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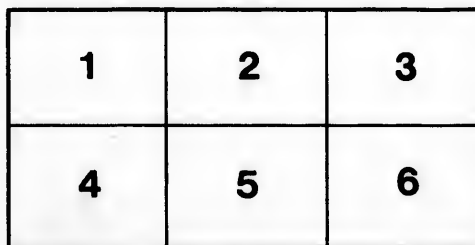
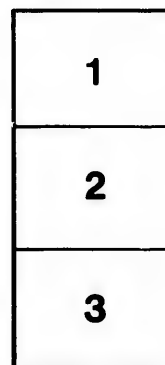
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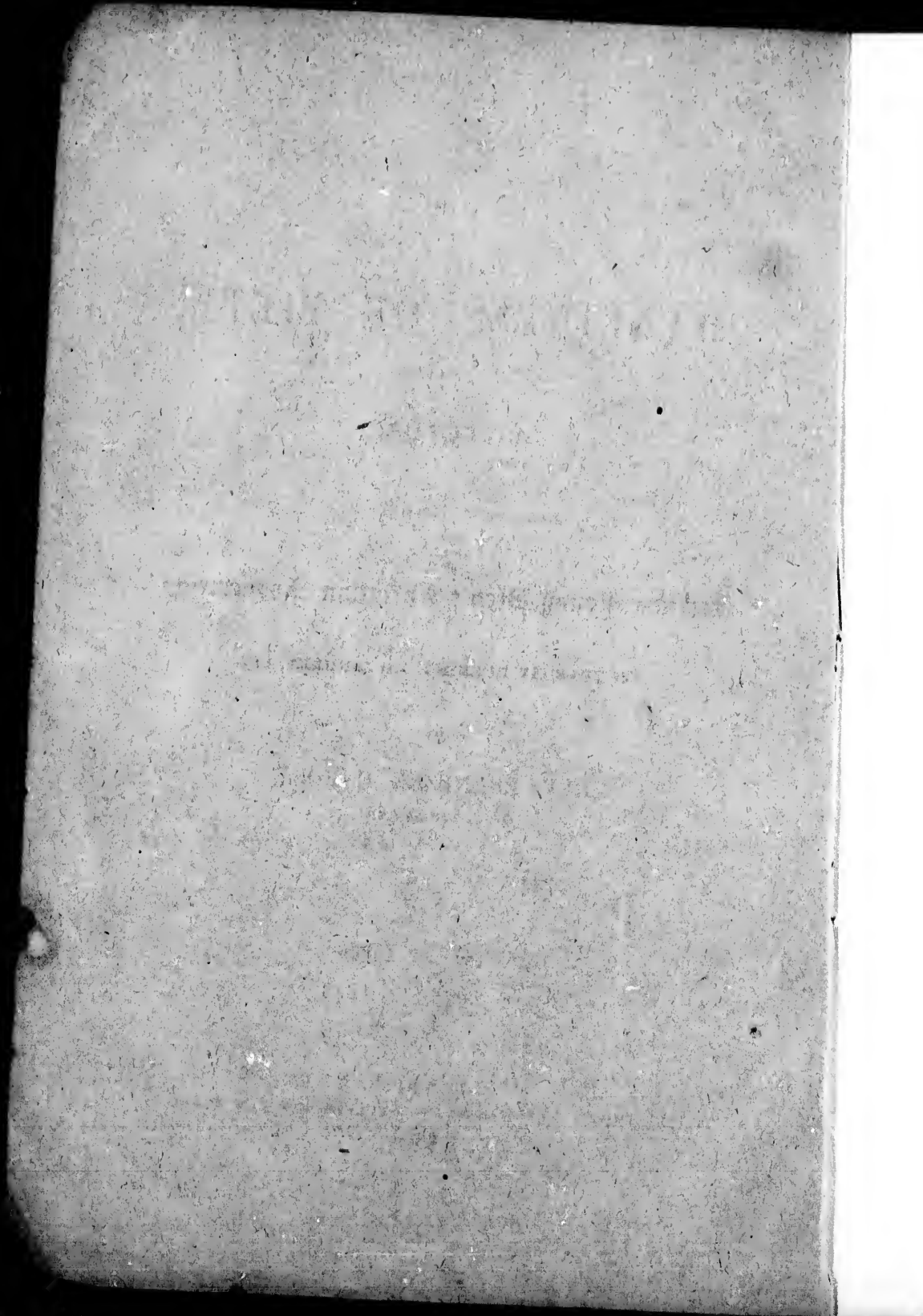
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**The Manliness of Piety.**

A LECTURE,

**BY REV. EBENEZER E. ROSS.**

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(2)  
THE  
MANLINESS OF PIETY.

A LECTURE,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

Halifax Young Men's Christian Association,

ON TUESDAY EVENING, 31st JANUARY, 1860.

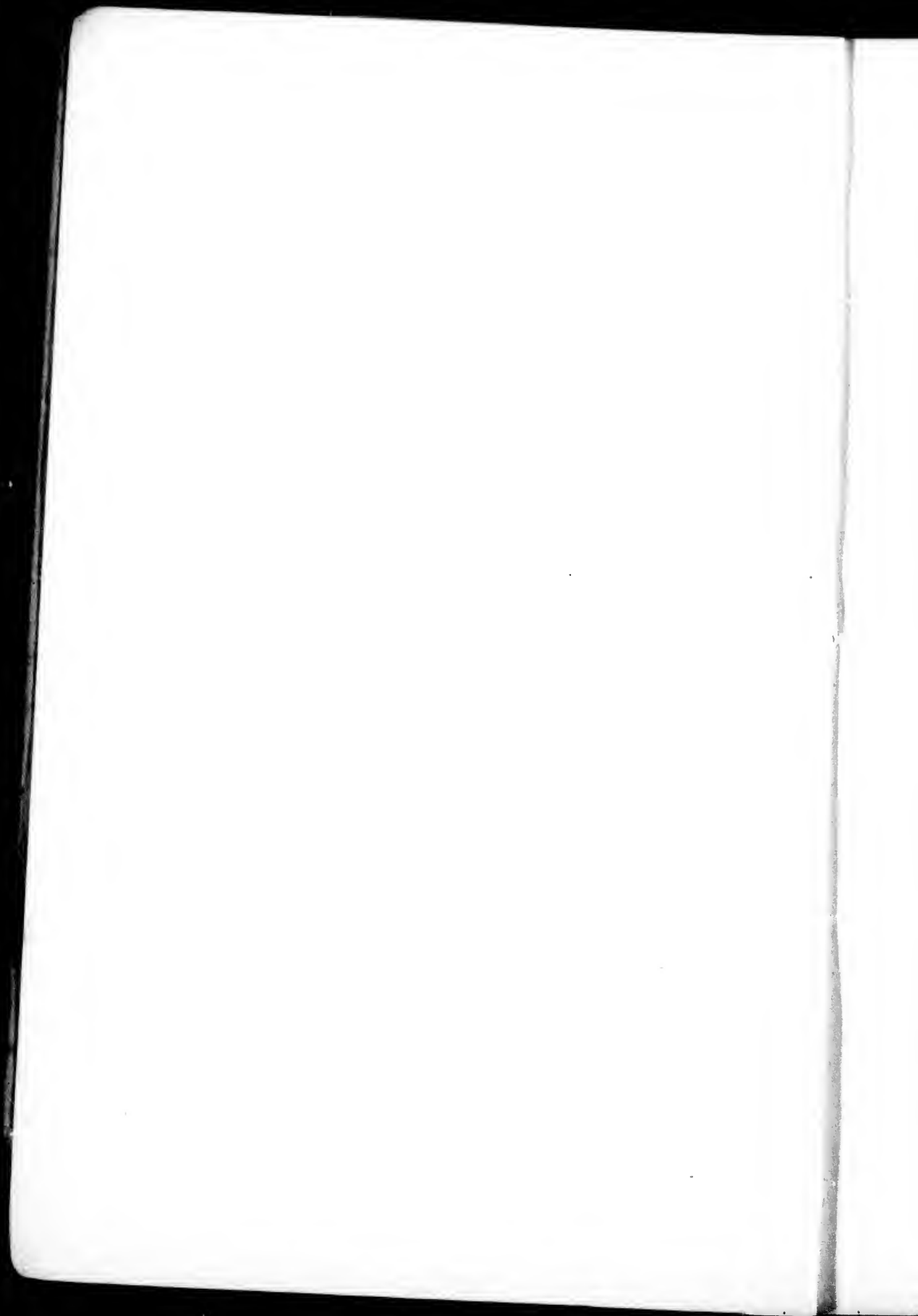
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## The Manliness of Piety.

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I HAVE chosen the subject announced, for discussion before this YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, in view of two facts, which I think sufficiently noticeable. In the first place, youth universally affects Manliness. It is the trait of character for which, more than for any other, young men wish to be distinguished. They will pardon almost any imputation sooner than the imputation of meanness. I speak now, as will be readily understood, of the natural disposition of ingenuous youth. With explanations of this fact I have, meanwhile, nothing to do—no explanation do I offer; but the fact itself I hold to be unquestionable. All the experience of early life, and all the observation of after years go to establish it irrefragably. Let us then fairly own the soft impeachment—let us fully and frankly and at once admit that there is not one among us all in whose mind, amidst its loftiest aspiration, this has not sometimes been the highest, to be thought "*every inch a man.*" So generally does this feeling prevail that of twenty young men of average character—young men by no means to be frowned upon in railway car, or omnibus, in evening promenade or social assembly—I doubt very much whether nineteen would not much rather be called wicked than weak, cruel than cowardly, false than foolish. And this disposition manifests itself very early—how early let the fair portion of this audience, exercising a wise

discretion, not inquire too curiously. I will betray no secrets—but this much I do well remember and may safely testify, that long ere we left our school-forms there was no charge which we resented so keenly or so quickly, no charge that so slowly and so reluctantly we forgave as a charge against our manhood. In those days we were not immoderately ambitious to achieve the distinction of “good boys;” we were not very greatly disconcerted when we were pointed at as bad boys, indeed I am not quite sure that we were not upon the whole rather better pleased in a quiet and covert way with the latter title than with the former one; for in our foolish but almost universal suffrage the “bad boy” was nearly invariably the most clever in his class; the good boy was oftenest, by the same sagacious verdict, very much a noodle. And long after we had passed from the School or the Academy to the greater outer world, long after we should have ceased to be such children, and should have put away from us such childish things and such childish thoughts, the same feeling has clung to us, the same feelings have been strong within us; for—and here comes our second fact—also, as I think very plainly observable, that, whilst our young men thus studiously everywhere and always affect a Manly character, they have at the same time a sort of hidden notion that between Manliness and Piety there is some mysterious and unacknowledged, but yet irreconcilable antagonism. In its simple statement this fact is perhaps not quite so evident as our former one, yet I suspect that no elaborate proof is needed to establish it. Where is the pastor of a congregation in town or country who, as his eye glances over his Communion Roll, does not see a vast disproportion between the male and the female membership. Every minister knows that as he examines his list he finds the name of many a wife whose husband’s name he does not find; he finds the name of many a sister whose brother’s name is not written there. And, to

digress a little even before we have well reached our subject, if there is any point upon which such Christian Associations as you have here established are open to some salutary suspicion and jealousy, it is upon *this* point that they may afford to young men who can neither on the one hand entirely disregard the claims of religion, nor yet care upon the other hand to assume the responsibilities of a personal profession,—your Christian Associations, I say, may afford to such young men a too convenient resting place between the world and the Church.\* There is, if I mistake not, a danger here that must not be overlooked, or it may lead to bad issues bye and bye. But to return. What does this disproportion to which I have referred seem fairly to argue? Young men may not have noted it, but I am persuaded that it argues this: It argues that while in their view religion may be something very excellent and very appropriate for woman, in her weakness and dependence, it is by no means so necessary or becoming to man, in his power and strength. *She* needs the supports and the comforts of the Gospel in the cloudy and dark day; but as for him the innate fortitude of his own nature may suffice, and aid from any extrinsic source would be a detraction from his manhood. I am perfectly aware that this argument seldom or never, here amongst us at least, finds expression in words. I can very readily believe that the conception is rarely formed with any considerable degree of distinctness in the mind; but its influence is not the less real, and wide-spread, and pernicious, because undefined and unconfessed. Amongst our youth of

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\* The Lecturer had thought that any young man of good moral character was eligible to membership in the Association. He has learned that he was mistaken in this respect,—that although some of the privileges of the Institution are open to any youth of decent deportment the distinction between professors of religion and others is fully maintained. This is well. For unquestionably the tendency of the times is towards the neglect of this distinction—a tendency very dangerous in itself, already far too strong, and that ought to be in every right way discouraged.

higher culture this notion—the notion of discrepancy existing between Piety and Manliness of character—has been largely strengthened by the works of one of our most popular authors. No man of genius can fail to admire the works of THOMAS CARLYLE; no man of candor will deny the excellence of much of his learning; no student of the English vernacular but must do homage to the unique and rugged grandeur of his style; but every lover of the truth must confess with sorrow that his stupendous powers are often employed in the maintenance and advocacy of error. His theory of human greatness is essentially anti-Christian,—laughing mightily to scorn the idea of supernatural aid, he regards all that is best and greatest in man as simply the evolution of some hidden principle native in the soul itself that was always there, requiring only its appropriate circumstances of external “*environment*” to bring it into exercise. In such a system Piety, the piety of the Bible, can evidently have no place. To such a system Piety is not only unnecessary—it is repugnant. For the man who is taught that in his own strength he is to do, and dare, and suffer,—that in his own strength he is to work out his own destiny; that in his own strength he is to fight out life’s battle and achieve the victory,—will not readily lay hold upon the strength of another. To the thoughtful youth of a certain temperament—and that temperament not an ignoble one—such a system has great fascinations. In the power of his own manhood, in all the devotion of hero-worship, only dimly perceiving or not perceiving at all, that this is simply the worship of *self*, he will go forth to the world’s conflict undismayed. Whatever of difficulty is to be encountered there—whatever of greatness can be achieved there—whatever of danger must be braved there, he will brave it, achieve it, encounter it, in the strength of his own right arm—in the valor of his own dauntless heart. Help he will have none, not even help from heaven. And so

it comes unavoidably to pass that between his notion of Piety and his notion of Manliness there is a great gulf fixed. To correct this error—to remove this misapprehension, so widespread as he believes it to be—and whilst it prevails, so fatal to all right understanding of life and duty were surely no ignoble service. At such lofty purpose, this our present study very humbly aims.

And here, at the very outset, I presume we must meet and answer the question, “In what does true Manliness consist—how does it manifest itself; What *is* it?” To furnish the adequate and satisfactory reply is I confess not very easy. These questions, like a great many other questions, can be far more readily asked than answered. I will be borne with, therefore, I trust, whilst, in the first place, I briefly indicate a few things which—any of which—I humbly conceive Manliness is *not*.

True Manliness, then, does not consist in any purely physical attributes. It is not a mere matter of brawn and muscle, of thews and sinews; nor yet is it mainly in the skill and adroitness with which these may be used. It is not the ability to lift the greatest weight or hurl the heaviest stone, to take the highest leap or to tame the wildest steed, to pull the hardest oar or to strike the deadliest blow. I have nothing to say, however, against these exploits. The power to perform them is no despicable power. It may sometimes stand the possessor of it in remarkably good stead indeed. There is even in it a certain kind of Manliness; but by no means the highest kind. The highest kind is something quite other than this. It may consist with it certainly, but it does not consist *of* it, it does not depend *upon* it.

Still less does true Manliness accord with the idea formed of it by your “fast young man.” We do not look for it among the scenes of revelry and riot. It has no sympathy with the wild debauch. It never swells the uproar of the

midnight brawl. To sing the loudest song, to drain the deepest goblet, to swear the coarsest oath, to break the obscenest jest, are not the achievements it boasts. It does not lift up its voice in the streets, it utters no ribald cries, it shares no drunken orgies, it wrenches no knocker from the door, it pulls down no tradesman's sign, it smashes no night lamps. No ! Whatever some "free spirits" may have imagined to the contrary, in none of these things does it delight. It disturbs no quiet citizen ; it heads no assault upon the police ; it does not get itself locked up in the Watch-house. And although accidents will happen sometimes even with the most careful and sober, true Manliness does not often come home on a shutter.

Shall we descend still lower ? Shall we, before this audience, venture into yet baser depths ? Shall we dare to whisper with bated breath, that Manliness does not show itself in the arts of the libertine ?

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead !"

—dead to every virtuous and ennobling sentiment, that having sapped the foundations of female honor, and wrought the ruin of female innocence, he can boast of the achievement as a proof of his Manliness. Yes ! I fear that even in so young a country as Nova Scotia, in obscure and dusky circles, and it may be in circles not so obscure, such boasters may be found. The boaster who can "smile and smile and be a villain," is confined to no latitude. He draws near his victim with looks of love. He fills her ear with professions of purest affection. Wreathed smiles are on his villain lip—honeyed words are on his traitor tongue ; whilst thoughts set on fire of hell are in his black, false heart. He woos to betray, and destroy, and forsake ; rioting and revelling in the ruin he has wrought. Regardless of the suffering, the agony, and the heartbreak, of the life-long woe and anguish that follow

when his fiend work is done, he vaunts his peerless accomplishments; and, as the savage Indian dangles the scalps of his enemies slain in the battle, and displays them as the proof of his prowess, so will the libertine, with heart of thrice-hardened steel, sport with woman's reputation, and estimate his glory by the number of his victims. Great God of Heaven, so sure as Thy Throne is a throne of justice, and Thy Word a word of truth, and Thine arm an arm of power, a place is reserved in hell's lowest pit, where the flame of the burning blazes fiercest and hottest, and the smoke of the torment rises highest and blackest, in which such boasters in their manhood shall one day find their reward.

But neither is Manliness an affair of the Tailor's art, or of the Peruquier's skill. Not in daintiest love-locks, nor moustache most deftly rolled or fiercely twisted, does true Manliness consist. It may comport with garments sadly out of mode and a vast deal the worse for having been worn too soon —

“A man's a man for a' that.”

An unexceptionable chapeau may cover a head that is both brainless and graceless, whilst genius walks abroad under a dilapidated *tile*. Costliest decorations may adorn the breast, and underneath them there may beat the merest forcepump of a heart. And your *petit maitre*, if you will but consider it, is very far indeed from the noblest type of man. The whole outward adornment of him may be absolutely perfect, from the glistening beaver just fresh from Paris, to the faultless Wellingtons, bright with Day and Martin, and yet after all he may be just such a popinjay as encountered the brave Northumberland on the field of battle; but, mark you, it was after the battle was over—

“ Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,  
 Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new-reaped  
 Shone like a stubble land at harvest home ;  
 He was perfumed like a milliner ;  
 And ’twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
 A pouncet box, which ever and anon  
 He gave his nose and took’t away again.”

Genuine Manliness, depend upon it, is not as a general rule redolent of Macassar.

At the same time, let it be freely granted that as little does true Manliness consist in a slovenly attire. Great men have sometimes gone slipshod, but this did not constitute their greatness. They had been greater otherwise. And it cannot be denied that we have known and do know several gentlemen of unquestionable manliness, who, nevertheless, pay considerable attention to outward adornment, are even what we should call somewhat fanciful in regard to it. But their excellence is independent of such adjuncts. All the artists that ever helped to trick out his precious person could not make Beau Brummel a *Man*. Yet Samuel Johnson’s greatness would have suffered nothing, although his predilections for clean linen had been perceptibly stronger.

To all that we have said it is scarcely necessary to add that Manliness does not depend on any accident of rank, or birth, or fortune. Not noblest descent ; not the blood of all the Howards, nor royal parentage, nor wealth like that of Croesus, the Rothschilds, or Jacob Astor, would make your *churl* a *Man*. Ahab rode in a royal chariot attended by a princely retinue. Elijah ran before him on foot. And although an old author quaintly intimates that the men should have changed places, the truth is that ever since their time, as doubtless before it as well, Manliness has always been very mainly pedestrian.

I will only hint further here that even intellectual greatness—the most prodigious powers of mind—cannot constitute gen-



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uine Manhood. I know that this is an hard saying. I am almost prepared to hear some of you ask, Who can bear it? but it is as true as it is sad. Its truthfulness makes it sad. The sage who beyond all the thinkers of his time intermeddled with all knowledge, who more deeply than any other drank of the springs of a reviving philosophy, he who of all that wrought there sank the deepest shafts and brought up the most precious treasures from the mines of wisdom—the man who compared with other men unrolled before him the volume of nature and read the mystic scroll at his pleasure, who even lifted up minds of ordinary stature almost to his own lofty pedestal, and put into our hands a “new organ” with which to desery mysteries all hid before; this man was a sordid worshipper of gold—for place and pelf he could betray his dearest and earliest friend, for place and pelf he could bow down to his deadliest foe. To show how much of bitterness and grovelling meanness may meet in the same mind with the mightiest intellect, it needs only that we mention, though we mention it with a sigh, the name of BACON.

Any proper logical definition of mankind I shall hardly attempt here. To furnish a logical definition of *man*, has puzzled the philosophers for I know not how many ages—ever since there were any philosophers I believe. If it is so difficult to define the concrete animal, how should I be expected to define the abstract qualities. Yet some positive description of it I would fain present.

Genuine Manliness then, first of all I would say, has its base on true principles. It recognises the distinction between right and wrong. It perceives that between these there is perpetual conflict. In this conflict it occupies no mean position. Having clearly ascertained on which side lies the right, it takes up its position *there*. From that position it cannot be dislodged. From that position you can neither terrify nor seduce it. Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things

are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, these things it follows, and it follows them to whatsoever issues they lead, or in whatsoever consequences they involve. Genuine Manliness does not trouble itself much about consequences—these it leaves to a higher power. Once assured that the course is right, it asks no further question; it adopts it without hesitation, no matter to what uncomfortable results it may tend. True Manliness is not dismayed by the number of its adversaries. It will go to Worms with LUTHER to the dict, tho' there be as many devils there as there are tiles upon the houses. And this is not mere reckless folly, and unthinking, inconsiderate rashness. It is the deepest prudence, the highest and the truest wisdom, for Manliness has counted the cost; and having cast the balance, deliberately advised by and with forethought, sees clearly that truth must ever be stronger than error—that, therefore, however injustice may seem to prevail for a time, the right will assuredly triumph at the last.

Then again, true Manliness proposes the noblest ends—its aim is always high. It is not forever occupied with the questions, what shall we eat? and what shall we drink? and where-withal shall we be clothed? Most important questions these we admit—questions that may very rightfully receive some considerable share of a wise man's attention—questions indeed that always will be asked, and imperatively demand to be answered—questions even that must needs be answered for us all, or else worse is likely to come of it. Manliness asks and answers them, but these are not its final questions. True Manliness travels beyond them,—rises above them to other far higher and nobler questions to which these are only preliminary. To relieve the oppressed—to enlighten the ignorant—to deliver the captive—to strike the shackles from the slave—(to feed the hungry—and to clothe the naked—and to shelter the houseless)—to visit the widow and the

fatherless in their affliction—and the prisoner in his prison house—to help the oppressed—and to strengthen the weary—to reclaim the wretched from the ways of vice—to confirm the wavering in the paths of virtue—to bring back the erring and lift up the fallen—to evangelize the heathen and regenerate the nations—these are the ends which true Manliness proposes. Whatever promotes the happiness of the sentient, intelligent creature, whatever advances the honor of the Great Creator, for this it is ready to labor and to suffer, and, if needs be, to die. With a WILLIAM WILBERFORCE in courtly circles—with a DAVID BRAINERD among North American Savages—with a HENRY MARTYN in India or Persia—with a JOHN WILLIAMS or a JOHN GEDDIE in the South Sea Islands—with a DAVID LIVINGSTONE among African Hordes, and with the true Hero, and Patriot, and Philanthropist of all ages and of all lands—whether in the Halls of Council, or the cabinets of Princes—or amidst camps and marches, and sieges and battles, it fights and struggles with the brave, and every where and always its object is to promote the triumph of the right—to abridge and repress and subdue the wrong.

Yet a little further. True Manliness is distinguished by indomitable perseverance. It never gives up the ship, not at least whilst there is the shadow of a hope. Often it chooses rather to go down. Your true sailor does not seek a harbor in every storm. His barque may be beaten by many a tempest until it is well nigh a wreck upon ocean—scurvy may decimate his crew—famine may threaten him in the emptiness of his store-rooms—and mutiny scowl out upon him from the faces of his men, but CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS will still press on to the discovery of a new Continent.

Once more. True Manliness will employ no unrighteous instrumentalities. It has not learned the lesson that the end sanctifies the means. It will not receive that lesson. However anxious to secure its end, it will not secure it by

means that are unholy. It pursues no devious courses, follows no crooked policy, practices no pious frauds. True Manliness is not Jesuitical in its turn. It is simple, straightforward, transparent. It aims earnestly at objects most noble, but it will not accomplish them by stooping to unworthy methods. It has such confidence in the truth that it can bide its time—can even sustain with calmness what the world calls a defeat; for it knows and rests in the confident assurance that if the work cannot be done now, with the means at its disposal, it yet will be done otherwise in Heaven's good time. It will not fight God's battle then, with the weapons of Satan: it knows that that battle *cannot* be *so* fought. True Manliness will not win its election by corruption and bribery; true Manliness will miss its seat rather than that.

The popular idea of Manliness is a disposition and capacity to perform great feats, to brave great dangers, to endure great hardships with fortitude and courage. More briefly, the true man is the brave man. This notion might be accepted as sufficiently correct, were it added that the feats must be performed, and the dangers braved, and the hardships endured from right motives and in a good cause. This addition is not always made by the multitude. The multitude generally raises its shout for the victor, without much reference to the merits of the quarrel. Yet the distinction we make is of essential importance. The man who has lost an arm in his country's service, we regard with respect, and almost with veneration. The man who has lost both his eyes in a drunken brawl we may pity, but with our pity there mingles not much admiration. Yet some allowances are to be made here too. We acknowledge the manhood of the youthful soldier who sheds his blood so freely in the cause of his country, altho' he knows, and can know little or nothing of the real grounds of the war. The grand question raised in this discussion then comes simply to this. Under what system is this

power to do, and brave, and suffer the more likely to be produced, and manifested? Under a system that evolves all that is excellent and noble in human conduct and in human life, from an innate principle in man's own soul, or under a system that teaches as its very foundation-truth that whatever of strength there is in us, either to achieve or to endure, is a free gift from the everlasting Father? Is it under a system that in all life's struggle would have us rely on self, assuring us that in self there is power sufficient for every exigency? Or is it under a system which, whilst it declares our own utter weakness, bids us be strong in the power of an Omnipotent arm? Is it under a system of Hero-worship, (self being the Hero) or under a system of devout Piety?

If it be true that there *is in* man such a principle of nobleness as is claimed, then by all means let a verdict be given accordingly. But no living man has so frequently, or forcibly, or scornfully, as Carlyle himself, denounced the folly of building upon falsities as if they were facts. No man more earnestly, and loudly, and even pathetically calls upon us to give our vote according to the eternal truths. What then if the whole basis of his own favorite theory is itself an "unveracity,"—the most flagrant, the biggest and most atrocious of all "unveracities" whatsoever? If man is *not* the high and noble being represented—if far otherwise he is originally now a base, ignoble, quite degraded and fallen being, then the knowledge may be humbling; perhaps it were as well, nevertheless, that man should know the fact and govern himself accordingly. By all means and in any case let us have the truth, and upon it let us build. No true Manliness of character can be based upon a lie. The poor drunken brawler who bellows through the streets, and with noisy pot-valor challenges the world, fancies himself strong and great; but to the passer-by he is simply an object of pity—or too often of contempt. Does his maudlin boasting commend him to

your admiration? Yet wherein does he differ from his brother, whom the world calls sober—the advocate or adherent of a system that, vaunting proudly of human dignity, and human power, and human nobleness, rejects and rejects with unutterable scorn all notion of supernatural aid in the warfare of life, and above all in the soul's severest struggle within itself. No doctrine that Carlyle touches so moves his derision as the doctrine of "prevenient grace." His ridicule finds in this doctrine a butt for its most pointed shafts. He cannot write the words without a sneer. And what would he substitute in its room? The notion of human ability, somewhat weakened perhaps by contact with evil, but still in the main unbroken. This notion, always indigenous in the human mind, and always flattering to human pride, he has in these last days fashioned and formed into a system—elevated it as no man before him had done, almost as no man before him could do, into a place in our literature, became himself its High Priest and Prophet, and by the splendor of his genius has thrown around a glare of false glory that has dazzled and attracted a multitude of disciples. Often he preaches the purest doctrines—often he inculcates the loftiest aims—often he directs to the noblest ends; but he subverts the only foundation upon which excellence can rest. He would have men severely virtuous according to his own standard, and his standard is not a low one, but the basis of all virtue he tramples contemptuously under foot. He would have his disciples be men—brave men, true men, but the first elements of Manliness he thrusts out of their reach. Unconsciously or otherwise he is a hard taskmaster. He will have his full tale of brick, but he denies his workmen straw. We are to gather grapes and figs, and we are to gather them with all diligence—with sore toil and travail, but he sends us to the thorn and the bramble, and bids us gather them *thence*. He calls the hungry soul to eat, but for bread he sets before him a stone. He invites the thirsty soul to

drink, but he seals up the fountain of living water, and, rolling against it a great stone, he sends us faint and panting to cisterns that are empty and broken.

There are three ways in which the grand question raised in this discussion might be disposed of. We might ground an argument on the mental constitution of the race, and show thereby how close is the connection between genuine Manliness and true Piety. Such a method would form a most interesting study; and of its issue Christianity need have no fear. It would lead us, however, into disquisition that might be deemed by some too metaphysical, and it would require an amount of time which we have not now at our disposal.

When this Lecture was written it was felt that the omission of the *a priori* argument was a very serious defect. It was attempted to supply the want by a few *vice voce* remarks at the time of delivery. These remarks were in substance very nearly as follows:—

Although it is impossible to enter upon this argument, and prosecute it to the extent that its importance would justify, let me very shortly present some outline of it, which my young friends I hope will fill up for themselves.

To the formation and favorable exhibition of a really manly character, the following things seem to be indispensable. There must be, first, a noble aim. Then there must be an efficient motive. Next, we must have a suitable field. And, lastly, there must be appropriate instrumentalities. Where the first two of these are found they will perform wonders, even in very disadvantageous circumstances. Some, indeed, tell us that the lofty purpose of the resolute will, will either find or make its own opportunity. But this is not absolutely true. Genius itself, let us bepraise it as we please, is after all finite, and therefore *may* be overcome. The oft-quoted lines are as true in their metaphysical application as in their literal import:

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Now our argument is, that Christianity, Religion, Piety, points to the highest possible aim, supplies the strongest possible motive, invites to the fairest field, and furnishes the most appropriate instrumentality. The aim—God's glory in the creature's well-being. The motive—faith working by love. The field—the field is the world, the instrumentality, the Divine Word, not preached merely but acted, lived out among men. My young friends, if this is your aim and this your motive, if these things be in you and abound, they will make you to be neither barren nor unfruitful in all manly efforts, for the field is open and the instrumentality ready to your hand. To

the establishment of the positions here laid down, had I two hours instead of one, during which I could reasonably claim your attention, I would gladly address myself. What I cannot wait to do for you here, I do very earnestly entreat you to do for yourselves in the hour of retirement. Think out this argument. Fill it up. Subject it to the most rigid scrutiny. You will find that it can bear the test—that it is not, as perhaps you may be ready to suspect, the mere dictate of professional bias—the notion of a Minister of the Gospel magnifying his office. You will find the strictest process of reasoning amply confirming the testimony of Revelation. You will see from the very nature of the case—from the bearing of the Christian system upon man's mental and moral constitution, that our conclusion is inevitable—that Manliness and Piety, if not absolutely identical, are yet indissolubly connected; that far above all other men “the people that do know their God SHALL BE STRONG AND DO EXPLOITS.”

Or we might bring this matter to the law and to the testimony. We might ask regarding it, “What saith the Scripture?” and standing before an Association calling itself Christian, this were surely a quite legitimate process. If we do not adopt it it is not because we ourselves do not regard it as both proper and decisive—the most proper and decisive of all methods whatsoever. But others entertain, or at least propound views altogether different. To men who represent the inspiration of MOSES, and DAVID, and ISAIAH—of LUKE and PAUL, and JOHN, as nothing higher than the inspiration of HOMER and VIRGIL—as scarcely equal to the inspiration of SHAKESPEARE or MILTON—to men who have so often convicted prophets, and evangelists, and apostles of flagrant mistake and error, it is vain to address any argument derived from the inspired writings. There is a third method however that may be employed in this discussion, and which just now we prefer to employ. We make our appeal to facts—to facts known and read of all men. And here we will take no vantage ground—we will cheerfully give the vantage ground all to the adversary. For we will go for our examples not to churches, or chapels, or conventicles, not even to fields of missionary labor, where the soldier of the cross endures hardship, but to scenes of strife and war—to the field of battle itself, to the places where the world delights to choose its



heroes. Look then at Britain's most recent struggles. We will not ask you to go back into the hoary past. Look at the Crimean campaign. And trying out the question before us on such unfriendly ground, we ask—we ask every individual in this assembly—but especially we ask every young man hearing us—we ask—for men—for brave, valiant, heroic men—what think ye of such as MAXY HAMMOND, or HEDLEY VICARS? Who, of all those courageous spirits who fought so gallantly at Sevastopol, and shed their blood so freely, bore themselves more bravely than these Christian youths. They were not high in command, but their conduct called forth praise from the highest. They both fell in early life, but not until they had proved how well the truest courage can comport with the deepest Piety. Hedley Vicars leading forward his band of barely 200 men to charge a force of 2000, with the heartstirring and long remembered cry, “This way 97th,” and meeting death on the field of his first action, is an example of true Manliness, of genuine, heroic daring, which even the world itself acknowledges and applauds. And were we to ask, What moment of the young soldier's career was encompassed with the brightest halo of glory? we should probably be pointed to this last scene as the most glorious of all. And it *was* glorious—beyond all controversy great and noble. From its glory we have certainly no intention, no disposition to detract. But to our own mind as we read his memoir, there is presented another scene that occurred here in your own Halifax, in which he appears in an attitude still more noble, in an attitude almost sublime—nay, altogether sublime, in which the true valor of his nature seems still more conspicuous. I refer to that great crisis in his life mentioned by his biographer, in which, after hearing a faithful sermon on the earnest perusal of the Divine Word, with characteristic openness and courage, knowing full well the reproach and the obloquy to which his act would expose him, he “placed the large Bible

upon his table, that his brother officers might see what he meant henceforth to be the law of his life." And they *did* see it. For despite all bitter sneers, and taunts, and gibes—despite that contemptuous ridicule which to many an ingenuous youth is more terrible than sword or artillery, he maintained whilst he lived the position he that day assumed. The courage with which he went forth to meet a force ten-fold stronger than his own, Hedley Vickers possessed in common with thousands of his countrymen, (only in his case it rested on a far surer foundation than mere constitutional valor.) But the courage that enabled him to adopt, and avow, and maintain the truth in the company of the scoffing and the scornful, was immeasurably higher and rarer. Whilst we accord our admiration to the one, let us not overlook the other.

"Of two such lessons, why forget  
The nobler and the manlier one."

We shall produce only a single example more, although we had noted a number, that we proposed to bring forward. Who gave the first effectual check to that terrible Sepoy insurrection that so short a time ago imperilled Britain's empire in the East, and that even yet is not completely suppressed? We *might* ask, Whose farseeing sagacity and enlightened Statesmanship preserved a whole Presidency in loyal attachment and fidelity, when all around was open mutiny and carnage, accompanied with atrocities which, only half told, filled the world with horror? But, passing by the Christian Brothers,—**LAWRENCE**,—we propose, as a right specimen of right genuine Manliness, the **RELIEVER OF LUCKNOW**. What little we have time to say of his character and career we derive from a source not to be suspected of any undue bias in favor of evangelical religion. "Of the career of **HAVELOCK**, he for whom the ships in far Boston Bay hung their colors at half-mast, what Briton is not proud? Even now, after the

lapse of months, which stirring events and great deeds have made an age, the name of Havelock carries a thrill of emotion wherever the English language is spoken or the common sentiment of Anglo Saxon nationality is cherished. Time was when all England hung on the deeds of the brave soldier in that ever-memorable avenging march from Cawnpore to Lucknow. In our darkest night he was the one bright star. With what fervent joy and thankfulness did we listen to the tale of his wondrous triumphs, and watch his constant onward progress to the goal of his *final* triumph. No such good news had reached England for a long time as the report of the relief of Lucknow by Havelock ; none which produced a more profound and universal sense of exultation.

“ The character of Havelock belongs rather to the Puritan time than to the present. Seldom in these days do we see so much of earnest religious conviction united to high military zeal. A more simple-minded, upright, God-fearing soldier there was not among CROMWELL’S IRONSIDES or the host of GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS. This is the true characteristic of the Hero—his pure, faithful, single-hearted devotion. His religion with him was no outward show ; but a deep, living, all-pervading principle, which was rooted in his very being and tinged his whole character. He was no more ashamed of praying than of fighting, but would sing psalms before all the army with as much courage as he would lead it to victory. \* \* \* \* \* It was a time of sore trial to British India when Havelock’s more prominent career began. The rebels were in the first flush of success. Regiment after regiment had fallen away from our standard. The British authority seemed to have dissolved all over the North-west. In the lower Provinces there were not more than some two thousand British soldiers to uphold our dominions. There was a general panic in Calcutta. It was then that Havelock was called to the command of the troops proceeding Northward.

The extraordinary series of efforts by which he retrieved our fortunes, beat back the torrent of revolt, wrought quick vengeance upon the fiend of Bithoor, and finally after nine victories gained against armies numbering from ten to twenty thousand men, he succeeded in fighting his way in spite of every obstacle to the Lucknow Residency, and in averting its hourly-imminent fall, is a portion of the history of this mutiny with which all are most familiar. In all this astonishing enterprise, pursued under the burning sun of an Indian summer, the great merit of Havelock is this: that with unflinching tenacity of will he stuck to his one chief purpose—the relief of Lucknow. From the task which he set before himself at starting he never turned aside. Onward, with iron steadfastness, he urged it through all hazards; onward, through rain, and sun, and fever; onward, through countless hosts of a desperate enemy; with the motto, ‘REMEMBER CAWNPORE! REMEMBER THE LADIES!!’ No knight of romance strove more earnestly for the holy grail; no crusader more stubbornly pursued his sacred pilgrimage.”

Here then was a Hero of whose memory all England is yet proud; a hero, apart from his Piety, after the world’s own model. Here too, let us add, was a Christian—a saint of the most unmistakable, old-fashioned, Puritanical, psalm-singing order—a saint, nevertheless, of whom a *Westminster Review* can write applaudingly, and at whom even Mr. Carlyle himself will hardly venture to sneer. Now the question is, Are we to admire Havelock as a soldier the less, because we know him as a sincere professor of religion? Did his Piety detract from his Manliness? Was he less brave in the field, because he was mighty in the closet? Is it any stain upon his valor among men that he was a devout worshipper of God? Was he less loyal in his service to his queen because he acknowledged the higher majesty of heaven? Was he less valiant in fight, or did he lead his

followers less surely to conquest, because he asked God's blessing before every battle, and gave God thanks after every victory? If not, then here we may let this question rest. Here we might be almost content to have it rest. We would fain indeed pursue this method of proof, or of illustration, a little further. But though it cannot be denied that patience is one important element of Manliness, we cannot but remember that forbearance is another, and we must not tax the patience of this audience too severely.

What then is the conclusion of the whole matter? That between religion and Manliness there is no controversy? Nay; rather that of all true Manliness *religion is the foundation!* Throughout this discussion we have not occupied the highest ground that we might have occupied legitimately. We have contented ourselves very much, perhaps too much, with a position of defence. Our argument might well have been more aggressive. Yet the conclusion is not the less certain and positive. In all the walks of life,—whether in the mansions of the great or in the cottage of the poor; whether dwelling in gladsome bowers or clothed in the shroud of sorrow; whether rising on the highest wave, or sinking in the trough of misfortune; whether successes attend our enterprises, or failure follow our efforts—especially in all the great crises of action or of suffering, whether amongst mightiest Generals marshalling whole hosts for the conflict or amongst lowliest foot-soldiers fighting undistinguished in the crowd, in all trial, and hardship, and privation, and danger, they are the truest men, whom the Great Captain above has made sons of God. “The saint *is* greater” than either sage or warrior, and “discipleship to Jesus” is the truest nobleness,—

“The Christian is the highest style of man.”

To the young members of this Association, then, (fain to think myself also yet young) I would say, **BE MEN.** And be

Christians that you may be men. Be men of high resolve and noble aim, of pure principle and unswerving integrity. The Bible bids you be men. It addresses every one of you in the language of an eminently manly character to the Son that was soon to succeed him on the throne, "Be thou, therefore, strong and show thyself a man." Make the Bible then your constant companion and your constant study. From *it* you will best learn the elements of true Manliness. You will find them to be such as these: self-denial, self-conquest, self-sacrifice, meekness, forbearance, patience, large-hearted benevolence, and active charity, "repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." And as from the Bible you will best learn the elements of Manliness, so in the Bible you will find its grandest models,—Abraham, the conqueror of kings and the friend of God; Moses, the legislator, and historian, and deliverer of Israel; David, who with equal courage engaged the wild beasts in the wilderness, and vanquished in single combat the boastful giant, one army's hope and another's terror; Daniel, who though he would not restrain prayer at any royal command, feared neither the monarch's frown nor the lion's den; the three brave youths, who would rather be cast, bound hand and foot, into Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace, seven times heated, than bow down to idols at sound of utmost music. Be men! O, *young* men, be men like these young men, and like a cloud of witnesses besides, of whom the time would fail us to tell even in briefest mention. Be men like those who of old performed such prodigies of valor; "Who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight whole armies of aliens. Be men like these men—through faith; and then—only a very little lower than the angels even now—you will be Kings and Priests unto God ere long!!



