I proclaim requires no proof, waits only your approval; and you cannot gaze it steadfastly in the face without recognising the innocence, simplicity, comprehensiveness, nobility, and grandeur of truth. But you would prefer having this matter argued, and Barkis is willing. Come then and let us reason together.

What is greatness? A thing? Nay, my friends, but a quality of a thing; some mode, or manner, or quality of being. We speak of a great mountain; but is there any greatness in the mountain itself, and if there is, what is it? Can any form, or mode, or combination of matter be great? We speak of these as such, and in a sense such they are; but do they really possess the quality which we style greatness?—Can any heighth, any depth, any length, any breadth of all the senseless soulless elements put together constitute, originate, give birth to greatness? Heighth, depth, length, breadth, color, form, motion, solidity! What is greatness? None of these qualities, my friends, nor some, nor all togeth— but in

their origination behold greatness. God spake, and it was done; he opened his mouth, and the thing that was not, behold! it is. Greatness is an attribute of power, active power; and matter has no power, active power, except what intelligence imparts to it. We speak of the power of an engine; but who knows not this to be the intellect man puts into the engine, the intelligence man expends upon it. Intelligent will, in fact, is the only cause of all effects, the only powerful thing in the universe. Greatness, then, is a quality of intelligent will, of the intelligent and voluntary possessor of power—an attribute of a spiritual being.

But the question here presents itself—Is this attribute acquired, or original; the gift of God, or the attainment and acquisition of man?

Since you have desired me to argue this matter, lend me your ears, my friends, and your intellects as well as your ears, your hearts as well as your intellects,—for I do love an enlightened and affectionate hearing—while I endeavour further to make plain my notion of true greatness.

God made the little hills and the everlasting mountains, the shrubs and the trees, the lakes and the oceans: he also made the small and the big men. But as men come originally from the hand of God, even like all material objects, all insentient motionless soulless things, they are in themselves nothing. Nothing? Because God is all. They are but creatures, and all alike creatures, and their true greatness as yet consists in what all alike share, in being creatures of God. The same illustrious individual gathers and shapes new fallen snow into the head of a "Fawn" for the amusement of a mirth-making company of children like himself: he chisels a block of marble into an inimitable Moses for the joy of men like himself, the delight of an admiring world. The marble Moses was in itself no greater than the snow-Fawn, had no more to do with its own creation than the Fawn had. The marble could no more have become the Moses, than the snow the Fawn, without the mental genius and manual skill, the intelligent exercise of the mighty powers of Michael Angelo. Yet one could not help distinguishing between them; and why? Wherein did their respective greatness and comparative littleness reside? Not in themselves we have seen. Where, then, but in the mind of the sculptor who created both, and

who in the one case, when he chiselled the Moses, if he put not forth more effort, tasked at least riper powers, than in the other, when he fashioned the Fawn. So men, as they come originally from the hand of God, are all alike little—Nothing. We distinguish among them, but only because one indicates a higher exercise of creative power in God than does another; one appears to us the greater, only because he appears a mightier energy of the Almighty. As, however, they have had yet awhile nothing to do with the creating of themselves, as there has been in them yet awhile no intelligent and voluntary exercise of power, only the greatness of the Almighty being, who “spake and they were,” has yet been exhibited. What a ridiculous spectacle of miserable vanity must the depraved multitude of mankind present to the eye of the great Creator regarding them, while one, priding himself on the compass and vigor of his natural endowments, contemns his feebler diminutive neighbour, not considering that they are both but as God made them. Nothing can be more vain, more foolish, more absurd, than to assume as a distinction endowments of mind and body, “which we could no more win for ourselves than confer upon other;” nothing more unreasonable than to pique ourselves upon advantages, which were elaborated before we were born and are older than our experience.

But man remains not stationary. He is not a rock. Hard hearted often as the nether millstone he may be, but no stone withal, continuing what he was born or altered only by external influences. A spirit he is, endowed with various, many and mighty powers—powers of thought, powers of feeling, powers of will—an intellect to conceive, a heart to desire, and a will to execute. Yet in the babe how little evidence is given of the future man! Vast may be the fire which a small spark kindleth; tiny the source from which a mighty river floweth; and an eagle, on the soar sunward, spurning the summit of some Alp, may set in motion the first flakes of snow, which increasingly descending shall thunder down the mountain side a ruin spreading avalanche to the plains that hear and tremble below. So look again at the babe, the babe in arms. What a strange, what a funny little helpless, sucking, crowing animal it is! No power of imagination—God alone could make it bloom into a boy. And yet I could occu-

py the remainder of the evening in proving that not only is the body of that babe growing, but the spirit expanding, the soul active, intensely active, all its powers earnest in the pursuit and acquisition of knowledge, and the little yearning heart learning the first rudiments of all affection at the breast and in the bosom of love. And that babe becomes a boy. But the boy himself, what a happy little thoughtless hottentot he is, full of fun and frolic as the sun of light and heat, and careless of the future as a breeze of whither it may blow ! Yet in the boy you do begin to discern the future man. There is a deliberate search after truth, an earnestness of observation, a power of attention and discrimination becoming manifest, a scope of thought, fixity of purpose, and energy of will, which all prophecy approaching manhood. And the man does at length arise, the man who, having put away childish things, chisels Apollos instead of cutting paper horses ; writes epics instead of rhyming seesaws ; paints nature and recounts history instead of daubing prints and narrating impossible adventures of robbers and pirates ; draws philosophical inferences, forms philosophical theories, and no more blows soap bubbles only to watch them bursting ; studies stars instead of sparks ; plays with men instead of marbles ; and if the game be still " follow my leader " heads a city, a nation, or a world ! Lord of himself, a voluntary being, how great a sovereignty does man rule, and, if he sway the sceptre well, to what an empire may not that sovereignty expand ! And in this expansion behold the intelligent exercise of will ; behold what may be attained by the intelligent and voluntary exercise of power. Lord of himself, a voluntary being, the man may from the cradle to the grave incessantly employ, invigorate, expand his powers, and grow to what he will. The tree must grow, it shoots without a will because it must : but man may willingly and of himself, by voluntary exercise of native power, produce a life, which other men, admiring, shall proclaim worthy a god ! This development of self by man is greatness ; with this creating of man by man himself greatness commences.

And you will observe, my friends, that this description of greatness, this true and only greatness, is not confined to such as we commonly style the favored children of Genius. To one of these the command might with propriety be given—Go favored of heaven, anointed and elected to loftiest achieve-

ment, inheritor of fame ! Go, and with miracles of art ravish all souls ; breathe into cold marble and dead colour the breath of a beautiful life ! Go, with thine eloquence fulmine over and lord the land ; or with thy narrative, not less powerful though less commanding, subdue and enchain it ! Go, smite the lyre, enrapture the world ! Or, if of simpler taste, be man himself thy study : anatomize his heart, dissect his soul ; say what he is and why. Approach the Deity shrined in Providence : discover what influences affect the ebb and flow of empire, elevate and overthrow nations ! And with thy moral mingle physical pursuits : ascend the heights, descend the depths ; admire, explore, reveal the universe ! Nay, venture, for thou mayest, one step farther, and treading on the very skirts of unveiled Divinity, say what thou seest ! Nor, enamoured of the delights of study, forego the end of all knowledge—action. Fixed of purpose assume thy rightful position in the van of humanity, control thy time, and be the man God made thee !

Ye would laugh me to scorn, my friends, were I to address these words to all of you indiscriminately : though the laughter of some might be like that of Sarah, when the angel foretold she was to have a son and she believed not, thinking herself past child bearing, the laughter not of incapacity, but of incredulity. Yes, my friends, ye would laugh ; and perhaps a laugh might do you good. Let us have it out together. I will not address to you all these words, but the concluding ones, in which is condensed the substance, in which we have the marrow of the bone—the essence of the whole, I will address ; to all of you I will say, and I have said no more to the child of genius,—Be the men, be the women God made you. Ye have not all equal powers, but ye may all develop the powers ye have. Ye shall never be blamed for not having had what God never gave, but for not having developed what you had. Herein shall be your littleness, therein your greatness. All men as they come from God are equal, neither having a right to boast over the other, all being but what they have been created. Then the race begins ; and who shall be winners ? An ant journeying over an ant hill does as much as a hound bounding over the citadel hill. So of men who run the race of life he shall be counted among the winners, who, though he may not have run farthest or best, has yet done as well as any in that he has run his utmost ; who hav-

ing had small powers for the race has expended them in running. The man of small capacity can never develop himself to what the man of large may, but, if according to his capacity he does his best, he is as truly great as the other who can do no more.

My friends, this and no other was the greatness God intended for man, this and no other the end God contemplated in creating him, that he should

“Act, act in the living present,  
Heart within, and God o’erhead.”—*Longfellow.*

What are the various faculties and capacities, powers mental and moral, of the soul, but powers of action? Action, in fact, mental and moral is the life of spirit. I think, therefore I am, has been said. I am, therefore I think and desire, say I. Desire? yes: indifference being impossible to soul, desire essential as thought. I have no intention of entering upon any metaphysical disquisition. This would be beside my purpose. But tell me what is your notion of *spirit*. Is it a dead thing like a stone? can it have altogether inert slumbering powers like matter? Nay, you cannot conceive it! You cannot but believe, that every native capacity of soul, capacity of thought or desire, is only a disposition of the soul to think and desire, to act and be developed.

Idleness is misery, and, as the good God intended the happiness of all His creatures, must be the very opposite of the soul's proper condition. Bind a man hand and foot, and fix him so that he shall not be able to move. First of all, what torture! then, what horror! then, what stagnation! then, what death! And this inactivity does with the soul, and with like horrible and terrible result.

To the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise! To the bee, to the butterfly ever on the wing! Search and say, find you in all the realm of instinct one idle or indolent creature? They are all, are they not, busy to the stretch of their capacity about their Creator's business. Descend, if you will, to inanimate existence; nay, lower still, unorganized matter. Explore the earth, the skies, the universe, and “wheel in triumph through the signs of heaven.” You shall not find one altogether unimportant, one lonely inactive moat.

In and out, up and down, Nature is alive with life and motion. The mote and the gnat dance in the sunbeam; the lion and the planet revel through the chambers of the night. There is no nook or corner in the wide universe of God, except the bosom of fiend or man, in which activity has found place or opportunity for indolent unprofitable sleep, idle unrefreshing slumber.

Greatness is active. We hear talk of slumbering greatness, but this is an abuse of words: Greatness was never caught napping. It is not a thing; a thing may sleep and live: but a quality, and for a quality sleep is death. While the perfume of a rose sleeps it is dead; and for greatness to sleep, it is dead while it sleepeth.

There is a mighty steamer lying idle and motionless in a harbor. You board her: descend to the engine room; observe and ponder the vast machinery, and trace the connection with the furnaces, boilers, funnel, and paddle-wheels. You have never seen a boat without sails before, and you cannot know the intention of this strange idle motionless monster full of such beautiful, but to you, as yet, meaningless contrivance. You see the fires put on, the steam got up, the piston rod rise and descend, the wheels go round, the vessel move. Her wedge-like bows, with invincible propulsion, part the surface waters on this side and on that, and the great steamer wheels over the seas. You know now she was not meant for rest but motion; and the soul glows within you as you realize to yourself her wonderful way across the vast and turbulent, but subjugated, deep. Even so an idle man has no meaning to you. You examine him; observe his powers of will and thought and motion, and comprehend him only when he moves and thinks and wills; when in the camp, the senate, or the forum, on the exchange, in the pulpit, or the study, he contributes to the destiny of others, forms his own, and having exhausted the past, looks and moves through the present with no fearful though constant glance, no vacillating though careful footstep, into futurity. And the heart glows within you as, glancing along this ocean of time, you behold man, brother man! steam up, steadily and uninterruptedly, through sunshine and through shower, through tempest and through calm, with and against the wind, careering gallantly on to the only harbor large enough to receive him—the bosom of his God.



There must be the exercise of power by a spiritual being in order to greatness: and this exercise, further, must be to the utmost. The spiritual being must be wide awake, not half asleep.

To continue my illustration. Suppose the great steamer out at sea suddenly to slow. Would not every heart on board leap, bound with alarm? No matter day or night, would not every one rush immediately on deck to enquire the reason? Had she got into a fog, was a collision dreaded: had any coast been sighted, were shoals or breakers ahead; had a fire or a leak been discovered, and were they slowing to extinguish the fire or drop the boats: surely some danger was apprehended, was imminent, was at hand; otherwise what a waste of time, a waste of power! And no less alarming to us beholding him should be a man employing only half his soul, doing only half work, going at only half speed. What disease has affected him, what does he fear, what has come over him, that he crawls like a tortoise, when he might bound through even the desert like a lion; that he mopes like an owl, when he might soar through even the tempest, cuffing it with victorious wing like an eagle? Why this terrible waste of the gift of God, the breath of the Almighty, the spirit of man? What more ornamental, what more useful, what more powerful, what more precious! Then why this waste? Has the man no use for it? And if he thinks, he has none, has his neighbour none; his city none; his nation none; the world none; God none? Might it not be employed and the world benefitted, the man himself bettered, and God glorified? For what did the Almighty put this lever into his hand? That it might remain a dead weight there, or that he might move the world with it? That it might be shoved a little way under the stone, and then lazily left or lazily worked, worked with little more effect than a rat might accomplish getting under and lifting up its little back; or that it might be shoved fully in, then thoroughly labored, and the stone altogether overturned—all his power expended, and his work on earth accomplished. Ah, my friends, next to an idle man there is perhaps no so portentous sight within the range of our observation as a man going at half speed. Top speed is the only speed for man! His reason dictates activity to all but himself. He will work his slaves, his servants, his animals, his machines,

to the utmost : then why not himself? Ah, we ought to labor to the utmost of our capacity, we ought to exercise to the utmost all our powers, if we would follow nature, if we would obey the simplest dictates of reason, if we would rival the energies of mere instinct, if we would do as God wishes us to do, as he never fails to do with his material agents, and as we seldom fail to do with ours—with our steam-engines, our steam-boats!

And observe, my friends, what we want is that all our faculties have their due, their utmost exercise: not that one be precociously developed, luxuriously pampered, and the others neglected, stunted, starved, but that all in due subordination and natural proportion be fully exercised. The finite human mind has but a finite energy, and that must be apportioned amongst the various powers mental and moral, that each may have due and all full play. If one be unnaturally defrauded for the aggrandisement of another, then the individual is so far out of order, so far imperfect, not as great as he might be, not what God intended he should be. If you permit the tree to develop leaf too profusely you will have little fruit; or the blade of corn you will have little grain: all things must be maintained in their original fitness and proportion. Must! Yes, must. And why must? Who created the spirit that is in man? God. Who assorted the powers of that spirit mental and moral into a consistent whole? God. Can man improve upon God's idea, or do better than follow it out and become what his Creator intended? Will he choose among his powers and passions which he shall develop, which he shall leave undeveloped? Will he, presumptuous worm, re-create himself into a better man than Omniscience and Omnipotence combined could realize? Will he say,—“God in creating me made a being wiser than himself, and I will turn my superior wisdom to account in remodelling my constitution, re-constructing my badly organized being?” Or will he wisely confess, that it would indeed be better for him to be as God made him, and yet viciously go about making himself something else? Let a man seek to know himself, and to develop himself, and do no more. If he understand his original make he shall find it the best possible:—by no change of his could he beautify, though he might deform: all he has to do is to develop. And to develop all, not forgetting due subordination

indeed: for some powers have supremacy over others; and some are weak, some strong; and this proportioning and subordinating are of God. In a word, would you be truly great, would you attain to your own proper perfection, would you be what God intended and wishes you should be, realize his idea of you, improve, develop, exercise your powers—all your powers—to the utmost.

I had here, my friends, intended to say that this exercise of our powers must be our own volition, and to dwell at some length upon this fact of which time will not permit more than a mere mention. If this exercise be not our own volition, then it is not our exercise, but that of whatever coerces us. Besides, as will is a power of the mind, it is included among those, which in order to true greatness we have seen that we must develop to the utmost.

I had also hoped to have shown you at some length how we must not only be voluntary in the exercise of our powers, but also intelligent. We must have an object in view, know what we would be at, and go at it.—Work itself can never be the object of work. The volition of impulse is no volition at all; at least not that of the man, who is coerced into it blindly by the spontaneous energy of his powers,—it is not the volition of his understanding. But in order to true greatness, in order to the steady and unremitting exercise of all our powers, there must be a motive for exercise altogether distinct from the spontaneous energy of the man; some object of pursuit submitted to the intellect, and decided upon as worthy of preference; some end beyond and out of the man himself, which he has not attained or would retain, understood and defined by the intellect before adopted by the will. He must be intelligent as well as voluntary in the exercise of his powers.

But I pass on to indicate how this intelligent and voluntary exercise of power must not be for any object, but only for the best. If I show you that none but the best is fitted to engage all our faculties and induce us as voluntary beings to their utmost exercise, I think I shall have shown you that true greatness can be attained in the pursuit of no other. And there is one end, my friends,—and surely it is the best, one end, and one only, in the pursuit of which man will be enabled, will be drawn out in all his powers by a sweet compulsion to work

to the utmost; shall I tell you what that end is, that best and highest object of human pursuit and angellic attainment, shall I reveal to you what to secure shall be your perfect bliss and true greatness, do you not know it already, do you not know it to be the approbation of God?

No deep reasoning, no lengthened argument shall be required to prove, that the approbation of God is the very sun necessary to unfold all our budding faculties. I am no stickler for names, but while some speak of Nature I speak of God:—God created us. In the preceding portion of my lecture I have endeavoured to prove, and proved this or nothing, that He created us for action,—for the utmost action of all our powers. If, then, we would be approved of by Him, we must not go contrary to our nature, but do its bidding,—develop our powers, all our powers, to the utmost.

We have been created, my friends, in the image of God,—“in his own image created he us.” If, then, we would gain the approbation of God, shall we not develop ourselves, develop his own image? What can He love better than his own image, or approve more than its development? And shall we be idle when we know this to be the grand product of labour? Ah, the image of God! What a glorious thing to develop! It is in us if we will only let it out! We may be, and, if we are not, we ought to be, each of us, the least of us, little likenesses of God! We cannot gain his approbation but by the evolution of this grand character of his, of ours: and if we would be like him we shall strive to attain our own perfection—for he is perfection—by the due development of ourselves, the exercise of all our powers.

Are we doing this, my friends? Have we the approbation of God as life's object? Or make we other gods for ourselves, and are we developing other less perfect images? Some pursue pleasure, they make a god of the body: some knowledge, power, fame, they make a god of the mind: some virtue, and their god is the human heart. This shall be my practical application of the whole subject, that these gods are altogether unworthy of worship, for that they cannot develop us, any of us, in all our magnitude; they cannot make but partial men; they cannot exalt to the height of true greatness.

Some pursue pleasure. “Let us eat and drink,” they

say, "for to-morrow we die." I shall not speak of the more degraded votaries of this god. You will grant me at once, that the brute is more developed in them than the man. But is not this the tendency of all pleasure, when made the object of life? Does it not exalt, develop the brute; debase, annihilate the man?

Young lady, beautiful young lady, charming, fascinating, adorable young lady! do you remember the days of your childhood when you had high thoughts of life, sweet thoughts of pure friendship and true love? Have you any longer any such thoughts? Alas, and why not?—Or, if you have them still, if, like a zephyr blowing from a distant garden over a desert of flaring but scentless weeds and lending it momentarily a delicious fragrance, from your distant childhood some sweet breath of imagination playing over brings back upon your vanity these ancient holy happy dreams, why do you not, moved by them, act upon them; why do you let them wingedly go as they wingedly came, go on the same breath that bore them to you filling only an idle moment? Ah, you began early to court the mirror; to be fascinated by your own beauty, or emulous of some higher loveliness; you early began to be inflamed by and entertain thoughts of inflaming young beaux; you wished to be a belle! And since then the love of excitement and desire of admiration have, gourdlike, rapidly grown into your ruling, your monster passions. You would do anything to secure the one; go down upon your hands and knees and creep through any dirt to obtain the other. Your sole grand effort in the pursuit of excitement has been to conquer. Ah, you would have your heart's desire, if on entering the ball-room the band would play and the speaking glances, jealous or admiring, of all present proclaim, not "Lo the conquering hero," but "Lo the conquering heroine comes!" And that love of excitement, might I not give it another name? Do you not nourish less excusable desires than vanity prompts?—But let me draw a veil round them and you. You are the slave of your body. Night after night is wasted. The dance and flirtation, sweet glancing and becoming pretty dressing, not by night only, but also by day, make up the sum of your frivolous existence. Miserable creature! Have you a soul? Have you a heart? Are you really only a sweet bit of flesh,

a dainty piece of clay? Will all yourself be gone when that decays?

Young man, less excusable because a man, young fool, handsome perhaps, but certainly soft—soft to all false, hard as the nether millstone to all true feeling—giddy reveller, I do not call you debauchee! Have you no other books but woman's looks to read; can you do nothing greater than set the thoughts of a sensitive woman whirling about you? False to your manhood will you not elevate, but degrade woman; will you not help her heavenward, but turn her into a toy and make of her as arrant a heartless, callous flirt as yourself? Ah, you are indeed heartless and callous as ice, whatever yourself or others may think! What, will you to gratify an insane vanity trifle sport with affection? My heart aches when I think of it. Will you ruffle, lacerate, fritter away, annihilate your own heart? Worse, far worse! ruffle lacerate, fritter away, annihilate the most precious gift, that a benevolent Divinity in the exercise of lavish bounty ever conferred upon any world—I care not what star brighter than this you explore to find a more precious,—the heart of a woman? Affection is our only heaven upon earth. Will you do your best to stultify it? There is hell in the thought.—And all for what? A silly love of animal excitement, a petty pitiful vanity. You too are the slave of your body. You would like the ladies to call you “handsome dog.”

My friends, you have laughed much at these strictures; but this is no laughing matter. I wish you had been more serious. My God, when I think of it! When I think of the human soul thus enslaved by the human body, man thus enslaved by and enslaving woman, and the chains of the bondage made up of links not of friendship, not of esteem, not of communion of intellect, not of communion of heart, but of frivolity, of passion, of vanity I blush for my nature: and, as all the affection thus frittered away and lost, and the incalculable value of the loss to such a world as this is, comes o'er me, my shame deepens into sorrow, burns into agony, and, you may laugh again my friends, but I could prostrate myself in the very dust and wriggle there like a wounded worm.

I have dwelt at some length on this folly because I think it the most general of all, and an especial one of youth. I, a young man, occupy an invidious position in thus speaking

to young men and young women ; but let them remember I do not profess entire freedom from the folly I condemn. I heard a lady the other day say, every man's censure is first moulded in his own nature. I thought she gave utterance to the common sense of humanity.

And now successful merchant, or, perhaps I had rather say, man well to do in the world, what have you to say for yourself ? Envable, comfortable, happy mortal ! You have perhaps worked hard in youth, perhaps you have been lucky and amassed without much labour.— And you have enjoyed yourself,—clothed well, fed well, lived well, and well you have wedded too, and now you roll pleasantly along, perhaps with your wife and children, in an agreeable chariot to an elegant and commodious, wealthily and tastefully furnished home. Your wife, delightful woman ! is like yourself—she has her soul in the good things of this life ; and, like parent like child, your sons and daughters shall take of you both. With occasional dinner and supper parties for yourselves, evening entertainments, every form of fashionable amusement, dress and the dance are the sugar-plums with which you please your grown up babies. Do I not describe the ordinary run of mankind ? All are not so well off, but do not all aim to be just such ; do not all fly their highest desires just so high ?

The body ! the body ! the miserable body rules ! To please the flesh the soul is taxed and the heart plundered ! Books are of little account ! Charities ! well you would be ashamed not to appear on some lists. But as to any real, earnest, arduous cultivation of mind or heart—this is a thing undreamed of, an altogether extravagant flight of folly : and religion, naughty child, is thrust away out of the road into the corner of a Sunday ! You live as if you had no spirit ; you live as if you were all body ; you live for sense and are dead to soul. What picture does desire paint you with most nimble finger, liveliest colour, and happiest touch ? Are you not wealthy ? Do you not build palaces ? Have you not pleasure grounds and gardens, streams of water and lakes, with all sort of beautiful trees, birds, and fishes ? Do you not roam healthy and happy through this festivity of Nature ? And is not your home, the diamond of which this domain is the appropriate setting, a royal, a bridal chamber of art ?—



The interior arrangements are they not superb? The hangings and furnishings, the carpets and couches, the statues and paintings, the curious objects of vertu and wonders of needle-work—what fairy land you would live in? And then the bright fires and gorgeously laid and luxuriously supplied tables! Does not the wide world contribute to the grandeur and luxury of your hospitable and magnificent board? Do you not feast to your fancy, feast to satiety? And what with men singers and women singers, what with musical instruments of all sorts, brilliant entertainments, the dance, beauty, and fashion, and then a downy pillow—does not desire cater for you well, and make life a feast of sense, a revel of body, a long unstinted jolly carnival? “Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.”

Well, and if on the morrow you were to die perhaps this would not be such a bad way of spending the time till then after all: perhaps he was not such a fool as some think him, who, being to be hanged on the morrow, bargained for a good dinner before his compulsory drop too much and dandice upon nothing: or that Duke of Clarence, who, doomed to death, but with the option of the manner of it, chose to be drowned in a butt of his favourite Malmsey Wine. But you are not to die on the morrow, and you know it. Ah, there's the rub! Eternal spirits, these bodies of yours, which you have been nourishing and cherishing as if they had been yourselves, are after all but your short leas'd tenements: the soul is the entity, and identity of man? What is the body without the mind? Such and such a weight of clay, of such a form, of such a height, and such a colour—what more, my friends? Eyes, hands, feet, head, every member of it derives significance only from the mind. It is but an instrument of the soul. Solomon, speaking with the inspiration of God, says, “I gave my heart to seek and search out by wisdom all things that are done under heaven. This sore travail hath God given to the sons of men to be exercised therewith.” This sore travail each soul hath, and the body is the instrument, and especially the brain of the body, without which the work could not be accomplished, without which nothing could be known of matter, or of what is done under heaven by God and man in this material universe. As the telescope enables the eye to see stars so the body enables the soul to see matter, and be an ac-



tor and a mover in this creation. And thus being at best only an instrument, was originally intended to be, and ought ever to be, a servant. Make not then the body lord of its master. Stand not upon your heads, my friends, with your souls in your feet, and your hearts in your stomachs. Use not the soul as a pamperer of the flesh, but employ the flesh for spiritual purposes. Will you feed the body and neglect to feed the soul? Why do you feed the body at all? I wish you to feed it, care for it, cherish it; it is a priceless casket, a noble tenement, a magnificent instrument, but it is no more, and should be preserved, sustained, repaired only for spiritual purposes. Will you sharpen the knife, and not look to the hand which is to use the knife? The wisest of men tried this, and, behold! all was vanity: and he said, "Wisdom excelleth folly as fur as light excelleth darkness."

Who shall estimate light and weigh it with darkness, who shall say how far wisdom excelleth folly? Is the eating of an apple such a pleasure, the whirl of a dance, the decoration of a dress, the possession of a palace? When Erasmus was a poor student at Paris he was indeed very anxious to be a little richer, but almost in rags as he was and without fuel, neither fire nor comfortable raiment formed his chief object of desire. "As soon as I get money," says he in a letter to a friend, "I will buy first Greek books, and then clothes." "It is the mind," says Shakespeare, "that makes the body rich." And so thinks the truly great man, the man who estimates God's gifts aright.

What a wonder is the human mind! What powers it has! how untiring, how mighty, how Godlike! Perception, conception, memory, imagination, reason, reflection! Can you overfeed them? Will they give out and say, "Hold, enough?" Eternity shall not satiate them. Jehovah breathed a grand thing indeed, when he breathed into man and man became a living soul.

Would that I could inspire you with a due estimation of that living soul! What has not thought accomplished?—What was the world; what is it now? What was the savage; what has he become? Shall I recount to you the achievements of mind? Shall I guide you through the world of imagination, and shall we, accompanied by ceaseless, rapturous music corresponding to and almost creating the passing

shows, behold the immortal paintings and statues which strew that world with heavenly landscapes and races of angellic beauty; the immortal tales and poems by whose aid we shall now find paradise or perdition in time, shall now be in hell and now in heaven; and the not less immortal histories through which the past shall seem alive again and its tragic comedy be re-acted, nay, the future itself arise and play its part before its time to the bidding of Genius? Shall I conduct you into the domain of pure knowledge, and shall we be found amongst the sciences which there ever busily discuss and discover the mysteries of Nature, learning from them what good is yet in store for the future of man: or shall we rather company with their children the arts, and acquaint ourselves with what has already been accomplished? Shall experience tell us that mind has revealed and improved Nature; mind has amused and developed man; mind has founded kingdoms; mind has invented religions; mind has done whatever has been done; mind is doing whatever is doing; mind shall do—what shall it not do? Shall I rouse the spirits within you as an army is roused by the waving of banners and the roll of martial music, while I pronounce the talismanic names of Flaxman, Turner, Scott, Shakespeare, Gibbon, Burke, Smith, Reid, Newton, Watt, Wellington, Nelson, Cromwell, and others of all ages and all nations, the monarchs of mind, the philosophers and artizans, the poets, the prophets, the priests, and the kings of humanity?

I name them, and they rise. They rise and stand before me—an awe inspiring band. I see them now. Wisdom sits enthroned on the expanse of every brow; soul beams forth from her shrine in the profundity of every eye, there is manly beauty in some, I can with difficulty discern one truly sensuous lineament in all. Thought, deep, absorbing, transcending thought, is the general expression; but they have only to converse and the expression varies, and the brightness and rapidity of the play of the majestic spirit over each noble countenance I can only compare to the sparkling of the waters when the meridian sun shines down upon the ocean. You who worship the body, you could see no beauty here. What you love is the glow of sense, not the light of soul. And there is an air of superiority about all of them which would wound

your vanity, which you would call conceit or scorn, but which is only the majesty of mind.

But while I speak they fade from my soul ; I can barely conceive them now ; and now, where are they ? And are they gone without one inspiring word of counsel and guidance ? Nay, my friends, for their looks were speaking looks. I saw that they had lived for thought and not for sense ; that they were souls, and not bodies ; that the spirit in them was lord, and not scullion of its clay tenement. I saw, and felt the grandeur of the sight, and determined to tell you, as I do now, what a glorious thing is the intellect of the human soul. The body is an inhabitant of earth, the intellect is free of the universe ; the body perishes every hour, the intellect expands immortally ; the body is satiated with a few temporal delights, the intellect finds satisfaction only in the embrace of God ; the body if master slays the soul, the intellect if lord goes far to immortalize the body. Cultivate, then, your intellects. Educate them to a thirst for knowledge, a love for the deep things of God—the facts of the great universe that surrounds us, in which we live and move and have our being. Educate them to a knowledge of God and man for the direction of your family, the management of your business, the politics of your province ; for comfort, for wealth, for power. And forget not the regions of fame—sculpture, music, painting, description, narrative, history, philosophy, eloquence, poetry ; but cultivate your intellects, that you may be able, however little in these departments yourselves, at least to comprehend and relish the efforts of the great.

But while I thus incite you to the cultivation of the intellect I am well aware that it is not the whole, it is not even the noblest part of man : and the greatest intellects have often been anything but truly great men. The common incitements of intellectual exertion—desire of knowledge, of power, of fame, as ends, as objects of life, are utterly wanting. Let us take a specimen man of each. For the pursuit of knowledge, behold Bacon ! He loved knowledge, I do believe, with his whole heart, and through a lifetime pursued it. He first discovered and propounded the true method of acquiring what he loved, and turned into a proper channel the efforts of mind.—He may be said to have invented experimental science, and the present mighty and rapid advance of knowledge dates from

him. He was proficient in all branches of learning; dived into all mysteries moral, mental, natural, divine; all phenomena in heaven and earth, of mind and matter, attracted his attention; he was familiar with the universe, and aimed with apparent though unreal devotion at familiarity with God. A great man you will say. Ah! too much occupied with the cultivation of his mind, he forgot his heart. That wretched thing was a nest of evil, and a more thoroughly mean immoral man perhaps never lived. He was basely ungrateful to, betrayed his dearest friends and benefactors: he brought disgrace upon his nation and ruin on himself, for he sullied the ermine of his country's justice. He knew what was right, but did it not; a mental, but no moral nature; a mighty intellect with the meanest and basest of hearts.

Take an example of the productions of the love of power. But why speak of them at all. The most unscrupulous ruffians, that ever making the heart of mother earth sore drew tears of pity from the eyes of angels and then made their beds on the hottest places of hell, have been the product of this god power. They have been men of commanding intellect, indeed, who have cultivated that intellect to the utmost, and swayed and conquered mankind; but they too have had uncultivated hearts—no hearts at all, or savage ones.

And what of fame! the purest and noblest of mere earthly pursuits, whose object is the approbation of man, what has it made of its votaries? Many great, some to appearance almost truly great men; but the approbation of the multitude can be secured by all showy qualities, the heart unseen may still be jetty black. Besides, the heart itself of the world is uncultivated, and if you would have the world's approbation your heart must resemble its own.

But heart after all is the most Godlike thing in human nature—regulated heart, moral power: it is the life of the soul, the reason why that does not perish with the brute. Intellectual powers are only so many means for the education and development of moral ones. Conscience is the rightful sovereign of the soul. You grant me at once intellect to be superior to body; will you not at once confess morality to be superior to intellect? The intellect labours for moral ends; and is not the end greater than the means? The moral powers sway the intellect to action, guide and govern the exercise of the intellectual pow-

ers; and is not the Lord greater than the servant? That man has a free will to choose between good and evil and direct his energies in the pursuit of either, that he is a moral being is his title to eternity, his passport to heaven or hell, his dignity amongst the kings of creation. Shall he neglect these powers, then, the possession of which is his highest privilege, makes him man? Shall he be licentious for pleasure, unsocial for knowledge, cruel for power, dishonest for fame? The indignation you feel, but express not, is only the assertion by conscience of its supremacy, by the moral powers of their superiority.

How noble is moral power! How noble the man, who, having conquered and now denying himself, will for the right stand singly against a world: whom all the powers of earth and hell opposed may crush, but never change: who feareth God, and hath no other fear! Even heathen virtue how magnificent! What splendid examples might I not cull from ancient history of a stern subjugation of the animal appetites, a voluptuously mighty warmth of heart, an arrogant fortitude, a proud public virtue, an ambitious patriotism! Regulus, Cincinnatus, Camillus,—but I forbear enumerating names familiar to you as the Capitals of Empires!

And, my friends, not to speak of its eternal importance hath it not a value in time? Is it not precious as noble, beneficent as magnificent? I have spoken of the achievements of mind, but after all is not the better part of every achievement the labour of the heart? Have not all great useful discoveries been made and applied, empires founded and preserved, religions invented and expounded, mankind developed, civilized and humanized, only by mind under the dominion of heart? Even before Christianity invigorated morality was it not so? Archimedes and Aristotle, Homer and Xenophon, Lycurgus and Solon, Socrates and Plato, Demosthenes and Cicero, Cyrus, Pericles and Scipio, Pythagoras, Zoroaster and others,—heroes, sages and statesmen running the course of glory, men who lived beneficent lives, cherished, instructed and died for friends, country, and mankind, were they not men of heart?—And since these early times, since the advent of Christ, what good has been accomplished but by heart? I pause for a reply.

Ah, you all know the preciousness of your moral na-

ture ! No one here would rear immoral children ! No one here, be he ever so bad, but knows it priceless—priceless for its influence in time, priceless for eternity ; and, though ye fearfully neglect it, I know ye value it ! Yes, I thought a little ago to rouse you by recounting the heroes, and reciting the achievements of mind : but were the foe upon our borders and had I the rousing of my countrymen to arms ; were we both in the field face to face, and, before battle was joined, had I the honour conferred upon me of inciting to heroism our citizen ranks, I would not call upon them to fight for the bodies which they were about to throw away, for the books which they were tearing up into cartridge paper, for glory—the unsubstantial shade, our citizen warriors would laugh her to scorn ; but, while silence held the hosts around, I would give out a cry to loose the tongue of every trumpet, the fold of every banner ; make every sword leap from its scabbard, every shot from its gun or cannon ; direct every eye, every hand, every foot against the foe ; a cry to which the true man has never failed to respond ; the battle cry of all ages ; the battle cry of humanity ; I would call, and call not in vain,—“ Fight for your sires, your altars and your homes ; your country, your religion, your kith and kin ; your social, domestic, and divine affections ; fight for your moral natures !”

And if ye value your moral natures thus highly, will ye not develop them ; will ye not develop all their powers ? Ye cannot do this by being vicious : the vices are a warring race, hostile to each other, and cannot exist all together in the same breast. Ye can do it by being virtuous ; for the virtues are a band of harmonious graces loving to go hand in hand, dwell in, and occupy the whole of the same heart. And would ye be virtuous ; would ye live and die for virtue,—complete virtue ! I know no object of pursuit, that can breathe into your wish vigour equal to victorious achievement, except the approbation of God—I mean the God of Christianity.

Other gods have done great things ; other religions, mere human wisdom, mere human heart, have accomplished much, but never produced a complete character, a complete morality. Whether it were fortitude, courage, patriotism, or beneficence, this single virtue has absorbed all the moral power of the religion or individual, and men, in their admiration of its energy and stature, have forgotten the cost at which the giant

has been produced—the other moral powers which have been enfeebled or annihilated, which cannibal-like it has devoured for its own aggrandizement. This would be easy to prove had I time. But desire for the approbation of the God of Christianity has been able to produce at least one complete man: be not shocked that I call him a man; he was as true a man as any one of us; Jesus Christ born of a woman, born under the law, and tempted like as we are, yet without sin. “Wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business”: these were the words of the Redeemer in childhood. “Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven”: these his words in manhood. And when the last largest and most deadly cup of misery was presented to him that he might drink, and he saw waiting him a little in advance the agony of the cross and the gloom of the sepulchre, his words were still, “not my will, but thine be done.” He was obedient unto death, that he might gain the approbation of God.

And what a character was his! Was any virtue weak or wanting there? Even to tears he was a man, but a perfect man! There is a grandeur which strikes one dumb; a greatness about which one’s silence is one’s truest eloquence: such is the character of the Saviour. Oh, the beauty of holiness, the grace of humility, the grandeur of fortitude, the majesty of patience, the charm of peacefulness, the witchery of mercy, the might of love! you see them all in the face of the Saviour. Love! yes, this was the secret of his constant intercourse and discourse with sinners, his houseless nights and hungering days, his patient endurance of persecution and returns of blessing, his miracles of healing and words of mercy, his life of labour, his cross and passion! it was love. Shall I call upon you to cultivate your moral natures! Shall I call upon you to develop the image of your Father in heaven, to imitate your Redeemer! Shall I call upon you to seek and gain the approbation of God! I shall call upon you to love. Why, my friends, love is the energy of the heart; love is moral power; love is virtue in act; love is the fulfilling of the law; love is the whole of morality; love to God and love to man—love is the whole man, body, mind and heart, working, working to the utmost for the approbation of God and the good of mankind—the universe embraced by him in the arms of wisdom, power,



holiness, justice, goodness, and truth—in the arms of moral love!

My task being now all but completed, I would gather up the threads of my argument. Would ye attain the due and full development of your moral natures, ye will make the approbation of the God of Christianity the object of your lives. No other object of pursuit can exalt you thus high; this can. And if your moral natures be thus duly and fully developed they will be lords of your being; guide and govern your corporeal and intellectual energies, which shall offer them incense, do them service; repress your animal appetites, sway to due and utmost action your mental powers. The due development of your moral natures is love: and with the approbation of God for object, and the good of mankind, love, charity, for work, no fear but you will find appropriate activity for all your faculties. This was the completeness of the Saviour's character. Never was life active as his. And we have, if possible, greater call on our energies than had he; for what he could accomplish by miracle, man must achieve by labour and study. Would man render travel by sea safe and rapid, or rescue the shipwrecked, he cannot work a miracle for it. Would he spread tables for the poor in this to them wilderness world, or expel the demon of lunacy; comfort the afflicted, heal the diseased; aid the blind, the lame, the deaf, the dumb; convert the sinner; make the world a holy, healthy, happy land; he must exert his faculties, develop the sciences, acquire the arts, practise the professions, follow the trades, be industrious, be wealthy, be learned, be powerful, energetic as he is loving. I invite you to the contemplation of the noble army of martyrs, the reformers, the philanthropists, the philosophers, the men of science, the men of every art and every trade, every profession and every pursuit, aye and of every station—kings and conquerors, who, born into the love, lived the laborious and beneficent life of the Redeemer,

Then early called, or sinking slow at even,  
Rose to their principalities in heaven!

Knox, Chalmers, Howard, Wilberforce, Buxton, Budgett, Newton, Herschel, Milton, Cowper, Cromwell, Washington! But I exhaust your patience with a vain recital. The names



of such men are household words. I have but to speak of one and, behold ! the broad plains of thought are crowded with his like. And what see you there, what see you there, my friends ! I shall tell you what I see. I see men of vast gigantic power, but power not too vast, not too gigantic, for the object of their lives, that object was the approbation of God ; an object, a pursuit, a desire, to speak with reverence, of force and magnitude sufficient to develop Almighty energies, employ the activity of God himself, who in action seeks his own approval. And with this the very conscience of the Omnipotent himself for spur, I see that they were men who, for the love they bore their fellows, worked to the utmost ; men who in their several departments were hymns of praise to the Creator, deeds of beneficence to the creature ; men who, with an eye toward heaven for God and a tear on it for man, loved and laboured, laboured and loved, until death opened for them the gates of the grave, and let them pass through to glory. A noble company ! Truly great men ! And would ye be of the order, Go and do so likewise !

Ye may not all be Newtons, Miltons, Luthers, Cromwells ; but God be praised ! ye may all be truly great nevertheless. Ye may all love and labour, seek the approbation of God and the good of man, work to the utmost and for the best, attain the top of your manhood, exhaust the capacities of your nature ; and in so doing be entitled to take rank with the greatest of the truly great, who did no more. Of the greatest man, the most ardent lover and indefatigable worker, that ever, making his sojourn here a triumph for humanity—a blessing to mankind, gained the approbation of God, and passed away on his ascent to a crown and a kingdom in heaven, nothing more could be said than that he did this ; nor could the highest pitch of enthusiasm furnish to the orator speaking his funeral oration a more brilliant, more lofty eulogium, nor inspire fame herself, inditing his epitaph, with more noble, more golden praise.

Little men, then, and little women little thought of ! hear ye me with comfort. The least as the most capable is capable of this, bound to this. True greatness is no forbidden fruit to any, but an apple within the reach of all. Extend thy hand and pluck. Hast thou but one talent, hide it not away in a napkin. God shall demand of thee, and thou must answer.

He gave no talent but for usury, no power but for action, and according as thou hast employed thy talent to the utmost and for the best, loved and laboured, laboured and loved, shalt thou be in his esteem a great and good, or a little and worthless man.

Humble good man, the world may not regard thee now, or regard thee with scorn: but what carest thou for the world's frown or favour, if thou hast the smile and approbation of God. And take heart; it shall not be always so. The time shall come when through the wide earth, as now through the wide heaven, goodness shall be greatness. The day is even now on the wing for the world when genius shall be no more honoured but only heart; when your poet, your statesman, and your general shall be nothing by the side of your simple good man; and Wellingtons, Chathams, and Shakespeares be esteemed only as they exhibit the love of humanity and seek and gain the approbation of God. Are there any God and men lovers in this assembly, let them rejoice with me! And you, ye shades of the departed truly great, who have gone to your reward, if my voice may sound into your regions of bliss, attend my call, descend, and rejoice with us! And you, ye heavenly powers, who with sorrowing regard behold this fallen world and wish it well, proclaim a jubilee in heaven! It is written, and we believe, the day is at hand, when there shall be no more any mean, no more any little, no more any wicked man in the world, but all shall be truly great; and the valleys shall shout and sing for joy, and all the hills shall be glad and clap their hands, as the sun ushers in, and the hosts of heaven inaugurate, the reign of true greatness, the reign of love labour, the reign of God!

